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# THE STUDENT'S CHAUCER

*SKEAT*

**London**

**HENRY FROWDE**

**OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE  
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**New York**

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THE STUDENT'S

# Chaucer

BEING

*A Complete Edition of his Works*

EDITED

*FROM NUMEROUS MANUSCRIPTS*

BY THE

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Oxford

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# INTRODUCTION.

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## LIFE OF CHAUCER.

Geoffrey Chaucer was born in London, about 1340 (not 1328, as was formerly said). His father was John Chaucer, citizen and vintner of London, and his mother's name was Agnes. His grandfather was Robert Chaucer, of Ipswich and London, who married a widow named Maria Heyroun, with a son Thomas Heyroun. John Chaucer's house stood in Upper Thames Street, beside Walbrook, just where that street is now crossed by the South-Eastern Railway from Cannon-street Station. Here it was that the poet spent his earliest days, and in an interesting passage in his *Pardoner's Tale* (lines 549-572), he incidentally displays his knowledge of various wines and the ways of mixing them together.

John Chaucer, the poet's father, was in attendance on Edward III. in 1338, and this connexion with the court led to his son's employment there, some years afterwards, as a page in the household of Elizabeth, wife of Lionel, duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. In the household accounts of this princess, mention is made of various articles of clothing and other necessaries purchased for 'Geoffrey Chaucer' in April, May, and December, 1357, when he was about seventeen years old. In 1359, he joined the army of Edward III. when that king invaded France, and was there taken prisoner. In May, 1360, the peace of Bretigny (near Chartres) was concluded between the French and English kings. Chaucer had been set at liberty in March, when Edward paid 16*l.* towards his ransom.

1367. We can only conjecture the manner in which he spent his life from hints given us in his own works, and from various notices of him in official records. To consider the latter first, we find, from the Issue Rolls of the Exchequer, that a life-pension of 20 marks was granted by the king to Chaucer in 1367, in consideration of his services, as being one of the valets of the king's household. During 1368 and part of 1369 he was in London, and received his pension in person. In October, 1368, his patron, Prince Lionel, died, and it appears that Chaucer's services were consequently transferred to the next brother, John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster.

1369. In the autumn of 1369, the year of the third great pestilence of Edward's reign, Blanche, the first wife of John of Gaunt, died at the early age of twenty-nine. Chaucer did honour to her memory in one of his earliest poems, entitled 'The Death of Blanche the Duchesse.'

1370-1373. From 1370 to 1366, Chaucer was attached to the court, and employed in frequent diplomatic services.

In December, 1372, being employed in the king's service, he left England for Genoa, Pisa, and Florence, and remained in Italy for nearly eleven months, but

we again find him in London on November 22, 1373. This visit of his to Italy is of great importance, as it exercised a marked influence on his writings, and enables us to understand the development of his genius.

1374. His conduct during this mission to Italy met with the full approval of the king, who, on the celebration of the great festival at Windsor on St. George's day (April 23) in 1374, granted our poet a pitcher of wine daily, to be received from the king's butler. On May 10 of the same year, Chaucer took a lease of a house in Aldgate, for the term of his life, from the Corporation of London; but he afterwards gave it up to a friend in October, 1386; and it is probable that he had ceased to reside in it for a year or more previously. On June 8, 1374, he was appointed to the important office of Comptroller of the Customs and Subsidy of Wools, Skins, and Leather, for the port of London; and a few days later (June 13) received a life-pension of 10*l.* from the duke of Lancaster for the good service rendered by him and his wife Philippa to the said Duke, to his consort, and to his mother the Queen. This is the first mention of Philippa Chaucer as Geoffrey's wife, though a Philippa Chaucer is mentioned as one of the Ladies of the Chamber to Queen Philippa, on September 12, 1366, and subsequently. It has been conjectured that Chaucer was not married till 1374, and that he married a relative, or at least some one bearing the same name as himself; but this supposition is needless and improbable; there is no reason why the Philippa Chaucer mentioned in 1366 may not have been already married to the poet, who was then at least 26 years of age.

1375. In 1375 his income was increased by receiving from the Crown (November 8, the custody of the lands and person of one Edmond Staplegate, of Kent. This he retained for three years, during which he received 104*l.*; together with some smaller sums from another source.

1376. On July 12, 1376, the king granted Chaucer the sum of 71*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, being the value of a fine paid by one John Kent for shipping wool without paying the duty thereon. Towards the end of this year, Sir John Burley and Geoffrey Chaucer were employed upon some secret service, for which the latter received 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

1377. In February, 1377, Chaucer was employed on a secret mission to Flanders, and received for it, in all, the sum of 30*l.* In April he was sent to France, to treat for peace with king Charles V.; for this service he received, in all, the sum of 48*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* On June 21, king Edward III. died, and was succeeded by his grandson, Richard II.

1378. In January, Chaucer seems to have been employed in France. Soon afterwards, he was again sent to Italy, from May 28 to September 19, being employed on a mission to Lombardy, to treat with Bernabo Visconti, duke of Milan; to whose death (in 1385) the poet alludes in his *Monkes Tale* (ll. 3589-3596), where he describes him as—

‘Of Melan grete Barnabo Viscounte,  
God of delyt, and scourge of Lombardye.’

Before leaving England on this business, Chaucer appointed his friend John Gower, the poet, as one of his agents to represent him in his absence.

1380. By deed of May 1, 1380, one Cecilia Chaumpayne released Chaucer from a charge which she had brought against him, ‘*de raptu meo.*’ We have no means of ascertaining either the nature of the charge, or the circumstances of the case.

1382. We have seen that Chaucer had been appointed Comptroller of the Wool

Customs in 1374. Whilst still retaining this office, he was now also appointed Comptroller of the Petty Customs (May 8, 1382).

1385. In February, 1385, he was allowed the great privilege of nominating a permanent deputy to perform his duties as Comptroller. It is highly probable that he owed this favour to 'the good queen Anne,' first wife of king Richard II.; for, in the Prologue to the Legend of Good Women, probably written during this period of his newly-acquired freedom from irksome duties, he expresses himself most gratefully towards her.

If we may trust the description of his house and garden in the Prologue to the Legend of Good Women, probably composed in the spring of 1385, it would appear that he was then living in the country, and had already given up his house over the city gate at Aldgate to Richard Forster, who obtained a formal lease of it from the Corporation of London in October, 1386. We learn incidentally, from a note to the Envoy to Scogan, l. 45, that he was living at Greenwich at the time when he wrote that poem (probably in 1393). And it is highly probable that Chaucer's residence at Greenwich extended from 1385 to the end of 1399, when he took a new house at Westminster. This supposition agrees well with various hints that we obtain from other notices. Thus, in 1390, he was appointed (with five others) to superintend the repairing of the banks of the Thames between Woolwich and Greenwich. In the same year he was robbed at Hatcham (as we shall see below), which is near Deptford and Greenwich. And we find the singular reference in the Canterbury Tales (A 3907), where the Host suddenly exclaims—'Lo! Grenewich, ther many a shrewe is inne'; which looks like a sly insinuation, on the Host's part, that Greenwich at that time contained many 'shrews' or rascals. Few places would serve better than Greenwich for frequent observation of Canterbury pilgrims.

1386. In this year Chaucer was elected a knight of the shire for Kent, in the Parliament held at Westminster. In August, his patron John of Gaunt went to Spain; and during his absence, his brother Thomas, duke of Gloucester, contrived to deprive the king of all power, by appointing a regency of eleven persons, himself being at the head of them. As the duke of Gloucester was ill disposed towards his brother John, it is probable that we can thus account for the fact that, in December of this year, Chaucer was dismissed from both his offices, of Comptroller of Wool and Comptroller of Petty Customs, others being appointed in his place. This sudden and great loss reduced the poet from comparative wealth to poverty; he was compelled to raise money upon his pensions, which were assigned to John Scalby on May 1, 1388.

In October of this year (1386), there was a famous trial between Richard Lord Scrope and Sir Thomas Grosvenor, during which Chaucer deposed that he was 'forty years of age and upwards, and had borne arms for twenty-seven years.' He was, in fact, about forty-six years old, having been born, as said above, about 1340. Moreover, it is probable that he first bore arms in 1359, when he went with the invading army to France. This exactly tallies with his own statement.

1387. In this year died Chaucer's wife, Philippa; to this loss he alludes in his Envoy to Bukton. It must have been about this time that he was composing portions of his greatest poem, the Canterbury Tales.

1389. On May 3, Richard II. suddenly took the government into his own hands. John of Gaunt returned to England soon afterwards, and effected an outward reconciliation between the king and the duke of Gloucester. The Lancastrian party was



now once more in power, and Chaucer was appointed Clerk of the King's Works at Westminster on July 12, at a salary of 2s. a day (more than 1*l.* of our present money, at the least).

1390. In this year, Chaucer was also appointed Clerk of the Works at St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and was put on a Commission to repair the banks of the Thames between Woolwich and Greenwich. In a writ, dated July 1 in this year, he was allowed the costs of putting up scaffolds in Smithfield for the King and Queen to view the tournament which had taken place there in May. This helps to explain the minute account of the method of conducting a tournament which we meet with in the Knight's Tale. In the preceding month he had been appointed, by the Earl of March, joint Forester (with Richard Brittle) of North Petherton Park in Somerset. In September, he was twice robbed of some of the king's money; once, at Westminster, of 10*l.*; and again, near the 'foule ok' (foul oak) at Hatcham, Surrey, of 9*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.*; but the repayment of these sums was forgiven him.

1391. This is the date given by Chaucer to his prose Treatise on the Astrolabe, which he compiled for the use of his 'little son' Lewis, of whom nothing more is known; and it is supposed that he died at an early age. At this time, for some unknown reason, the poet unfortunately lost his appointment as Clerk of the Works.

1394. In February of this year, Chaucer received a grant from the king of 20*l.* a year for life; nevertheless, he seems to have been in want of money, as we find him making applications for the advancement of money from his pension.

1398. In this year or the preceding, Chaucer was made sole Forester of North Petherton Park, instead of joint Forester, as in 1390. In the Easter Term, he was sued for a debt of 14*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.* In October, the king granted him a tun of wine yearly, for his life-time.

1399. On September 30, Henry IV. became king of England, and Chaucer addressed to him a complaint regarding his poverty, called a 'Compleynt to his Purs,' in response to which, only four days afterwards, Henry granted that the poet's pension of twenty marks (13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) should be doubled, in addition to the 20*l.* a year which had been granted to him in 1394.

On Christmas eve of this year, Chaucer took a long lease of a house in the garden of the Chapel of St. Mary, Westminster; this house stood near the spot now occupied by King Henry the Seventh's Chapel. The lease is in the Muniment Room of Westminster Abbey (Historical MSS. Commission; i. 95).

1400. The traditional date of Chaucer's death is October 25, 1400; in the second year of Henry IV. His death doubtless took place in his newly-acquired house at Westminster; and he attained to the age of about sixty years. Of his family, nothing is known. His 'little son' Lewis probably died young; and there is no evidence earlier than the reign of Henry VI. that the Thomas Chaucer whose great-grandson, John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, was declared heir to the throne by his uncle, Richard III., in 1484, was Chaucer's son. As Thomas Chaucer was a man of great wealth, and of some mark, we should have expected to find early and undoubted evidence as to his parentage. We find, however, that Thomas Gascoigne, who wrote a Theological Dictionary, and died in 1458, refers to the poet in these words:—'*Fuit idem Chawserus pater Thomae Chawserus, armigeri, qui Thomas sepelitur in Nuhelm iuxta Oxoniam.*' Gascoigne was in a position to know the truth, since he was Chancellor of Oxford, and Thomas Chaucer had held the

manor of Ewelme, at no great distance, till his death in 1434. If this information be correct, it then becomes highly probable that Chaucer's wife Philippa was Philippa Roet, sister of the Katharine de Roet of Hainault, who married Sir John Swynford, and afterwards became the mistress, and in 1396 the third wife of John of Gaunt. This has been inferred from the fact that Thomas Chaucer's arms contain three wheels, supposed to represent the name of Roet; since the Old French *roet* means 'a little wheel.' Those who accept this inference see good reasons for explaining the favours extended to Chaucer both by John of Gaunt himself and his son King Henry IV.

## CHARACTER OF CHAUCER.

There is no space here for exhibiting fully the revelation of Chaucer's character as expressed by numerous passages in his works. We easily recognise in them a man of cheerful and genial nature, with great powers of originality, full of freshness and humour, a keen observer of men, and at the same time an enthusiastic and untiring student of books. He tells a story excellently and sets his characters before us with dramatic clearness; and he has also an exquisite ear for music and pays great attention to the melodious flow of his verse. Except in his prose tales, he frequently affects, in his *Canterbury Tales*, an air of simplicity which sits upon him gracefully enough. In his *Prologue to Sir Thopas*, he describes himself as a 'large,' i.e. a somewhat corpulent man, and no 'poppet' to embrace, that is, not slender in the waist; as having an 'elvish' or abstracted look, often staring on the ground 'as if he would find a hare,' and 'doing no dalliance' to any man, i.e. not entering briskly into casual conversation. His numerous references and quotations show that he was deeply read in all medieval learning, and well acquainted with Latin, French (both of England and of the continent), and Italian, besides being a master of the East-midland dialect of English. A passage in the *Reeve's Tale* imitates some of the peculiarities of the Northumbrian dialect with much fidelity. On the other hand, he occasionally introduces forms into his poems that are peculiarly Kentish; owing, as I am inclined to suggest, to his residence for some years at Greenwich. In his *House of Fame*, he tells us how he had 'set his wit to make books, songs, and ditties in rime,' and often 'made his head ache at night with writing in his study.' For, when he had done his official work for the day, and 'made his reckonings,' he used to go home and become wholly absorbed in his books, 'hearing neither this nor that'; and, 'in stead of rest and new things' (recreation), he used 'to sit at a book, as dumb as a stone, till his look was dased'; and thus did he 'live as a hermit, though (unlike a hermit) his abstinence was but little.' So great (as he tells us in the *Prologue to The Legend of Good Women*) was his love of nature, that, 'when the month of May is come, and I hear the birds sing, and see the flowers springing up, farewell then to my book and to my devotion' to reading. In many passages he insists on the value of the purity of womanhood and the nobility of manhood, taking the latter to be dependent upon good feeling and courtesy. As he says in *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, 'the man who is always the most virtuous, and most endeavours to be constant in the performance of gentle deeds, is to be taken to be the greatest gentleman. Christ desires that we should derive our gentleness from Him, and not from our ancestors, however rich.'

## WRITINGS OF CHAUCER.

Other notices of Chaucer must be gathered from his writings and from what we know about them. It is advisable to date his various works, where possible, as well as we can, and to consider the result.

Chaucer's works fall (as shewn by Ten Brink) into three periods. During the first of these, he imitated French models, particularly the famous and very long poem entitled *Le Roman de la Rose*, of which, as he himself tells us, he made a translation. It so happens that there exist what are apparently two, but are really three fragments of translations of two different parts of this poem; they are found in a MS. at Glasgow, written out about A.D. 1430-40, and in the early printed editions. These three fragments, marked A, B, C in the present volume, appear to be by different hands; and only the first of them can be reconciled with Chaucer's usual diction and grammar. We must regretfully infer that the major part of Chaucer's own translation is irrecoverably lost. The poems of this First Period were written before he set out on his Italian travels in 1372, and there is no trace in them of any Italian influence.

The poems of the Second Period (1373-1384) clearly shew the influence of Italian literature, especially of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and of Boccaccio's poems entitled *Il Teseide* and *Il Filostrato*. Curiously enough, there is nothing to shew that Chaucer was acquainted, at first-hand, with Boccaccio's *Decamerone*.

The poems of the Third Period are chiefly remarkable for a larger share of originality, and are considered as beginning with the *Legend of Good Women*, the first poem in which the poet employed what is now known as the 'heroic' couplet, which he adapted from Guillaume de Machault.

The following list is arranged, *conjecturally*, in chronological order.

Origenes upon the Maudelaine (*lost*).

Book of the Leoun (*lost*).

Ceys and Alcioun; afterwards (probably) partly preserved in the Book of the Duchesse.

The Romaunt of the Rose. (Fragment A (ll. 1-1705) is all that can fairly be claimed as Chaucer's work. Fragment B is written in a dialect approximating to that of Lincolnshire. The author of Fragment C, like that of B, remains unknown.)

A, B, C.—Minor Poems, I.

1369. Book of the Duchesse.—M. P. III.

Lyf of St. Cecyle (afterwards adapted to become the Second Nonnes Tale).

Monkes Tale (parts of); lines 3365-3652 clearly belong to a later period.

About 1372-3. Clerkes Tale; except E 995-1008, and the Envoy.

Palamon and Arcite; of which some scraps are preserved in other poems. It was also used as the basis of the *Knights Tale*.

Complaint to his Lady.—M. P. VI.

An Amorous Complaint, made at Windsor.—M. P. XXII.

Womanly Noblesse.—M. P. XXIV.

Complaint unto Pitè.—M. P. II.

Anelida and Arcite (containing ten stanzas from Palamon).—M. P. VII.

The Tale of Melibens (in its original form); partly translated from Albertano of Brescia.

The Persones Tale (in its original form); partly translated from Frère Lorens.

Of the Wretched Engendring of Mankind; mentioned in the Legend, Text A, l. 414; and partly preserved in scraps occurring in the Man of Lawes Tale, B 99-121, 421-7, 771-7, 925-931, 1135-41.

- Man of Lawes Tale (in its original form); partly translated from Nicholas Trivet. 1377-81. Translation of Boethius.  
 1379? Complaint of Mars.—M. P. IV.  
 1380-83. Troilus and Criseyde; (partly from Boccaccio's *Il Filostrato* and Guido delle Colonne's *Historia Troiae*; containing three stanzas from Palamon). Wordes to Adam (concerning Boethius and Troilus).—M. P. VIII.  
 The Former Age; chiefly from Boethius, Book II. met. V.—M. P. IX.  
 Fortune; containing hints from Boethius.—M. P. X.  
 1382. Parlement of Foules (containing six stanzas from Palamon).—M. P. V.  
 1382-4. House of Fame; containing hints from Dante; *unfinished*.  
 1385-6. Legend of Good Women; *unfinished*.  
 1386. Canterbury Tales begun.  
 1387-8. Central period of the Canterbury Tales.  
 1389, &c. The Tales continued.  
 1391. Treatise on the Astrolabe; chiefly from Messahala; *unfinished*.  
 1393? Complaint of Venus.—M. P. XVIII.  
 1393. Envoy to Scogan.—M. P. XVI.  
 1396. Envoy to Bukton.—M. P. XVII.  
 1399. Envoy to Complaint to his Purse.—M. P. XIX.  
 The following occasional triple roundel and balades may have been composed between 1380 and 1396:—Merciless Beauté.—M. P. XI. Balade to Rosemounde.—M. P. XII. Against Women Unconstaunt.—M. P. XXI. Complaint to his Purse (except the Envoy).—M. P. XIX. Lak of Stedfastnesse.—M. P. XV. Gentilesse.—M. P. XIV. Truth.—M. P. XIII. Proverbes of Chaucer.—M. P. XX.

## EDITIONS OF CHAUCER.

Several of Chaucer's Poems were printed at various times by Caxton and others, but the first collected edition of his works was that edited by W. Thynne in 1532. This was reprinted, with the addition of the spurious *Plowman's Tale*, in 1542; and again, about 1550. Later editions appeared in 1561 (with large additions by John Stowe); in 1598 (re-edited by Thomas Speght), second edition, 1602, and reprinted in 1687. Still later editions were the very bad one by Urry, in 1721, and the excellent one by Tyrwhitt, of the *Canterbury Tales only*, in 1775-8. These editions, excepting Tyrwhitt's, have done much to confuse the public as to the genuine works of Chaucer, because in them a large number of poems, some known (even by the editors) to be by Lydgate, Gower, Hoccleve, and Scogan, together with others obviously spurious, were carelessly added to works by Chaucer himself; and many erroneous notions have been deduced from the study of this incongruous mixture.

It must suffice to say here that most of the later editions, since the publication of Tyrwhitt's remarks on the subject, reject many of these additional pieces, but still unadvisedly admit the poems entitled *The Court of Love*, *The Complaint of the Black Knight*, *Chaucer's Dream*, *The Flower and the Leaf*, and *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*. Of these, *The Complaint of the Black Knight* is now known to be by Lydgate; *The Flower and the Leaf* cannot be earlier than 1450, and was probably written, as it

purports to be, by a lady; whilst *The Court of Love* can hardly be earlier than 1500, and *Chaucer's Dream* (so called) is of still later date. Nothing but a complete ignorance of the history of the English language can connect these fifteenth-century and sixteenth-century poems with Chaucer. The only poem, in the above set, which can possibly be as old as the fourteenth century, is *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*. There is no evidence of any kind to connect it with Chaucer; and Professor Lounsbury decisively rejects it, on the internal evidence. It admits a few rimes (see p. xxiv) such as Chaucer nowhere employs.

## GRAMMATICAL HINTS.

The following brief hints contain but a minimum of information, and include nothing that should not be extremely familiar to the student.

Observe that, in Chaucer's English, the final syllables *-e*, *-ed*, *-en*, *-es*, almost always form a distinct and separate syllable, so that a large number of words had then a syllable more than they have now. Unless this rule be observed, no progress in the study is possible. In particular, *always* sound this final *-e* (like the *a* in *China*) at the end of a line.

Final *-e* is elided, or slurred over, when the next word begins with a vowel, or is one of certain words beginning with *h*, viz. (1) a pronoun, as *he*; (2) part of the verb *have*; (3) the adverbs *hence*, *how*; (4) mute *h* in *honour*, *hour*. In a similar position, final *-er*, *-en*, *-el*, *-y*, are slurred over likewise; thus *get-en* is really *get'n* in l. 291<sup>1</sup>.

Final *-e* is sometimes dropped in a few common words, such as *were*, *hadde*, *had*, *wolde*, *would*.

Middle *-e* is also sometimes dropped, as in *havene*, pronounced (haavnes), l. 407. But *trewe-ly* (481) is trisyllabic.

The reasons for sounding the final *-e*, *-en*, *-es*, as distinct syllables, are grammatical. These endings represent older inflexions, mostly Anglo-Saxon; and were once, in fact, essential. But, in Chaucer's time, they were *beginning* to disappear, and many are now lost altogether.

Final *-e*. The various sources of the M. E. (i. e. Middle-English) final *-e* are, chiefly, these following.

1. The A.S. (Anglo-Saxon) sb. ended in a vowel. Thus A.S. *har-a*, a hare, became M.E. *har-e* (191).

2. The A.F. (Anglo-French) sb. ended in a vowel which was formerly sounded. Thus A.F. *mélodi-s* (four syllables) is M.E. *mélody-s* (four syllables, 9).

3. The dative case often ends in *-e*, especially after the prepositions *at*, *by*, *for*, *in*, *of*, *on*, *to*. Thus *rót-e* (2) is the dative case of *root*, a root. We even find the form of an oblique case used as a nom. case, owing to confusion. Thus A.S. *hwelp-e*, a whelp, makes the dat. *hwelp-e*; Chaucer has *whelp-e* as a nominative (257).

4. The forms *hell-e* (so in A.S.), *sonn-e* (A.S. *sunna-an*) are *genitives*; see Book Duch. 171; A 1051. Similarly *-y* represents a genitive suffix in *lad-y*, 88, 695.

5. The *definite* form of the adjective (i. e. the form used when the def. art. *the* or a possessive or demonstrative pronoun precedes it) ends in *-e*. Ex.: *the yong-e*, 7.

6. The adj. pl. ends in *-e*; as *smal-e*, 9.

<sup>1</sup> The numbers refer to the lines of The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales; see p. 419.

7. Even the adj. sing. may end in *-e*; as *sweet-e* (5), from A.S. *snotte*, sweet, in which the final *-e* is essential. So also *trewe*, from A.S. *trêwe*; 531.

8. Verbs: the infinitive and gerund (with *to*) end in *-en* or *-e*; as *beginn-e*, 42; *for* to *rîs-e*, 33.

9. Strong verbs: the pp. (past participle) ends in *-en* or *-e*; as *y-ronn-e*, 8.

10. Weak verbs: the pt. t. (past tense) ends in *-ede*, *-de*, *-te*, *-e*; as *say-de*, 70. Sometimes in *-ed*, as *prov-ed*, 547. Observe *lakk-e-de*, 756; *lov-de*, 97; *wet-te*, 129; *went-e*, 78.

11. Verbs: various other inflexions in *-en* or *-e*. Thus *slêp-en*, 3 p. pr. pl., 10; *wîr-en*, 1 p. pt. pl., 29; *gess-e*, 1 p. pr. s., 82; *smert-e*, 3 p. pr. s. subj., 230, &c.

12. Adverbs and prepositions may end in *-en* or *-e*; as *abov-en*, 53; *about-e*, prep. 158, adv. 488.

Final *-en*. The suffix *-en* usually denotes either (1) the pl. sb., as *hos-en*, 456; (2) the infin. or gerundial infin. of a verb, as *to wend-en*, 21; (3) the pp. of a strong verb, as *holp-en*, 18; (4) the pl. of any tense of a verb, as *wîr-en*, 1 p. pt. pl., 29; (5) a prep. or adverb, as *abov-en*, 53.

Final *-e*. The final *-e* denotes either (1) the gen. sing., as *lord-es*, 47; (2) the pl. sb., as *show-es*, 1; or (3) an adverb, as *thîrj-es*, 562. But the gen. of *lady* is *lady*; and of *fader*, is *fader*. And the plural may end in *-e*, as in *palmer-s*, 13.

The student should endeavour to make out, in every case, the reason for the use of final *-e*, *-en*, or *-es*. He will thus acquire the grammar. The above hints explain most cases that can arise.

Further notes. Some neuter sbs. do not change in the plural, as *hors*, pl. *hors*, 74. So also *neet*, *sheep*, *swîn*, *yeer*.

Comparatives end in *-er*, as *grett-er*, adj., 197; or *-re*, as *far-re*, adv., 48. Superlatives, in *-est*, occasional def. form *-est-e*, as *best-e*, 252. Pronouns: *tho*, those; *this*, pl. *thîs*, these; *thîlke*, that; *îlke*, same. *Atte*, for *at the*. *Ye*, nom.; *yow*, dat. and acc., you. *Hîr*, their (also her); *hem*, them. *Hîs*, his, its. *Whîche*, what sort of, 40; *whet*, i.e. 'why', 184; *That . . . he*, who, 44, 45; *whô eð*, whoever, 741. *Men*, one, with a sing. verb, as *men smoot*, one smote, 149.

Verbs. Verbs are distinguished as being *weak* or *strong*. In the former, the pp. ends in *-ed*, *-d*, or *-t*; in the latter, in *-en*, or *-e*.

A simple rule is this. In weak verbs, the pt. t. ends in *-ede* (rarely *-ed*), *-de*, *-te*, *-e*, so that the final *-e* is here extremely common, but it does not appear in the pp.; conversely, in strong verbs, it is the pp. that ends in *-en* or *-e*, which never appears in the first or third person singular of the past tense. Ex. *went-e*, 3 p. pt. s., 78, is a weak past tense; *cla-d*, 103, is a weak pp. Conversely, *y-ronn-e*, 8, is a strong pp.; *slêp*, 98, is a strong pt. t. The prefix *y-* (A.S. *ge-*) can be prefixed to any pp., and makes no difference.

Strong verbs usually shew vowel-change; thus *bîgan* (44) is the pt. t. of *beginnen*. But note that this is not a sure guide; for *rough-te* (136) is the pt. t. of *rech-en*, to reach, and is weak. *Slêp-en*, to sleep, pt. t. *slêp*, is strong.

In strong verbs, the vowel of the past tense is changed, sometimes, in the plural. Thus the pt. t. sing. of *rîd-en*, to ride, is *rood*, 169; but the pl. is *rîd-en*, 825. The pp. is also *rîd-en*, 48.

The usual formulæ for the conjugation of verbs are as follows.

Present tense. Sing. *-e*, *-est*, *-eth* (*-th*); pl. *-en* or *-e*.

Past tense; weak verbs. Sing. *-ede* (*-de* or *-ed*), *-de*, *-te*, *-e* (in persons 1 and 3); *-ed*, *-dest*, *-test*, *-est* (2 person). Plural, *-eden*, *-ede*, *-de*, *-den* *-ten*, *-te*, *-e* (all persons).

**Past tense; strong verbs.** Sing. indic. *no suffix* (in persons 1 and 3); -e, occasionally (2 person). Sing. subj. -e (all persons). Plural of both moods: -en, -a.

**Imperative.** Sing. 2 person: *no suffix* (usually); -e (in some weak verbs). Plural, 2 person: -eth, -th; (sometimes -e).

**Infinitive:** -en, -a. The gerundial infinitive has *to* or *for to* prefixed, and often denotes purpose.

**Participles.** Present: -ing, often -inge at the end of a line. Pp. of weak verbs: -ed, -d, -t. Pp. of strong verbs: -en, -a.

N.B. We find the contracted form *bit*, for *biddeth*, in the 3 p. pr. s. indicative, 187.

Similar contractions are common; hence *hit* means 'hideth'; *rit* means 'rideth'; *sit*, 'sitteth'; *let*, 'leadeth.' B 1496; &c.

**Formation of Past Tenses.** The form of the pt. t. of a weak verb depends on the form of its stem. There are three classes of such verbs.

1. Inf. -*ten*; pt. -*ede* (-*de*), or -*ed*. Thus *lov-ten*, to love; pt. t. *lov-ede* (pronounced *luvde*), or *lov-ed* (lured). Compare *lakk-e-de*, 756; though the inf. is *lakk-en*.

2. Inf. -*en*; pt. t. -*de*, -*te*, or sometimes (after *d* or *t*) -*e*; without vowel-change, except such as is due to contraction. Ex. *h  r-en*, to hear, pt. t. *her-de*; *k  p-en*, to keep, pt. t. *kep-te*; *l  d-en*, to lead, pt. t. *lad-de* (short for *l  pd-de*). Cf. *went-e*, went.

3. Inf. -*en*, with a modified vowel in the infinitive, the root-vowel appearing in the pt. t. and pp. Thus the root *s  k* (cf. Gothic *s  kjan*, to seek), appears in the A.S. pt. t. *s  h-te*, pp. *s  h-t*, M.E. *soght-e*, *sogh-t*; but the *o* becomes *e* (as in A.S. *f  t*, foot, pl. *f  t*, feet) in the inf. *s  c-en*, M.E. *s  k-en*, E. *seek*. Cf. *tell-en*, pt. t. *tol-de*; *te  h-en*, pt. t. *taugh-te*.

N.B. The pp. of a weak verb results from the pt. t. by dropping -*e* (unless it has been dropped already); thus pt. t. *tol-de* gives pp. *tol-d*.

**Strong verbs.** The seven conjugations of strong verbs are given in my Principles of Etymology. I take as representative verbs the following; *fall*, *shake*, *bear*, *give*, *drink*, *drive*, *choose*. A more usual order (though it makes no real difference) is: 1. *drive*, 2. *choose*, 3. *drink*, 4. *bear*, 5. *give*, 6. *shake*, 7. *fall*.

The 'principal parts' are: (a) the infinitive; (b) the past tense, singular; (c) the pt. t. pl.; (d) the pp.

1. 'Drive.' Here Chaucer has: (a) *r  d-en*, to ride; (b) *rood*; (c) *rid-en*; (d) *rid-en*. So also *byt-en*, bite, *rys-en*, rise, *shyn-en*, shine, *shryv-en*, shrive, *smyt-en*, smite, *wryt-en*, write<sup>1</sup>. I here write *y* to denote long *i*.

2. 'Choose.' As: (a) *s  th-en*, to seethe; (b) *seeth*; (c, d) *sod-en*.

3. 'Drink.' As: (a) *bigynn-en*; (b) *bigan*; (c) *bigonnen*; (d) *bigonnen*. So also *drinken*, *ginnen*, *rinnen*, to run, *ingen*, *springen*, *swinken*, to toil, *winnen*, *delven*, *fighten* (pt. t. s. *faught*), *helpen*, *kerven*, *thresshen*.

4. 'Bear.' As: (a) *ber-en*; (b) *bar*; (c) *b  r-en*; (d) *bor-en*. So also *breken*, *sheren*, *stelen*. Chaucer has: (b) *c  m*; (c) *c  m-en*; (d) *c  m-en*.

5. 'Give.' As: (a) *yev-en*, *y  v-en*; (b) *yaf*; (c) *y  v-en*; (d) *yiv-en*. So also *geten* (pp. *geten*); *speken* (pp. *epoken*).

6. 'Shake.' As: (a) *bak-en*; (b) *book*; (c) *b  k-en*; (d) *bak-en*. So also *drawen*, *shak-en*, *shaven*, *stonden* (pt. t. *st  od*), *taken*, *sweren* (pp. *swor-e*).

7. 'Fall.' As: (a) *fall-en*; (b) *  ll*; (c) *  ll-en*; (d) *fall-en*. So *holden*, pt. t. *h  ld*;

<sup>1</sup> Chaucer's Prologue does not contain specimens of all the parts of the verbs mentioned. Thus *seeth* only occurs in the infinitive (383); however, the pl. t. *seeth* occurs elsewhere, viz. in the Clerkes Tale, E 227.

*lēt-en*, pt. t. *leest*; *slēp-en*, pt. t. *sleep*; *blōwen*, *grōwen*, *knōw-en*, pt. t. *blew*, &c.; *wēp-en*, pt. t. *weep*; *goon*, pp. *y-goōn*, *y-go*, 286. Compare the complete list of strong M.E. verbs, in *Specimens of English*, ed. Morris and Skeat, pt. 1.

**Anomalous Verbs.** Among these note the following. *Been*, *ben*, *ara*. Imper. pl. *beeth*, *beeth*, be ye. Pp. *been*, *ben*, *been*.

*Can*, I know; pl. *connen*; pt. t. *coude*, knew, could; pp. *couth*, known. *Dar*, I dare; pt. t. *dorste*. *May*, I may; pl. *mowen*; subjunctive, *mowe*, pl. *mowen*. *Moot*, I must, I may, he must, he may; pl. *mōten*, *mōte*; pt. t. *mōste*. *Oghte*, ought. *Shal*, pl. *shullen*, *shul*; pt. t. *sholde*. *Witten*, to know; *woot*, *wōth*, I know, he knows; pl. *witen* (correctly; but Chaucer also has *ye woot*); pt. t. *wiste*, knew; pp. *wist*. *Wil*, *wol*, *wole*, will; pl. *wolen*, *wilen*; pt. t. *wolde*. *Thar*, needs; pt. t. *thurte*.

**Negatives.** *Nam*, for *ne am*, am not; *nis*, for *ne is*, is not; *nas*, was not; *nēre*, were not; *nadde*, had not; *nill*, will not; *nolde*, would not; *noot*, I know not, he knows not; *niste*, knew not; *ne . . . ne*, neither . . . nor, 603. Double negatives, 70, 71, &c.

**Adverbs.** End in *-e*, as *dēp-e*, deeply; or *-ly*, as *subtil-ly*; or *-e-ly*, as *trow-e-ly*, truly; or *-en*, *-e*, as *bīftr-en*, *bīftr-e*; or in *-es*, as *thry-es*, thrice. *Ther*, where, 547; *ther as*, where that, 34.

**Prepositions.** End in *-en*, *-e*, *-es*; &c. *Thil*, for *to*, before a vowel. *With* adjoins its verb; 791.

## METRE.

Chaucer was our first great metrist, and enriched our literature with several forms of metre which had not been previously employed in English. These he borrowed chiefly from Guillaume de Machault, who made use of stanzas of seven, eight, and nine lines, and even wrote at least one Complaint in the 'heroic' couplet.

The metre of four accents, in rimed couplets, had been in use in English long before Chaucer's time; and he adopted it in translating *Le Roman de la Rose* (the original being in the same metre), in the *Book of the Duchesse*, and in the *House of Fame*.

The ballad-metre, as employed in the *Tale of Sir Thopas*, is also older than his time. In fact, this Tale is a burlesque imitation of some of the old Romances.

The four-line stanza, in the *Proverbs*, was likewise nothing new.

But he employed the following metres, in English, for the first time.

1. The 8-line stanza, with the rimes arranged in the order *ababbcb*; i. e. with the first line (*a*) riming with the third (*a*), and so on. Exx. A.B.C.; The *Monkes Tale*; The *Former Age*; *Lenvoy to Bukton*.

2. The same, thrice repeated, with a refrain. Ex. (part of) *Fortune*; *Complaint to Venus*; *Balade to Rosemounde*.

3. The 7-line stanza, with the rimes *ababbcc*; a favourite metre. Exx. *Lyf of Saint Cecyle*; *Clerkes Tale*; *Palamon and Arcite*; (part of) *Complaint to his Lady*; *An Amorous Complaint*; *Complaint to Pitè*; (part of) *Apelida*; The *Wretched Engendring of Mankind*; The *Man of Lawes Tale*; (part of) The *Complaint of Mars*; *Troilus and Criseyde*; *Wordes to Adam*; (part of) The *Parlement of Foules*; (parts of) The *Canterbury Tales*; *Lenvoy to Scogan*.

4. The same 7-line stanza, thrice repeated, with a refrain. Exx. *Against Women*



Unconstaunt; Complaint to his Purse; Lak of Stedfastnesse; Gentilesse; Truth. Also in the Legend of Good Women, 249-269.

- 2 c. The 7-line stanza, with the rimes *ababbab*. Ex. (part of) Fortune.
  3. Terza Rima. Only a few lines; in the Complaint to his Lady.
  4. The 10-line stanza, *aabaabddc*. In the Complaint to his Lady.
  5. The 9-line stanza, *aabaabbab*. Only in Anelida.
  - 5 b. The same, with internal rimes. Only in Anelida.
  - 5 c. The same as 5, but thrice repeated. Only in Womanly Noblesse.
  6. Two stanzas of 16 lines each; with the rimes *aaabaab · bbbabba*. Only in Anelida.
  7. The 9-line stanza, *aabaabbc*. Only in the latter part of the Complaint of Mars.
  8. The roundel. In the Parlement of Foules; and Merciless Beauté.
  9. The heroic couplet. In the Legend of Good Women and parts of the Canterbury Tales.
  10. A 6-line stanza, repeated six times; with the rimes *ababcb*. Only in the Envoy to the Clerkes Tala.
  11. A 10-line stanza, *aabaabbaab*. Only in the Envoy to the Complaint of Venus.
  12. A 6-line stanza, *ababaa*. Only in the Envoy to Womanly Noblesse.
  13. A 5-line stanza, *aabba*. Only in the Envoy to Complaint to his Purse.
- The following pieces are in prose. The Tale of Malibeu. The Persones Tale. The translation of Boethius, De Consolatione Philosophiae. The Treatise on the Astrolabe.

#### VERSIFICATION.

Some lines drop the first syllable, and the first foot contains *one* syllable only; as: Ging | len in, &c. 170.

Many rimes are *double*, as *cloistre, oistre*, 181; *Rom-e, to me*, 671; *non-as, noon is*, 523. Always sound final *-e* at the end of a line. Rimes may be treble, as *apothec-dr-i-es, letu-dr-i-es*, 425; so at ll. 207, 513, 709. Compare the Grammatical Hints.

**Caesura.** The caesura, or middle pause, allows extra syllables to be preserved. Thus, at l. 293, we have:—

For him was léver—hav' at his bédde héed.

The pause gives time for the *-er* of *lêv-er*. Similarly, we may preserve the *-er* of *deliv-er*, 84; *-e* in *mor-e*, 98; *-e* in *curteisy-e*, 132; *-le (=y)* in *car-le*, 130.

Compare also:—

With-ôut-e bak-e met-e—was nev'r his hous; 343.  
Thát | no dróp-e—ne fill' upon hir brest; 131.

The syllables *-er, -en, -el, -ed*, before a vowel, or *h* (in *he*, &c.), are light, and do not always count in scansion; see ll. 84, 291, 296, 334, &c. Cf. *ma | ny a breem* |; 350. Read the lines *deliberately*, and remember the old pronunciation.

**Accent.** Variable, in some words; cf. *miller*, 545, with the archaic trisyllabic *mîl-lér-e*, 541. Also, in French words, we have *hônour*, 582; but the archaic *hombour*, 46. Cf. *licour*, 3; *vertu*, 4.

#### PRONUNCIATION.

The M.E. pronunciation was widely different from the present, especially in the vowel-sounds. The sounds of the vowels were nearly as in French and Italian.

They can be denoted by phonetic *invariable* symbols, enclosed within marks of parenthesis. Convenient phonetic symbols are these following.

**Vowels.** (aa), as *a* in *father*; (a) short, as *a* in *aha!* (æ), open long *e*, as *a* in *Mary*; (e), open short *e*, as *e* in *bed*; (ee), close long *e*, as *e* in *veil*; (i) short, as *F. i* in *fini*, or (nearly) as *E. i* in *in*; (ii), as *ee* in *deep*; (ao), open long *o*, as *ow* in *saw*; (o) open short *o*, as *o* in *not*; (oo), close long *o*, as *o* in *note*, or *o* in German '*so*'; (u), as *u* in *full*; (un), as *oo* in *fool*; (ü), as *F. u* in *F. 'éou'*; (ü'), as long *G. u* in *G. 'grün'*. Also (e), as final *a* in *China*.

**Diphthongs.** (ai), as *y* in *fly*; (au), as *ow* in *now*; (ei), as *et* in *veil*; (oi), as *oi* in *boil*.

**Consonants (special).** (k), as *c* in *cat*; (s), as *c* in *city*; (ch), as in *church*; (tch), as in *catch*; (th), as *th* in *thin*; (dh), as *th* in *then*. Also (h), when *not initial*, to denote a guttural sound, like *G. ch* in *Nacht, Licht*, but weaker, and varying with the preceding vowel.

An accent is denoted by ('), as in *M.E. name* (naa'me).

By help of these symbols, it is possible to explain the meaning of the *M.E.* symbols employed by the scribes in *Chaucer's Tales*. The following is a list of the sounds they denote. The letters *in thick type* are the letters *actually employed*; the letters within parenthesis denote the *sounds*, as above.

Observe that long 'q,' also written 'ô,' means the same as (ao); and long 'g,' also written 'ê,' means the same as (æ).

a short, (a). Ex. *at* (a); *as* (as). N.B. The modern *a* in *cat* (kæt) is denoted by (æ), and does not occur in Chaucer.

a long, (aa). (1) at the end of a syllable; as *age* (aa'je); (2) before *s* or *cs*; as *cas* (kaas), *face* (faa'se).

ai, ay (ei), originally perhaps (ai); but *at* and *et*, both being pronounced as (ei), had already been confused, and invariably rime together in Chaucer. Cf. *E. gay*, *prey*.

au, aw (au). Ex. *account* (avaun't); *auce* (au'ə).

c, as (k), except before *e* and *i*; as (s), before *e* and *i*.

ch (ch); cch (tch).

e short, (e). Ex. *fetheres* (fedh'res); middle *e* dropped.

e final, (e); and often dropped or elided or very lightly touched.

e long and open, (ae). Sometimes denoted by 'g' or 'gg.' Ex. *clene* (klae'ne).

e long and close, (ee). Ex. *sweete* (sweete); *weep* (weep).

ei, ey (ei). Ex. *streit* (streit); *wey* (wei).

g hard, i.e. (g), except before *e* and *i*; (j), before *e* and *i*. Ex. *go* (gao); *age* (aa'je).

gh (h), *G. ch*. Ex. *light* (liiht). The vowel was at first short, then half-long (as probably in Chaucer), then wholly long, when the (h) dropped out. Later, (ii) became (ai), and is now (ai).

gn (n), with long preceding vowel; as *digne* (dii'ne).

i short, (i). As *F. i* in *fini*; but often as *E. i* in *in*; the latter is near enough. So also *y*, when short, as in *many* (man'i).

i, y long, (ii). Ex. *I* (ii); *melodye* (mél'odii'e).

ie (ee), the same as *ee*. Ex. *mischief* (mischeef).

I consonantal, (j). Ex. *Jay* (jei); *Juge* (jū'je). So in the MSS.; but here printed 'j,' as in *Jay* (jei).

le, often vocalic (l), as in *E. temple* (temp'l). But note *stables* (staa'bles).

ng (ngg); always as in E. *linger*. Ex. *thing* (thingg).

o short, (o), as in *of* (ov). But as (ou) before *gh*. And note particularly, that it is always (u), i. e. as *u* in full, wherever it has a sound like *u* in mod. E., as in *company*, *son*, *monk*, *cousin*, &c. Ex. *sonne* (sun-ne), *monk* (mungk), *moche* (muchē).

o long and open, (ao). Sometimes denoted by 'q' or 'qq.' Ex. *go* (gao); *ston* (staon).

o long and close, (oo). Ex. *sote* (soote); *hood* (hood).

oi, oy (oi).

ou, ow (uu); as in *flour* (fluur); *now* (nuu). Rarely (ou), as in *soule* (spule).

ogh (puh), with open o, as in E. *not*, followed by short (u).

ough (nuh); with *uu* as in E. *fool* (fuul); or as ogh.

r is always *strongly trilled*. *ash* (ahsh), as in *fresh* (shē).

u short, (ū); French; as in *just* (jūst). Rarely (u), as in *cut* (kut); English.

u long, (ū), as in *nature* (natūre); French.

we final, (we), but often merely (u). Ex. *arwes* (ar-wes); *boue* (baouē, bouē); *morwe* (morn); so *blew* (blee-u).

N.B. Open long *e* (ae) often arises from A.S. *ǣ*, *ǣa*, or lengthening of *e*. Ex. *wære* (waere), A.S. *wǣron*; *æk* (aek), A.S. *ǣc*; *spæken* (spæken), A.S. *sprecan*. Open long *o* (ao) often arises from A.S. *ā*, or lengthening of *o*. Ex. *fȳ* (fao), A.S. *fā*; *ȳpen*, A.S. *open*. Chaucer refrains from riming open long *e* (ae), when arising from A.S. *ǣa*, or lengthening of *e*, with the close *e* arising from A.S. *ē* or *ēo*. But there is some uncertainty about the quality of the *e* arising from A.S. *ǣ*, or from mutation.

The occurrence of rimes such as Chaucer *never* employs furnishes an easy test for poems which have been supposed to be his on insufficient grounds. Thus, in *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*, stanza 13, *green* rimes with *been*; whereas the form *green* never occurs in Chaucer, who always employs *grēn-e* (grē-ne) as a dissyllable, in accordance with its etymology from A.S. *grēne*. In the same poem, *upon* rimes with *mon*, a man (stanza 17); but Chaucer knows nothing of such a form as *mon*.

Non-Chaucerian rimes occur in large numbers in Fragment B of the *Romaunt of the Rose*.

#### ERRATA.

P. 135. col. 2. l. 206; *for* coniuracion *read* conjuration.

P. 215. l. 684. Delete the comma at the end of the line.

P. 216. l. 766. Alter the note of interrogation to a comma.

P. 226. l. 358. Delete the comma at the end of the line.

P. 290. l. 1171; *for* wrong, and seyde *read* wronge, and seyde.

P. 592. l. 2076; *for* But if *read* But-if.

# THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

Words and syllables enclosed within square brackets are supplied by the Editor. Readings marked with an obelus (†) are doubtful, and are accounted for in the Appendix.

*Only three Fragments of this translation have come down to us. Of these, Fragment A is by Chaucer; Fragment B is by a Northerner, and has many corrupt readings; whilst Fragment C is of doubtful origin, and I do not feel sure that it is Chaucer's.]*

## FRAGMENT A.

MAY men seyn that in sweveninges  
Ther nis but fables and lesinges;  
But men may somme †swevenes seen,  
Which hardely †ne false been,  
But afterward ben apparaunte.  
This may I drawe to waraunte  
An authour, that hight Macrobes,  
That halt not dremes false ne lees,  
But undoth us the avisioun  
That whylom mette king Cipoun.

And who-so sayth, or weneth it be  
A jape, or elles [a] nycetes  
To wene that dremes after falle,  
Let who-so liste a fool me calle.  
For this trowe I, and say for me,  
That dremes signifiunce be  
Of good and harme to many wightes,  
That dremen in her slepe a-nichtes  
Ful many thinges covertly,  
That fallen after al openly.

### The Dream.

Within my twenty yere of age,  
When that Love taketh his courage  
Of yonge folk, I wente sone  
To bedde, as I was wont to done,  
And fast I †asleep; and in sleping,  
Me mette swiche a swevening,

That lykede me wonders wel;  
But in that sweven is never a del  
That it nis afterward befallé,  
Right as this drem wol telle us alle. 30  
Now this drem wol I ryme aright,  
To make your hertes gaye and light;  
For Love it prayeth, and also  
Commaundeth me that it be so.

And if ther any aske me, 35  
Whether that it be he or she.  
How [that] this book [the] which is here  
Shall †hote, that I rede you here;  
It is the Romance of the Rose,  
In which al the art of love I close. 40

The mater fair is of to make;  
God graunte in gree that she it take  
For whom that it begonnen is!  
And that is she that hath, y-wis,  
So mochel prys; and ther-to she 45  
So worthy is biloved be,

That she wel oughte, of prys and right,  
Be cleped Rose of every wight.

That it was May me thoughts tho,  
It is fyve yere or more ago; 50  
That it was May, thus dremed me,  
In tyme of love and jolitee,  
That al thing ginneth waxen gay,

For ther is neither busk nor hay  
 In May, that it nil shrouded been, 55  
 And it with newe leves wreen.  
 These wodes eek recoveren grene,  
 That drye in winter been to sene;  
 And th' erthe wexeth proud withalle,  
 For swote dewes that on it falle, 60  
 And [al] the pore estat forget  
 In which that winter hadde it set;  
 And than biometh the ground so proud  
 That it wol have a newe shroud,  
 And maketh so queynt his robe and fayr 65  
 That it þhath hewes an hundred payr  
 Of gras and floures, inde and pers,  
 And many hewes ful dyvers:  
 That is the robe I mene, y-wis,  
 Through which the ground to preisen is. 70  
 The briddes, that han left hir song,  
 Why! they han suffred cold so strong  
 In wedres grille, and derk to sighte,  
 Ben in May, for the sonne brighte,  
 So glade, that they shewe in singing, 75  
 That in hir herte is swich lyking,  
 That they mote singen and be light.  
 Than doth the nightingale hir might  
 To make noyse, and singen blythe.  
 Than is blisful, many a sythe, 80  
 The chelaundre and the papingay.  
 Than yonge folk entenden ay  
 For to ben gay and amorous,  
 The tyme is than so savorous.  
 Hard is his herte that loveth nought 85  
 In May, whan al this mirth is wrought;  
 Whan he may on these braunches here  
 The smale briddes singen clere  
 Hir blisful swete song pitous;  
 And in this sesoun delitous, 90  
 Whan love affrayeth alle thing,  
 Me thoughte a-night, in my sleping,  
 Right in my bed, ful redily,  
 That it was by the morowe erly,  
 And up I roos, and gan me clothe;  
 Anoon I wissh myn hondes bothe;  
 A sylvre nedle forth I drogh 95  
 Out of an aguiler queynt y-nogh,  
 And gan this nedle threde anon;  
 For out of toun me list to gon  
 The sowne of briddes for to here, 100  
 That on thise þbusshes singen clere.  
 And in the swete sesoun that leef is,  
 With a threde basting my slevis,

Aloon I wente in my playing, 105  
 The smale foules song harking;  
 That peyned hem ful many a payre  
 To singe on bowes bloomed fayre.  
 Jolif and gay, ful of gladnesse,  
 Toward a river þI gan me dresse, 110  
 That I herde renne faste by;  
 For fairer playing non saugh I  
 Than playen me by that riveer,  
 For from an hille that stood ther near  
 Cam down the stream ful stif and bold. 115  
 Cleer was the water, and as cold  
 As any welle is, sooth to seyne;  
 And somdel lasse it was than Seine,  
 But it was straighter wel away.  
 And never saugh I, er that day, 120  
 The water that so wel lyked me;  
 And wonder glad was I to see  
 That lusty place, and that riveer;  
 And with that water that ran so cleer  
 My face I wissh. Tho saugh I wel 125  
 The botme paved everydel  
 With gravel, ful of stones shene.  
 The medewe softe, swote, and grene,  
 Beet right on the water-ayde.  
 Ful cleer was than the morow-tyde, 130  
 And ful attempre, out of drede.  
 Tho gan I walke through the medo,  
 Downward ay in my playing,  
 The river-ayde costeyng.

#### The Garden.

And whan I had a whyle goon, 135  
 I saugh a GARDIN right anoon,  
 Ful long and brood, and everydel  
 þEnclos it was, and walled wel,  
 With hye walles embatailled,  
 Portrayed without, and wel entailed 140  
 With many riche portraitures;  
 And bothe images and peyntures  
 Gan I biholde bisily.  
 And I wol telle you, redily,  
 Of thilke images the semblaunce, 145  
 As fer as I have remembraunce.

#### Hate.

A-midde saugh I HATE stonde,  
 That for hir wrathe, ire, and onde,  
 Semed to been a þmoveresse,  
 An angry wight, a chideresse; 150  
 And ful of gyle, and fel corage,  
 By semblaunt was that ilke image.  
 And she was no-thing wel arrayed,

Bat lyk a wood womman afrayed ;  
 Y-frounced fouls was hir visage, 155  
 And grenning for dispitous rage ;  
 Hir nose snorted up for tene.  
 Ful hidous was she for to sene,  
 Ful foul and rusty was she, this  
 Hir heed y-writhen was, y-wis, 160  
 Ful grimly with a greet towayle.

## Felonye.

An image of another entayle,  
 A lift half, was hir faste by :  
 Hir name above hir heed saugh I,  
 And she was called FELONYE. 165

## Vilanye.

Another image, that VILANYE  
 Y-cleped was, saugh I and fond  
 Upon the walle on hir right hond.  
 Vilanye was lyk somdel 170  
 That other image ; and, trusteth wel,  
 She semed a wikked creature.  
 By countenaunce, in portrayture,  
 She semed be ful despitous,  
 And eek ful proud and outrageous.  
 Wel coude he peynte, I undertake, 175  
 That swiche image coude make.  
 Ful foul and cherlish semed she,  
 And eek vilaynous for to be,  
 And litel coude of norture,  
 To worshipe any creature. 180

## Coveityse.

And next was peynted COVEITYSE,  
 That eggeth folk, in many gyse,  
 To take and yeve right nought ageyn,  
 And grete treasours up to leyn.  
 And that is she that for usure 185  
 Leneth to many a creature  
 The lasse for the more winning,  
 So coveitous is her brenning.  
 And that is she, for penyes fele,  
 That techeth for to robbe and stole 190  
 These theves, and these smale harlotes ;  
 And that is routhe, for by hir throtes  
 Ful many oon hangeth at the laste.  
 She maketh folk compasse and easte  
 To taken other folkes thing, 195  
 Through robberie, or þmiscounting.  
 And that is she that maketh trechoures ;  
 And she [that] maketh false pledoures,  
 That with hir termes and hir domes  
 Doon maydens, children, and eek gromes  
 Hir heritage to forgo. 201

Ful croked were hir hondes two ;  
 For Coveityse is ever wood  
 To grypen other folkes good.  
 Coveityse, for hir winning, 205  
 Ful leef hath other mennes thing.

## Avarice.

Another image set saugh I  
 Next Coveityse faste by,  
 And she was cleped AVARICE.  
 Ful foul in peynting was that vice ; 210  
 Ful sad and caytif was she eek,  
 And al-so grene as any leek.  
 So yvel hewed was hir colour,  
 Hir semed have lived in langour.  
 She was lyk thing for hungre deed, 215  
 That ladde hir lyf only by breed  
 Kneden with eisel strong and egre ;  
 And therto she was lene and magre.  
 And she was clad ful povrely,  
 Al in an old torn þcourtepy, 220  
 As she were al-with dogges torn ;  
 And bothe bihinde and eek biforn  
 Clouted was she beggarly.  
 A mantel heng hir faste by,  
 Upon a perche, weyke and smalle ; 225  
 A burnet cote heng therwithalle,  
 Furred with no menivre,  
 But with a furre rough of here,  
 Of lambe-akinnes hevry and blake ;  
 It was ful old, I undertake. 230  
 For Avarice to clothe hir wel  
 Ne hasteth hir, never a del ;  
 For certeynly it were hir loth  
 To weren ofte that ilke cloth ;  
 And if it were forwered, she 235  
 Wolde have ful greet necessitee  
 Of clothing, er she boughte hir newe,  
 Al were it bad of wolle and hewe.  
 This Avarice held in hir hande  
 A purs, that heng [down] by a bande ; 240  
 And that she hidde and bond so stronge,  
 Men must abyde wonder longe  
 Out of that purs er ther come ought,  
 For that ne cometh not in hir thought ;  
 It was not, certein, hir entente 245  
 That fro that purs a peny wente.

## Envye.

And by that image, nygh y-nough,  
 Was þpeynt ENVYE, that never lough,  
 Nor never wel in herte ferde  
 But-if she outhar saugh or herde 250

Som greet mischannoe, or greet disea.  
 No-thing may so mooch hir please  
 As mischef and misaventure ;  
 Or whan she seeth discomfiture  
 †On any worthy man [to] falle, 255  
 Than lyketh hir [ful] wel withalle.  
 She is ful glad in hir courage,  
 If she see any greet linage  
 Be brought to nought in shamful wyse.  
 And if a man in honour ryse, 260  
 Or by his witte, or by prowesse,  
 Of that hath she gret hevynesse ;  
 For, trusteth wel, she goth nigh wood  
 When any chauce happeth good.  
 Envye is of swich crueltee, 265  
 That feith ne trouthe holdeth she  
 To freend ne felawe, bad or good.  
 Ne she hath kin noon of hir blood,  
 That she nis ful hir enemy ;  
 She nolde, I dar seyn hardely, 270  
 Hir owne fader ferde wel.  
 And sore abyeth she everydel  
 Hir malice, and hir maltalent :  
 For she is in so greet turment  
 And hath such [wo], whan folk doth  
 good, 275  
 That nigh she melteth for pure wood ;  
 Hir herte kerveth and †to-breketh  
 That god the peple wel awreketh.  
 Envye, y-wis, shal never lette  
 Som blame upon the folk to sette. 280  
 I trowe that if Envye, y-wis,  
 Knewe the beste man that is  
 On this syde or biyond the see,  
 Yit somewhat lakken him wolde she.  
 And if he were so hende and wys, 285  
 That she ne mighte al abate his prys,  
 Yit wolde she blame his worthinesse,  
 Or by hir wordes make it lesse.  
 I saugh Envye, in that peynting,  
 Hadde a wonderful loking ; 290  
 For she ne loked but awry,  
 Or overthwart, al baggingly.  
 And she hadde [eek] a foul usage ;  
 She mighte loke in no visage  
 Of man or woman forth-right playn, 295  
 But shette oon y8 for disdeyn ;  
 So for envye brenned she  
 Whan she mighte any man [y]-see,  
 That fair, or worthy were, or wys,  
 Or elles stood in folkes prys. 300

## Sorowe.

Sorowe was peynted next Envye  
 Upon that walle of masonrye.  
 But wel was seen in hir colour  
 That she hadde lived in langour ;  
 Hir semed have the Jannyce. 305  
 Nought half so pale was Avaryce,  
 Nor no-thing lyk, [as] of leneesse ;  
 For sorowe, thought, and greet distresse,  
 That she hadde suffred day and night  
 Made hir ful yelwe, and no-thing bright,  
 Ful fade, pale, and megre also. 311  
 Was never wight yit half so wo  
 As that hir semed for to be,  
 Nor so fulfilled of ire as she.  
 I trowe that no wight mighte hir please, 315  
 Nor do that thing that mighte hir eze ;  
 Nor she ne wolde hir sorowe slake,  
 Nor comfort noon unto hir take ;  
 So depe was hir wo bigonnen,  
 And eek hir herte in angre ronnen, 320  
 A sorowful thing wel semed she.  
 Nor she hadde no-thing slowe be  
 For to forcracchen al hir face,  
 And for to †rende in many place  
 Hir clothes, and for to tere hir swire, 325  
 As she that was fulfilled of ire ;  
 And al to-torn lay eek hir here  
 Aboute hir shuldres, here and there,  
 As she that hadde it al to-rent  
 For angre and for maltalent. 330  
 And eek I telle you certeynly  
 How that she weep ful tenderly.  
 In world nis wight so hard of herte  
 That hadde seen hir sorowes smerte,  
 That nolde have had of hir pitee, 335  
 So wo-bigoon a thing was she.  
 She al to-damhte hir-self for wo,  
 And smoot togider hir handes two.  
 To sorwe was she ful ententyf,  
 That woful rechelesse caityf ; 340  
 Hir roughte lital of playing,  
 Or of clipping or [of] kissing ;  
 For who-so sorweful is in herte  
 Him liste not to pleye ne sterte,  
 Nor for to daunse, ne to singe,  
 Ne may his herte in temper bringe  
 To make joye on even or morowe ;  
 For joye is contraire unto sorowe.

## Elde.

ELDE was peynted after this,

That shorter was a foot, y-wis, 350  
 Than she was wont in her yongheda.  
 Unnethe hir-self she mighte fede ;  
 So feble and eek so old was she  
 That faded was al hir beautee.  
 Ful salowe was waxen hir colour, 355  
 Hir heed for-hoor was, whyt as flour.  
 Y-wis, gret qualm ne were it noon,  
 Ne sinne, although hir lyf were gon.  
 Al woxen was hir body unwelde,  
 And drye, and dwyned al for elde. 360  
 A foul forwelked thing was she  
 That whylom round and softe had be.  
 Hir eres shoken fast withalle,  
 As from her heed they wolde falle.  
 Hir face frounced and forpyned, 365  
 And bothe hir hondes lorn, fordwyned.  
 So old she was that she ne wente  
 A foot, but it were by potente.

## Time.

The Tyme, that passeth night and day,  
 And restelees travayloth ay, 370  
 And steleth from us so prively,  
 That to us semeth slikerly  
 That it in oon point dwelleth ever,  
 And certes, it ne resteth never,  
 But goth so faste, and passeth ay, 375  
 That ther nis man that thinke may  
 What tyme that now present is :  
 Asketh at these clarkes this ;  
 For [er] men thinke it redily,  
 Three tymes been y-passed by. 380  
 The tyme, that may not sojourne,  
 But goth, and tnever may retourne,  
 As water that doun renneth ay,  
 But never drope retourne may ;  
 Ther may no-thing as tyme endure, 385  
 Metal, nor erthely creature ;  
 For alle thing it fret, and shal :  
 The tyme eek, that chaungeth al,  
 And al doth waxe and fostred be,  
 And alle thing distroyeth he : 390  
 The tyme, that eldeth our aunceours  
 And eldeth kinges and emperours,  
 And that us alle shal overcomen  
 Er that deeth us shal have nomen :  
 The tyme, that hath al in welde 395  
 To elden folk, had maad hir elde  
 So inly, that, to my witing,  
 She mighte helpe hir-self no-thing,  
 But turned ageyn unto childhede ;

She had no-thing hir-self to lede, 400  
 Ne wit ne pith in[with] hir holde  
 More than a child of two year olde.  
 But natheles, I trowe that she  
 Was fair sumtyme, and fresh to see,  
 When she was in hir rightful age : 405  
 But she was past al that passage  
 And was a doted thing bi-comen.  
 A furred cope on had she nomen ;  
 Wel had she clad hir-self and warm,  
 For cold mighte elles doon hir harm. 410  
 These olde folk have alwey colde,  
 Hir kind is swiche, whan they ben  
 olde.

## Pope-holy.

Another thing was doon ther write,  
 That semede lyk an ipoorite,  
 And it was cleped POPE-HOLY. 415  
 That ilke is she that prively  
 Ne spareth never a wikked dede,  
 Whan men of hir taken non hede ;  
 And maketh hir outward precious,  
 With pale visage and pitous, 420  
 And semeth a simple creature ;  
 But ther nis no misaventure  
 That she ne thenketh in hir corage.  
 Ful lyk to hir was that image,  
 That maked was lyk hir semblaunce. 425  
 She was ful simple of countenance,  
 And she was clothed and eek shod,  
 As she were, for the love of god,  
 Yolden to religioun,  
 Swich semed hir devocioun. 430  
 A sauter held she faste in honde,  
 And bisily she gan to fonde  
 To make many a feynt prayere  
 To god, and to his seyntes dere.  
 Ne she was gay, fresh, ne jolyf, 435  
 But semed be ful ententyf  
 To gode werkes, and to faire,  
 And therto she had on an haira.  
 Ne certes, she was fat no-thing,  
 But semed very for fasting ; 440  
 Of colour pale and deed was she.  
 From hir the gate tshal werned be  
 Of paradya, that blisful place ;  
 For swich folk maketh lene hir tface,  
 As Crist seith in his evangyle, 445  
 To gete hem prys in toun a whyle ;  
 And for a litel glorie veine  
 They leen god and eek his reigne.



## Povert.

And alderlast of everichoon,  
 Was peynted Povre al aloon, 450  
 That not a peny hadde in wolde,  
 Al-though [that] she hir clothes solde,  
 And though she shulde anhonged be;  
 For naked as a worm was she.  
 And if the weder stormy were, 455  
 For colde she shulde have deyed there.  
 She nadde on but a strait old sak,  
 And many a clout on it ther stak;  
 This was hir cote and hir mantel,  
 No more was there, never a del, 460  
 To clothe her with; I undertake,  
 Gret leyser hadde she to quake.  
 And she was put, that I of talke,  
 Fer fro these other, up in an halke;  
 There lurked and there coured she; 465  
 For povre thing, wher-so it be,  
 Is shamfast, and despyssed ay.  
 Aoursed may wel be that day,  
 That povre man conceyved is;  
 For god wot, al to selde, y-wis, 470  
 Is any povre man wel fed,  
 Or wel arayed or y-cled,  
 Or wel biloved, in swich wyse  
 In honour that he may aryse.  
 Alle these thinges, wel avysed, 475  
 As I have you er this devysed,  
 With gold and asure over alle  
 Depeynted were upon the walle.  
 Squar was the wal, and high somdel;  
 Enclosed, and y-barred wel, 480  
 In stede of hegge, was that gardin;  
 Com never shepherde therin.  
 Into that gardyn, wel [y-]wrought,  
 Who-so that me coude have brought,  
 By †laddre, or elles by degree, 485  
 It wolde wel have lyked me.  
 For swich solace, swich joye, and play,  
 I trowe that never man ne say,  
 As in that place delitous.  
 The gardin was not daungerous 490  
 To herberwe briddes many oon.  
 So riche a tyerd was never noon  
 Of briddes songe, and braunches grene.  
 Therin were briddes mo, I wene,  
 Than been in alle the rewme of Fraunce.  
 Ful blisful was the accordaunce 496  
 Of swete and pitous songe they made,  
 For al this world it oughte glade.

And I my-self so mery ferde,  
 Whan I hir blisful songes herde, 500  
 That for an hundred pound †nolde I,—  
 If that the passage openly  
 Hadde been unto me free—  
 That I nolde entren for to see  
 Thassembles, god †it kepe and were! 505  
 Of briddes; whiche therinne were,  
 That songen, through hir mery throtes,  
 Daunces of love, and mery notes.

Whan I thus herde foules singe,  
 I fel faste in a weymenting, 510  
 By which art, or by what engyn  
 I mighte come in that gardyn;  
 But way I couthe finde noon  
 Into that gardin for to goon.  
 Ne nought wiste I if that ther were 515  
 Eyther hole or place [o]-where,  
 By which I mighte have entree;  
 Ne ther was noon to teche me;  
 For I was al aloon, y-wis,  
 †Ful wo and anguissous of this. 520  
 Til atte last bithoughte I me,  
 That by no weye ne mighte it be;  
 That ther nas laddre or wey to passe,  
 Or hole, into so fair a place.

Tho gan I go a ful gret pas 525  
 Envyroning even in compas  
 The closing of the square wal,  
 Til that I fond a wicket smal  
 So ahet, that I ne mighte in goon,  
 And other entree was ther noon. 530

## The Door.

Upon this dore I gan to smyte,  
 That was [so] fetys and so lyte;  
 For other way coude I not seke.  
 Ful long I shoof, and knocked ake,  
 And stood ful long and off[t] herkning 535  
 If that I herde †a wight coming;  
 Til that the dore of thilke entree  
 A mayden curteys opened me.

## Ydeinesse.

Hir heer was as yelowre of hewe  
 As any basin scoured newe. 540  
 Hir flesh [as] tendre as is a chike,  
 With bente browes, smothe and slike;  
 And by mesure large were  
 The opening of hir yē clere.  
 Hir nose of good proporcioun, 545  
 Hir yēn greye as a faucoun,  
 With swete breeth and wel savoured.

Hir face whyt and wel coloured,  
 With litel mouth, and round to see ;  
 A clove chin eek hadde she. 550  
 Hir nekke was of good fasoun  
 In lengthe and gretnesse, by resoun,  
 Withoute blayne, scabbe, or royna.  
 Fro Jerusalem unto Burgoyne  
 Ther nis a fairer nekke, y-wis, 555  
 To fele how smothe and softe it is.  
 Hir throte, al-so whyt of hewe  
 As snow on braunche snowed newe.  
 Of body ful wel wrought was she ;  
 Men neded not, in no cuntree, 560  
 A fairer body for to seke.  
 And of fyn orfrays had she eke  
 A chapelet : so semly oon  
 Ne wered never mayde upon ; . . .  
 And faire above that chapelet 565  
 A rose gerland had she set.  
 She hadde [in honde] a gay mirour,  
 And with a riche gold tressour  
 Hir heed was tressed queyntely ;  
 Hir sleeves sewed fetisly. 570  
 And for to kepe hir hondes faire  
 Of gloves whyte she hadde a paire.  
 And she hadde on a cote of grene  
 Of cloth of Gaunt ; withouten wene,  
 Wel semed by hir apparayle 575  
 She was not wont to greet travayle.  
 For whan she kempt was fetisly,  
 And wel arrayed and richely,  
 Thanne had she doon al hir journee ;  
 For mery and wel bigoon was she. 580  
 She hadde a lusty lyf in May,  
 She hadde no thought, by night ne day,  
 Of so-thing, but it were only  
 To graythe hir wel and uncouthly.  
 Whan that this dore hadde opened me  
 This mayden, semely for to see, 586  
 I thanked hir as I best mighte,  
 And axede hir how that she highte,  
 And what she was, I axede eke.  
 And she to me was nought unmeke, 590  
 Ke of hir answer daungerous,  
 But faire answerde, and seide thus :—  
 'Le, sir, my name is YDELNESSE ;  
 So clepe men me, more and lease.  
 Ful mighty and ful riche am I, 595  
 And that of oon thing, namely ;  
 For I entende to no-thing  
 But to my joye, and my pleying,

And for to kembe and tresse me.  
 Aqueynted am I, and privee 600  
 With Mirthe, lord of this gardyn,  
 That fro the lande †Alexandryn  
 Made the trees †be hider fet,  
 That in this gardin been y-set. 604  
 And when the trees were woxen on highte,  
 This wal, that stant here in thy sighte,  
 Dide Mirthe enclosen al aboute ;  
 And these images, al withoute,  
 He dide hem bothe entalle and peynte,  
 That neither ben jolyf ne queynte, 610  
 But they ben ful of sorowe and wo,  
 As thou hast seen a while ago.

' And ofte tyme, him to solace,  
 Sir Mirthe cometh into this place,  
 And eek with him cometh his maynee,  
 That liven in lust and jolitee. 616  
 And now is Mirthe therin, to here  
 The briddes, how they singen clere,  
 The mavis and the nightingale,  
 And other joly briddes smale. 620  
 And thus he walketh to solace  
 Him and his folk ; for swetter place  
 To pleyen in he may not finde,  
 Although he soughte oon in-til Inde.  
 The alther-fairest folk to see 625  
 That in this world may founde be  
 Hath Mirthe with him in his route,  
 That folowen him alwayes aboute.'

When Ydelnesse had told al this,  
 And I hadde herkned wel, y-wis, 630  
 Than seide I to dame Ydelnesse,  
 ' Now al-so wisy god me blesse,  
 Sith Mirthe, that is so fair and free,  
 Is in this yerde with his meynes,  
 Fro thilke assemblee, if I may, 635  
 Shal no man werne me to-day,  
 That I this night ne mote it see.  
 For, wel wene I, ther with him be  
 A fair and joly companye  
 Fulfilled of alle curtesye.' 640  
 And forth, without wordes mo,  
 In at the wicket wente I tho,  
 That Ydelnesse hadde opened me,  
 Into that gardin fair to see.

The Garden.  
 And whan I was [ther]in, y-wis, 645  
 Myn herte was ful glad of this.  
 For wel wende I ful sikerly  
 Have been in paradys erth[ely] ;

So fair it was, that, trusteth wel,  
 It seemed a place espirituel. 650  
 For certes, as at my devys,  
 Ther is no place in paradys  
 So good in for to dwelle or be  
 As in that GARDIN, thoughte me ;  
 For there was many a brid singing, 655  
 Throughout the yerde al thringing.  
 In many places were nightingales,  
 Alpes, finches, and wodewales,  
 That in her swete song delyten  
 In thilke place as they habytten. 660  
 Ther mighte men see many flokkes  
 Of turtles and [of] laverokkes.  
 Chalaundes fele saw I there,  
 That very, nigh forsongen were.  
 And thrustles, terins, and mavys, 665  
 That songen for to winne hem prys,  
 And eek to sormounte in hir song  
 These other briddes hem among.  
 By note made fair servyse  
 These briddes, that I you devyse ; 670  
 They songe hir song as faire and wel  
 As angels doon espirituel.  
 And, trusteth wel, whan I hem herde,  
 Full lustily and wel I ferde ;  
 For never yit swich melodye 675  
 Was herd of man that mighte dye.  
 Swich swete song was hem among,  
 That me thoughte it no briddes song,  
 But it was wonder lyk to be  
 Song of mermaidens of the see ; 680  
 That, for her singing is so clere,  
 Though we mermaidens clepe hem here  
 In English, as in our usaunce,  
 Men clepe[n] hem sereyns in Fraunce.  
 Ententif weren for to singe 685  
 These briddes that nought unknuninge  
 Were of hir craft, and apprentys,  
 But of [hir] song sotyl and wys.  
 And certes, whan I herde hir song,  
 And saw the grene place among, 690  
 In herte I wax so wonder gay,  
 That I was never erst, er that day,  
 So jolyf, nor so wel bigo,  
 Ne mery in herte, as I was tho.  
 And than wiste I, and saw ful wel, 695  
 That Ydelnesse me served wel,  
 That me putte in swich jolitee.  
 Hir freend wel oughte I for to be,  
 Sith she the dore of that gardyn

Hadde opened, and me leten in. 700  
 From hennesforth how that I wroughte,  
 I shal you tellen, as me thoughte.  
 First, whereof Mirthe served there,  
 And eek what folk ther with him were,  
 Without[e] fable I wol descryve. 705  
 And of that gardin eek as blyve  
 I wol you tellen after this.  
 The faire fasoun al, y-wis,  
 That wel [y-]wrought was for the nones,  
 I may not tellen you al at ones : 710  
 But as I may and can, I shal  
 By ordre tellen you it al.  
 Ful fair servyse and eek ful swete  
 These briddes maden as they seta.  
 Layes of love, ful wel sowning 715  
 They songen in hir jargoning ;  
 Summe highe and summe eek lowe songe  
 Upon the braunches grene y-spronge.  
 The sweetness of hir melodye  
 Made al myn herte in treverdye. 720  
 And whan that I hadde herd, I trowe,  
 These briddes singing on a rowe,  
 Than mighte I not withholde me  
 That I ne wente in for to see  
 Sir Mirthe ; for my desiring • 725  
 Was him to seen, over alle thing,  
 His countenance and his manere :  
 That sighte was to me ful dere.

## Sir Mirthe.

Tho wente I forth on my right hond  
 Down by a litel path I fond 730  
 Of mentes ful, and fenel grane ;  
 And faste by, withoute wene,  
 SIR MIRTHE I fond ; and right anon  
 Unto sir Mirthe gan I goon,  
 Ther-as he was, him to solace. 735  
 And with him, in that lusty place,  
 So fair folk and so fresh hadde he,  
 That whan I saw, I wondred me  
 Fro whannes swich folk mighte come,  
 So faire they weren, alle and some ; 740  
 For they were lyk, as to my sighte,  
 To angels, that ben fethered brighte.

## Gladnesse.

This folk, of which I telle you so,  
 Upon a carole wenten tho.  
 A lady caroled hem, that highte 745  
 GLADNESSE, [the] blisful, the lighte ;  
 Wel coude she singe and lustily,  
 Non half so wel and semely,

And make in song swich refreyninge,  
 It sat hir wonder wel to singe. 750  
 Hir vois ful cleer was and ful swete.  
 She was nought rude ne unmete,  
 But couthe y-now of swich doing  
 As longeth unto caroling :  
 For she was wont in every place 755  
 To singen first, folk to solace ;  
 For singing most she gaf hir to ;  
 No craft had she so leef to do.

The mightest thou caroles seen,  
 And folk [ther] daunce and mery been, 760  
 And þmake many a fair tourning  
 Upon the grene gras springing.  
 Ther mightest thou see these floutours,  
 Minstrales, and eek jogelours,  
 That wel to singe dide hir payne. 765  
 Somme songe songes of Loreyne ;  
 For in Loreyne hir notes be  
 Ful swetter than in this contree.

Ther was many a timbestere,  
 And saylours, that I dar wel swere 770  
 Couthe hir craft ful parfitly.  
 The timbres up ful sotilly  
 They caste, and hente[n hem] ful ofte  
 Upon a finger faire and softe,  
 That they [ne] sayled never-mo. 775  
 Ful fetis damiselles two,  
 Right yonge, and fulle of semlihede,  
 In kirtles, and non other wede,  
 And faire tressed every tresse, 780  
 Had Mirthe doon, for his noblesse,  
 Amide the carole for to daunce ;  
 But her-of lyth no remembraunce,  
 How that they daunced queyntely.  
 That oon wolde come al prively  
 Agayn that other : and whan they were 786  
 Togidre almost, they throwe y-fere  
 Hir mouthes so, that through hir play  
 It semed as they kiste alway ;  
 To daunce wel coude they the gyse ;  
 What shulde I more to you devyse ? 790  
 Ne þbede I never thennes go,  
 Whyles that I saw hem daunce so.

#### Curtesye.

Upon the carole wonder faste  
 I gan biholde ; til atte laste 795  
 A lady gan me for to espye,  
 And she was cleped Curtesye,  
 The worshipful, the debonaire ;  
 I pray god ever falle hir faire !

Ful curteisly she called me,  
 'What do ye there, beau sire ?' quod 800  
 she,  
 'Come [neer], and if it lyke yow  
 To dauncen, dauncest with us now.'  
 And I, withoute taryng,  
 Wente into the caroling.  
 I was abashed never a del, 805  
 But it me lykede right wel  
 That Curtesye me cleped so,  
 And bad me on the daunce go.  
 For if I hadde durst, certeyn  
 I wolde have caroled right fayn, 810  
 As man that was to daunce blythe.  
 Than gan I loken ofte sythe  
 The shap, the bodies, and the cheres,  
 The countenaunce and the maneres  
 Of alle the folk that daunced there, 815  
 And I shal telle what they were.

#### Mirthe.

Ful fair was Mirthe, ful ong and high ;  
 A fairer man I never sigh.  
 As round as appel was his face,  
 Ful rody and whyt in every place. 820  
 Fetys he was and wel beseye,  
 With metely mouth and yen greye ;  
 His nose by mesure wrought ful right ;  
 Crisp was his heer, and eek ful bright.  
 His shuldres of a large brede, 825  
 And smalish in the girdilstede.  
 He semed lyk a portraiture,  
 So noble he was of his stature,  
 So fair, so joly, and so fetys,  
 With limes wrought at poynt devys, 830  
 Deliver, smert, and of gret might ;  
 Ne sawe thou never man so light.  
 Of berde unneth hadde he no-thing,  
 For it was in the firste spring.  
 Ful yong he was, and mery of thought,  
 And in samyt, with briddes wrought 836  
 And with gold beten fetially,  
 His body was clad ful richely.  
 Wrought was his robe in straunge gyse,  
 And al to-alitered for queyntye 840  
 In many a place, lowe and hye.  
 And shod he was with greet maistrye,  
 With shoon decooped, and with laas.  
 By druerye, and by solas,  
 His leef a rosen chapelet 845  
 Had maad, and on his heed it set.  
 And wite ye who was his leef ?

## Gladnesse.

Dame GLADNES ther was him so leef,  
 That singeth so wel with glad corage,  
 That from she was twelve yeer of age, 850  
 She of hir love graunt him made.  
 Sir Mirthe hir by the finger hadde  
 [In] daunsing, and she him also ;  
 Gret love was atwixe hem two.  
 Bothe were they faire and brighte of hewe;  
 She semede lyk a rose newe 856  
 Of colour, and hir flesh so tendra,  
 That with a brere smale and alandre  
 Men mighte it cleve, I dar wel sayn.  
 Hir forheed, frounceles al tplayn. 860  
 Bente were hir browes two,  
 Hir yēn greye, and gladd also,  
 That laughede ay in hir semblaunt,  
 First or the mouth, by covenant.  
 I tnot what of hir nose descryve ; 865  
 So fair hath no womman alyve . . .  
 Hir heer was yellowe, and cleer shyning,  
 I wot no lady so lyking.  
 Of orfays fresh was hir gerland ;  
 I, whiche seen have a thousand, 870  
 Saugh never, y-wis, no gerlond yit,  
 So wel [y]-wrought of silk as it.  
 And in an over-gilt samyt  
 Clad she was, by gret delyt.  
 Of which hir leef a robe warda, 875  
 The myrier she in herte ferda.

## Cupide.

And next hir wente, on hir other syde,  
 The god of Love, that can devyde  
 Love, tās him lyketh it [to] be.  
 But he can cherles dauntan, he, 880  
 And maken folkes pryde fallen.  
 And he can wel these lordes thrallen,  
 And ladies putte at lowe degree,  
 Whan he may hem to proude see.

This God of Love of his fasoun 885  
 Was lyk no knave, ne quistroun ;  
 His beantes gretly was to pryse.  
 But of his robe to devyse  
 I drede encombred for to be.  
 For nought y-clad in silk was he, 890  
 But al in floures and flourettes,  
 Y-painted al with amorettes ;  
 And with losenges and soochouns,  
 With briddes, libardes, and lyouns,  
 And other beestes wrought ful wel, 895  
 His garnement was everydel

Y-portreyd and y-wrought with floures,  
 By dyvers medling of coloures.  
 Floures ther were of many gise  
 Y-set by compas in assyse ; 900  
 Ther lakked no flour, to my dome,  
 Ne nought so muche as flour of brome,  
 Ne violete, no eek pervanke,  
 Ne flour non, that man can on thanke ;  
 And many a rose-leef ful long 905  
 Was entermedled ther-among :  
 And also on his heed was set  
 Of roses rede a chapelet.  
 But nightingales, a ful gret route,  
 That flyen over his heed aboute, 910  
 The leves felden as they flyen ;  
 And he was al with briddes wryan,  
 With popinjay, with nightingale,  
 With chalaundre, and with wodewale,  
 With finch, with lark, and with arochaungel.  
 He semede as he were an aungel 916  
 That doun were comen fro hevene clere.

## Swete-Loking.

Love hadde with him a bachelere,  
 That he made alweyes with him be ;  
 Swete-Loking cleped was he. 920  
 This bachelere stood biholding  
 The daunce, and in his honde holding  
 tTurke bowes two hadde he.  
 That oon of hem was of a tree  
 That bereth a fruyt of savour wikke ; 925  
 Ful croked was that foule stikke,  
 And knotty here and there also,  
 And blak as bery, or any alo.  
 That other bowe was of a plante  
 Without wem, I dar warante, 930  
 Ful even, and by proporcoun  
 Tretys and long, of good fasoun.  
 And it was peynted wel and thwiten,  
 And over-al diapred and writen  
 With ladies and with bacheleres, 935  
 Ful lightsom and [ful] glad of cheres.  
 These bowes two held Swete-Loking,  
 That semed lyk no gadeling.  
 And ten brode arrowes held he there,  
 Of which five in his right hond were. 940  
 But they were shaven wel and dight,  
 Nokked and fethered a-right ;  
 And al they were with gold bigoon,  
 And stronge poynted everichoon,  
 And sharpe for to kerven weel. 945  
 But iren was ther noon ne steel ;

For al was gold, men mighte it see,  
Out-take the fetheres and the tree.

**Beautee.**

The swiftest of these aroues fyve  
Out of a bowe for to dryve, 950  
And best [y]-fethered for to flec,  
And fairest eek, was cleped **BEAUTE.**

**Simplese.**

That other aroue, that hurteth lesse,  
Was cleped, as I trowe, **SIMPLESE.**

**Fraunchyse.**

The thridde cleped was **FRAUNCHYSE,** 955  
That fethered was, in noble wyse,  
With valour and with curtesye.

**Companye.**

The fourthe was cleped **COMPANYE,**  
That hevye for to sheten is ;  
But who-so sheteth tight, y-wis, 960  
May therwith doon gret harm and wo.

**Fair-Semblaunt.**

The fyfte of these, and laste also,  
**FAIR-SEMBLAUNT** men that aroue calle,  
The leeste grevous of hem alle ;  
Yit can it make a ful gret wounde, 965  
But he may hope his sores sounde,  
That hurt is with that aroue, y-wis ;  
His wo the bet bistowed is.

For he may soner have gladnesse,  
His langour oughte be the lesse. 970

Fyve aroues were of other gyse,  
That been ful foule to devyse ;  
For shaft and ende, sooth to telle,  
Were al-so blak as feend in helle.

**Pryde.**

The first of hem is called **PRYDE ;** 975

**Vilanye.**

That other aroue next him bisyde,  
It was [y]-cleped **VILANYE ;**  
That aroue was as with felonye  
Evenimied, and with spitous blame.

**Shame.**

The thridde of hem was cleped **SHAME.** 980

**Wanhope.**

The fourth, **WANHOPE** cleped is,

**Newe-Thought.**

The fyfte, the **NEWE-THOUGHT,** y-wis.

These aroues that I speke of here,  
Were alle fyve þof oon manere,  
And alle were they resemblable. 985  
To hem was wel sitting and able  
The foule croked bowe hidous,

That knotty was, and al roynous.  
That bowe semede wel to shete  
These aroues fyve, that been unmete, 990  
Contrarie to that other fyve.

But though I telle not as blyve  
Of hir power, ne of hir might,  
Her-after shal I tellen right  
The sothe, and eek signiffaunce, 995  
As fer as I have remembraunce :  
Al shal be seid, I undertake,  
Er of this boke an ende I make.

Now come I to my tale ageyn.  
But alderfirst, I wol you seyn 1000  
The fasoun and the countenaunces  
Of al the folk that on the daunce is.  
The God of Love, jolyf and light,  
Ladde on his honde a lady bright,  
Of high prys, and of greet degree. 1005

**Beautee.**

This lady called was **BEAUTE,**  
þ As was an aroue, of which I tolde.  
Ful wel [y]-thewed was she holde ;  
Ne she was derk ne broun, but bright,  
And cleer as [is] the mone-light, 1010  
Ageyn whom alle the sterres semen  
But smale candels, as we demen.  
Hir flesh was tendre as dewe of flour,  
Hir chere was simple as byrde in bour ;  
As whyt as lillie or rose in rys- 1015

Hir face, gentil and tretys.  
Fetys she was, and smal to see ;  
No þwindred browes hadde she,  
Ne popped hir, for it neded nought  
To windre hir, or to paynte hir ought. 1020  
Hir tresses yellowe and longe straughten,  
Unto hir heles down they raughten :  
Hir nose, hir mouth, and eye and cheke  
Wel wrought, and al the remenaunt eke.

A ful gret savour and a swote 1025  
Me þthinketh in myn herte rote,  
As helpe me god, whan I remembre  
Of the fasoun of every membre !  
In world is noon so fair a wight ;  
For yong she was, and hewed bright, 1030  
þ Wys, plesaunt, and fetys withalle,  
Gente, and in hir middel smalle.

**Richesse.**

Bisyde Beaute yede **RICHESSE,**  
þ An high lady of greet noblesse,  
And greet of prys in every place. 1035  
But who-so durste to hir trespass,

Or til hir folk, in †worde or dede,  
 He were ful hardy, out of drede;  
 For bothe she helpe and hindre may:  
 And that is nought of ysterday 1040  
 That riche folk have ful gret might  
 To helpe, and eek to greve a wight.  
 The beste and grettest of valour  
 Diden Richesse ful gret honour,  
 And besy weren hir to serve; 1045  
 For that they wolde hir love deserve,  
 They cleped hir 'Lady,' grete and smalle;  
 This wyde world hir dredeth alle;  
 This world is al in hir daungere.  
 Hir court hath many a losengere, 1050  
 And many a traytour envious,  
 That been ful beay and curious  
 For to dispreisen, and to blame  
 That best deserven love and name.  
 Bifore the folk, hem to bigylen, 1055  
 These losengeres hem preye, and smylen,  
 And thus the world with word anoynten;  
 But afterward they †prikke and poynten  
 The folk right to the bare boon,  
 Bihinde her bak whan they ben goon,  
 And foule abate the folkes pry. 1061  
 Ful many a worthy man and wys,  
 An hundred, have [they] don to dye,  
 These losengeres, through flaterye;  
 And maketh folk ful straunge be, 1065  
 Ther-as hem oughte be prive.  
 Wel yvel mote they thryve and thea,  
 And yvel aryved mote they be,  
 These losengeres, ful of envye!  
 No good man loveth hir companye. 1070  
 Richesse a robe of purple on hadda,  
 Ne trowe not that I lye or madde;  
 For in this world is noon it liche,  
 Ne by a thousand deel so riche,  
 Ne noon so fair; for it ful wel 1075  
 With orfrays leyd was everydel,  
 And portrayed in the ribaninges  
 Of dukes stories, and of kinges.  
 And with a bend of gold tasseled,  
 And knoppes fyne of gold †ameled. 1080  
 Aboute hir nekke of gentil entaile  
 Was shet the riche cheve-maile,  
 In which ther was ful gret plantee  
 Of stones clere and bright to see.  
 Rychesse a girdel hadde upon, 1085  
 The bokel of it was of a stoon  
 Of vertu greet, and mochel of might;

For who-so bar the stoon so bright,  
 Of venim †thurte him no-thing doute,  
 While he the stoon hadde him aboute.  
 That stoon was greetly for to love, 1091  
 And til a riche mannes bihove  
 Worth al the gold in Rome and Frysa.  
 The mourdaunt, wrought in noble wyse,  
 Was of a stoon ful precious, 1095  
 That was so fyn and vertuons,  
 That hool a man it coude make  
 Of palaysye, and of tooth-ake.  
 And yit the stoon hadde suche a grace,  
 That he was siker in every place, 1100  
 Al thilke day, not blind to been,  
 That fasting mighte that stoon seen.  
 The barres were of gold ful fyne,  
 Upon a tissu of satyne,  
 Ful hevy, greet, and no-thing light, 1105  
 In everich was a besaunt-wight.  
 Upon the tresses of Richesse  
 Was set a cercle, for noblesse,  
 Of brend gold, that ful lighte shoon;  
 So fair, trowe I, was never noon. 1110  
 But he were cunning, for the nones,  
 That coude devyseen alle the stones  
 That in that cercle shewen clere;  
 It is a wonder thing to here.  
 For no man coude preye or gesee 1115  
 Of hem the valewe or richesse.  
 Rubyes there were, saphyres, †jagounces.  
 And emeraudes, more than two ounces.  
 But al bifore, ful sotilly,  
 A fyn carboucle set saugh I. 1120  
 The stoon so cleer was and so bright,  
 That, al-so sone as it was night,  
 Men mighte seen to go, for nede,  
 A myle or two, in lengthe and brede.  
 Swich light [tho] sprang out of the stoon,  
 That Richesse wonder brighte shoon, 1126  
 Bothe hir heed, and al hir face,  
 And eke aboute hir al the place.  
 Dame Richesse on hir hond gan lede  
 A yong man ful of samelihe, 1130  
 That she best loved of any thing;  
 His lust was muche in housholding.  
 In clothing was he ful fetys,  
 And lovede wel have hors of pry.  
 He wende to have reproved be 1135  
 Of thefte or mordre, if that he  
 Hadde in his stable an hakeney.  
 And therefore he deayred ay

To been aqweynted with Richesse ;  
 For al his purpos, as I gesse, 1140  
 Was for to make greet dispense,  
 Withoute werning or defence.  
 And Richesse might it wel sustene,  
 And hir dispenses wel mayntene,  
 And him alwey swich plantee sende 1145  
 Of gold and silver for to spende  
 Withoute lakking or daungere,  
 As it were poured in a garnere.

## Largesse.

And after on the daunce wente  
 Largesse, that sette al hir entente 1150  
 For to be honourable and free ;  
 Of Alexandres kin was she ;  
 Hir moste joye was, y-wis,  
 When that she yaf, and seide 'have this.'  
 Not Avarice, the foule captyf, 1155  
 Was half to grype so ententyf,  
 As Largesse is to yeve and spende.  
 And god y-nough alwey hir sende,  
 So that the more she yaf away,  
 The more, y-wis, she hadde alwey. 1160  
 Gret loos hath Largesse, and gret prys ;  
 For bothe wys folk and unwys  
 Were hoodly to hir baundon brought,  
 So wel with yiftes hath she wrought.  
 And if she hadde an enemy, 1165  
 I trowe, that she coude craftily  
 Make him ful sone hir freend to be,  
 So large of yift and free was she ;  
 Therefore she stood in love and grace  
 Of riche and povre in every place. 1170  
 A ful gret fool is he, y-wis,  
 That bothe riche and nigard is.  
 A lord may have no maner vice  
 That greveth more than avarice.  
 For nigard never with strengthe of hond  
 May winne him greet lordship or lond.  
 For freendes al to fewe hath he 1177  
 To doon his wil performed be.  
 And who-so wol have freendes here,  
 He may not holde his tresour dere. 1180  
 For by ensample I telle this,  
 Right as an adamaunt, y-wis,  
 Can drawn to him sotilly  
 The yren, that is leyd thereby,  
 So draweth folkes hertes, y-wis, 1185  
 Silver and gold that yeven is.  
 Largesse hadde on a robe freshe  
 Of riche purpur +sarsineshe.

Wel fourmed was hir face and clere,  
 And opened had she hir colere ; 1190  
 For she right there hadde in present  
 Unto a lady maad present  
 Of a gold broche, ful wel wrought.  
 And certes, it missat hir nought ;  
 For through hir smokke, wrought with  
 silk, 1195

The flesh was seen, as whyt as milk.  
 Largesse, that worthy was and wys,  
 Held by the honde a knight of prys,  
 Was sib to Arthour of Bretaigne.  
 And that was he that bar the ensigne  
 Of worship, and the gonfanoun. 1201  
 And yit he is of swich renoun,  
 That men of him seye faire thinges  
 Bifore barouns, erles, and kinges.  
 This knight was comen al newly 1205  
 Fro tourneyinge faste by ;  
 Ther hadde he doon gret chivalrye  
 Through his vertu and his maistrye ;  
 And for the love of his lemman  
 †Had cast down many a doughtyman. 1210

## Fraunchyse.

And next him daunced dame FRAUN-  
 CHYSE,  
 Arrayed in ful noble gyse.  
 She was not broun ne dun of hewe,  
 But whyt as snowe y-fallen newe.  
 Hir nose was wrought at poynt devys, 1215  
 For it was gentil and tretys ;  
 With eyen gladde, and browes bente ;  
 Hir heer down to hir heles wente.  
 And she was simple as dowe on tree,  
 Ful debonaire of herte was she. 1220  
 She durste never seyn ne do  
 But that [thing] that hir longed to.  
 And if a man were in distresse,  
 And for hir love in hevynesse,  
 Hir herte wolde have ful greet pitee, 1225  
 She was so amiable and free.  
 For were a man for hir bidad,  
 She wolde ben right sore adrad  
 That she dide over greet outrage,  
 But she him holpe his harm to aswage ;  
 Hir thoughte it elles a vilanye. 1231  
 And she hadde on a sukkenye,  
 That not of †hempen herdes was ;  
 So fair was noon in alle Arras.  
 Lord, it was rideled feytely ! 1235  
 Ther nas nat †oo poynt, trewely,



That it nas in his right assyse.  
 Ful wel y-clothed was Fraunchyse;  
 For ther is no cloth sitteth bet  
 On damiselle, than doth roket. 1240  
 A womman wel more fetys is  
 In roket than in cote, y-wis.  
 The whyte roket, ridealed faire,  
 †Bitokened, that ful debonaire  
 And swete was she that it bere. 1245  
 By hir daunced a bachelere;  
 I can not telle you what he highte,  
 But fair he was, and of good highte,  
 Al hadde he be, I sey no more,  
 The lordes sone of Windesore. 1250

#### Curtesy.

And next that daunced CURTESYE,  
 That praised was of lowe and hye,  
 For neither proud ne fool was she.  
 She for to daunce called me,  
 (I praygod yve hir right good grace!) 1255  
 Whan I com first into the place.  
 She was not nyce, ne outrageous,  
 But wys and war, and vertuous,  
 Of faire speche, and faire answer;e;  
 Was never wight misseid of here; 1260  
 She bar no rancour to no wight.  
 Cleer broun she was, and therto bright  
 Of face, of body avenaunt;  
 I wot no lady so pleasaunt.  
 She were worthy for to bene 1265  
 An emperesse or crowned quene.

And by hir wente a knight dauncing  
 That worthy was and wel speking,  
 And ful wel coude he doon honour.  
 The knight was fair and stif in stour, 1270  
 And in armure a semely man,  
 And wel biloved of his lemman.

#### Ydelnesse.

Fair YDELNESSE than saugh I,  
 That alwey was me faste by.  
 Of hir have I, withouten fayle, 1275  
 Told yow the shap and aparayle;  
 For (as I seide) lo, that was she  
 That dide me so great bountee,  
 That she the gate of the gardin  
 Undide, and leet me passen in. 1280

#### Youthe.

And after daunced, as I gesse,  
 †YOUTHE, fulfid of lustinesse,  
 That nas not yit twelve yeer of age,  
 With herte wilde, and thought volage;

Nyce she was, but she ne mente 1285  
 Noon harm ne slight in hir entente,  
 But only lust and jolitee.  
 For yonge folk, wel witen ye,  
 Have litel thought but on hir play.  
 Hir lemman was biysde alway, 1290  
 In swich a gyse, that he hir kiste  
 At alle tymes that him liste,  
 That al the daunce mighte it see;  
 They make no force of privetee;  
 For who spak of hem yvel or wel, 1295  
 They were ashamed never-a-del,  
 But men mighte seen hem kisse there,  
 As it two yonge doves were.  
 For yong was thilke bachelere,  
 Of beaute wot I noon his pere; 1300  
 And he was right of swich an age  
 As Youthe his leef, and swich courage.

The lusty folk †thus daunced there,  
 And also other that with hem were,  
 That weren alle of hir maynes; 1305  
 Ful hende folk, and wys, and free,  
 And folk of fair port, trewely,  
 Ther weren alle comunly.

Whan I hadde seen the countenaunces  
 Of hem that ladden thus these daunces,  
 Than hadde I wil to goon and see 1311  
 The gardin that so lyked me,  
 And loken on these faire †loreres,  
 On pyn-trees, cedres, and oliveres.  
 The daunces than †y-ended were; 1315  
 For many of hem that daunced there  
 Were with hir loves went away  
 Under the trees to have hir play.

A, lord! they lived lustily!

A gret fool were he, sikerly, 1320  
 That nolde, his thanks, swich lyf lede!  
 For this dar I seyn, out of drede,  
 That who-so mighte so wel fare,  
 For better lyf †thurte him not care;  
 For ther nis so good paradys 1325  
 As have a love at his devya.

Out of that place wente I tho,  
 And in that gardin gan I go,  
 Pleying along ful merily.  
 The God of Love ful hastely 1330  
 Unto him Swete-Loking clepte,  
 No lenger wolde he that †he kepte  
 His bows of golde, that shoon so bright.  
 He †bad him bende it anon-right;  
 And he ful sone [it] sette †on ende, 1335

And at a braid he gan it bende,  
 And took him of his arrowes fyve,  
 Ful sharpe and redy for to dryve.  
 Now god that sit in magestee  
 Fro deedly woundes kepe me; 1340  
 If so be that he þwol me shete;  
 For if I with his arrowe mete,  
 It þwol me greven sore, y-wis!  
 But I, that no-thing wiste of this,  
 Went up and down ful many a way, 1345  
 And he me folwed faste alway;  
 But no-wher wolde I reeste me,  
 Til I hadde al the þyerde in be.

The gardin was, by mesuring,  
 Right even and squar in compassing; 1350  
 It was as long as it was large.

#### The Trees.

Of fruyt hadde every tree his charge,  
 But it were any hidous tree  
 Of which ther were two or thre.  
 Ther were, and that wot I ful wel, 1355  
 Of pomgarnettes a ful gret del;  
 That is a fruyt ful wel to lyke,  
 Namely to folk whan they ben syke.  
 And trees ther were, greet foisoun,  
 That baren notes in hir sesoun, 1360  
 Such as men notemigges calle,  
 That swote of savour been withalle.  
 And alemandres greet plantee,  
 Figes, and many a date-tree  
 Ther weren, if men hadde nede, 1365  
 Through the þyerd in length and brede.  
 Ther was oek waxing many a spyoe,  
 As clow-gelofre, and licoryoe,  
 Gingere, and greyn de þparadye,  
 Canelle, and setewale of pry, 1370  
 And many a spyce delitable,  
 To eten whan men ryse fro table.  
 And many hoomly trees ther were,  
 That peches, coynes, and apples bere,  
 Medlers, ploumes, peres, chesteynes, 1375  
 Cheryse, of whiohe many on fayn is,  
 Notes, aleye, and bolas,  
 That for to seen it was solas;  
 With many high lorer and pyn  
 Was renged elene al that gardyn; 1380  
 With cipres, and with oliveres,  
 Of which that nigh no plante here is.  
 Ther were elmes grete and stronge,  
 Maples, asche, ook, ash, planes longe,  
 Fyn ew, popler, and lindes faire, 1385

And other trees ful many a payre.

What sholde I telle you more of it?  
 Ther were so many trees yit,  
 That I sholde al encombred be  
 Er I had rekened every tree. 1390

These trees were set, that I devyse,  
 Oon from another, in assyse,  
 Five fadome or sixe, I trowe so,  
 But they were hye and grete also:  
 And for to kepe out wel the sonne, 1395  
 The croppes were so thikke y-ronne,  
 And every braunch in other þknet,  
 And ful of grene leves þset,  
 That sonne mighte noon descende,  
 Lest [it] the tendre grasses shende. 1400  
 Ther mighte men does and roes y-see,  
 And of squirrels ful greet plantee,  
 From bough to bough alway leping.  
 Conies ther were also playing,  
 That comen out of hir clasperes 1405  
 Of sondry colours and maneres,  
 And maden many a turneyng  
 Upon the freshe gras springing.

#### The Welles.

In places saw I welles there,  
 In whiche ther no frogges were, 1410  
 And fair in shadwe was every welle;  
 But I ne can the nombre telle  
 Of streames smale, that by devys  
 Mirthe had don come through condys,  
 Of which the water, in renning, 1415  
 Gan make a noyse ful lyking.

About the brinkes of thise welles,  
 And by the streames over-al alles  
 Sprang up the gras, as thikke y-set  
 And softe as any valnēt, 1420  
 On which men mighte his lemman laye,  
 As on a fetherbed, to pleye,  
 For th'erthe was ful softe and swete.  
 Through moisture of the welle wete  
 Sprang up the sote grene gras, 1425  
 As fair, as thikke, as mister was.  
 But muche amended it the place,  
 That th'erthe was of swich a grace  
 That it of floures had plante,  
 That both in somer and winter be. 1430

Ther sprang the violete al newe,  
 And freshe pervinke, riche of hewe,  
 And floures yelow, whyte, and rede;  
 Swich plantee grew ther never in mede.  
 Ful gay was al the ground, and queynt,

And poudred, as men had it paynt, 1436  
With many a fresh and sondry flour,  
That casten up ful good sauour.

I wol not longe holde you in fable  
Of al this gardin þe delitable. 1440  
I moot my tonge stinten nede,  
For I ne may, withouten drede,  
Naught tellen you the beautee al,  
Ne half the bountee therewithal.

I wente on right honde and on left 1445  
Aboute the place; it was not left,  
Til I hadde al the þerde in been,  
In the þestres that men mighte seen.  
And thus whyle I wente in my pley,  
The God of Love me folowed ay, 1450  
Right as an hunter can abyde  
The beste, til he seeth his tyde  
To þshete, at good mes, to the dære,  
Whan that him nedeth go no nere.

And so befil, I rested me 1455  
Besyde a welle, under a tree,  
Which tree in Fraunce men call a pyn.  
But, sith the tyme of king Pepyn,  
Ne grew ther tree in mannes sighte  
So fair, ne so wel woxe in highte; 1460  
In al that yerde so high was noon.  
And springing in a marble-stoon  
Had nature set, the sothe to telle,  
Under that pyn-tree a welle.  
And on the border, al withoute, 1465  
Was writen, in the stone aboute,  
Lettres smale, that seyden thus,  
'Here starf the faire Narcissus.'

#### Narcissus.

Narcissus was a bachelere,  
That Love had caught in his daungere,  
And in his net gan him so streyne, 1471  
And digde him so to wepe and pleyne,  
That nede him muste his lyf forgo.  
For a fair lady, hight Echo,  
Him loved over any creature, 1475  
And gan for him swich payne endure,  
That on a tyme she him tolde,  
That, if he hir loven nolde,  
That hir behoved nedes dye, 1480  
Ther lay non other remedye.  
But natheles, for his beautee,  
So fiers and dangerous was he,  
That he nolde graunten hir asking,  
For weping, ne for fair praying.  
And whan she herde him werne hir so,

She hadde in herte so gret wo, 1486  
And took it in so gret dispyt,  
That she, withoute more respyt,  
Was deed anon. But, er she deyde,  
Ful pitously to god she preyde, 1490  
That proude-herted Narcissus,  
That was in love so daungerous,  
Mighte on a day ben hampred so  
For love, and been so hoot for wo,  
That never he mighte joye atteyne; 1495  
Than shulde he fele in every vayne  
What sorowe trewe lovers maken,  
That been so þvilaynly forsaken.

This prayer was but resonable,  
Therfor god held it ferme and stable: 1500  
For Narcissus, shortly to telle,  
By aventure com to that welle  
To reste him in that shadowing  
A day, whan he com fro hunting.  
This Narcissus had suffred paynes 1505  
For renning alday in the playnes,  
And was for thurst in greet distresse  
Of hete, and of his warinesse  
That hadde his breeth almost binomen.  
Whan he was to that welle y-comen, 1510  
That shadwed was with braunches grene,  
He thoughte of thilke water shene  
To drinke and fresshe him wel withalle;  
And down on knees he gan to falle,  
And forth his heed and nekke out-  
straughte 1515

To drinken of that welle a draughte.  
And in the water anon was sene  
His nose, his mouth, his yen shene,  
And he ther-of was al abashed;  
His owne shadowe had him bitrashed.  
For wel wende he the forme see 1521  
Of a child of greet beautee.  
Wel couthe Love him wreke the  
Of daunger and of pryde also  
That Narcissus somtyme him bere. 1525  
He quitte him wel his guerdon there;  
For he þso mused in the welle,  
That, shortly al the sothe to telle,  
He lovede his owne shadowe so,  
That atte laste he starf for wo. 1530  
For whan he saugh that he his wille  
Mighte in no maner wey fulfille,  
And that he was so faste caught  
That he him couthe comfort naught,  
He loste his wit right in that place, 1535

And deyde within a lital space.  
And thus his warisoun he took  
For the lady that he forsook.

Ladyes, I preye ensample taketh,  
Ye that ayeins your love mistaketh : 1540  
For if hir deeth be yow to wyte,  
God can ful wel your whyle quyte.

Whan that this lettre, of whiche I telle,  
Had taught me that it was the welle  
Of Narcissus in his beautea, 1545  
I gan anon withdrawe me,  
Whan it fel in my remembraunce,  
That him bitidde swich mischaunce.

#### The Welle.

But at the laste than thoughte I,  
That scaethles, ful sikerly, 1550  
I mighte unto THE WELLE go.  
Wherof shulde I abaschen so?  
Unto the welle than wente I me,  
And down I louted for to see  
The clere water in the stoon, 1555  
And eek the gravel, which that shoon  
Down in the botme, as silver fyn ;  
For of the welle, this is the fyn,  
In world is noon so cleer of hewe.  
The water is ever fresh and newe 1560  
That welmeth up in wawas brighte  
The mountance of two finger highte.  
Abouten it is gras springing,  
For moiste so thikke and wel lyking,  
That it ne may in winter dye, 1565  
No more than may the see be drye.

Down at the botme set saw I  
Two cristal stones craftely  
In thilke freshe and faire welle.  
But o thing soothly dar I telle, 1570  
That ye wol holde a greet mervayle  
Whan it is told, withouten fayle.  
For whan the sonne, cleer in sighte,  
Cast in that welle his bemes brighte,  
And that the heet descended is, 1575  
Than taketh the cristal stoon, y-wis,  
Agayn the sonne an hundred hewes,  
Blawe, yelowe, and rede, that fresh and  
newe is.

Yit hath the mervellous cristal 1579  
Swich strengthe, that the place overal,  
Bothe fowl and tree, and leves grene,  
And al the yerd in it is sene.  
And for to doon you understonde,  
To make ensample wol I fonde ;

Right as a mirour openly 1585  
Sheweth al thing that stant therby,  
As wel the colour as the figure,  
Withouten any coverture ;  
Right so the cristal stoon, shyning,  
Withouten any disceyving, 1590  
The festres of the yerde accuseth  
To him that in the water museth ;  
For ever, in which half that þe be,  
þ He may wel half the gardin see ;  
And if he turne, he may right wel 1595  
Seen the remenaunt everydel.  
For ther is noon so lital thing  
So hid, ne closed with shitting,  
That it ne is sene, as though it were  
Peynted in the cristal there. 1600

This is the mirour perilous,  
In which the proude Narcissus  
Saw al his face fair and bright,  
That made him sith to lye upright.  
For who-so loke in that mirour, 1605  
Ther may no-thing ben his socour  
That he ne shal ther seen som thing  
That shal him lede into þloving.  
Ful many a worthy man hath it  
Y-blent ; for folk of grettest wit 1610  
Ben sone caught here and awayted ;  
Withouten respyt been they bayted.  
Heer comth to folk of-newe rage,  
Heer chaungeth many wight courage ;  
Heer lyth no reed ne wit therto ; 1615  
For Venus sone, daun Cupido,  
Hath sowen there of love the seed,  
That help ne lyth ther noon, ne reed,  
So cercleth it the welle aboute.  
His ginnes hath he set withoute 1620  
Right for to cacche in his panteres  
These damoysses and bacheleres.  
Love will noon other bridde cacche,  
Though he sette either net or lacche. 1624  
And for the seed that heer was sowen,  
This welle is cleped, as wel is known,  
The Welle of Love, of verray right,  
Of which ther hath ful many a wight  
Spoke in bokes dyversely.  
But they shulle never so verily 1630  
Descripicioun of the welle here,  
No eek the sothe of this matere,  
As ye shulle, whan I have undo  
The craft that hir bilongeth to.  
Alway me lyked for to dwelle, 1635

To seen the cristal in the wella,  
 That shewed me ful openly  
 A thousand thinges faste by.  
 But I may saye, in sory houre  
 Stood I to loken or to poure ; 1640  
 For sithen [have] I sore +syked,  
 That mirour hath me now entryked.  
 But hadde I first knowen in my wit  
 The vertue and [the] +strengthe of it,  
 I nolde not have mused there ; 1645  
 Me hadde bet ben elles-where ;  
 For in the snare I fel anoon,  
 That hath +bitraished many oon.

## The Roser.

In thilke mirour saw I tho,  
 Among a thousand thinges mo, 1650  
 A rosse charged ful of roses,  
 That with an hegge aboute enclos is.  
 Tho had I swich lust and envye,  
 That, for Parys ne for Pavye,  
 Nolde I have left to goon and see 1655  
 Ther grettest hepe of roses be.  
 When I was with this rage hent,  
 That caught hath many a man and shent,  
 Toward the roser gan I go.  
 And whan I was not for therfro, 1660  
 The savour of the roses swote  
 Me smoot right to the herte rote,  
 As I hadde al embawmed +be.  
 And if I ne hadde endouted me  
 To have ben hated or assailed, 1665  
 My thankes, +wolde I not have failed  
 To pulle a rose of al that route  
 To bare[n] in myn honde aboute,  
 And smellen to it wher I wente ;  
 But ever I dredde me to repente, 1670

And lest it greved or for-thoughte  
 The lord that thilke gardyn wroughte.  
 Of roses were ther gret woon,  
 So faire +twæx never in roon.  
 Of knoppes clos, some saw I there, 1675  
 And some wel beter woxen were ;  
 And some ther been of other moyssoun,  
 That drowe nigh to hir sesoun,  
 And spedde hem faste for to sprede :  
 I love wel swiche roses rede ; 1680  
 For brode roses, and open also,  
 Ben passed in a day or two ;  
 But knoppes willen freshe be  
 Two dayes atte leest, or thre.  
 The knoppes gretly lyked me, 1685  
 For fairer may ther no man see.  
 Who-so mighte have[n] oon of alle,  
 It oughte him been ful leef withalle.  
 Mighte I [a] gerlond of hem geten,  
 For no richesse I wolde it leten. 1690

## The Knoppe.

Among the knoppes I chees oon  
 So fair, that of the remenaunt noon  
 Ne preyse I half so wel as it,  
 Whan I avyse it in my wit.  
 For it so wel was enlumyned 1695  
 With colour reed, as wel [y]-fyned  
 As nature couthe it make faire,  
 And it +had leves wel fourre paire,  
 That Kinde had set through his knowing  
 About the rede +trose springing. 1700  
 The stalke was as rishe right,  
 And theron stood the knoppe upright,  
 That it ne bowed upon no syde.  
 The swote smelle sprong so wyde  
 That it dide al the place aboute— 1705

## FRAGMENT B.

[Line 1705 is incomplete, as the sentence has no verb. Here the genuine portion ends.  
 Line 1706 gives a false rime, and is by another hand.]

Whan I had smelled the savour swote,  
 No wille hadde I fro thens yit go,  
 But somdel neer it wente I tho  
 To take it ; but myn hond, for drede,  
 Ne dorste I to the rose bede, 1710  
 For thistels sharpe, of many maneres,  
 Netles, thornes, and hoked breres ;

+Ful muche they distourbled me,  
 For sore I dradde to harmed be.

The God of Love, with bowe bent, 1715  
 That al day set hadde his talent  
 To pursuen and to spyen me,  
 Was stonding by a fige-tree.  
 And whan he sawe how that I

Had chosen so ententify 1720  
 The þbotoun, more unto my pay  
 Than any other that I say,  
 He took an arowe ful sharply whet,  
 And in his bowe when it was set,  
 He straight up to his ere drough 1725  
 The stronge bowe, that was so tough,  
 And shet at me so wonder smerte,  
 That through myn eye unto myn herte  
 The takel smoot, and depe it wente.  
 And ther-with-al such cold me hente,  
 That, under clothes warme and softe, 1731  
 †Sith that day I have chevered ofte.

When I was hurt thus in [that] stounde,  
 I fel down plat unto the grounde.  
 Myn herte failed and feynted ay, 1735  
 And long tyme [ther] a-swone I lay.  
 But whan I com out of swoning,  
 And hadde wit, and my feling,  
 I was al maat, and wende ful wel  
 Of blood have loren a ful gret del. 1740  
 But certes, the arowe that in me stood  
 Of me ne drew no drope of blood,  
 For-why I found my wounde al dreye.  
 Than took I with myn hondis tweye  
 The arowe, and ful fast out it plight, 1745  
 And in the pulling sore I sight.  
 So at the last the shaft of tree  
 I drough out, with the fethers three.

I drough out, with the fethers three.  
 But yet the hoked heed, y-wis,  
 The whiche Beantee callid is, 1750  
 Gan so depe in myn herte passe,  
 That I it mighte nought arace;  
 But in myn herte stille it stood,  
 Al bledde I not a drope of blood.  
 I was bothe anguissous and trouble 1755  
 For the peril that I saw double;  
 I niste what to seye or do,  
 Ne gete a leche my woundis †to;  
 For neithir thurgh gras ne rote,  
 Ne hadde I help of hope ne bote. 1760

But to the botoun ever-mo  
 Myn herte drew; for al my wo,  
 My thought was in non other thing.  
 For hadde it been in my keping,  
 It wolde have brought my lyf agayn. 1765  
 For †certeinly, I dar wel seyn,  
 The sight only, and the savour,  
 Alleged munche of my langour.

Than gan I for to drawe me  
 Toward the botoun fair to see; 1770

And Love hadde gete him, in †a throwe,  
 Another arowe into his bowe,  
 And for to shete gan him dresse;  
 The arowis name was Simplese.  
 And whan that Love gan nyghe me nere,  
 He drow it up, withouten were, 1776  
 And shet at me with al his might,  
 So that this arowe anon-right  
 Thourghout [myn] eigh, as it was founde,  
 Into myn herte hath maad a wounde.  
 Thanne I anon dide al my crafte 1781  
 For to drawen out the shafte,  
 And ther-with-al I sighted eft.  
 But in myn herte the heed was left,  
 Which ay encresid my desyre, 1785  
 Unto the botoun drawe nere;  
 And ever, mo that me was wo,  
 The more desyre hadde I to go  
 Unto the roser, where that grew  
 The freshe botoun so bright of hewe. 1790  
 Betir me were have leten be;  
 But it bihoved nedes me  
 To don right as myn herte bad.  
 For ever the body must be lad  
 Aftir the herte; in wele and wo, 1795  
 Of force togidre they must go.  
 But never this archer wolde fyne  
 To shete at me with all his pyne,  
 And for to make me to him mete.

The thridle arowe he gan to shete 1800  
 Whan best his tyme he mighte espye,  
 The which was named Curtesye;  
 Inte myn herte it dide avalle.  
 A-swone I fel, bothe deed and pale;  
 Long tyme I lay, and stired nought, 1805  
 Til I abraid out of my thought.  
 And faste than I avysed me  
 To drawe[n] out the shafte of tree;  
 But ever the heed was left bihinde  
 For ought I couthe pulle or winde, 1810  
 So sore it stikid whan I was hit,  
 That by no craft I might it flit;  
 But anguissous and ful of thought,  
 I †felte such wo, my wounde ay wrought,  
 That somoned me alway to go 1815  
 Toward the rose, that pleased me so;  
 But I ne durste in no manere,  
 Bicause the archer was so nere.  
 For evermore gladly, as I rede,  
 Brent child of fyr hath muche drede. 1820  
 And, certis yit, for al my payne,

Though that I sigh yit arwis reyne,  
 And grounde quarels sharpe of stela,  
 Ne for no payne that I might fele,  
 Yit might I not my-silf with-holde 1825  
 The faire roser to biholde;  
 For Love me yaf sich hardement  
 For to fulfille his commaundement  
 Upon my feet I roos up than  
 Feble, as a forwoundid man ; 1830  
 And forth to gon [my] might I sette,  
 And for the archer nolde I lette.  
 Toward the roser fast I drow ;  
 But thornes sharpe mo than y-now  
 Ther were, and also thistels thikke, 1835  
 And breres, brimme for to prikke,  
 That I ne mighte gete grace  
 The rowe thornes for to passe,  
 To sene the roses freshe of hewe,  
 I must abide, though it me rewe, 1840  
 The hegge aboute so thikke was,  
 That cloid the roses in compas.  
 But o thing lyked me right wele ;  
 I was so nygh, I mighte fele  
 Of the botoun the swote odour, 1845  
 And also see the freshe colour ;  
 And that right gretly lyked me,  
 That I so neer þit mighte see.  
 Sich joye anonc therof hadde I,  
 That I forgat my malady. 1850  
 To sene þit hadde I sich delyt,  
 Of sorwe and angre I was al quit,  
 And of my woundes that I had þthar ;  
 For no-thing lyken me might þmar  
 Than dwellen by the roser ay, 1855  
 And thennes never to passe away.  
 But whan a while I had be thar,  
 The God of Love, which al to-shar  
 Myn herte with his arwis kene,  
 þCaste him to yeve me woundis grene.  
 He shet at me ful hastily 1861  
 An arwe named Company,  
 The whiche takel is ful able  
 To make these ladies merciable.  
 Than I anonc gan chaungen hewe 1865  
 For grevaunce of my wounde newe,  
 That I agayn fel in swoning,  
 And sighed sore in compleyning.  
 Sore I compleyned that my sore  
 On me gan greven more and more. 1870  
 I had non hope of allegeaunce ;  
 So nigh I drow to desperaunce,

I rought of dethe ne of lyf,  
 Whither that love wolde me dryf.  
 If me a martir wolde he make, 1875  
 I might his power nought forsake.  
 And whyl for anger thus I wook,  
 The God of Love an arwe took ;  
 Ful sharp it was and [ful] pugnaunt,  
 And it was callid Fair-Semblaunt, 1880  
 The which in no wys wol consente,  
 That any lover him repente  
 To serve his love with herte and alle,  
 For any peril that may bifalle.  
 But though this arwe was kene grounde  
 As any rasour that is founde, 1886  
 To cutte and kerve, at the poynt,  
 The God of Love it hadde anyont  
 With a precious oynement,  
 Somdel to yeve alleggement 1890  
 Upon the woundes that he had  
 Through the body in my herte maad,  
 To helpe hir sores, and to cure,  
 And that they may the bet endure.  
 But yit this arwe, withoute mora, 1895  
 Made in myn herte a large sore,  
 That in ful gret payne I abood.  
 But ay the oynement wente abrood ;  
 Throughout my woundes large and wyde  
 It spredde aboute in every syde ; 1900  
 Through whos vertu and whos might  
 Myn herte joyful was and light.  
 I had been deed and al to-shent  
 But for the precious oynement.  
 The shaft I drow out of the arwe, 1905  
 Roking for wo right wondir narwe ;  
 But the heed which made me smerte,  
 Lefte bihinde in myn herte  
 With other foure, I dar well say,  
 That never wol be take away ; 1910  
 But the oynement halp me wele.  
 And yit sich sorwe dide I fele  
 þOf my woundes freshe and newe,  
 That al-day I chaunged hewe,  
 As men might see in my viage. 1915  
 The arwis were so fulle of rage,  
 So variaunt of diversites,  
 That men in everich mighte see  
 Both gret any and eek swetnesse,  
 And joye meynt with bittirnesse, 1920  
 Now were they ey, now where they wood,  
 In hem I felte both harm and good ;  
 Now sore without alleggement,

Now †softening with oynement ;  
 It softned here, and †prikked there, 1925  
 Thus ese and anger togider were.  
 The God of Love deliverly  
 Com lepend to me hastily,  
 And seide to me, in gret rape,  
 'Yeld thee, for thou may not escape ! 1930  
 May no defence availle thee here ;  
 Therefore I rede mak no daungere.  
 If thou wolt yelde thee hastily,  
 Thou shalt [the] rather have mercy.  
 He is a fool in sikernessee, 1935  
 That with daunger or stoutnessee  
 Rebelligith ther that he shulde plesse ;  
 In such folye is lital ese.  
 Be meek, wher thou must nedis bowe ;  
 To stryve ageyn is nought thy prow.  
 Come at ones, and have y-do, 1941  
 For I wol that it be so.  
 Than yeld thee here debonairly.  
 And I answerid ful humbly,  
 'Gladly, sir ; at your bidding, 1945  
 I wol me yelde in alle thing.  
 To your servyse I wol me take ;  
 For god defende that I shulde make  
 Ageyn your bidding resistence ;  
 I wol not doon so gret offence ; 1950  
 For if I dide, it were no skile.  
 Ye may do with me what ye wile,  
 Save or spille, and also sloo ;  
 Fro you in no wyse may I go.  
 My lyf, my deth, is in your honde, 1955  
 I may not laste out of your bonde.  
 Pleyn at your list I yelde me,  
 Hoping in herte, that sumtyme ye  
 Comfort and ese shulle me sende ;  
 Or ellis shortly, this is the ende, 1960  
 Withouten helthe I moot ay dure,  
 But-if ye take me to your cure.  
 Comfort or helthe how shuld I have,  
 Sith ye me hurte, but ye me save ?  
 The helthe of †flowers moot be founde  
 Wher-as they token firste hir wounde.  
 And if ye list of me to make 1967  
 Your prisoner, I wol it take  
 Of herte and wil, fully at gree.  
 Hoonly and playn I yelde me, 1970  
 Withoute feyning or feynntyse,  
 To be governed by your emprise.  
 Of you I here so much prys,  
 I wol ben hool at your devys

For to fulfille your lyking 1975  
 And repente for no-thing,  
 Hoping to have yit in som tyde  
 Mercy, of that [that] I abyde.  
 And with that covenannt yeld I me,  
 Anoon doun kneeling upon my knee, 1980  
 Profering for to kisse his feet ;  
 But for no-thing he wolde me lete,  
 And seide, ' I love thee bothe and preysse,  
 Sen that thyn answer doth me ese,  
 For thou answerid so curteisly. 1985  
 For now I wot wel uttirly,  
 That thou art gentil, by thy speche.  
 For though a man fer wolde seche,  
 He shulde not finden, in certeyn,  
 No sich answer of no vileyn ; 1990  
 For sich a word ne mighte nought  
 Isse out of a vilayns thought.  
 Thou shalt not lessen of thy speche,  
 For [to] thy helping wol I echie,  
 And eek encreasen that I may. 1995  
 But first I wol that thou obey  
 Fully, for thyn avauntage,  
 Anon to do me here homage.  
 And sithe[n] kisse thou shalt my mouth,  
 Which to no vilayn was never couth 2000  
 For to aproche it, ne for to touche ;  
 For sauf †to cherlis I ne vouche  
 That they shulle never neigh it nere.  
 For curteys, and of fair manere,  
 Wel taught, and ful of gentilnessee 2005  
 He muste ben, that shal me kisse,  
 And also of ful high fraunchyse,  
 That shal atteyne to that emprise.  
 'And first of o thing warne I thee,  
 That payne and gret adversitee 2010  
 He mot endure, and eek travail,  
 That shal me serve, withoute faile.  
 But ther-ageyns, thee to comforte,  
 And with thy servise to desporte,  
 Thou mayst ful glad and joyful be 2015  
 So good a maister to have as me,  
 And lord of so high renoun.  
 I bere of Love the gonfanoun,  
 Of Curtesye the banere ;  
 For I am of the silf manere, 2020  
 Gentil, curteys, meek and free ;  
 That who [so] ever ententif be  
 Me to honoure, doute, and serve,  
 And also that he him observe  
 Fro trespas and fro vilanye, 2025



And him governe in courtesye  
 With wil and with entencioun,  
 For whan he first in my priscoun  
 Is caught, than muste he uttirly,  
 Fro thennes-forth ful bisily, 2030  
 Caste him gentil for to be,  
 If he desyre helpe of me.'

Anoon withouten more delay,  
 Withouten daunger or affray,  
 I bicom his man anoon, 2035  
 And gave him thankes many a oon,  
 And kneled down with hondis joynt,  
 And made it in my port ful þquoynt;  
 The joye wente to myn herte rote.  
 Whan I had kissed his mouth so swote,  
 I had sich mirthe and sich lyking, 2041  
 It cured me of languisshing.

He asked of me than hostages:—  
 'I have,' he seide, 'þan fele homages  
 Of oon and other, where I have been 2045  
 þDisceyved ofte, withouten wene.  
 These felouns, fulle of falsitee,  
 Have many sythes bigyled me,  
 And through falsshede hir lust achieved,  
 Wherof I repente and am agreved. 2050  
 And I hem gete in my daungere,  
 Hir falsshede shulle they bye ful dera.  
 But for I love thee, I seye thes pleynt,  
 I wol of thee be more certeyn;  
 For thee so sore I wol now binde, 2055  
 That thou away ne shalt not winde  
 For to denyen the covenannt,  
 Or doon that is not avenannt.  
 That thou were fals it were greet reuthe,  
 Sith thou semest so ful of treuthe.' 2060

'Sire, if thee list to undirstande,  
 I mervelle thee asking this demande.  
 For-why or wharfore shulde ye  
 Ostages or borwis aske of me,  
 Or any other sikirnesse, 2065  
 Sith ye wote, in sothfastnesse,  
 That ye have me þsurprised so,  
 And hool myn herte þtan me fro,  
 That it wol do for me no-thing  
 But-if it be at your bidding? 2070  
 Myn herte is yours, and myn right nought,  
 As it bihoveth, in dede and thought,  
 Redy in alle to worche your wille,  
 Whether so [it] turne to good or illa.  
 So sore it lustith you to plesse, 2075  
 No man therof may you þdisseise.

Ye have theron set sich justise,  
 That it is warreyd in many wise.  
 And if ye doute it nolde obeye,  
 Ye may therof do make a keye, 2080  
 And holde it with you for ostage.'  
 'Now certis, this is noon outrage,'  
 Quoth Love, 'and fully I accord;  
 For of the body he is ful lord  
 That hath the herte in his tresor; 2085  
 Outrage it were to asken more.'

Than of his aumener he drough  
 A litel keye, fetys y-nough,  
 Which was of gold polissash clere,  
 And seide to me, 'With this keye here  
 Thyn herte to me now wol I shette; 2091  
 For al my jowellis loke and knette  
 I binde under this litel keye,  
 That no wight may carye awaye;  
 This keye is ful of gret poeste.' 2095  
 With which anoon he touchid me  
 Undir the syde ful softly,  
 That he myn herte sodeynly  
 Without [al] anoy had spered,  
 That yit right nought it hath me dered.  
 Whan he had doon his wil al-out, 2101  
 And I had put him out of dout,  
 'Sire,' I seide, 'I have right gret wille  
 Your lust and plessaunce to fulfilla.  
 Loke ye my servise take at gree, 2105  
 By thilke feith ye owe to me.  
 I seye nought for recreaundyse,  
 For I nought doute of your servyse.  
 But the servaunt traiveileth in vayne,  
 That for to serven doth his payne 2110  
 Unto that lord, which in no wyse  
 Can him no thank for his servyse.'

Love seide, 'Dismaye thee nought,  
 Sin thou for succour hast me sought,  
 In thank thy servise wol I take, 2115  
 And high of þgree I wol thee make,  
 If wikkidnesse ne hindre thee;  
 But, as I hope, it shal nought be.  
 To worship no wight by aventure  
 May come, but-if he peyne endure. 2120  
 Abyde and suffre thy distresse;  
 That hurtith now, it shal be lesse;  
 I wot my-silf what may thee save,  
 What medecyne thou woldist have.  
 And if thy trouthe to me thou kepe, 2125  
 I shal unto thyn helping ake,  
 To cure thy woundes and make hem clene,

Wher-so they be olde or grene;  
 Thou shalt be holpen, at wordis fewe.  
 For certeynly thou shalt wel shewe 2130  
 Whar that thou seruest with good wille,  
 For to complisshen and fulfille  
 My comaundementis, day and night,  
 Whiche I to lovers yeve of right.'

'Ah, sire, for goddis love,' said I, 2135  
 'Er ye passe hens, ententify  
 Your comaundementis to me ye say,  
 And I shal kepe hem, if I may;  
 For hem to kepen is al my thought.  
 And if so be I wot them nought, 2140  
 Than may I [sinne] unwittingly.  
 Wherefore I pray you enterly,  
 With al myn herte, me to lere,  
 That I trespasse in no manere.'

The god of love than chargid me 2145  
 Anoon, as ye shal here and see,  
 Word by word, by right emprise,  
 So as the Romance shal devyse.

The maister lesith his tyme to lere,  
 Whan the disciple wol not here. 2150  
 It is but veyn on him to swinke,  
 That on his larning wol not thinke.  
 Who-so lust love, let him entende,  
 For now the Romance t'ginneþ amende.  
 Now is good to here, in fay, 2155

If any be that can it say,  
 And poynte it as the resoun is  
 Set; for other-gate, y-wis,  
 It shal nought wel in alle thing  
 Be brought to good undirstonding; 2160  
 For a rede that poyntith ille  
 A good sentence may ofte spilla.

The book is good at the ending,  
 Maad of newe and lusty thing;  
 For who-so wol the ending here, 2165  
 The crafte of love he shal now lere,  
 If that he wol so long abyde,  
 Til I this Romance may unhyde,  
 And undo the signiffaunce  
 Of this drems into Romaunce. 2170

The sothfastnesse, that now is hid,  
 Without coverture shal be kid,  
 Whan I undon have this dreming,  
 Wharin no word is of lesing.

'Vilany, at the beginning, 2175  
 I wol,' t'sayd Love, 'over alle thing,  
 Thou leve, if thou wolt [not] be  
 Fals, and trespasse ageynes me.

I curse and blame generally  
 Alle hem that loven vilany; 2180  
 For vilany makith vilayn,  
 And by his dedis a cherle is seyn.  
 Thise vilayns arn without pitee,  
 Frendshipe, love, and al bounte.

I nil receyve t'to my servyse 2185  
 Hem that ben vilayns of emprise.

'But undirstonde in thyn entent,  
 That this is not myn entendement,  
 To clepe no wight in no ages  
 Only gentil for his linages. 2190  
 But who-so [that] is vertuous,  
 And in his port nought outrageous,  
 Whan sich oon thou seest thee biforn,  
 Though he be not gentil born,

Thou mayst wel seyn, this is t'a soth, 2195  
 That he is gentil, bicause he doth  
 As longeth to a gentilman;  
 Of hem non other deme I can.  
 For certeynly, withouten drede,  
 A cherle is demed by his dede, 2200  
 Of hye or lowe, as ye may see,  
 Or of what kinrede that he be.

Ne say nought, for noon yvel wille,  
 Thing that is to holden stille;  
 It is no worship to misseye. 2205

Thou mayst ensample take of Keye,  
 That was somtyme, for misseying,  
 Hated bothe of olde and ying;  
 As fer as Gaweyn, the worthy,

Was preyed for his curtesy, 2210  
 Keye was hated, for he was fel,  
 Of word dispitous and cruel.

Wherefore be wyse and aqueyntable,  
 Goodly of word, and resonable  
 Bothe to lesse and eek to mar: 2215

And whan thou comest ther men ar,  
 Loke that thou have in custom ay  
 First to salue hem, if thou may:  
 And if it falle, that of hem som  
 Salue thee first, be not dom, 2220  
 But quyte him curteisly anoon  
 Without abiding, er they goon.

'For no-thing eek thy tunge applye  
 To speke wordis of ribaudye.  
 To vilayn speche in no degree 2225  
 Let never thy lippe unbounden be.  
 For I nought holde him, in good feith,  
 Curteys, that foule wordis seith.  
 And alle wimmen serve and preyse,

And to thy power hir honour reyse. 2230  
 And if that any missayere  
 Dispyse wimmen, that thou mayst here,  
 Blame him, and bidde him holde him stille.  
 And set thy might and al thy wille  
 Wimmen and ladies for to plesse, 2235  
 And to do thing that may hem ese,  
 That they ever speke good of thee,  
 For so thou mayst best preysed be.

'Loke fro pryde thou kepe thee wele;  
 For thou mayst bothe perceyve and fele,  
 That pryde is bothe foly and sinne; 2241  
 And he that pryde hath, him withinne,  
 Ne may his herte, in no wyse,  
 Meken ne souplen to servyse.  
 For pryde is founde, in every part, 2245  
 Contrarie unto Loves art.  
 And he that loveth trewely  
 Shulde him contene jolily,  
 Withouten pryde in sondry wyse,  
 And him disgyssen in queyntyse. 2250  
 For queynt array, withouten drede,  
 Is no-thing proud, who takith hede;  
 For fresh array, as men may see,  
 Withouten pryde may ofte be.

'Mayntene thy-silf aftir thy rent, 2255  
 Of robe and eek of garnement;  
 For many sythe fair clothing  
 A man amendith in mich thing.  
 And loke alwey that they be shape,  
 What garnement that thou shalt make,  
 Of him that can [hem] beste do, 2261  
 With al that perteyneth therto.  
 Poyntis and sleeves be wel sittand,  
 Right and streight t'upon the hand.  
 Of shoon and botes, newe and faire, 2265  
 Loke at the leest thou have a paire;  
 And that they sitte so fetialy,  
 That these rude may uttirly  
 Merveyle, sith that they sitte so pleyn,  
 How they come on or of ageyn. 2270  
 Were streite gloves, with t'aueneres  
 Of silk; and alwey with good chere  
 Thou yeve, if thou have richesse;  
 And if thou have nought, spend the lesse.  
 Alwey be merry, if thou may, 2275  
 But waste not thy good alway.  
 Have hat of floures fresh as May,  
 Chapelet of roses of Whitsunday;  
 For sich array ne t'coost but lyte.  
 Thyn hondis wash, thy teeth make whyte,

And let no filthe upon thee be. 2281  
 Thy nailles blak if thou mayst see,  
 Voide it away deliverly,  
 And kambe thyn heed right jolily.  
 †Fard not thy visage in no wyse, 2285  
 For that of love is not th'empryse;  
 For love doth haten, as I finde,  
 A beaute that cometh not of kinde.  
 Alwey in herte I rede thee  
 Glad and mery for to be, 2290  
 And be as joyful as thou can;  
 Love hath no joye of sorowful man.  
 That yvel is ful of curtesye  
 That †laushwith in his maladye;  
 For ever of love the siknesse 2295  
 Is meynd with swete and bitternesse.  
 The sore of love is mervellous;  
 For now the lover [is] joyous,  
 Now can he pleyne, now can he grone,  
 Now can he singen, now maken mone.  
 To-day he playneth for hevynesse, 2301  
 To-morowe he t'pleyeth for jolynesse.  
 The lyf of love is ful contrarie,  
 Which stoundemele can ofte varie.  
 But if thou canst [som] mirthis make, 2305  
 That men in gree wole gladly take,  
 Do it goodly, I comaunde thee;  
 For men sholde, wher-so-ever they be,  
 Do thing that hem [best] sitting is,  
 For therof cometh good loos and pris. 2310  
 Wher-of that thou be vertuous,  
 Ne be not straunge ne dangerous.  
 For if that thou good rider be,  
 Prike gladly, that men may se.  
 In armes also if thou conne, 2315  
 Pursue, til thou a name hast wonne.  
 And if thy voice be fair and clere,  
 Thou shalt maken no gret daungere  
 Whan to singe they goodly preye;  
 It is thy worship for to obeye. 2320  
 Also to you it longith ay  
 To harpe and giterne, daunce and play;  
 For if he can wel foote and daunce,  
 It may him greetly do avaunce.  
 Among eek, for thy lady sake, 2325  
 Songes and complayntes that thou make;  
 For that wol t'meve [hem] in hir herte,  
 Whan they reden of thy amerte.  
 Loke that no man for scarce thee holde,  
 For that may greve thee many-folde. 2330  
 Resoun wol that a lover be

In his yiftes more large and free  
 Than cherles that been not of loving,  
 For who ther-of can any thing,  
 He shal be leef ay for to yeve, 2335  
 In †Loves lore who so wolde leve;  
 For he that, through a sodeyn sight,  
 Or for a kissing, anon-right  
 Yaf hool his herte in wille and thought,  
 And to him-silf kepith right nought, 2340  
 Afir †swich yift, is good resoun,  
 He yeve his good in abandoun.

'Now wol I shortly here rehcerce,  
 Of that [that] I have seid in verse,  
 Al the sentence by and by, 2345  
 In wordis fewe compendiously,  
 That thou the bet mayst on hem thinke,  
 Whether-so it be thou wake or winke;  
 For [that] the wordis lital greve  
 A man to kepe, whanne it is breve. 2350  
 'Who-so with Love wol goon or ryde  
 He mot be curteys, and void of pryde,  
 Mery and fulle of jolite,  
 And of largesse alosed be.

'First I joyne thee, here in penaunce,  
 That ever, withoute repentaunce, 2356  
 Thou set thy thought in thy loving,  
 To laste withoute repenting;  
 And thanke upon thy mirthis swete,  
 That shal folowe afir whan ye mete. 2360

'And for thou trewe to love shalt be,  
 I wol, and [eek] comaunde thee,  
 That in oo place thou sette, al hool,  
 Thyn herte, withouten halfen dool,  
 For trecherie, †in sikernesse; 2365  
 For I lovede never doublenessa.

To many his herte that wol depart,  
 Everiche shal have but lital part.  
 But of him drede I me right nought,  
 That in oo place settith his thought. 2370  
 Therefore in oo place it sette,  
 And let it never thennes flette.

For if thou yevest it in lening,  
 I holde it but a wrecchid thing;  
 Therefore yeve it hool and quyte, 2375  
 And thou shalt have the more merite.  
 If it be lent, than afir soon,  
 The bountee and the thank is doon;  
 But, in love, free yeven thing  
 Requyrith a gret guerdoning. 2380  
 Yeve it in yift al quit fully,  
 And make thy yift debonairly;

For men that yift [wol] holde more dere  
 That yeven is with gladsome chere.  
 That yift nought to preisen is 2385  
 That man yeveth, mangre his.  
 Have thou hast yeven thyn herte, as I  
 Have seid thee here [al] openly,  
 Than aventures shulle thee falle,  
 Which harde and hevy been withalla. 2390  
 For ofte whan thou bithenkist thee  
 Of thy loving, wher-so thou be,  
 Fro folk thou must depart in hy,  
 That noon peroevye thy malady,  
 But hyde thyn harm thou must alone, 2395  
 And go forth sole, and make thy mone.  
 Thou shalt no whyl be in oo stat,  
 But whylom cold and whylom hat;  
 Now reed as rose, now yelowe and fade.  
 Such sorowe, I trowe, thou never hade;  
 Cotidien, ne [yit] quarteyne, 2401  
 It is nat so ful of peyne.

For ofte tymes it shal falle  
 In love, among thy peynes alle,  
 That thou thy-self, al hoolly, 2405  
 Forgyten shalt so utterly,  
 That many tymes thou shalt be  
 Stille as an image of tree,  
 Dom as a stoon, without stering  
 Of foot or hond, without speking; 2410  
 Than, sone after al thy peyne,  
 To memorie shalt thou come ageyn,  
 A[s] man abashed wondre sore,  
 And after sighen more and more.  
 For wit thou wel, withouten wene, 2415  
 In swich astid ful oft have been  
 That have the yvel of love assayd,  
 Wher-through thou art so dismayd.

'After, a thought shal take thee so,  
 That thy love is to for thee fro: 2420  
 Thou shalt say, "God, what may this be,  
 That I ne may my lady see?  
 Myne herte aloon is to her go,  
 And I abyde al sole in wo,  
 Departed fro myn owne thought, 2425  
 And with myne eyen see right nought.  
 Alas, myn eyen †sende I ne may,  
 My careful herte to convey!  
 Myn hertes gyde but they be,  
 I praise no-thing what ever they see. 2430  
 Shul they abyde thanne? nay;  
 But goon †visyte without delay  
 That myn herte desyareth so.

For certeynly, but-if they go,  
 A fool my-self I may wel holde, 2435  
 When I ne see what myn herte wolde.  
 Wherefore I wol gon her to seen,  
 Or esed shal I never been,  
 But I have som tokening."  
 Then gost thou forth without dwelling;  
 But ofte thou faylest of thy desyre, 2441  
 Er thou mayst come hir any nere,  
 And wastest in vayn thy passage.  
 Than fastest thou in a newe rage;  
 For wante of sight thou ginnest morne,  
 And homward pensif dost retorne. 2446  
 In greet mischeef than shalt thou be,  
 For than agayn shal come to thee  
 Sighes and pleyntes, with newe wo,  
 That no icching prikketh so. 2450  
 Who wot it nought, he may go lere  
 Of hem that byen love so dera.  
 'No-thing thyn herte appen may,  
 That oft thou wolt goon and assay,  
 If thou mayst seen, by aventure, 2455  
 Thy lyves joy, thyn hertis cure;  
 So that, by grace if thou might  
 Atteyne of hir to have a sight,  
 Than shalt thou doon non other dede  
 But with that sight thyn eyen fede. 2460  
 That faire fresh when thou mayst see,  
 Thyn herte shal so ravished be,  
 That never thou woldest, thy thankis, lete,  
 Ne remove, for to see that swete.  
 The more thou seest in sothfastnesse, 2465  
 The more thou tooveytest of that swet-  
 nesse;  
 The more thyn herte brenneth in fyr,  
 The more thyn herte is in desyr.  
 For who considreth every del,  
 It may be lykned wondir wel, 2470  
 The peyne of love, unto a fere;  
 For ever [the] more thou neighst nere  
 †Thought, or who-so that it be,  
 For verray sothe I telle it thee,  
 The hatter ever shal thou brenne, 2475  
 As experience shal thee kenne.  
 Wher-so [thou] comest in any cost,  
 Who is next fyr, he brenneth most.  
 And yit forsothe, for al thyn hate,  
 Though thou for love swelte and swete,  
 Ne for no-thing thou felen may, 2481  
 Thou shalt not willen to passe away.  
 And though thou go, yet must thee nede

Thenke al-day on hir fairhede,  
 Whom thou bihelde with so good wille;  
 And holde thyself bigyled ille, 2486  
 That thou ne haddest non hardement  
 To shewe hir ought of thyn entent.  
 Thyn herte ful sore thou wolt dyspise,  
 And eek repreve of cowardyae, 2490  
 That thou, so dulle in every thing,  
 Were dom for drede, without speking,  
 Thou shalt eek thenke thou didest foly,  
 That thou wert hir so faste by,  
 And durst not auntere thee to say 2495  
 Som-thing, er thou cam away;  
 For thou haddist no more wonne,  
 To speke of hir when thou bigonne:  
 But †yf she wolde, for thy sake,  
 In armes goodly thee have take, 2500  
 It shulde have be more worth to thee  
 Than of tresour greet plantee.  
 'Thus shalt thou morne and eek com-  
 pleyn,  
 And gete enchesoun to goon ageyn  
 Unto thy walk, or to thy place, 2505  
 Where thou biheld hir fleshly face.  
 And never, for fals suspeccioun,  
 Thou woldest finde occasioun  
 For to gon unto hir hous.  
 So art thou thanne desirous 2510  
 A sight of hir for to have,  
 If thou thine honour mightest save,  
 Or any erand mightist make  
 Thider, for thy loves sake;  
 Ful fayn thou woldist, but for drede 2515  
 Thou gost not, lest that men take hede.  
 Wherefore I rede, in thy going,  
 And also in thyn ageyn-coming,  
 Thou be wel war that men ne wit;  
 Feyne thee other cause than it 2520  
 To go that weye, or faste by;  
 To hele wel is no folye.  
 And if so be it happe thee  
 That thou thy love ther mayst see,  
 In siker wyse thou hir salewe, 2525  
 Wherwith thy colour wol transmewe,  
 And eke thy blood shal al to-quake,  
 Thy hewe eek chaungen for hir sake.  
 But word and wit, with ohere ful pale,  
 Shul wante for to telle thy tale. 2530  
 And if thou mayst so fer-forth winne,  
 That thou [thy] resoun durst biginne,  
 And woldist seyn thre thingis or mo,

Thou shalt ful scarsaly seyn the two.  
 Though thou bithenke thee never so wel,  
 Thou shalt foryete yit somdel, 2536  
 But-if thou dele with trecherye.  
 For fals lovers mowe al folye  
 Seyn, what hem lust, withouten drede,  
 They be so double in hir falschede; 2540  
 For they in herte cunne thenke a thing  
 And seyn another, in hir speking.  
 And when thy speche is endid al,  
 Right thus to thee it shal bifal;  
 If any word than come to minde, 2545  
 That thou to seye hast left bihinde,  
 Than thou shalt brenne in greet martyr;  
 For thou shalt brenne as any fyr.  
 This is the stryf and eke the affray,  
 And the batail that lastith ay. 2550  
 This bargeyn ende may never take,  
 But-if that she thy pees will make.  
 'And when the night is comen, anon  
 A thousand angres shal come upon.  
 To bedde as fast thou wolt thee dight, 2555  
 Where thou shalt have but smal delyt;  
 For when thou weneest for to slepe,  
 So ful of peyne shalt thou crepe,  
 Sterte in thy bedde aboute ful wyde,  
 And turne ful ofte on every syde; 2560  
 Now downward groffe, and now upright,  
 And walowe in wo the longe night;  
 Thyne armis shalt thou sprede abrede,  
 As man in werre were †forwerreyd.  
 Than shal thee come a remembraunce  
 Of hir shape and hir semblaunce 2566  
 Wherto non other may be pere.  
 And wite thou wel, withoute were,  
 That theeshal †seme, somtyme that night,  
 That thou hast hir, that is so bright, 2570  
 Naked bitwene thyn armes there,  
 Al sothfastnesse as though it were.  
 Thou shalt make castels than in Spayne,  
 And dreme of joye, al but in vayne,  
 And the delyten of right nought, 2575  
 Why! thou so slomrest in that thought,  
 That is so swete and delitable,  
 The which, in soth, nis but a fable,  
 For it ne shal no whylle laste.  
 Than shalt thou sighe and wepe faste, 2580  
 And say, "Dere god, what thing is this?  
 My dreme is turned al amis,  
 Which was ful swete and apparent,  
 But now I wake, it is al shent

Now yede this mery thought away! 2585  
 Twenty tymes upon a day  
 I wolde this thought wolde come ageyn,  
 For it alleggith wel my peyn.  
 It makith me ful of joyful thought,  
 It sleeth me, that it lastith nought. 2590  
 A, lord! why nil ye me socoure,  
 The joye, I trowe, that I langoure?  
 The deth I wolde me shulde slo  
 Why! I lye in hir armes two.  
 Myn harm is hard, withouten wene, 2595  
 My greet unese ful ofte I mene.  
 But wolde Love do so I might  
 Have fully joye of hir so bright,  
 My peyne were quit me richely.  
 Allas, to greet a thing aske I! 2600  
 It is but foly, and wrong wening,  
 To aske so outrageous a thing.  
 And who-so askith folly,  
 He moot be warned hastily;  
 And I ne wot what I may say, 2605  
 I am so far out of the way;  
 For I wolde have ful gret lyking  
 And ful gret joye of lasse thing.  
 For wolde she, of hir gentilnesse,  
 Withouten more, me onis keese, 2610  
 It were to me a greet guardoun,  
 Relees of al my passioun.  
 But it is hard to come therto;  
 Al is but foly that I do,  
 So high I have myn herte set, 2615  
 Where I may no comfort get.  
 †I noot wher I sey wel or nought;  
 But this I wot wel in my thought,  
 That it were †bet of hir aloon,  
 For to stinte my wo and moon, 2620  
 A loke on †me y-cast goodly,  
 †Than for to have, al utterly,  
 Of another al hool the play.  
 A! lord! wher I shal byde the day  
 That ever she shal my lady be? 2625  
 He is ful cured that may hir see.  
 A! god! when shal the dawning spring?  
 To †ly thus is an angry thing;  
 I have no joye thus here to ly  
 When that my love is not me by. 2630  
 A man to lyen hath gret disese,  
 Which may not slepe ne reste in ese.  
 I wolde it dawed, and were now day,  
 And that the night were went away;  
 For were it day, I wolde upryse. 2635

A ! slowe sonne, shew thyn enpryse !  
Speed thee to sprede thy bemis bright,  
And chace the derknesse of the night,  
To putte away the stoundes stronge,  
Which in me lasten al to longe." 2640

'The night shalt thou contene so,  
Withoute rest, in peyne and wo ;  
If ever thou knewe of love distresse,  
Thou shalt mowe lerne in that siknesse.  
And thus enduring shalt thou ly, 2645  
And ryse on morwe up erly

Out of thy bedde, and harneys thee  
Er ever dawning thou mayst see.  
Al privily than shalt thou goon,  
What tweder it be, thy-silf aloon, 2650

For reyn, or hayl, for snow, for slete,  
Thider she dwellith that is so swete,  
The which may falle aslepe be,  
And thenkith but litel upon thee.

Than shalt thou goon, ful foule aferd ; 2655  
Loke if the gate be unspere,  
And waite without in wo and peyn,  
Ful yvel a-cold in winde and reyn.

Than shal thou go the dore bifore,  
If thou maist fynde any soore, 2660  
Or hole, or reft, what ever it were ;  
Than shalt thou stoupe, and lay to ere,

If they within a-slepe be ;  
I mene, alle save thy lady free.  
Whom waking if thou mayst aspye, 2665  
Go put thy-silf in jupartye,

To aske grace, and thee himene,  
That she may wite, withouten wene,  
That thou [a]night no rest hast had,  
So sore for hir thou were bisted. 2670

Wommen wel ought pite to take  
Of hem that sorwen for hir sake.  
And loke, for love of that relyke,  
That thou thenke non other lyke,

For †whom thou hast so greet annoy, 2675  
†Shal kisse thee er thou go away,  
And hold that in ful gret deyntee.  
And, for that no man shal thee see

Bifore the hous, ne in the way,  
Loke thou be goon ageyn er day. 2680  
Suche coming, and such going,  
Such hevynesse, and such walking,

Makith lovers, withouten wene,  
Under hir clothes pale and lene,  
For Love leveth colour ne cleynnesse ; 2685  
Who loveth trewe hath no fatnesse.

Thou shalt wel by thy-selfe see  
That thou must nedis assayed be.  
For men that shape hem other wey  
Falsly her ladies to bitray, 2690

It is no wonder though they be fat ;  
With false othes hir loves they gat ;  
For oft I see suche losengours  
Fatter than abbatis or priours.

'Yet with o thing I thee charge, 2695  
That is to seye, that thou be large  
Unto the mayd that hir doth serve,  
So best hir thank thou shalt deserve.

Yeve hir yiftes, and get hir grace,  
For so thou may [hir] thank purchase, 2700  
That she thee worthy holde and free,  
Thy lady, and alle that may thee see.

Also hir servauntes worshipec ay,  
And plesse as muche as thou may ;  
Gret good through hem may come to thee,  
Bicause with hir they been prive. 2705

They shal hir telle how they thee fand  
Curteis and wys, and wel doand,  
And she shal preyse [thee] wel the †mare.  
Loke out of londs thou be not †fare ; 2710

And if such cause thou have, that thee  
Biheveth †gon out of cонтree,  
Leve hool thyn herte in hostage,  
Til thou ageyn make thy passaga.

Thenk long to see the swete thing 2715  
That hath thyn herte in hir keeping.  
'Now have I told thee, in what wyse  
A lover shal do me servyse.

Do it than, if thou wolt have  
The mede that thou aftir crave.' 2720  
Whan Love al this had boden me,  
I seide him :—'Sire, how may it be

That lovers may in such manere  
Endure the peyne ye have seid here ?  
I merveyle me wonder faste, 2725  
How any man may live or laste

In such payne, and such brenning,  
In sorwe and thought, and such sighing,  
Ay unrelesed wo to make,  
Whether so it be they slepe or wake. 2730

In such annoy continually,  
As helpe me god, this mervelle I,  
How man, but he were maad of stele,  
Might live a month, such paynes to fela.'

The God of Love than seide me, 2735  
'Freend, by the feith I owe to thee,  
May no man have good, but he it by.

A man loveth more tendirly  
 The thing that he hath bought most dere.  
 For wite thou wel, withouten were, 2740  
 In thank that thing is taken more,  
 For which a man hath suffred sore.  
 Certis, no wo ne may atteyne  
 Unto the sore of loves payne.  
 Non yvel therto ne may amounte, 2745  
 No more than a man [may] counte  
 The drops that of the water be.  
 For drye as wel the grete see  
 Thou mightist, as the harmes telle  
 Of hem that with Love dwelle 2750  
 In servyse ; for payne hem sleeth,  
 And that ech man wolde flee the deeth,  
 And trows they shulde never escape,  
 Nere that hope couthe hem make  
 Glad as man in prisoun set, 2755  
 And may not geten for to et  
 Bet barly-breed, and watir pure,  
 And lyeth in vermin and in ordure ;  
 With alle this, yit can he live,  
 Good hope such comfort hath him yive,  
 Which maketh wene that he shal be 2761  
 Delivered and come to liberte ;  
 In fortune is [his] fulle trust.  
 Though he lye in strawe or dust,  
 In hope is al his susteyning. 2765  
 And so for lovers, in hir wening,  
 Whiche Love hath shit in his prisoun ;  
 Good-Hope is hir salvacioun.  
 Good-Hope, how sore that they smerte,  
 Yweth hem bothe wille and herte 2770  
 To profe hir body to martyre ;  
 For Hope so sore doth hem deayre  
 To suffre ech harm that men devyse,  
 For joye that taffir shal aryse.  
 ' Hope, in desire [to] cacche victorie ;  
 In Hope, of love is al the glorie, 2776  
 For Hope is al that love may yive ;  
 Nere Hope, ther shulde no lover live.  
 Blamid be Hope, which with deayre  
 Advanceth lovers in such manere. 2780  
 Good-Hope is curteis for to plesse,  
 To kepe lovers from al disese.  
 Hope kepith his lond, and wol abyde,  
 For any peril that may betyde ;  
 For Hope to lovers, as most cheef, 2785  
 Doth hem endure[n] al mischeef ;  
 Hope is her help, whan mister is.  
 And I shal yeve thee eek, y-wis,

Three other thingis, that greet solas  
 Doth to hem that be in my las. 2790  
 ' The first(e) good that may be founde,  
 To hem that in my lace be bounde,  
 Is Swete-Thought, for to recorde  
 Thing wherwith thou canst accorde  
 Best in thyn herte, wher she be ; 2795  
 †Thought in absence is good to thea.  
 Whan any lover doth compleyne,  
 And liveth in distresse and payne,  
 Than Swete-Thought shal come, as blyve,  
 Away his angre for to dryve. 2800  
 It makith lovers have remembraunce  
 Of comfort, and of high plessaunce,  
 That Hope hath hight him for to winne  
 For Thought anon than shal beginne,  
 As fer, god wot, as he can finde, 2805  
 To make a mirroure of his minde ;  
 For to biholde he wol not lette.  
 Hir person he shal afore him sette,  
 Hir laughing eyen, persaunt and clere,  
 Hir shape, hir fourme, hir goodly chere,  
 Hir mouth that is so gracious, 2811  
 So swete, and eek so savorous ;  
 Of alle hir fetures he shal take hede,  
 His eyen with alle hir limes fede.  
 ' Thus Swete-Thanking shal aswage 2815  
 The payne of lovers, and hir rage.  
 Thy joye shal double, withoute gesse,  
 Whan thou thenkist on hir semlinesse,  
 Or of hir laughing, or of hir chere,  
 That to thee made thy lady dere. 2820  
 This comfort wol I that thou take ;  
 And if the next thou wolt forsake  
 Which is not lesse savorous,  
 Thou shuldist †been to daungerous.  
 ' The secounde shal be Swete-Speche,  
 That hath to many oon be leche, 2826  
 To bringe hem out of wo and were,  
 And helpe many a bachilere ;  
 And many a lady sent socoure,  
 That have loved par-amour, 2830  
 Through speking, whan they mighten  
 here  
 Of hir lovers, to hem so dere.  
 To †hem it voidith al hir smerte,  
 The which is closed in hir herte.  
 In herte it makith hem glad and light,  
 Speche, whan they mowe have sight. 2836  
 And therefore now it cometh to minde  
 In olde dawes, as I finde,



That clerkis writen that hir knewe,  
 Ther was a lady fresh of hewe, 2840  
 Which of hir love made a song,  
 On him for to remembre among,  
 In which she seide, "Whan that I here  
 Spoken of him that is so dere,  
 To me it voidith al [my] smerte, 2845  
 Y-wis, he sit so nere myn herte.  
 To speke of him, at eve or morwe,  
 It cureth me of al my sorwe.  
 To me is noon so high plesaunce  
 As of his persone daliaunce." 2850  
 She wist ful wel that Swete-Speking  
 Comfortith in ful muche thing.  
 Hir love she had ful wel assayed,  
 Of him she was ful wel apayed;  
 To speke of him hir joye was set. 2855  
 Therefore I rede thee that thou get  
 A felowe that can wel concele  
 And kepe thy counsel, and wel hele,  
 To whom go shewe hoolly thyn herte,  
 Bothe wale and wo, joye and smerte : 2860  
 To gete comfort to him thou go,  
 And privily, between yow two,  
 Ye shal speke of that goodly thing,  
 That hath thyn herte in hir keping;  
 Of hir beaute and hir semblaunce, 2865  
 And of hir goodly countenaunce.  
 Of al thy state thou shalt him sey,  
 And make him counsell how thou may  
 Do any thing that may hir plesse;  
 For it to thee shal do gret ese, 2870  
 That he may wite thou trust him so,  
 Bothe of thy wale and of thy we.  
 And if his herte to love be set,  
 His compagne is muche the bet,  
 For resoun wol, he shewe to thee 2875  
 Al uttirly his privite;  
 And what she is he loveth so,  
 To thee playnly he shal undo,  
 Withoute drede of any shame,  
 Bothe telle hir renoun and hir name. 2880  
 Than shal he forther, ferre and nere,  
 And namely to thy lady dere,  
 In siker wyse; ye, every other  
 Shal helpen as his owne brother,  
 In trouthe withoute doublenesse, 2885  
 And kepen cloos in sikernesse.  
 For it is noble thing, in fay,  
 To have a man thou darst say  
 Thy prive counsel every del;

For that wol comfort thee right wel, 2890  
 And thou shalt holde thee wel apayed,  
 Whan such a freend thou hast assayed.  
 'The thriddle good of gret comfort  
 That yeveth to lovers most disport,  
 Comith of sight and biholding, 2895  
 That clepid is Swete-Loking,  
 The whiche may noon ese do,  
 Whan thou art fer thy lady fro;  
 Wherefore thou presse alwey to be  
 In place, where thou mayest hir se. 2900  
 For it is thing most amorous,  
 Most delitable and savorous,  
 For to aswage a mannes sorowe,  
 To sene his lady by the morowe.  
 For it is a ful noble thinge 2905  
 Whan thyn eyen have meting  
 With that relyke precious,  
 Whereof they be so desirous,  
 But al day after, soth it is,  
 They have no drede to faren amis, 2910  
 They dreden neither wind ne reyn,  
 Ne [yit] non other maner peyn.  
 For whan thyn eyen were thus in blis,  
 Yit of hir curtesye, y-wis,  
 Aloon they can not have hir joye, 2915  
 But to the herte they [it] convoye;  
 Part of hir blis to him †they sende,  
 Of al this harm to make an ende.  
 The eye is a good messangere,  
 Which can to the herte in such manere  
 Tidyingis sende, that [he] hath seen, 2920  
 To voide him of his peynes cleen.  
 Whereof the herte reioyseth so  
 That a gret party of his wo  
 Is voided, and put away to flight. 2925  
 Right as the darknesse of the night  
 Is chased with clerenesse of the mone,  
 Right so is al his wo ful sone  
 Devoided clene, whan that the sight  
 Biholden may that freshe wight 2930  
 That the herte desyareth so,  
 That al his derkenesse is ago;  
 For than the herte is al at ese,  
 Whan they seen that [that] may hem plesse.  
 'Now have I †thee declared al-out, 2935  
 Of that thou were in drede and dout;  
 For I have told thee faithfully  
 What thee may curen utterly,  
 And alle lovers that wole be  
 Faithful, and ful of stabilite. 2940

Good-Hope alwey kepe by thy syde,  
 And Swete-Thought make eek abyde,  
 Swete-Loking and Swete-Speche;  
 Of alle thyn harmes they shal be leche.  
 Of every thou shalt have greet plesauce;  
 If thou canst byde in sufferance, 2946  
 And serve wel without feyntyse,  
 Thou shalt be quit of thyn emprise,  
 With more guerdoun, if that thou live;  
 But al this tyme this I thee yive.' 2950

The God of Love whan al the day  
 Had taught me, as ye have herd say,  
 And enfourmed compendiously,  
 He vaniahed away al sodeynly,  
 And I alone left, al sole, 2955  
 So ful of compleynt and of dole,  
 For I saw no other man ther me by.  
 My woundes me greved wondirly;  
 Me for to curen no-thing I knew,  
 Save the botoun bright of hew, 2960  
 Wheron was set booolly my thought;  
 Of other comfort knew I nought,  
 But it were through the God of Love;  
 I knew nat elles to my bihove  
 That might me ese or comfort gete, 2965  
 But-if he wolde him entermete.

The roser was, withoute doute,  
 Closed with an hegge withoute,  
 As ye to-forn have herd me seyn;  
 And fast I bisied, and wolde fayn 2970  
 Have passed the hays, if I might  
 Have gotten in by any slight  
 Unto the botoun so fair to see.  
 But ever I dradde blamed to be,  
 If men wolde have suspencion 2975  
 That I wolde of entencion  
 Have stole the roses that ther were;  
 Therefore to entre I was in fere.  
 But at the last, as I bithought  
 Whether I sholde passe or nought, 2980  
 I saw com with a gladdere chere  
 To me, a lusty bachelere,  
 Of good stature, and of good hight,  
 And Bialacoil forsothe he hight.  
 Sone he was to Curtesy, 2985  
 And he me graunted ful gladly  
 The passage of the outhay,  
 And seide:—'Sir, how that ye may  
 Passe, if [it] your wille be,  
 The freshe roser for to see, 2990  
 And ye the swete savour fele.

Your þ warrant may [I be] right wale;  
 So thou thee kepe fro folye,  
 Shal no man do thee vilanye.  
 If I may helpe you in ought, 2995  
 I shal not feyne, dredeth nought;  
 For I am bounde to your servyse,  
 Fully devoide of feyntyse.  
 Than unto Bialacoil saide I,  
 'I thank you, sir, ful hertely, 3000  
 And your biheest [I] take at gree,  
 That ye so goodly profer me;  
 To you it cometh of greet fraunchyse,  
 That ye me profer your servyse.'  
 Than aftir, ful deliverly, 3005  
 Through the breres anon wente I,  
 Wherof encombred was the hay.  
 I was wel plesed, the soth to say,  
 To see the botoun fair and swote,  
 So freshe spronge out of the rota. 3010

And Bialacoil me served wel,  
 Whan I so nygh me mighte fele  
 Of the botoun the swete odour,  
 And so lusty hewed of colour.  
 But than a cherl (foule him bityde!) 3015  
 Bisyde the roses gan him hyde,  
 To kepe the roses of that roser,  
 Of whom the name was Daunger.  
 This cherl was hid there in the graves,  
 Covered with grasse and with leves, 3020  
 To spye and take whom that he fond  
 Unto that roser putte an hond.  
 He was not sole, for ther was mo;  
 For with him were other two  
 Of wikked maners, and yvel fame. 3025  
 That oon was clepid, by his name,  
 Wikked-Tonge, god yeve him sorwe!  
 For neither at eve, ne at morwe,  
 He can of no man [no] good speke,  
 On many a just man doth he wreke. 3030  
 Ther was a woman eek, that hight  
 Shame, that, who can reken right,  
 Trespas was hir fadir name,  
 Hir moder Resoun; and thus was Shame  
 [On lyve] brought of these ilk two. 3035  
 And yet had Trespas never ado  
 With Resoun, ne never ley hir by,  
 He was so hidous and ugly,  
 I mene, this that Trespas hight;  
 But Resoun conceyveth, of a sight, 3040  
 Shame, of that I spak afor.  
 And whan that Shame was thus born,

It was ordeyned, that Chastitee  
 Shulde of the roser lady be,  
 Which, of the botouns more and las, 3045  
 With sondry folk assailed was,  
 That she ne wiste what to do.  
 For Venus hir assallith so,  
 That night and day from hir she stal  
 Botouns and roses over-al. 3050  
 To Resoun than prayeth Chastitee,  
 Whom Venus flemed over the see,  
 That she hir doughter wolde hir lene,  
 To kepe the roser fresh and grene.  
 Anoon Resoun to Chastitee 3055  
 Is fully assented that it be,  
 And grauntid hir, at hir request,  
 That Shame, bicause she is honest,  
 Shal keper of the roser be.  
 And thus to kepe it ther were three, 3060  
 That noon shulde hardy be ne bold  
 (Were he yong, or were he old)  
 Ageyn hir wille away to bere  
 Botouns ne roses, that ther were.  
 I had wel sped, had I not been 3065  
 Awayted with these three, and seen.  
 For Bialacoil, that was so fair,  
 So gracious and debonair,  
 Quitte him to me ful curteisly,  
 And, me to plesse, bad that I 3070  
 Shuld drawe me to the botoun nere ;  
 Prese in, to touche the rosere  
 Which bar the roses, he yaf me leve ;  
 This graunt ne might but lital greve.  
 And for he saw it lyked me, 3075  
 Right nygh the botoun pullede he  
 A leef al grene, and yaf me that,  
 The which ful nygh the botoun sat ;  
 I made [me] of that leef ful queynt.  
 And whan I felte I was aqueynt 3080  
 With Bialacoil, and so prive,  
 I wende al at my wille had be.  
 Then wex I hardy for to tel  
 To Bialacoil how me bifel  
 Of Love, that took and wounded me, 3085  
 And seide : ' Sir, so mote I thee,  
 I may no joye have in no wyse,  
 Upon no syde, but it ryse ;  
 For sithe (if I shal not fayne)  
 In herte I have had so gret payne, 3090  
 So gret annoy, and such affray,  
 That I ne wot what I shal say ;  
 I drede your wrath to disserve.

Lever me were, that knyves kerve  
 My body shulde in pecis smalle, 3095  
 Than in any wyse it shulde falle  
 That ye wratthed shulde been with me.  
 ' Sey boldely thy wille,' quod he,  
 ' I nil be wroth, if that I may, 3099  
 For nought that thou shalt to me say.'  
 Thanne seide I, ' Sir, not you displese  
 To knowen of my greet unese,  
 In which only love hath me brought ;  
 For peynes greet, disese and thought,  
 Fro day to day he doth me drye ; 3105  
 Supposeth not, sir, that I lye.  
 In me fyve woundes dide he make,  
 The sore of whiche shal never slake  
 But ye the botoun graunte me,  
 Which is most passaunt of beautee, 3110  
 My lyf, my deth, and my martyre,  
 And tresour that I most desyre.'  
 Than Bialacoil, affrayed all,  
 Seyde, ' Sir, it may not fall ;  
 That ye desire, it may not tryse. 3115  
 What ? wolde ye shende me in this wyse ?  
 A mochel foole than I were,  
 If I suffrid you away to bere  
 The fresh botoun, so fair of sight.  
 For it were neither skile ne right 3120  
 Of the roser ye broke the rind,  
 Or take the rose afor his kind ;  
 Ye ar not courteys to aske it.  
 Lat it stil on the roser sit,  
 And trowe til it amended be, 3125  
 And parfitylly come to beaute.  
 I nolde not that it pulled wer  
 Fro the roser that it ber,  
 To me it is so leef and dere.'  
 With that sterte out anoon Daungere,  
 Out of the place where he was hid. 3131  
 His malice in his chere was kid ;  
 Ful greet he was, and blak of hewe,  
 Sturdy and hidous, who-so him knewe ;  
 Like sharp urchouns his here was growe,  
 His eyes t'rede as the fire-glow ; 3136  
 His nose frounced ful kirked stood,  
 He com criand as he were wood,  
 And seide, ' Bialacoil, tel me why  
 Thou bringest hider so boldly 3140  
 Him that so nygh [is] the roser ?  
 Thou worchist in a wrong maner ;  
 He thenkith to dishonour thee,  
 Thou art wel worthy to have mangree

To late him of the roser wit ; 3145  
 Who serveth a feloun is yvel quit.  
 Thou woldist have doon greet bountee,  
 And he with shame wolde quyte thee.  
 Flee hennes, felowe ! I rede thee go !  
 It wanteth lital þæt wol thee slo ; 3150  
 For Bialacoil ne knew thee nought,  
 Whan thee to serve he sette his thought ;  
 For thou wolt shame him, if thou might,  
 Bothe ageyn rescoun and right.  
 I wol no more in thee affye, 3155  
 That comest so slyghly for tespye ;  
 For it preveth wonder wel,  
 Thy slight and tresoun every del.  
 I durst no more ther make abode,  
 For the cherl, he was so wode ; 3160  
 So gan he threaten and manace,  
 And thurgh the haye he did me chace.  
 For feer of him I tremblid and quook,  
 So cherlishly his heed he shook ;  
 And seide, if eft he might me take, 3165  
 I shulde not from his hondis scape.  
 Than Bialacoil is fled and mate,  
 And I al sole, disconsolate,  
 Was left aloun in payne and thought ;  
 For shame, to deth I was nygh brought.  
 Than thought I on myn high foly, 3171  
 How that my body, utterly,  
 Was yve to payne and to martyre ;  
 And therto hadde I so gret yre,  
 That I ne durst the hayes passe ; 3175  
 There was non hope, there was no grace.  
 I trowe never man wiste of payne,  
 But he were laced in Loves cheyne ;  
 Ne no man [wot], and sooth it is,  
 But-if he love, what anger is. 3180  
 Love holdith his heet to me right wele,  
 Whan payne he seide I shulde fele.  
 Non herte may thenke, ne tunge seyne,  
 A quarter of my wo and payne.  
 I might not with the anger laste ; 3185  
 Myn herte in poynt was for to braste,  
 Whan I thought on the rose, that so  
 Was through Daunger cast me fro.  
 A long whyl stood I in that state,  
 Til that me saugh so mad and mate 3190  
 The lady of the highe ward,  
 Which from hir tour lokid thiderward.  
 Resoun men clepe that lady,  
 Which from hir tour deliverly  
 Came down to me withouten more. 3195

But she was neither yong, ne hore,  
 Ne high ne low, ne fat ne lene,  
 But best, as it were in a mene.  
 Hir eyen two were cleer and light  
 As any candell that brenneth bright ; 3200  
 And on hir heed she hadde a crown.  
 Hir semede wel an high persoun ;  
 For rounde environ, hir crownet  
 Was ful of riche stonis fret.  
 Hir goodly semblaunt, by devys, 3205  
 I trowe were maad in paradys ;  
 þæt Nature had never such a grace,  
 To forge a werk of such compace.  
 For certeyn, þæt the letter lye,  
 God him-silf, that is so high, 3210  
 Made hir aftir his image,  
 And yaf hir sith sich avauntage,  
 That she hath might and seignorye  
 To kepe men from al folye ;  
 Who-so wole trowe hir lore, 3215  
 Ne may offenden nevermore.

And whyl I stood thus dark and pale,  
 Resoun bigan to me hir tale ;  
 She seide : ' Al hayl, my swete frend !  
 Foly and childhood wol thee shend, 3220  
 Which thee have put in greet affray ;  
 Thou hast bought dere the tyme of May,  
 That made thyn herte mary to be.  
 In yvel tyme thou wantist to see  
 The gardin, wherof Ydilnesse 3225  
 Bar the keye, and was maistresse  
 Whan thou yedest in the daunce  
 With hir, and hadde[st] aqueyntaunce :  
 Hir aqueyntaunce is perilous,  
 First softe, and aftir[ward] noyous ; 3230  
 She hath [thee] trashed, withoute ween ;  
 The God of Love had thee not seen,  
 Ne hadde Ydilnesse thee conveyed  
 In the verger where Mirthe him played.  
 If Foly have supprised thee, 3235  
 Do so that it recovered be ;  
 And be wel war to take no more  
 Counsel, that greveth aftir sore ;  
 He is wys that wol himsilf chastysee.  
 And though a young man in any wyse  
 Trespace among, and do foly, 3241  
 Let him not tarye, but hastily  
 Let him amende what so be mis.  
 And eek I counseile thee, y-wis,  
 The God of Love hoolly foryet, 3245  
 That hath thee in sich payne set,

And thee in herte tormented so.  
I can nat seen how thou mayst go  
Other weyes to garisoun ;  
For Daunger, that is so feloun, 3250  
Felly purposith thee to werrey,  
Which is ful cruel, the soth to sey.

' And yit of Daunger cometh no blame,  
In reward of my doughter Shame,  
Which hath the roses in hir warde, 3255  
As she that may be no musarda.  
And Wikked-Tunge is with these two,  
That suffrih no man thider go ;  
For er a thing he do, he shal,  
Where that he cometh, over-al, 3260  
In fourty places, if it be sought,  
Seye thing that never was doon ne  
wrought ;

So moche tresoun is in his male,  
Of falsnesse for to ffeyne a tale.  
Thou delest with angry folk, y-wis ; 3265  
Wherfor to thee [it] bettir is  
From these folk away to fare,  
For they wol make thee live in care.  
This is the yvel that Love they calle,  
Wherin ther is but foly alle, 3270  
For love is foly everydal ;

Who loveth, in no wyse may do wel,  
Ne sette his thought on no good werk.  
His scole he lesith, if he ffe be clerk ;  
Of other craft eek if he be, 3275  
He shal not thryve therin ; for he  
In love shal have more passioun  
Than monke, hermyte, or chanoun.  
The peyne is hard, out of mesure,  
The joye may eek no whyl endure ; 3280  
And in the possessioun  
Is muche tribulacioun ;

The joye it is so short-lasting,  
And but in happe is the geting ;  
For I see ther many in travaille, 3285  
That atte laste foule fayle.

I was no-thing thy counseler,  
Whan thou were maad the homager  
Of God of Love to hastily ;  
Ther was no wisdom, but foly. 3290  
Thyn herte was joly, but not sage,  
Whan thou were brought in sich a rage,  
To yelde thee so redily,  
And to Love, of his gret maistry.

' I rede thee Love away to dryve, 3295  
That makith thee recche not of thy lyve.

The foly more fro day to day  
Shal growe, but thou it putte away.  
Take with thy teeth the bridal faste,  
To daunte thyn herte ; and eek thee caste,  
If that thou mayst, to gete ffe defence 3301  
For to redresse thy first offence.

Who-so his herte alwey wol leve,  
Shal finde among that shal him greva.'

Whan I hir herd thus me chastyse, 3305  
I answerd in ful angry wyse.

I prayed hir cessen of hir speche,  
Outher to chastyse me or teche,  
To bidde me my thought refreyne,  
Which Love hath caught in his de-  
meyne :— 3310

' What ? wene ye Love wol consent,  
That me assailith with bowe bent,  
To draw myn herte out of his honde,  
Which is so quikly in his bonde ?

That ye counsaile, may never be ; 3315  
For whan he first arrested me,  
He took myn herte so hool him til,  
That it is no-thing at my wil ;  
He ffe taughte it so him for to obey,  
That he it spard with a key. 3320

I pray yow lat me be al stille.  
For ye may wel, if that ye willa,  
Your wordis waste in idilnesse ;  
For utterly, withouten gesse,  
Al that ye seyn is but in veyne. 3325

Me were lever dye in the peyne,  
Than Love to me-ward shulde arette  
Falsheed, or tresoun on me sette.  
I wol me gete prys or blame,  
And love trewa, to save my name ; 3330  
fWho me chastysith, I him hate.'

With that word Resoun wente hir gate,  
Whan she saugh for no sermoning  
She might me fro my foly bring.

Than dismayed, I left al sool, 3335  
Forwery, forward as a fool,  
For I ne knew no ffechevisaunce.  
Than fel. into my remembraunce,  
How Love bade me to purveye

A felowe, to whom I mighte seye 3340  
My counsel and my privitye,  
For that shulde muche availle me.  
With that bithought I me, that I  
Hadde a felowe faste by,

Trewe and siker, curteys, and hend, 3345  
And he was called by name a Freend ;

A trower felowe was no-wher noon.  
 In haste to him I wente anon,  
 And to him al my wo I tolde,  
 Fro him right nought I wold withholde.  
 I tolde him al withoute were, 3351  
 And made my compleynt on Daungere,  
 How for to see he was hidous,  
 And to-me-ward contrarious;  
 The whiche through his cruelte 3355  
 Was in poynt to have meygned me;  
 With Bialacoil whan he me sey  
 Within the gardyn walke and play,  
 Fro me he made him for to go,  
 And I bilefte aloon in wo; 3360  
 I durst no lenger with him speke,  
 For Daunger seide he wolde be wreke,  
 Whan that he sawe how I wente  
 The freshe botoun for to hente, 3365  
 If I were hardy to come near  
 Betwene the hay and the roser.  
 This Freend, whan he wiste of my  
 thought,  
 He discomforted me right nought,  
 But seide, 'Felowe, be not so mad,  
 Ne so aysmashed nor bistad. 3370  
 Myself I knowe ful wel Daungere,  
 And how he is feers of his chere,  
 At prime tempe, Love to manace;  
 Ful ofte I have ben in his caas.  
 A felon first though that he be, 3375  
 Afir thou shalt him souple see.  
 Of long passed I knew him wele;  
 Cagody first though men him fele,  
 He wol meek afir, in his bering,  
 Be, for service and obeysshing. 3380  
 I shal thee telle what thou shalt do :-  
 Meke I rede thou go him to,  
 Of herte pray him specially  
 Of thy trespass to have mercy,  
 And bete him wel, [him] here to plesse, 3385  
 That thou shalt nevermore him displese.  
 Who can best serve of flattery,  
 Shal plesse Daunger most uttirly.'  
 My Freend hath seid to me so wel,  
 That he me esid hath somdel, 3390  
 And oek allegged of my torment;  
 For through him had I hardement  
 Agya to Daunger for to go,  
 To preve if I might meke him so.  
 To Daunger cam I, al ashamed, 3395  
 The which afor me hadde blamed,

Desyring for to pese my wo;  
 But over hegge durst I not go,  
 For he forbad me the passage.  
 I fond him cruel in his rage, 3400  
 And in his hond a gret bourdoun.  
 To him I knelid lowe adoun,  
 Ful meke of port, and simple of chere,  
 And seide, 'Sir, I am comen here  
 Only to aske of you mercy. 3405  
 That greveth me, [sir], ful gretly  
 That ever my lyf I wratthed you,  
 But for to amende I am come now,  
 With al my might, bothe loude and stille,  
 To doon right at your owne wille; 3410  
 For Love made me for to do  
 That I have trespassed hidirto;  
 Fro whom I ne may withdrawe myn  
 herte;  
 Yit shal I never, for joy ne smerte,  
 What so bifalle, good or ille, 3415  
 Offende more ageyn your wille.  
 Lever I have endure disece  
 Than do that shulde you displese.  
 'I you require and pray, that ye  
 Of me have mercy and pitee, 3420  
 To stinte your yre that greveth so,  
 That I wol swere for evermo  
 To be redressid at your lyking,  
 If I trespassse in any thing;  
 Save that I pray thee graunte me 3425  
 A thing that may nat warned be,  
 That I may love, al only;  
 Non other thing of you aske I.  
 I shal doon elles wel, y-wis,  
 If of your grace ye graunte me this. 3430  
 And ye [ne] may not letten me,  
 For wel wot ye that love is free,  
 And I shal loven, with that I wil,  
 Who-ever lyke it wel or il;  
 And yit ne wold I, for al Fraunce, 3435  
 Do thing to do you displeasaunce.'  
 Than Daunger fil in his entent  
 For to foryeve his maltalent;  
 But al his wratthe yit at laste  
 He hath releesed, I preyd so faste: 3440  
 Shortly he seide, 'Thy request  
 Is not to mochel dishonest;  
 Ne I wol not werne it thee,  
 For yit no-thing engreveth me.  
 For though thou love thus evermore, 3445  
 To me is neither softe ne sora,

Love †wher thee list; what recchith me,  
 So [thou] fer fro my roses be?  
 Trust not on me, for noon assay,  
 In any tyme to passe the hay.' 3450  
 Thus hath he graunted my prayere.

Than wente I forth, withouten were,  
 Unto my Freend, and tolde him al,  
 Which was right joyful of my tale.  
 Heseide, 'Now goth wel thyn affaire, 3455  
 He shal to thee be debonaire.  
 Though he aforn was dispitous,  
 He shal heerastir be gracious.  
 If he were touchid on som good veyne,  
 He shuld yit rewen on thy payne. 3460  
 Suffre, I rede, and no boost make,  
 Til thou at good mees mayst him take.  
 By suffraunce, and [by] wordis softe,  
 A man may overcome[n] ofte  
 Him that aforn he hadde in drede, 3465  
 In bookis sothly as I rede.'

Thus hath my Freend with gret com-  
 fort

Avaunced me with high disport,  
 Which wolde me good as mich as I.  
 And thanne anon ful sodeynly 3470  
 I took my leve, and streight I went  
 Unto the hay; for gret talent  
 I had to seen the fresh botoun,  
 Wherin lay my salvacioun;  
 And Daunger took kepe, if that I 3475  
 Kepe him cove-naunt trewly.  
 So sore I dradde his manasing,  
 I durst not breke[n] his bidding;  
 For, lest that I were of him shent,  
 I brak not his comaundement, 3480  
 For to purchase his good wil.  
 It was [hard] for to come ther-til,  
 His mercy was to fer bihinde;  
 I wepte, for I ne might it finde.  
 I oompleyned and sighed sore, 3485  
 And languished evermore,  
 For I durst not over go  
 Unto the rose I loved so.  
 Thurghout my deming outerly,  
 †Than had he knowlege certainly, 3490  
 †That Love me ladde in sich a wyse,  
 That in me ther was no feyntyse,  
 Falsheed, ne no trecherye.  
 And yit he, ful of vilanye,  
 Of diadeyne, and cruelte, 3495  
 On me ne wolde have pite,

His cruel wil for to refreyne,  
 Though I wepe alway, and †oompleyne.  
 And while I was in this torment,  
 Were come of grace, by god sent, 3500  
 Fraunchyse, and with hir Pite  
 Fulfilde the botoun of bountee  
 They go to Daunger anon-right  
 To forther me with al hir might,  
 And helpe in worde and in dede, 3505  
 For wel they saugh that it was nede.  
 First, of hir grace, dame Fraunchyse  
 Hath taken [word] of this emprise:  
 She seide, 'Daunger, gret wrong ye do  
 To worche this man so muche wo, 3510  
 Or pynen him so angerly;  
 It is to you gret vilany.  
 I can not see why, ne how,  
 That he hath trespassed ageyn you,  
 Save that he loveth; wherfore ye shulde  
 The more in cherete of him holde. 3515  
 The force of love makith him do this;  
 Who wolde him blame he dide amis?  
 He leesech more than ye may do;  
 His peyne is hard, ye may see, lo! 3520  
 And Love in no wyse wolde consente  
 That †he have power to repente;  
 For though that quik ye wolde him sloo,  
 Fro Love his herte may not go.  
 Now, swete sir, †is it your ese 3525  
 Him for to angre or disese?  
 Allas, what may it you avaunce  
 To doon to him so greet grevaunce?  
 What worship is it agayn him take,  
 Or on your man a werre make, 3530  
 Sith he so lowly every wyse  
 Is redy, as ye lust devysee?  
 If Love hath caught him in his lace,  
 You for t'obeye in every caas,  
 And been your suget at your wille, 3535  
 Shulde ye therfore willen him ill?  
 Ye shulde him spare more, al-out,  
 Than him that is bothe proud and stout.  
 Curtesye wol that ye socour  
 Hem that ben make undir your cure. 3540  
 His herte is hard, that wole not make,  
 Whan men of mekenesse him biseke.'  
 'That is certeyn,' seide Pite;  
 'We see ofte that humilitee  
 Bothe ire, and also felonye 3545  
 Venquisseth, and also melancolye;  
 To stonde forth in such duresse,

This crueltee and wikkednesse.  
 Wherefore I pray you, sir Daungere,  
 For to mayntene no lenger here 3550  
 Such cruel werre agayn your man,  
 As hoodly youres as ever he can;  
 Nor that ye worchen no more wo  
 †On this caytif that languishith so,  
 Which wol no more to you trespasse, 3555  
 But put him hoodly in your grace.  
 His offense ne was but lyte;  
 The God of Love it was to wyte,  
 That he your thral so gretly is,  
 And if ye harm him, ye doon amis; 3560  
 For he hath had ful hard penaunce,  
 Sith that ye reſte him th'aqueyntaunce  
 Of Bialacoil, his moſte joye,  
 Which alle his peynes might acoya.  
 He was biforn anyoyed sore, 3565  
 But than ye doubled him wel more;  
 For he of blis hath ben ful bare,  
 Sith Bialacoil was fro him fare.  
 Love hath to him do greet diſtreſſe,  
 He hath no nede of more duresse. 3570  
 Voideth from him your ire, I rede;  
 Ye may not winnen in this dede.  
 Maketh Bialacoil repaire ageyn,  
 And haveth pite upon his peyn;  
 For Fraunchise wol, and I, Pite, 3575  
 That merciful to him ye be;  
 And sith that she and I accorde,  
 Have upon him miſericorde;  
 For I you pray, and eek moneste,  
 Nought to refuſen our requete; 3580  
 For he is hard and fel of thought,  
 That for us two wol do right nought.  
 Daunger ne might no more endure,  
 He meked him unto meſure.  
 'I wol in no wyſe,' ſeith Daungere, 3585  
 Denye that ye have asked here;  
 It were to greet uncurteſye.  
 I wol ye have the companye  
 Of Bialacoil, as ye devyſe;  
 I wol him lette[n] in no wyſe.' 3590  
 To Bialacoil than wente in hy  
 Fraunchyſe, and ſeide ful curteſly:—  
 'Ye have to longe be deignous  
 Unto this lover, and daungerous,  
 Fro him to withdrawe your preſence, 3595  
 Which hath do to him grete offence,  
 That ye not wolde upon him ſee;  
 Wherefore a ſorowful man is he.

Shape ye to paye him, and to pleaſe,  
 Of my love if ye wol have eſe. 3600  
 Fulfil his wil, ſith that ye knowe  
 Daunger is daunted and brought lowe  
 Thurgh help of me and of Pite;  
 You †thar no more aſered be.'  
 'I ſhal do right as ye wil,' 3605  
 ſaith Bialacoil, 'for it is ſkil,  
 Sith Daunger wol that it ſo be.'  
 Than Fraunchiſe hath him ſent to me.  
 Bialacoil at the beginning  
 Salued me in his coming. 3610  
 No ſtraungenes was in him ſeen,  
 No more than he ne had wrathed been.  
 As faire ſemblant than ſhewed he me,  
 And goodly, as aſorn did he;  
 And by the honde, withouten doute, 3615  
 Within the hays, right al aboute  
 He ladde me, with right good chere,  
 Al environ the vergere,  
 That Daunger had me chased fro.  
 Now have I leve over-al to go; 3620  
 Now am I raiſed, at my devys,  
 Fro helle unto paradyſe.  
 Thus Bialacoil, of gentilleſſe,  
 With alle his peyne and beſineſſe,  
 Hath ſhewed me, only of grace, 3625  
 The eſtes of the ſwote place.  
 I ſaw the roſe, whan I was nigh,  
 Was gretter woxen, and more high,  
 Freſh, rody, and fair of hewe,  
 Of colour ever yliche newe. 3630  
 And whan I had it longe ſeen,  
 I ſaugh that through the leves grene  
 The roſe ſpredde to ſpaniſhing;  
 To ſene it was a goodly thing.  
 But it ne was ſo ſpred on brede, 3635  
 That men within might knowe the ſede;  
 For it covert was and [en]cloſe  
 Bothe with the leves and with the roſe.  
 The ſtalk was even and grene upright,  
 It was theron a goodly ſight; 3640  
 And wel the better, withouten wene,  
 For the ſeed was not [y]-ſene.  
 Ful faire it ſpradde, †god it bleſſe!  
 For ſuche another, as I geſſe,  
 Aſorn ne was, ne more vermayle. 3645  
 I was abawed for merveyle,  
 For ever, the fairer that it was,  
 The more I am bounden in Loves laas.  
 Longe I abood there, ſoth to ſaye,



- Til Bialacoil I gan to praye, 3650  
 When that I saw him in no wyse  
 To me warnen his servyse,  
 That he me wolde graunte a thing,  
 Which to remembre is wel sitting ;  
 This is to sayne, that of his grace 3655  
 He wolde me yeve leyser and space  
 To me that was so desirous  
 To have a kissing precious  
 Of the goodly freshe rose,  
 That þawetely smelleth in my nose ; 3660  
 ' For if it you displesed nought,  
 I wolde gladly, as I have sought,  
 Have a cos therof freely  
 Of your yeft ; for certainly  
 I wol non have but by your leve, 3665  
 So loth me were you for to greva.'  
 He sayde, ' Frend, so god me spede,  
 Of Chastite I have suche drede,  
 Thou shuldest not warned be for me,  
 But I dar not, for Chastite. 3670  
 Agayn hir dar I not misdo,  
 For alwey biddeth she me so  
 To yeve no lover leve to kisse ;  
 For who therto may winnen, y-wis,  
 He of the surplus of the pray 3675  
 May live in hope to get som day.  
 For who so kissing may attayne,  
 Of loves peyne hath, soth to sayne,  
 The beste and most avenaunt,  
 And earnest of the remenaunt.' 3680  
 Of his answer he syghed sore ;  
 I durst assaye him tho no more,  
 I had such drede to greve him ay.  
 A man shulde not to muche assaye  
 To chafe his frend out of mesure, 3685  
 Nor put his lyf in aventure ;  
 For no man at the firste stroke  
 Ne may nat felle down an oke ;  
 Nor of the reians have the wyne,  
 Til grapes þrype and wel afyne 3690  
 Be sore empressid, I you ensure,  
 And drawn out of the pressure.  
 But I, forpeyned wonder stronge,  
 þThought that I abood right longe  
 Aftir the kis, in peyne and wo, 3695  
 Sith I to kis desyred so :  
 Til that, þrewing on my distresse,  
 Ther þto me Venus the goddesse,  
 Which ay werreyeth Chastite,  
 Came of hir grace, to socoure me, 3700
- Whos might is knowe far and wyde,  
 For she is modir of Cupyde,  
 The God of Love, blinde as stoon,  
 That helpith lovers many oon.  
 This lady brought in hir right hond 3705  
 Of brenning fyr a blasing brond ;  
 Wherof the flawme and hote fyr  
 Hath many a lady in desyr  
 Of love brought, and sore het,  
 And in hir servise hir þertes set. 3710  
 This lady was of good entayle,  
 Right wondirful of apparayle ;  
 By hir atyre so bright and shene,  
 Men might perceyve wel, and seen,  
 She was not of religioun. 3715  
 Nor I nil make mencion  
 Nor of [hir] robe, nor of tresour,  
 Of broche, þnor of hir riche attour ;  
 Ne of hir girdil aboute hir syde,  
 For that I nil not long abyde. 3720  
 But knowith wel, that certeynly  
 She was arrayed richely.  
 Devoyd of pryde certeyn she was ;  
 To Bialacoil she wente a pas,  
 And to him shortly, in a clause, 3725  
 She seide : ' Sir, what is the cause  
 Ye been of port so dangerous  
 Unto this lover, and deynous,  
 To graunte him no-thing but a kis ?  
 To werne it him ye doon amis ; 3730  
 Sith wel ye wote, how that he  
 Is Loves servaunt, as ye may see,  
 And hath beaute, wher-through [he] is  
 Worthy of love to have the blis.  
 How he is semely, biholde and see, 3735  
 How he is fair, how he is free,  
 How he is swote and debonair,  
 Of age yong, lusty, and fair.  
 Ther is no lady so hauteyne,  
 Duchesse, countesse, ne chasteleyne, 3740  
 That I nolde holde hir ungoodly  
 For to refuse him outarly.  
 His breeth is also good and swete,  
 And eke his lippis rody, and mete  
 Only to þpleyn, and to kisse. 3745  
 Graunte him a kis, of gentillesse !  
 His teeth arn also whyte and clene ;  
 Me thinkith wrong, withouten wene,  
 If ye now werne him, trustith me,  
 To graunte that a kis have he ; 3750  
 The lasse þto help him that ye haste,

The more tyme shul ye waste.'

Whan the flawme of the verry brond,  
That Venus brought in hir right hond,  
Had Bialacoil with hete smete, 3755

Anoon he þad, withouten lette,  
Graunte to me the rose kisse.  
Than of my peyne I gan to lisse,  
And to the rose anoon wente I,  
And kissid it ful feithfully. 3760

Thar no man aske if I was blythe,  
Whan the savour soft and lythe  
Strook to myn herte withoute more,  
And me alegged of my sore,  
So was I ful of joye and blisse. 3765

It is fair sich a flour to kisse,  
It was so swote and saverous.  
I might not be so anguissous,  
That I mote glad and joly be,  
Whan that I remembre me. 3770

Yit ever among, sothly to seyn,  
I suffre noye and moche peyn.  
The see may never be so stil,  
That with a litel winde it þnil  
Overwhelme and turne also, 3775

As it were wood, in wawis go.  
Aftir the calm the trouble some  
Mot folowe, and chaunge as the mone.  
Right so fareth Love, that selde in oon  
Holdith his anker; for right anoon 3780

Whan they in ece wene best to live,  
They been with tempest al fordrive.  
Who serveth Love, can telle of wo;  
The stoundemele joye mot overgo.  
Now he hurteth, and now he cureth, 3785

For selde in oo poynt Love endureth.  
Now is it right me to procede,  
How Shame gan medle and take hede,  
Thurgh whom felle angres I have had;  
And how the stronge wal was maad, 3790

And the castell of brede and lengthe,  
That God of Love wan with his strengthe.  
Al this in romance wil I sette,  
And for no-thing ne wil I lette,  
So that it lyking to hir be, 3795

That is the flour of beaute;  
For she may best my labour quyte,  
That I for hir love shal endyte.  
Wikkid-Tunge, that the covyne  
Of every lover can devyne 3800

Worst, and addith more somdel,  
(For Wikkid-Tunge seith never wel),

To me-ward bar he right gret hate,  
Espying me erly and late,  
Til he hath seen the gret[er] chere 3805  
Of Bialacoil and me y-fere.

He mighte not his tunge withstonde  
Worse to reporte than he fonde,  
He was so ful of cursed rage;  
It sat him wel of his linage, 3810

For him an Irish womman bar.  
His tunge was fyled sharp, and squar,  
Poignaunt and right kerving,  
And wonder bitter in speking.  
For whan that he me gan espye, 3815

He swoor, afferming sikirly,  
Bitwene Bialacoil and me  
Was yvel aquayntaunce and privee.  
He spak therof so folily,  
That he awakid Jelousy; 3820

Which, al afrayed in his rysing,  
Whan that he herde [him] jangling,  
He ran anoon, as he were wood,  
To Bialacoil ther that he stood;  
Which hadde lever in this caas 3825

Have been at Reynes or Amyas;  
For foot-hoot, in his felonye  
To him thus seide Jelousye :-  
'Why hast thou been so negligent,  
To kepen, whan I was absent, 3830

This verger here left in thy ward?  
To me thou haddist no reward,  
To truste (to thy confusioun)  
Him thus, to whom suspecioun  
I have right greet, for it is nede; 3835

It is wel shewed by the dede.  
Greet fante in thee now have I founde;  
By god, anoon thou shalt be bounde,  
And faste loken in a tour,  
Withoute refuyt or socour. 3840

For Shame to long hath be thee fro;  
Over sone she was ago.  
Whan thou hast lost bothe drede and fere,  
It semed wel she was not here.  
She was [not] bisy, in no wyse, 3845

To kepe thee and [to] chastyse,  
And for to helpen Chastitee  
To kepe the roser, as thinkith me.  
For than this boy-knave so boldely  
Ne sholde not have be hardy, 3850

[Ne] in this þ-verger had such game,  
Which now me turneth to gret shame.'

Bialacoil nist what to sey;

Ful fayn he wolde have fled away,  
 For fere han hid, nere than he 3855  
 Al soodeynly took him with me.  
 And when I saugh he hadde so,  
 This Jelousye, take us two,  
 I was astoned, and knew no rede,  
 But fiedde away forrey drede. 3860  
 Than Shame cam forth ful simply ;  
 She wende have trespaced ful gretly ;  
 Humble of hir port, and made it simple,  
 Wering a vayne in stede of wimple,  
 As nonnis doon in hir abbey. 3865  
 Bicause hir herte was in affray,  
 She gan to speke, within a throwe,  
 To Jelousye, right wonder lowe.  
 First of his grace she bisought,  
 And seide :—' Sire, ne levesth nought 3870  
 Wikkid-Tunge, that fals espye,  
 Which is so glad to feyne and lye.  
 He hath you maad, thurgh flatering,  
 On Bialacoil a fals lesing.  
 His falsnesse is not now anew, 3875  
 It is to long that he him knew.  
 This is not the firste day ;  
 For Wikkid-Tunge hath custom ay  
 Yonge folkis to bewreie,  
 And false lesinges on hem +leye. 3880  
 ' Yit nevertheles I see among,  
 That the loigne it is so longe  
 Of Bialacoil, hertis to lure,  
 In Loves servise for to endure,  
 Drawing suche folk him to, 3885  
 That he had no-thing with to do ;  
 But in sothnesse I trowe nought,  
 That Bialacoil hadde ever in thought  
 To do trespass or vilanye ;  
 But, for his modir Curtesye 3890  
 Hath taught him ever [for] to be  
 Good of aqueyntaunce and privee ;  
 For he loveth non hevinesse,  
 But mirthe and pley, and al gladnesse ;  
 He hateth alle +trecherous, 3895  
 Soleyn folk and envious ;  
 For [wel] ye witen how that he  
 Wol ever glad and joyful be  
 Honestly with folk to pley.  
 I have be negligent, in good fey, 3900  
 To chastise him ; therfore now I  
 Of herte +crys you here mercy,  
 That I have been so recheles  
 To tamen him, withouten lees.

Of my foly I me repente ; 3905  
 Now wol I hool sette myn entente  
 To kepe, bothe +lounde and stille,  
 Bialacoil to do your willa.'  
 ' Shame, Shame,' seyde Jelousy,  
 ' To be bitrashed gret drede have I. 3910  
 Lecherye hath clombe so hye,  
 That almost blered is myn ye ;  
 No wonder is, if that drede have I.  
 Over-al regnith Lechery,  
 Whos might [yit] growith night and day.  
 Bothe in cloistre and in abbey 3916  
 Chastite is werreyed over-al.  
 Therfore I wol with aiker wal  
 Close bothe roses and roser.  
 I have to longe in this maner 3920  
 Left hem unelosid wilfully ;  
 Wherfore I am right inwardly  
 Sorowful and repente me.  
 But now they shal no longer be  
 Unelosid ; and yit I drede sore, 3925  
 I shal repente farthermore,  
 For the game goth al amia.  
 Counsel I +mot [take] newe, y-wis.  
 I have to longe trusted thee,  
 But now it shal no longer be ; 3930  
 For he may best, in every oost,  
 Disceyve, that men tristen most.  
 I see wel that I am nygh shent,  
 But-if I sette my ful entent  
 Remedye to purveye. 3935  
 Therfore close I shal the weye  
 Fro hem that wol the rose espye,  
 And come to wayte me vilanye,  
 For, in good feith and in trouthe,  
 I wol not lette, for no alouthe, 3940  
 To live the more in sikirnesse,  
 +To make anon a forterease,  
 +To enclose the roses of good savour.  
 In middis shal I make a tour  
 To putte Bialacoil in prisoun, 3945  
 For ever I drede me of tresoun.  
 I trowe I shal him kepe so,  
 That he shal have no might to go  
 Aboute to make companye  
 To hem that thanke of vilanye ; 3950  
 Ne to no such as hath ben here  
 Afor, and founde in him good chere,  
 Which han assailed him to shende,  
 And with hir trowandyse to blande.  
 A fool is eyth [for] to bigyle ; 3955

But may I lyve a lital while,  
 He shal forthenke his fair semblaunt.  
 And with that word cam Drede avaunt,  
 Which was abashed, and in gret fere,  
 Whan he wiste Jelousye was there. 3960  
 He was for drede in such affray,  
 That not a word durste he say,  
 But quaking stood ful stille aloon,  
 Til Jelousye his wey was goon,  
 Sawe Shame, that him not forsook; 3965  
 Bete Drede and she ful sore quook;  
 Til that at laste Drede abreyde,  
 And to his cosin Shame seyde:  
 'Shame,' he seide, 'in sothfastnesse,  
 To me it is gret hevinesse, 3970  
 That the noyse so fer is go,  
 And the sclandre of us two.  
 But sith that it is [so] bifalle,  
 We may it not ageyn [do] calle,  
 Whan onis sprongen is a fame. 3975  
 For many a yeer withouten blame  
 We han been, and many a day;  
 For many an April and many a May  
 We han [y]-passed, not [a]shamed,  
 Til Jelousye hath us blamed 3980  
 Of mistrust and suspicioun  
 Causles, withouten enchesoun.  
 Go we to Daunger hastily,  
 And late us shewe him openly,  
 That he hath not aright [y]-wrought, 3985  
 Whan that he sette nought his thought  
 To kepe better the purpryse;  
 In his doing he is not wyse.  
 He hath to us [y]-do gret wrong,  
 That hath suffred now so long 3990  
 Bialacoil to have his wille,  
 Alle his lustes to fulfilla.  
 He must amende it utterly,  
 Or ellis shal he [y]vilaynaly  
 Ryld be out of this londe; 3995  
 For he the werre may not withstonde  
 Of Jelousye, nor the greef,  
 Sch Bialacoil is at mischeef.  
 To Daunger, Shame and Drede anon  
 The righte wey ben [bothe a]-goon. 4000  
 The cherl they founden hem aforn  
 Liggyn undir an hawethorn.  
 Undir his heed no pilowe was,  
 But in the stede a trusse of gras.  
 He slombred, and a nappe he took, 4005  
 Til Shame pitously him shook,

And greet manace on him gan make.  
 'Why slepist thou whan thou shuld wake?'  
 Quod Shame; 'thou dost us vilanye!  
 Who tristith thee, he doth folye, 4010  
 To kepe roses or botouns,  
 Whan they ben faire in hir sesouns.  
 Thou art woze to familiere  
 Where thou shulde be straunge of chere,  
 Stout of thy port, redy to greve. 4015  
 Thou dost gret foly for to leve  
 Bialacoil here-in, to calle  
 The yonder man to shenden us alle.  
 Though that thou slepe, we may here  
 Of Jelousie gret noyse here. 4020  
 Art thou now late? ryse up [t]in hy,  
 And stoppe sone and deliverly  
 Alle the gappis of the hay;  
 Do no favour, I thee pray.  
 It fallith no-thing to thy name 4025  
 [t]Make fair semblaunt, where thou maist  
 blame.  
 'If Bialacoil be swete and free,  
 Dogged and fel thou shuldist be;  
 Froward and outrageous, y-wis;  
 A cherl chaungeth that curteis is. 4030  
 This have I herd ofte in seying,  
 That man [ne] may, for no daunting,  
 Make a sperhauke of a bosarde.  
 Alle men wole holde thee for musarde,  
 That debonair have founden thee; 4035  
 It sit thee nought curteis to be;  
 To do men plesaunce or servyse,  
 In thee it is recreaundyse.  
 Let thy werkis, fer and nere,  
 Be lyke thy name, which is Daungere.'  
 Than, al abawid in shewing, 4041  
 Anoon spak Dreed, right thus seying,  
 And seide, 'Daunger, I drede me  
 That thou ne wolt [not] bisy be  
 To kepe that thou hast to kepe; 4045  
 Whan thou shuldist wake, thou art aslepe.  
 Thou shalt be greved certeynly,  
 If thee aspye Jelousy,  
 Or if he finde thee in blame.  
 He hath to-day assailed Shame, 4050  
 And chased away, with gret manace,  
 Bialacoil out of this place,  
 And swereth shortly that he shal  
 Enlose him in a sturdy wal;  
 And al is for thy wikkednesse, 4055  
 For that thee failleth straungenesse.

Thyn herte, I trowe, be failed al ;  
 Thou shalt repente in special,  
 If Jelousye the sothe knewe ;  
 Thou shalt forthenke, and sore rewe.' 4060

With that the cherl his clubbegan shake,  
 Frowning his eyen gan to make,  
 And hidous chere ; as man in rage,  
 For ire he brente in his visage.  
 Whan that he herde him blamed so, 4065  
 He seide, ' Out of my wit I go ;  
 To be discomfit I have gret wrong.  
 Certis, I have now lived to long,  
 Sith I may not this closer kepe ;  
 Al quik I wolde be dolven depe, 4070  
 If any man shal more repaire  
 Into this garden, for foule or faire.  
 Myn herte for ire goth a-ferre,  
 That I lets any entre here.

I have do foly, now I see, 4075  
 But now it shal amended be.  
 Who settith foot here any more,  
 Truly, he shal repente it sore ;  
 For no man mo into this place  
 Of me to entre shal have grace. 4080  
 Lever I hadde, with swardis tweyne,  
 Thurgh-out myn herte, in every veyne  
 Perced to be, with many a wounde,  
 Than slouthe shulde in me be founde.  
 From hennesforth, by night or day, 4085  
 I shal defende it, if I may,  
 Withouten any excepcioun  
 Of ech maner condicioun ;  
 And if I tany man it graunte,  
 Holdeth me for recreaunte.' 4090

Than Daunger on his feet gan stonde,  
 And hente a burdoun in his honde.  
 Wroth in his ire, ne lefte he nought,  
 But thurgh the verger he hath sought.  
 If he might finde hole or trace, 4095  
 Wher-thurgh that me[n] mot forthby pace,  
 Or any gappe, he dide it close,  
 That no man mighte touche a rose  
 Of the roser al aboute ;  
 He shitteth every man withoute. 4100

Thus day by day Daunger is wers,  
 More wondirful and more divers,  
 And feller eek than ever he was ;  
 For him ful oft I singe ' alas !'  
 For I ne may nought, thurgh his ire, 4105  
 Recover that I most desire.  
 Myn herte, alas, wol brest a-two,

For Bialacoil I wratthed so.  
 For certeynly, in every membre  
 I quake, whan I me remembre 4110  
 Of the botoun, which [that] I wolde  
 Fulle ofte a day seen and biholde.  
 And whan I thanke upon the kisse,  
 And how muche joye and blisse  
 I hadde thurgh the savour swete, 4115  
 For wante of it I grone and grete.  
 Me thenkith I fele yit in my nose  
 The swete savour of the rose.  
 And now I woot that I mot go  
 So fer the fresshe floures fro, 4120  
 To me ful welcome were the deeth ;  
 Absens therof, alas, me sleeth !  
 For whylom with this rose, alas,  
 I touched nose, mouth, and face ;  
 But now the deeth I must abyde. 4125  
 But Love consente, another tyde,  
 That onis I touche may and kisse,  
 I trowe my payne shal never lisse.  
 Theron is al my covetise,  
 Which brent myn herte in many wyse.  
 Now shal repaire agayn sighinge, 4131  
 Long waoche on nightis, and no slepinge ;  
 Thought in wisshing, torment, and wo,  
 With many a turning to and fro,  
 That half my payne I can not tella. 4135  
 For I am fallen into helle  
 From paradyse and welthe, the more  
 My turment greveth ; more and more  
 Anoyeth now the bittirnesse,  
 That I toforen have felt swetnesse. 4140  
 And Wikkid-Tunge, thurgh his falshede,  
 Causeth al my wo and drede.  
 On me he leyeth a pitous charge,  
 Bicause his tunge was to large.

Now it is tyme, shortly that I 4145  
 Telle you som-thing of Jelousy,  
 That was in gret suspicioun.  
 Aboute him lefte he no masoun,  
 That stoon coude leye, ne querroure ;  
 He hired hem to make a tour. 4150  
 And first, the roses for to kepe,  
 Aboute hem made he a diche depe,  
 Right wondir large, and also brood ;  
 Upon the whiche also stood  
 Of squared stoon a sturdy wal, 4155  
 Which on a cragge was founded al,  
 And right gret thikkenesse eek it bar.  
 Abouten, it was founded squar,

An hundred fadome on every syde,  
 It was alliche longe and wyde. 4160  
 Lest any tyme it were assayled,  
 Ful wel aboute it was batayled;  
 And rounde environ eek were set  
 Ful many a riche and fair touret.  
 At every corner of this wal 4165  
 Was set a tour ful principal;  
 And everich hadde, withoute fable,  
 A porte-colys defensible  
 To kepe of enemies, and to greva,  
 That there hir force wolde preve. 4170  
 And eek amidde this purpurys  
 Was maad a tour of gret maistryse;  
 A fairer saugh no man with sight,  
 Large and wyde, and of gret might.  
 They [ne] dredde noon assaut 4175  
 Of ginne, gunne, nor skaffaut.  
 [For] the temprure of the mortere  
 Was maad of licour wonder dere;  
 Of quikke lyme persant and egre,  
 The which was tempred with vinegre.  
 The stoon was hard þas adamant, 4181  
 Wherof they made the foundement.  
 The tour was rounde, maad in compas;  
 In al this world no richer was,  
 Ne better ordeigned therwithal. 4185  
 Aboute the tour was maad a wal,  
 So that, bitwixt that and the tour,  
 †Roses were set of swete savour,  
 With many roses that they bere.  
 And eek within the castel were 4190  
 Springoldes, gunnes, bows, archers;  
 And eek above, atte corners,  
 Men seyn over the walle stonde  
 Grette engynes, †whiche were nigh honde;  
 And in the kernels, here and there, 4195  
 Of arblasters gret plantee were.  
 Noon armure might hir stroke with-  
 stonde,  
 It were foly to prece to honde.  
 Without the diche were listes made,  
 With walles batayled large and brade, 4200  
 For men and hors shulde not atteyne  
 To neigh the diche over the pleyne.  
 Thus Jelousye hath environ  
 Set aboute his garnisoun  
 With walles rounde, and diche depe, 4205  
 Only the rose for to kepe.  
 And Daunger [eek], erly and late  
 The keyes kepte of the utter gate,

The which openeth toward the eest.  
 And he hadde with him atte leest 4210  
 Thrifty servauntes, echon by name.  
 That other gate kepte Shame,  
 Which openede, as it was couth,  
 Toward the parte of the south.  
 Sergeauntes assigned were hir to 4215  
 Ful many, hir wille for to do.  
 Than Drede hadde in hir baillie  
 The keping of the conestablerye,  
 Toward the north, I undirstonde,  
 That opened upon the left honde, 4220  
 The which for no-thing may be sure,  
 But-if she do [hir] bisy cure  
 Erly on morowe and also late,  
 Strongly to shette and barre the gate.  
 Of every thing that she may see 4225  
 Drede is aferd, wher-so she be;  
 For with a puff of litel winde  
 Drede is astonied in hir minde.  
 Therefore, for stalinge of the rose,  
 I rede hir nought the yate uncloze. 4230  
 A foulis flight wol make hir flee,  
 And eek a shadowe, if she it see.  
 Thanne Wikked-Tunge, ful of envye,  
 With soudiours of Normandye,  
 As he that causeth al the bate, 4235  
 Was keper of the fourthe gate,  
 And also to the tothir three  
 He went ful ofte, for to see.  
 Whan his lot was to wake a-night,  
 His instrumentis wolde he dight, 4240  
 For to blowe and make soun,  
 Ofter than he hath enchesoun;  
 And walken oft upon the wal,  
 Corners and wikettis over-al  
 Ful narwe serchen and espye; 4245  
 Though he nought fond, yit wolde he lye.  
 Discordaunt ever fro armonye,  
 And distoned from melodye,  
 Controve he wolde, and foule fayle,  
 With hornpypes of Cornewayle. 4250  
 In floytes made he discordaunce,  
 And in his musik, with mischaunce,  
 He wolde seyn, with notes newe,  
 That he [ne] fond no womman trewe,  
 Ne that he saugh never, in his lyf, 4255  
 Unto hir husbonde a trewe wyf;  
 Ne noon so ful of honestee,  
 That she nil laughe and mery be  
 Whan that she hereth, or may espye,

A man spoken of lecherye.	4260	Defenced with the stronge wall.	4310
Everich of hem hath somme vyce ;		Now Jelousye ful wel may be	
Oon is dishonest, another is nyce ;		Of drede devoid, in libertee,	
If oon be ful of vilanye,		Whether that he slepe or wake ;	
Another hath a likerous ye ;		For of his roses may noon be take.	
If oon be ful of wantonesse,	4265	But I, alas, now morne shal ;	4315
Another is a chideresse.		Bicause I was without the wal,	
Thus Wikked-Tunge (god yeve him		Ful moche dole and mone I made.	
shame !)		Who hadde wist what wo I hadde,	
Can putte hem everichone in blame		I trowe he wolde have had pitee.	
Withoute desert and causeles ;		Love to deere had sold to me	4320
He lyeth, though they been giltyes.	4270	The good that of his love hadde I.	
I have pite to seen the sorwe,		I þwende a bought it al queyntly ;	
That þwaketh bothe eve and morwe,		But now, thurgh doubling of my peyn,	
To innocents doth such grevaunce ;		I see he wolde it selle ageyn,	
I pray god yeve him evel chaunce,		And me a newe bargeyn lere,	4325
That he ever so biay is	4275	The which al-out the more is dere,	
Of any womman to seyn amis !		For the solace that I have lorn,	
Eek Jelousye god confounde,		Than I hadde it never aform.	
That hath [y]-maad a tour so rounde,		Certayn I am ful lyk, indeed,	
And made aboute a garisoun		To him that cast in erthe his seed ;	4330
To sette Bialacoil in prisoun ;	4280	And hath joie of the newe spring,	
The which is shet there in the tour,		Whan it greneth in the ginning,	
Ful longe to holde there sojour,		And is also fair and fresh of flour,	
There for to live[n] in penaunce.		Lusty to seen, swote of odour ;	
And for to do him more grevaunce,		But er he it in sheves shere,	4335
þTher hath ordeyned Jelousye	4285	May falle a weder that shal it dere,	
An olde vekke, for to espye		And make[n] it to fade and falle,	
The maner of his governaunce ;		The stalk, the greyn, and floures alle ;	
The whiche devel, in hir enfaunce,		That to the þtilier is fordone	
Had lerned [much] of Loves art,		The hope that he hadde to sone.	4340
And of his playes took hir part ;	4290	I drede, certeyn, that so fare I ;	
She was þexpert in his servyse.		For hope and travaille sikerly	
She knew ech wrenche and every gyse		Ben me biraft al with a storm ;	
Of love, and every [lovers] wyle,		The floure nil seden of my corn.	
It was [the] harder hir to gyle.		For Love hath so avaunced me,	4345
Of Bialacoil she took ay hede,	4295	Whan I bigan my privitee	
That ever he liveth in wo and drede.		To Bialacoil al for to telle,	
He kepte him coy and eek privie,		Whom I ne fend froward ne felle,	
Lest in him she hadde see		But took a-gree al hool my play.	
Any foly countenaunce,		But Love is of so hard assay,	4350
For she knew al the olde daunce.	4300	That al at onis he reved me,	
And aftir this, whan Jelousye		Whan I þwend best aboven have be.	
Had Bialacoil in his baillye,		It is of Love, as of Fortune,	
And shette him up that was so free,		That chaungeth ofte, and nil contune ;	
For seure of him he wolde be,		Which whylom wol on folke smyle,	4355
He trusteth sore in his castel ;	4305	And gloumbe on hem another whyle ;	
The stronge werk him lyketh wel.		Now freend, now foe, [thou] shalt hir fele,	
He dradde nat that no glotouns		For [in] a twinkling tourneth hir wheel.	
Shulde stele his roses or botouns.		She can wrythe hir heed away,	
The roses weren assured alle,		This is the concours of hir play ;	4360

She can aseye that doth morne,  
 And whirle adown, and overturne  
 Who sittith highest, ful as hir list ;  
 A fool is he that wol hir trist.  
 For it þam I that am com down 4365  
 Thurgh þchange and revolucioun !  
 Sith Bialacoil mot fro me twinne,  
 Shet in the prisoun yond withinne,  
 His absence at myn herte I fele ;  
 For al my joye and al myn hele 4370  
 Was in him and in the rose,  
 That but yon þwal, which him doth close,  
 Open, that I may him see,  
 Love nil not that I cured be  
 Of the paynes that I endure, 4375  
 Nor of my cruel aventure.

A. Bialacoil, myn owne dere !  
 Though thou be now a prisoner,  
 Kepe atte leste thyn herte to me,  
 And suffre not that it daunted be ; 4380  
 Ne lat not Jelousye, in his rage,  
 Putten thyn herte in no servage.  
 Although he chaastice thee withoute,  
 And make thy body unto him loute,  
 Have herte as hard as dyamaunt, 4385  
 Nedefast, and nought pliaunt ;  
 In prisoun though thy body be,  
 At large kepe thyn herte free.  
 A trewe herte wol not pleye  
 For no manace that it may drye. 4390  
 If Jelousye doth thee payne,  
 Qute him his whyle thus agayne,  
 To venge thee, atte leest in thought,  
 If other way thou mayest nought ;  
 And in this wyse sotilly 4395  
 Worche, and winne the maistry.  
 Bat yit I am in gret affray  
 Lest thou do not as I say ;  
 I drede thou canst me greet mangree,  
 That thou emprisoned art for me ; 4400  
 But that [is] not for my trespass,  
 For thurgh me never discovered was  
 Yit thing that oughte be secree.  
 Wel more anoy [ther] is in me,  
 Than is in thee, of this mischaunce ; 4405  
 For I endure more hard penaunce  
 Than any [man] can seyn or think,  
 That for the sorwe almost I sinke.  
 Whan I remembre me of my wo,  
 Ful nygh out of my wit I go. 4410  
 Inward myn herte I fele blede,

For comfortles the deeth I drede.  
 Ow I not wel to have distresse,  
 Whan false, thurgh hir wikkednesse,  
 And traitours, that arn envynous, 4415  
 To noyen me be so coragious ?  
 A. Bialacoil ! ful wel I see,  
 That they hem shape to disceyve thee,  
 To make thee buxom to hir lawe,  
 And with hir corde thee to drawe 4420  
 Wher-so hem lust, right at hir wil ;  
 I drede they have thee brought thertil.  
 Withoute comfort, thought me sleeth ;  
 This game wol bringe me to my deeth.  
 For if your þgode wille I lese, 4425  
 I mote be deed ; I may not chese.  
 And if that thou foryete me,  
 Myn herte shal never in lyking be ;  
 Nor elles-where finde solace,  
 If I be put out of your grace, 4430  
 As it shal never been, I hope ;  
 Than shulde I falle[n] in wanhopa.

[Here, at l. 4070 of the French text,  
 ends the work of G. de Lorris ; and  
 begins the work of Jean de Meun.]

Allas, in wanhope ?—nay, pardee !  
 For I wol never dispeired be.  
 If Hope me faille, than am I 4435  
 Ungracious and unworthy ;  
 In Hope I wol comforted be,  
 For Love, whan he hitaught hir me,  
 Seide, that Hope, wher-so I go,  
 Shulde ay be relees to my wo. 4440  
 But what and she my balis bete,  
 And be to me curteis and swete ?  
 She is in no-thing ful certeyn.  
 Lovers she put in ful gret peyn,  
 And makith hem with wo to dele. 4445  
 Hir fair biheest disceyveth fele,  
 For she wol bihote, sikirly,  
 And fallen aftir outrely.  
 A ! that is a ful noyous thing !  
 For many a lover, in loving, 4450  
 Hangeth upon hir, and trusteth fast,  
 Whiche leese hir travel at the last.  
 Of thing to comen she woot right nought ;  
 Therfore, if it be wysly sought,  
 Hir counseille, foly is to take. 4455  
 For many tymes, whan she wol make  
 A ful good silogisme, I drede



That aftirward ther shal in dede  
 Folwe an evel conclusioun ;  
 This put me in confusioun. 4460  
 For many tymes I have it seen,  
 That many have bigyled been,  
 For trust that they have set in Hope,  
 Which fel hem aftirward a-slope.

But natheles yit, gladly she wolde, 4465  
 That he, that wol him with hir holde,  
 Hadde alle tymes þis purpos clere,  
 Withoute deceyte, or any were.  
 That she desireth sikirly ;  
 Whan I hir blamed, I did foly. 4470  
 But what avayleth hir good wille,  
 Whan she ne may stauuche my stounde  
 ille ?

That helpith litel, that she may do,  
 Outake biheest unto my wo.  
 And heeste certeyn, in no wyse, 4475  
 Withoute yift, is not to þpryse.

Whan heest and deed a-sundir varie,  
 They doon [me have] a gret contrarie.  
 Thus am I possed up and down  
 With dool, thought, and confusioun ; 4480

Of my disese ther is no nembre.  
 Daunger and Shame me encumbre,  
 Drede also, and Jelousye,

And Wikked-Tunge, ful of envye,  
 Of whiche the sharpe and cruel ire 4485

Ful oft me put in gret martire.  
 They han my joye fully let,  
 Sith Bialacoil they have biшет

Fro me in prisoun wikkidly,  
 Whom I love so entierly, 4490

That it wol my bane be,  
 But I the soner may him see.

And yit moreover, wurst of alle,  
 Ther is set to kepe, foule hir bifalle !

A rimpeld vekke, fer ronne in age, 4495  
 Frowning and yelow in hir visage,

Which in awayte lyth day and night,  
 That noon of hem may have a sight.

Now moot my sorwe enforced be ;  
 Ful soth it is, that Love yaf me 4500

Three wonder yiftes of his grace,  
 Which I have lorn now in this place,

Sith they ne may, withoute drede,  
 Helpen but litel, who taketh hede.

For here availleth no Swete-Thought, 4505  
 And Swete-Speche helpith right nought.

The thridde was called Swete-Loking,

That now is lorn, without lesing.  
 [The] yiftes were fair, but not forthy  
 They helpe me but simplilly, 4510

But Bialacoil [may] loosed be,  
 To gon at large and to be free.

For him my lyf lyth al in dout,  
 But-if he come the rather out.

Allas ! I trowe it wol not been ! 4515  
 For how shuld I evermore him seen ?

He may not out, and that is wrong,  
 Bicause the tour is so strong.

How shulde he out ? by whos prowesse,  
 Out of so strong a forteresse ? 4520

By me, certeyn, it nil be do ;  
 God woot, I have no wit therto !

But wel I woot I was in rage,  
 Whan I to Love dide homage.

Who was in cause, in sothfastnesse, 4525  
 But hir-silf, dame Idelnesse,

Which me conveyed, thurgh fair prayere,  
 To entre into that fair vergere ?

She was to blame me to leve,  
 The which now doth me sore greve. 4530

A foolis word is nought to trowe,  
 Ne worth an appel for to lowe ;

Men shulde him snibbe bittirly,  
 At pryme tamps of his foly.

I was a fool, and she me leved, 4535  
 Thurgh whom I am right nought releved.

She accomplished al my wil,  
 That now me greveth wondir il.

Resoun me seide what shulde falle.  
 A fool my-silf I may wel calle, 4540

That love sayde I had not leyde,  
 And trowed that dame Resoun seyde.

Resoun had bothe skile and right,  
 Whan she me blamed, with al hir might,

To medle of love, that hath me shent ;  
 But certeyn now I wol repent. 4546

And shulde I repent ? Nay, parde !  
 A fals traitour than shulde I be.

The develles engins wolde me take,  
 If I my þlorde wolde forsake, 4550

Or Bialacoil falsly bitraye.  
 Shulde I at mischeef hate him ? nay,

Sith he now, for his curtesye,  
 Is in prisoun of Jelousye.

Curtesye certeyn dide he me, 4555  
 So þmuch, it may not yolden be,

Whan he the hay passen me lete,  
 To kisse the rose, faire and swete.

Shulde I therfore cunne him maugree ?  
 Nay, certeynly, it shal not be ; 4560  
 For Love shal never, þif god wil,  
 Here of me, thurgh word or wil,  
 Offence or complaynt, more or lesse,  
 Neithur of Hope nor Idilnesse ;  
 For certis, it were wrong that I 4565  
 Hated hem for hir courtesye.  
 Ther is not ellis, but suffre and thinke,  
 And waken whan I shulde winke ;  
 Abyde in hope, til Love, thurgh chaunce,  
 Sende me socour or allegaunce, 4570  
 Expectant ay til I may mete  
 To geten mercy of that swete.  
 ' Whylom I thinke how Love to me  
 Seyde he wolde take[n] att[e] gree  
 My servise, if unpacience 4575  
 Cased me to doon offence.  
 He seyde, " In thank I shal it take,  
 And high maister eek thee make,  
 If wikkednesse ne reve it thee ;  
 But sone, I trowe, that shal not be." 4580  
 These were his wordis by and by ;  
 It seemed he loved me trewly.  
 Now is ther not but serve him wel,  
 If that I thinke his thank to felle.  
 My good, myn harm, lyth hool in me ;  
 In Love may no defaute be ; 4586  
 For trewe Love þfailid never man.  
 Sothly, the faute mot nedis than  
 (As God forbede !) be founde in me,  
 And how it cometh, I can not see. 4590  
 Now lat it goon as it may go ;  
 Whether Love wol socoure me or alo,  
 He may do hool on me his wil.  
 I am so sore bounde him til,  
 From his servyse I may not fleen ; 4595  
 For lyf and deth, withouten wene,  
 Is in his hand ; I may not chese ;  
 He may me do bothe winne and lese.  
 And sith so sore he doth me greve,  
 Yit, if my lust he wolde achieve 4600  
 To Bialacoil goodly to be,  
 I yeve no force what felle on me.  
 For though I dye, as I mot nede,  
 I praye Love, of his goodlihede,  
 To Bialacoil do gentilnesse, 4605  
 For whom I live in such distresse,  
 That I mote deyven for penaunce.  
 But first, withoute repentaunce,  
 I wol me confesse in good entent,

And make in haste my testament, 4610  
 As lovers doon that felen smerte :—  
 To Bialacoil leve I myn herte  
 Al hool, withoute departing,  
 Or doublenesse of repenting.'

### Coment Raisoun vient a L'amant.

Thus as I made my passage 4615  
 In compleynt, and in cruel rage,  
 And I þnist wher to finde a leche  
 That couthe unto myn helping eche,  
 Sodeynly agayn comen doun  
 Out of hir tour I saugh Resoun, 4620  
 Discrete and wys, and ful plesant,  
 And of hir porte ful avenaunt.  
 The righte wey she took to me,  
 Which stood in greet perplexite,  
 That was posshed in every side, 4625  
 That I nist where I might abyde,  
 Til she, demurely sad of chere,  
 Seide to me as she com nere :—  
 ' Myn owne freend, art thou yit grieved ?  
 How is this quarrel yit achieved 4630  
 Of Loves syde ? Anoon me telle ;  
 Hast thou not yit of love thy fille ?  
 Art thou not wery of thy servyse  
 That thee hath [pyned] in sich wyse ?  
 What joye hast thou in thy loving ? 4635  
 Is it swete or bitter thing ?  
 Canst thou yit chese, lat me see,  
 What best thy socour mighte be ?  
 ' Thou servest a ful noble lord,  
 That maketh thee thral for thy reward,  
 Which ay renewith thy turment, 4640  
 With foly so he hath thee blent.  
 Thou felle in mischeef thilke day,  
 Whan thou didest, the sothe to say,  
 Obeysaunce and eek homage ; 4645  
 Thou wroughtest no-thing as the sage.  
 Whan thou bicam his liege man,  
 Thou didist a gret foly than ;  
 Thou wistest not what fel therto,  
 With what lord thou haddist to do. 4650  
 If thou haddist him wel knowe,  
 Thou haddist nought be brought so lowe ;  
 For if thou wistest what it were,  
 Thou noldist serve him half a yeer,  
 Not a wake, nor half a day, 4655  
 Ne yit an hour withoute delay,  
 Ne never þan loved paramours,

His lordship is so ful of shoures.

Knowest him ought ?

*L'Amaunt.* 'Ye, dame, parde !'

*Raisoun.* 'Nay, nay.'

*L'Amaunt.* 'Yes, I.'

*Raisoun.* 'Wherof, lat see ?' 4660

*L'Amaunt.* 'Of that he seyde I shulde be

Glad to have sich lord as he,

And maister of sich seignory.'

*Raisoun.* 'Knowist him no more ?'

*L'Amaunt.* 'Nay, certis, I,

Save that he yaf me rewles there, 4665

And wente his way, I niste where,

And I abood bounde in balaunce.'

*Raisoun.* 'Lo, there a noble conisaunce !

But I wil that thou knowe him now

Ginning and ende, sith that thou 4670

Art so anguissous and mate,

Disfigured out of astate ;

Ther may no wrecche have more of wo,

Ne caitif noon enduren so.

It were to every man sitting 4675

Of his lord have knowleching.

For if thou knewe him, out of dout,

Lightly thou shulde escapen out

Of the prisoun that marreth thee.'

*L'Amaunt.* 'Ye, dame ! sith my lord is he, 4680

And I his man, maad with myn honde,

I wolde right fayn undirstonde

To knowe[n] of what kinde he be,

If any wolde enforme me.'

*Raisoun.* 'I wolde,' seid Resoun, 'thee lere, 4685

Sith thou to lerne hast sich desire,

And shewe thee, withouten fable,

A thing that is not demonstrable.

Thou shalt [here lerne] without science,

And knowe, withoute experience, 4690

The thing that may not known be,

Ne wist ne shewid in no degree.

Thou mayst the sothe of it not witen,

Though in thee it were written.

Thou shalt not knowe therof more 4695

Whyle thou art reuled by his lore ;

But unto him that love wol flee,

The knotte may unclosed be,

Which hath to thee, as it is founde,

So long be knet and not unbounde. 4700

Now sette wel thyn entencioun,

To here of love discripcioun.

'Love, it is an hateful pees,

A free acquaintance, without releas,

†A trouthe, fret full of falschede, 4705

A sikernes, al set in drede ;

In herte is a dispeiring hope,

And fulle of hope, it is wanhope ;

Wyse woodnesse, and wood resoun,

A swete peril, in to droune, 4710

An hevy birthen, light to bere,

A wikked wawe away to were.

It is Caribdis perilous,

Disagreeable and gracious.

It is discordaunce that can accorde, 4715

And accordaunce to discorde.

It is cunning withoute science,

Wisdom withoute sapience,

Wit withoute discrecioun,

Havoir, withoute possession. 4720

It is †sike hale and hool siknesse,

A †thrust drowned †in dronkenesse,

†An helthe ful of maladye,

And charites ful of envye,

†An hunger ful of habundaunce, 4725

And a gredy suffisaunce ;

Delyt right ful of hevinesse,

And dreri[h]ed ful of gladnesse ;

Bitter swetnesse and swete errour,

Right evel savoured good savour ; 4730

†Sinne that pardoun hath withinne,

And pardoun spotted without [with] sinne ;

A payne also it is, joyous,

And felonye right pitous ;

Also play that selde is stable, 4735

And stedefast [stat], right mevable ;

A strengthe, weyked to stonde upright,

And feblenesse, ful of might ;

Wit unavyssed, sage folye,

And joye ful of turmentrye ; 4740

A laughter it is, weping ay,

Rest, that travyleth night and day ;

Also a swete helle it is,

And a sorowful Paradys ;

A plesaunt gayl and esy prisoun, 4745

And, ful of froste, somer sesoun ;

Pryme temps, ful of froste whyte,

And May, devoide of al delyte,

With seer braunches, blossoms ungrene ;

And newe fruyt, fillid with winter tene.

It is a slowe, may not forbere 4751

Ragges, ribaned with gold, to were.  
 For al-so wel wol love be set  
 Under ragges as riche rochet ;  
 And eek as wel þe amourettes 4755  
 In mourning blak, as bright burnettes.  
 For noon is of so mochel prys,  
 Ne no man founden [is] so wys,  
 Ne noon so high is of parage,  
 Ne no man founde of wit so sage, 4760  
 No man so hardy ne so wight,  
 Ne no man of so mochel might,  
 Noon so fulfilled of bounte,  
 \*But he with love may daunted be.  
 Al the world holdith this way ; 4765  
 Love makith alle to goon miswey,  
 But it be they of yvel lyf,  
 Whom Genius cursith, man and wyf,  
 That wrongly werke ageyn nature.  
 Noon suche I love, ne have no cure 4770  
 Of suche as Loves servaunts been,  
 And wol not by my counsel fleen.  
 For I ne preyse that loving,  
 Wher-thurgh man, at the laste ending,  
 Schal calle hem wrecchis fulle of wo, 4775  
 Love greveth hem and shendith so.  
 But if thou wolt wel Love eschewe,  
 For to escape out of his mewe,  
 And make al hool thy sorwe to slake,  
 No bettir counsel mayst thou take, 4780  
 Than thinke to fleen wel, y-wis ;  
 May nought helpe elles ; for wite thou  
 this :—  
 If thou flec it, it shal flec thee ;  
 Folow it, and folowen shal it thee.  
 L'Amant. Whan I hadde herd al  
 Resoun seyn, 4785  
 Which hadde spilt hir speche in veyn :  
 'Dame,' seyde I, 'I dar wel sey  
 Of this avaunt me wel I may  
 That from your scole so deviaunt  
 I am, that never the more avaunt 4790  
 Rightnought am I, thurgh your doctryne ;  
 I dalle under your disciplyne ;  
 I wot no more than [I] wist þer,  
 To me so contrarie and so far  
 Is every thing that ye me lere ; 4795  
 And yit I can it al þparcuere.  
 Myn herte foryetith therof right nought,  
 It is so writen in my thought ;  
 And depe þgraven it is so tendir  
 That al by herte I can it rendre, 4800

And rede it over comunely ;  
 But to my-silf lewedist am I.  
 'But sith ye love discreven so,  
 And lakke and praise it, bothe two,  
 Defyneth it into this letter, 4805  
 That I may thenke on it the better  
 For I herde never þdiffyne it ere,  
 And wilfully I wolde it lere.'  
 Raisoun. 'If love be serched wel and  
 sought,  
 It is a sykeneese of the thought 4810  
 Annexed and þknet bitwixe tweyne,  
 þWhich male and female, with oo cheyne,  
 So frely byndith, that they nil twinne,  
 Whether so therof they lese or winne.  
 The roote springith, thurgh hoot bren-  
 ning, 4815  
 Into disordinat desiring  
 For to kissen and embrace,  
 And at her lust them to solace.  
 Of other thing love reochith nought,  
 But setteth hir herte and al hir thought  
 More for delectacioun 4821  
 Than any procreacioun  
 Of other fruyt by þengending ;  
 Which love to god is not plesing ;  
 For of hir body fruyt to get 4825  
 They yeve no force, they are so set  
 Upon delyt, to play in-fera.  
 And somme have also this manere,  
 To feynen hem for love sake ;  
 Sich love I preise not at a leke. 4830  
 For paramours they do but fayne ;  
 To love truly they disdeyne.  
 They falsen ladies traitouraly,  
 And sweren hem othes utterly,  
 With many a lesing, and many a fable,  
 And al they finden deceyvable. 4836  
 And, whanne they þher lust han geten,  
 The hoothe ernes they al forgeten.  
 Wimmen, the harm they byen ful sore ;  
 But men this thenken evermore, 4840  
 That lasse harm is, so mote I thee,  
 Disceyve them, than disceyved be ;  
 And namely, wher they ne may  
 Finde non other mene wey.  
 For I wot wel, in sothfastnesse, 4845  
 That þwho doth now his bisynesse  
 With any womman for to dele,  
 For any lust that he may fele,  
 But-if it be for engendrure,

He doth trespasse, I you ensure. 4850  
 For he shulde setten al his wil  
 To geten a likly thing him til,  
 And to sustene[n], if he might,  
 And kepe forth, by kindes right,  
 His owne lyknesse and semblable, 4855  
 For bicause al is corumpable,  
 And faile shulde successioun,  
 Ne were †ther generacioun  
 Our sectis strene for to save.  
 Whan fader or moder arn in grave, 4860  
 Hirchildren shulde, whan they ben deede,  
 Ful diligent ben, in hir steede,  
 To use that werke on such a wyse,  
 That oon may thurgh another ryse.  
 Therefore set Kinde therin delyt, 4865  
 For men therin shulde hem delyte,  
 And of that dede be not erke,  
 But ofte sythes haunt that werke.  
 For noon wolde drawe therof a draught  
 Ne were delyt, which hath him caught.  
 This hadde sotil dame Nature; 4871  
 For noon goth right, I thee ensure,  
 Ne hath entent hool ne parfyte;  
 For hir desir is for delyt,  
 The which fortene crece and eke 4875  
 The play of love for-ofte seke,  
 And thralle hem-silf, they be so nyce,  
 Unto the prince of every vyce.  
 For of eoh sinne it is the rote,  
 Unleffulle lust, though it be sote, 4880  
 And of al yvel the racyne,  
 As Tullius can determyne,  
 Which in his tyme was ful sage,  
 In a boke he made of Age,  
 Wher that more he preyseth Elde, 4885  
 Though he be croked and unwelde,  
 And more of commendacioun,  
 Than Youthe in his discrepcioun.  
 For Youthe set bothe man and wyf  
 In al perel of soule and lyf; 4890  
 And perel is, but men have grace,  
 The †tyme of youthe for to pace,  
 Withoute any deth or distresse,  
 It is so ful of wildenesse;  
 So ofte it doth shame or damage 4895  
 To him or to his linage.  
 It ledith man now up, now down,  
 In mochel dissolucioun,  
 And makith him love yvel company,  
 And lede his lyf disrewwily, 4900

And halt him payed with noon estate.  
 Within him-silf is such debate,  
 He chaungith purpos and entent,  
 And yalt [him] into som covent,  
 To liven aftir her emprise, 4905  
 And lesith fredom and fraunchyse,  
 That Nature in him hadde set,  
 The which ageyn he may not get,  
 If he there make his mansioun  
 For to abyde professioun. 4910  
 Though for a tyme his herte absente,  
 It may not fayle, he shal repente,  
 And eke abyde thilke day  
 To leve his abit, and goon his way,  
 And lesith his worship and his name,  
 And dar not come ageyn for shame; 4915  
 But al his lyf he doth so mourne,  
 Bicause he dar not hoom retourne.  
 Freedom of kinde so lost hath he  
 That never may recured be, 4920  
 †But-if that god him graunte grace  
 That he may, er he hennes pace,  
 Conteyne undir obedience  
 Thurgh the vertu of pacience.  
 For Youthe set man in al folye, 4925  
 In unthrift and in ribaudye,  
 In lecherye, and in outrage,  
 So ofte it chaungith of corage.  
 Youthe ginneth ofte sich bargeyn,  
 That may not ende withouten payn. 4930  
 In gret perel is set youth-hede,  
 Delyt so doth his bridil lede.  
 Delyt †thus hangith, drede thee nought.  
 Bothe mannys body and his thought,  
 Only thurgh †Youthe, his chamberere,  
 That to don yvel is customere, 4935  
 And of nought elles taketh hede  
 But only folkes for to lede  
 Into disporte and wildenesse,  
 So is [she] froward from sadnesse. 4940  
 'But Elde drawith hem therfro;  
 Who wot it nought, he may wel go  
 †Demand of hem that now arn olde,  
 That whylom Youthe hadde in holde,  
 Which yit †remembre of tendir age, 4945  
 How it hem brought in many a rage,  
 And many a foly therin wrought.  
 But now that Elde hath †hem thurgh-  
 sought,  
 They repente hem of her folye,  
 That Youthe hem putte in jupardye, 4950

In perel and in muche wo,  
And made hem ofte amis to do,  
And suen yvel companye,  
Riot and avouterye.

'But Elde þan ageyn restreyne 4955  
From suche foly, and refreyne,  
And set men, by hir ordinaunce,  
In good reule and in governaunce.  
But yvel she spendith hir servyse,  
For no man wol hir love, þne pryse; 4960  
She is hated, this wot I wela.

Hir acqueyntaunce wolde no man fele,  
Ne han of Elde companye,  
Men hate to be of hir alye.  
For no man wolde bicomene olde, 4965  
Ne dye, whan he is yong and bolde.  
And Elde mervellith right gretly,  
Whan they remembre hem inwardly  
Of many a perelous emprise,  
Whiche that they wrought in sondry  
wyse, 4970

How ever they might, withoute blame,  
Escape away withoute shame,  
In youthe, withoute[n] damage  
Or reproof of her linage,  
Losse of membre, sheding of blode, 4975  
Perel of deth, or losse of good.

'Wost thou nought where Youthe  
abit,

That men so preisen in her wit?  
With Delyt she halt sojour,  
For bothe they dwellen in oo tour. 4980  
As longe as Youthe is in sesoun,  
They dwellen in oon mansioun.  
Delyt of Youthe wol have servyse  
To do what so he wol devyse;  
And Youthe is redy evermore 4985  
For to obey, for smerte of sore,  
Unto Delyt, and him to yive  
Hir servise, whyl that she may live.

'Where Elde abit, I wol thee telle  
Shortly, and no whyle dwelle, 4990  
For thider bihoveth thee to go.  
If Deth in youthe thee not slo,  
Of this journey thou maist not faile.  
With hir Labour and Travaile  
Logged been, with Sorwe and Wo, 4995  
That never out of hir courte go.  
Payne and Distresse, Syknesse and Ire,  
And Malencoly, that angry sire,  
Ben of hir paleys senatours;

Groning and Grueching, hir herber-  
geours, 5000

The day and night, hir to turment,  
With cruel Deth they hir present,  
And tellen hir, erliche and late,  
That Deth þstant armed at hir gate.  
Than bringe they to hir remembraunce  
The foly dedis of hir infauance, 5006  
Which causen hir to mourne in wo  
That Youthe hath hir bigiled so,  
Which sodeynly away is hasted.  
She þwepeth the tyme that she hath  
wasted, 5010

Complaynyng of the preterit,  
And the present, that not abit,  
And of hir olde vanitee,  
That, but afori hir she may see  
In the future som socour, 5015  
To leggen hir of hir dolour,  
To graunt hir tyme of repentaunce,  
For hir sinnes to do penaunce,  
And at the laste so hir governe  
To winne the joy that is eterne, 5020  
Fro which go bakward Youthe þhir made,  
In vanitee to droune and wade.  
For present tyme abidith nought,  
It is more swift than any thought;  
So litel whyle it doth endure 5025  
That ther nis compte ne mesure.

'But how that ever the game go,  
Who list þhave joye and mirth also  
Of love, be it he or she,  
High or lowe, who[so] it be, 5030  
In fruyt they shulde hem delyte;  
Her part they may not elles quyte,  
To save hem-silf in honestee.  
And yit ful many oon I see  
Of wimmen, sothly for to seyne, 5035  
That [ay] desire and wolde fayne  
The pley of love, they be so wilde,  
And not covete to go with childe.  
And if with child they be perchaunce,  
They wole it holde a gret mischaunce;  
But what-oom-ever wo they fele, 5041  
They wol not pleyne, but concele;  
But-if it be any fool or nyce,  
In whom that shame hath no justyee.  
For to delyt echon they drawe, 5045  
That haunte this werk, bothe high and  
lawe,  
Save sich that ar[e]n worth right nought,

That for money wol be bought.  
 Such love I preise in no wyse,  
 Whan it is ȝiven for coveitise. 5050  
 I preise no womman, though ȝshe be wood,  
 That yeveth hir-silf for any good.  
 For litel shulde a man telle  
 Of hir, that wol hir body selle,  
 Be she mayde, be she wyf, 5055  
 That quik wol selle hir, by hir lyf.  
 How faire chere that ever she make,  
 He is a wrecche, I undirtake,  
 That ȝloveth such one, for swete or sour,  
 Though she him calle hir paramour, 5060  
 And laugheth on him, and makith him  
 feeste.  
 For certeynly no suche [a] beeste  
 To be loved is not worthy,  
 Or bere the name of dru(e)ry.  
 Noon shulde hir please, but he were wood,  
 That wol dispoile him of his good. 5066  
 Yit nevertheles, I wol not sey  
 ȝBut she, for solace and for play,  
 May a jewel or other thing  
 Take of her loves free yeving ; 5070  
 But that she aske it in no wyse,  
 For drede of shame of coveityse.  
 And she of hirs may him, certeyn,  
 Withoute sclandre, seven ageyn,  
 And joyne her hertes togidre so 5075  
 In love, and take and yve also.  
 Trowe not that I wolde hem twinne,  
 Whan in her love ther is no sinne ;  
 I wol that they togedre go,  
 And doon al that they han ado, 5080  
 As curteis shulde and debonaire,  
 And in her love beren hem faire,  
 Withoute vyce, bothe he and she ;  
 So that alway, in honestee,  
 Fro foly love ȝthey kepe hem clere 5085  
 That brenneth hertis with his fere ;  
 And that her love, in any wyse,  
 Be devoid of coveityse.  
 Good love shulde engendrid be  
 Of trewe herte, just, and secree, 5090  
 And not of such as sette her thought  
 To have her lust, and ellis nought,  
 So are they caught in Loves lace,  
 Truly, for bodilly solace.  
 Fleeshly delyt is so present 5095  
 With thee, that sette al thyn entent,  
 Withoute more (what shulde I glose ?)

For to gete and have the Rose ;  
 Which makith thee so mate and wood  
 That thou desirest noon other good. 5100  
 But thou art not an inche the nerre,  
 But ever abydest in sorwe and warre,  
 As in thy face it is sene ;  
 It makith thee bothe pale and lane ;  
 Thy might, thy vertu goth away. 5105  
 A sory gest, in goode fay,  
 Thou ȝherberedest than in thyn inne,  
 The God of Love whan thou let inne !  
 Wherefore I rede, thou shette him out,  
 Or he shal greve thee, out of doute ; 5110  
 For to thy profit it wol turne,  
 If he nomore with thee sojourne.  
 In gret mischeef and sorwe sonken  
 Ben hertis, that of love arn dronken,  
 As thou peraventure knowen shal, 5115  
 Whan thou hast lost ȝthy tyme al,  
 And spent ȝthy youthe in ydilnesse,  
 In waste, and woful lustinesse ;  
 If thou maist live the tyme to see  
 Of love for to delivered be, 5120  
 Thy tyme thou shalt biwepe sore  
 The whiche never thou maist restore.  
 (For tyme lost, as men may see,  
 For no-thing may recured be).  
 And if thou scape yit, atte laste, 5125  
 Fro Love, that hath thee so faste  
 Knit and bounden in his lace,  
 Certeyn, I holde it but a grace.  
 For many oon, as it is seyn,  
 Have lost, and spent also in veyn, 5130  
 In his servyse, withoute socour,  
 Body and soule, good, and tresour,  
 Wit, and strengthe, and eek richesse,  
 Of which they hadde never redresse.'  
 Thus taught and preached hath Resoun,  
 But Love spilte hir sermoun, 5136  
 That was so impid in my thought,  
 That hir doctrine I sette at nought.  
 And yit ne seide she never a dele,  
 That I ne understode it wela, 5140  
 Word by word, the mater al.  
 But unto Love I was so thral,  
 Which callith over-al his pray,  
 He chasith so my thought ȝalway,  
 And holdith myn herte undir his seale,  
 As trust and trew as any stele ; 5146  
 So that no devocioun  
 Ne hadde I in the sermoun

Of dame Resoun, ne of hir rede;  
 It toke no sojour in myn hede. 5150  
 For alle yede out at oon ere  
 That in that other she hide lere;  
 Fully on me she lost hir lore,  
 Hir speche me greved wondir sore.  
 †Than unto hir for ire I seide, 5155  
 For anger, as I dide abraide:  
 'Dame, and is it your wille algate,  
 That I not love, but that I hate  
 Alle men, as ye me teche?  
 For if I do aftir your speche, 5160  
 Sith that ye seyn love is not good,  
 Than must I nedis say with mood,  
 If I it leve, in hatrede ay  
 Liven, and voide love away  
 From me, [and been] a sinful wrecche,  
 Hated of all that [love that] teoche. 5166  
 I may not go noon other gate,  
 For either must I love or hate.  
 And if I hate men of-newe  
 More than love, it wol me rewe, 5170  
 As by your preching semeth me,  
 For Love no-thing ne preisith thea.  
 Ye yeve good counsell, sikirly,  
 That prechith me al-day, that I  
 Shulde not Loves lore alowe; 5175  
 He were a fool, wolde you not trowe!  
 In speche also ye han me taught  
 Another love, that knowen is naught,  
 Which I have herd you not repreve,  
 To love ech other; by your leve, 5180  
 If ye wolde diffyne it me,  
 I wolde gladly here, to see,  
 At the leest, if I may lere  
 Of sondry loves the manere.'  
 Reason. 'Certis, freend, a fool art  
 thou 5185  
 When that thou no-thing wolt allowe  
 That I [thee] for thy profit say.  
 Yit wol I sey thee more, in fay;  
 For I am redy, at the leste,  
 To accomlishe thy requeste, 5190  
 But I not wer that I wol avayle;  
 In veyne, peraventure, I shal travayle.  
 Love ther is in sondry wyse,  
 As I shal thee here devyse.  
 For som love leful is and good; 5195  
 I mene not that which makith thee wood,  
 And bringith thee in many a fit,  
 And ravishith fro thee al thy wit,

It is so mervellous and queynt;  
 With such love be no more aqueynt. 5200

Comment Raisoun diffinist  
 †Amistie.

'Love of Frendshipe also ther is,  
 Which makith no man doon amis,  
 Of wille knit bitwixe two,  
 That wol not breke for wele ne wo;  
 Which long is lykly to contune, 5205  
 When wille and goodis ben in comune;  
 Grounded by goddis ordinaunce,  
 Hool, withoute discordaunce;  
 With hem holding comune  
 Of al her goode in charitee, 5210  
 That ther be noon excepcioun  
 Thurgh chaunging of entencioun;  
 That ech helpe other at hir neede,  
 And wysly hale bothe word and dede;  
 Trewe of mening, devoid of slouth, 5215  
 For wit is nought withoute trouthe;  
 So that the ton dar al his thought  
 Seyn to his freend, and spare nought,  
 As to him-silf, without dreading  
 To be discovered by wreying. 5220  
 For glad is that conjuncioun,  
 When ther is noon suspicioun  
 [Ne lak in hem], whom they wolde prove  
 That trew and parfyt weren in love.  
 For no man may be amiable, 5225  
 But-if he be so ferme and stable,  
 That fortune chaunge him not, ne blinde,  
 But that his freend alwey him finde,  
 Bothe pore and riche, in oof[n] [e]state.  
 For if his freend, thurgh any gate, 5230  
 Wol compleyne of his povertie,  
 He shulde not hyde so long, til he  
 Of his helping him requere;  
 For good deed, don [but] thurgh prayere,  
 Is sold, and bought to dere, y-wis, 5235  
 To hert that of gret valour is.  
 For hert fulfilled of gentillesse  
 Can yvel demene his distresse.  
 And man that worthy is of name  
 To asken often hath gret shame. 5240  
 A good man brenneth in his thought  
 For shame, when he axeth ought.  
 He hath gret thought, and dredith ay  
 For his disere, when he shal pray  
 His freend, lest that he warned be, 5245



Til that he preve his stabiltee.  
 But whan that he hath founden oon  
 That trusty is and trew as stone,  
 And [hath] assayed him at al,  
 And found him stedefast as a wal, 5250  
 And of his freendship be carteyne,  
 He shal him shewe bothe joye and payne,  
 And al that [he] dar thinke or sey,  
 Withoute shame, as he wel may.  
 For how shulde he ashamed be 5255  
 Of sich oon as I tolde thee?  
 For whan he woot his secree thought,  
 The thridde shal knowe ther-of right  
 nought;

For twayn in nombre is bet than three  
 In every counsel and secree. 5260  
 Repreve he dredeth never a del,  
 Who that biset his wordis wel;  
 For every wys man, out of drede,  
 Can kepe his tunge til he see nede;  
 And foolles can not holde hir tunge; 5265  
 A foolles belle is sone runge.  
 Yit shal a trewe freend do more  
 To helpe his felowe of his sore,  
 And socoure him, whan he hath nede,  
 In al that he may doon in dede; 5270  
 And gladder [be] that he him plesith  
 Than [is] his felowe that he esith.  
 And if he do not his requeste,  
 He shal as mochel him moleste  
 As his felow, for that he 5275  
 May not fulfille his voluntee  
 [As] fully as he hath requered.  
 If þothe hertis Love hath fered,  
 Joy and wo they shul depart,  
 And take evenly ech his part. 5280  
 Half his anoy he shal have ay,  
 And comfort [him] what that he may;  
 And of þis blisse parte shal he,  
 If love wol departed be.

'And whilom of this þamitee 5285  
 Spak Tullius in a ditee;  
 þ" A man shulde maken his request  
 Unto his freend, that is honest;  
 And he goodly shulde it fulfille,  
 But it the more were out of skile, 5290  
 And otherwise not graunt therto,  
 Except only in þecases two:  
 If man his freend to deth wolde dryve,  
 Lat him be bisy to save his lyve.  
 Also if men wolen him assayle, 5295

Of his wurahip to make him faille,  
 And hindren him of his renoun,  
 Lat him, with ful entencioun,  
 His dever doon in ech degree  
 That his freend ne shamed be, 5300  
 In this two þecases with his might,  
 Taking no kepe to skile nor right,  
 As ferre as love may him excuse;  
 This oughte no man to refuse."  
 This love that I have told to thee 5305  
 Is no-thing contrarie to me;  
 This wol I that thou folowe wel,  
 And leve the tother everydel.  
 This love to vertu al attendith, 5309  
 The tothir foolles blent and shendith.

'Another love also there is,  
 That is contrarie unto this,  
 Which desyre is so constrained  
 That [it] is but wille feyned;  
 Away fro trouthe it doth so varie, 5315  
 That to good love it is contrarie;  
 For it maymeth, in many wyse,  
 Syke hertis with coveteyses;  
 Al in winning and in profyt  
 Sich love settith his dalyt. 5320  
 This love so hangeth in balounce  
 That, if it lise his hope, perchaunce,  
 Of lucre, that he is set upon,  
 It wol faille, and quenche anon;  
 For no man may be amorous, 5325  
 Ne in his living vertuous,  
 But-[if] he love more, in mood,  
 Men for hem-silf than for hir good.  
 For love that profit doth abyde  
 Is fals, and bit not in no tyde. 5330  
 [This] love cometh of dame Fortune,  
 That litel whyle wol contune;  
 For it shal chaungen wonder sone,  
 And take eclips right as the mone,  
 Whan þahe is from us [y]-let 5335  
 Thurgh erthe, that bitwixe is set  
 The sonne and hir, as it may falla,  
 Be it in party, or in alle;  
 The shadowe maketh her bemis merke,  
 And hir hornes to shewe derke, 5340  
 That part where she hath lost þthe lyght  
 Of Phebus fully, and the sight;  
 Til, whan the shadowe is overpast,  
 She is enlumined ageyn as faste, 5344  
 þThurgh brightnesse of the sonne bernes  
 That yeveth to hir ageyn hir lemes.

That love is right of sich nature ;  
 Now is [it] fair, and now obscure,  
 Now bright, now clipey of manere,  
 And whylom dim, and whylom clere. 5350  
 As sone as Poverte ginneth take,  
 With mantel and [with] wedis blake  
 [It] hidith of Love the light away,  
 That into night it turneth day ;  
 It may not see Richesse shyne 5355  
 Til the blakke shadowes fyne.  
 For, whan Richesse shyneth bright,  
 Love recovereth ageyn his light ;  
 And whan it failith, he wol flit,  
 And as she t̃groweth, so groweth it. 5360  
 'Of this love, here what I sey :-  
 The riche men are loved ay,  
 And namely tho that sparand bene,  
 That wol not washe hir hartes clene  
 Of the filtha, nor of the vyce 5365  
 Of gredy brenning avaryece.  
 The riche man ful fond is, y-wis,  
 That weneth that he loved is.  
 If that his herte it undirstood,  
 It is not he, it is his good ; 5370  
 He may wel witen in his thought,  
 His good is loved, and he right nought.  
 For if he be a nigard eke,  
 Men wole not sette by him a lake,  
 But haten him ; this is the soth. 5375  
 Lo, what profit his catel doth !  
 Of every man that may him see,  
 It geteth him nought but enmittee.  
 But he amende t̃him of that vyce,  
 And knowe him-silf, he is not wya. 5380  
 'Certis, he shulde ay frendly be,  
 To gete him love also ben free,  
 Or ellis he is not wyse ne sage  
 No more than is a gote ramage.  
 That he not loveth, his dede proveth,  
 Whan he his richesse so wel loveth, 5386  
 That he wol hyde it ay and spare,  
 His pore freendis seen forfare ;  
 To kepe t̃it ay is his purpose,  
 Til for drede his eyen close, 5390  
 And til a wikked deth him take ;  
 Him hadde lever asondre shake,  
 And late t̃his limes asondre ryve,  
 Than leve his richesse in his lyve.  
 He thankith parte it with no man ; 5395  
 Certayn, no love is in him than.  
 How shulde love within him be,

Whan in his herte is no pite ?  
 That he trespasseth, wel I wat,  
 For ech man knowith his estat ; 5400  
 For wel him toughte be reproved  
 That loveth nought, ne is not loved.  
 'But sith we arn to Fortune comen,  
 And t̃han our sermoun of hir nomen,  
 A wondir wil I telle thee now, 5405  
 Thou hardist never sich oon, I trow.  
 I not wher thou me levan shal,  
 Though sothfastnesse it be t̃in al,  
 As it is writen, and is sooth,  
 That unto men more profit doth 5410  
 The froward Fortune and contraire,  
 Than the swote and debonaire :  
 And if thee thinke it is doutable,  
 It is thurgh argument provable.  
 For the debonaire and softe 5415  
 Falsith and bigylith ofte ;  
 For liche a moder she can cheriashe  
 And milken as doth a norys ;  
 And of hir goode to t̃hem deles,  
 And yeveth t̃hem part of her jeweles,  
 With grete richesse and dignitee ; 5421  
 And hem she hoteth stabilitee  
 In a state that is not stable,  
 But chaunging ay and variable ;  
 And fedith t̃hem with glorie veyne, 5425  
 And worldly blisse noncerteyne.  
 Whan she t̃hem settith on hir whale,  
 Than wene they to be right wole,  
 And in so stable state withalle,  
 That never they wene for to falle. 5430  
 And whan they set so high[e] be,  
 They wene to have in certainte  
 Of hertly frendis t̃so gret noumbre,  
 That no-thing mighte her stat encombrey ;  
 They truste hem so on every syde, 5435  
 Wening with t̃hem they wolde abyde  
 In every perel and mischaunce,  
 Withoute chaunge or variaunce,  
 Bothe of catel and of good ;  
 And also for to spende hir blood 5440  
 And alle hir membris for to spille,  
 Only to fulfill hir wille.  
 They maken it hole in many wyse,  
 And hoten hem hir ful servyse,  
 How sore that it do hem smarte, 5445  
 Into hir very naked sherte !  
 Herte and al, so hole they yeve,  
 For the tyme that they may live,

So that, with her flaterye,  
 They maken foolis glorifye 5450  
 Of hir wordis [greet] speaking,  
 And han þthere-of a rejoyysing,  
 And trowe hem as the Evangyle;  
 And it is al falsheed and gyle,  
 As they shal afterwarde[s] see, 5455  
 Whan they arn falle in poverttee,  
 And been of good and catel bare;  
 Than shulde they seen who freendis  
 ware.

For of an hundred, certeynly,  
 Nor of a thousand ful scarsly, 5460  
 Ne shal they fynde unnethis oon,  
 Whan poverttee is comen upon.  
 For þthis Fortune that I of telle,  
 With men whan hir lust to dwelle,  
 Makith hem to lese hir conisaunce, 5465  
 And nourishith hem in ignoraunce.

'But froward Fortune and perverse,  
 Whan high estat is she doth reverse,  
 And maketh hem to tumble down  
 Of hir whale, with sodeyn tourn, 5470  
 And from hir richesse doth hem flee,  
 And plongeth hem in poverttee,  
 As a stepmoder envyous,  
 And leyeth a plastre dolorous  
 Unto her hertis, wounded egre, 5475  
 Which is not tempred with vinegre,  
 But with povertte and indigence,  
 þShe sheweth, by experience,  
 That she is Fortune verely  
 In whom no man shulde affy, 5480  
 Nor in hir yeftis have fiaunce,  
 She is so ful of variaunce.

Thus can she maken high and lowe,  
 Whan they from richesse ar[e]n throwe,  
 Fully to knowen, withouten were, 5485  
 Freend of þeffect, and freend of chere;  
 And which in love weren trew and stable,  
 And whiche also weren variable,  
 After Fortune, hir goddessse,  
 In povertte, outhur in richesse; 5490  
 For al þshe yeveth, out of drede,  
 Unhappe bereveth it in dede;  
 For Infortune þlat not oon  
 Of freendis, whan Fortune is goon;  
 I mene tho freendis that wol flee 5495  
 Anoon as entreth poverttee.  
 And yit they wol not leve hem so,  
 But in ech place where they go

They calle hem "wrecche," scorne and  
 blame,  
 And of hir mishappe hem diffame, 5500  
 And, namely, siehe as in richesse  
 Pretendith most of stablenessse,  
 Whan that they sawe him set onlofte,  
 And weren of him scoured ofte,  
 And most y-holpe in al hir nede: 5505  
 But now they take no maner hede,  
 But seyn, in voice of flaterye,  
 That now apperith hir folye,  
 Over-al where-so they fare,  
 And singe, "Go, farewell feldefare." 5510  
 Alle suche freendis I beshrewe,  
 For of [the] trewe ther be to fewe;  
 But sothfast freendis, what so bityde,  
 In every fortune wolen abyde;  
 They han hir hertis in suche noblesse  
 That they nil love for no richesse; 5516  
 Nor, for that Fortune may hem sende,  
 They wolen hem socoure and defende;  
 And chaunge for softe ne for sore,  
 For who is freend, loveth evermore. 5520  
 Though men drawesword his freend to slo,  
 He may not hewe hir love atwo.  
 But, in [the] case that I shal sey,  
 For pride and ire lese it he may,  
 And for reprove by nycetee, 5525  
 And discovering of privetee,  
 With tonge wounding, as feloun,  
 Thurgh venomous detraccioun.  
 Frend in this case wol gon his way,  
 For no-thing greve him more ne may;  
 And for nought ellis wol he flee, 5531  
 If that he love in stabilitee.  
 And certeyn, he is wel bigoon  
 Among a thousand that fyndith oon.  
 For ther may be no richesse, 5535  
 Ageyns friendship, of worthinesse;  
 For it ne may so high atteigne  
 As may the valoure, sooth to seyne,  
 Of him that loveth trew and wel;  
 Friendship is more than is catel. 5541  
 For freend in court ay better is  
 Than peny in [his] purs, certis;  
 And Fortune, mishapping,  
 Whan upon men she is þfalling,  
 Thurgh misturning of hir chaunce, 5545  
 And þcasteth hem oute of balaunce,  
 She makith, thurgh hir adversitee,  
 Men ful clearly for to see

Him that is freend in existence  
 From him that is by apparence. 5550  
 For Infortune makith anoon  
 To knowe thy freendis fro thy foon,  
 By experience, right as it is ;  
 The which is more to preysse, y-wis,  
 Than þis miche richesse and tresour ;  
 For more þdoth profit and valour 5556  
 Poverté, and such adversitee,  
 Bifore than doth prosperitee ;  
 For the toon yeveth conisaunce,  
 And the tother ignoraunce. 5560  
 'And thus in poverté is in dede  
 Trouthe declared fro falsehede ;  
 For feynte freendis it wol declare,  
 And trewe also, what way they fare.  
 For whan he was in his richesse, 5565  
 These freendis, ful of doublenessse,  
 Offrid him in many wyse  
 Hert and body, and servyse.  
 What wolde he than ha þyeve to ha  
 bought  
 To knowen openly her thought, 5570  
 That he now hath so clerly seen ?  
 The lasse bigyled he sholde have been  
 And he hadde than perceyved it,  
 But richesse nold not late him wit.  
 Wel more avauntage doth him than, 5575  
 Sith that it makith him a wys man,  
 The greet mischeef that he þreseyveth,  
 Than doth richesse that him deceyveth.  
 Richesse riche ne makith nought  
 Him that on tresour set his thought ;  
 For richesse stont in suffisaunce 5581  
 And no-thing in habundance ;  
 For suffisaunce al-only  
 Makith men to live richely.  
 For he that hath [but] miches tweyne,  
 Ne [more] value in his demeigne, 5586  
 Liveth more at ese, and more is riche,  
 Than doth he that is [so] chiche,  
 And in his bern hath, soth to seyn,  
 An hundred þmuwis of whete greyn, 5590  
 Though he be chapman or marchaunt,  
 And have of golde many besaunt.  
 For in the geting he hath such wo,  
 And in the keeping drede also,  
 And set evermore his bisynesse 5595  
 For to encrease, and not to lesse,  
 For to augment and multiply.  
 And though on hepis þit lye him by,

Yit never shal make his richesse  
 Asseth unto his gredinessse. 5600  
 But the povre that recchith nought,  
 Save of his lyfode, in his thought,  
 Which that he getith with his travaile,  
 He dredith nought that it shal falle,  
 Though he have lytel worldis good, 5605  
 Mete and drinke, and esy food,  
 Upon his travel and living,  
 And also suffisaunt clothing.  
 Or if in syknesse that he falle,  
 And lothe mete and drink withalle, 5610  
 Though he have nought, his mete to by,  
 He shal bithinke him hastily,  
 To putte him out of al daunger,  
 That he of mete hath no mistur ;  
 Or that he may with litel eke 5615  
 Be founden, whyl that he is seke ;  
 Or that men shul him þbere in hast,  
 To live, til his syknesse be past,  
 To somme maysondewe bisyde ; 5619  
 He cast nought what shal him bityde.  
 He thenkith nought that ever he shal  
 Into any syknesse falle.  
 'And though it falle, as it may be,  
 That al betyme spare shal he  
 As mochel as shal to him suffice, 5625  
 Whyl he is syke in any wyse,  
 He doth [it], for that he wol be  
 Content with his poverté  
 Withoute nede of any man.  
 So miche in litel have he can, 5630  
 He is apayed with his fortune ;  
 And for he nil be importune  
 Unto no wight, ne onerous,  
 Nor of hir goodes covetous ;  
 Therefore he spareth, it may wel been,  
 His pore estat for to sustene. 5636  
 'Or if him lust not for to spare,  
 But suffrieth forth, as nought ne ware,  
 Atte last it hapneth, as it may,  
 Right unto his laste day, 5640  
 And þtaketh the world as it wolde be ;  
 For ever in herte thenkith he,  
 The soner that [the] deeth him alo,  
 To paradys the soner go  
 He shal, there for to live in blisse, 5645  
 Where that he shal no good misse.  
 Thider he hopith god shal him sende  
 Aftir his wrecchid lyves ende.  
 Pictagoras himsilf rehersed,

In a book that the Golden Verses 5650  
Is clepid, for the nobilitee  
Of the honourable ditee :—  
“Than, whan thou gost thy body fro,  
Free in the air thou shalt up go,  
And leven al humanitee, 5655  
And purely live in deitee.”—  
He is a fool, withouten were,  
That trowth have his countre here.  
“In erthe is not our countree,”  
That may these clerkis seyn and see 5660  
In Boece of Consolacioun,  
Where it is makid mencoun  
Of our countree pleyn at the eye,  
By teching of philosophye,  
Where lewid men might lere wit, 5665  
Who-so that wolde translaten it.  
If he be sich that can wel live  
Aftir his rente may him yive,  
And not desyreth more to have,  
That may fro povertie him save : 5670  
A wys man seide, as we may seen,  
Is no man wrecched, but he it wene,  
Be he king, knight, or ribaud.  
And many a ribaud is mery and hand,  
That swinkith, and berith, bothe day and 5675  
night,  
Many a burthen of gret might,  
The whiche doth him lasse offense,  
For he suffrith in pacience.  
They laugh and daunce, trippe and singe,  
And ley not up for her living, 5680  
But in the tavern al dispendith  
The winning that god hem sendith.  
Than goth he, fardels for to bere,  
With as good chere as he dide ere ;  
To swinke and travelle he not feynith,  
For for to robben he disdeynith ; 5686  
But right anon, aftir his swinke,  
He goth to tavern for to drinke.  
Alle these ar riche in abundaunce,  
That can thus have suffisaunce 5690  
Wel more than can an usurere,  
As god wel knowith, withoute were.  
For an usurer, so god me see,  
Shal never for richesse riche bee,  
But evermore pore and indigent, 5695  
Scarce, and gredy in his entent.  
‘For soth it is, whom it displese,  
Ther may no marchaunt live at ese ;  
His herte in sich a þwere is set,

That it quik brenneth [more] to get, 5700  
Ne never shal þenough have geten ;  
Though he have gold in gerners yeten,  
For to be nedy he dredith sore.  
Wherfore to geten more and more 5705  
He set his herte and his desire ;  
So hote he brennith in the fire  
Of coveitise, that makith him wood  
To purchase other mennes good.  
He undirfongith a gret payne,  
That undirtakith to drinke up Seyne ;  
For the more he drinkith, ay 5711  
The more he leveth, the soth to say.  
†This is the thurst of fals geting,  
That last ever in coveiteng,  
And the anguisahe and distresse 5715  
With the fire of gredinesse.  
She fighteth with him ay, and stryvethe,  
That his herte asondre ryveth ;  
Such gredinesse him assaylith,  
That whan he most hath, most he faylith.  
‘Phisiciens and advocates 5721  
Gon right by the same yates ;  
They selle hir science for winning,  
And haunte hir crafte for greet geting.  
Hir winning is of such swetnesse, 5725  
That if a man falle in sikenesse,  
They are ful glad, for hir encresse ;  
For by hir wille, withoute lees,  
Everiche man shulde be seke, 5729  
And though they dye, they set not a lake.  
After, whan they the gold have take,  
Ful litel care for hem they make.  
They wolde that forty were seke at onis,  
Ye, two hundred, in flesh and bonis,  
And yit two thousand, as I gesse, 5735  
For to encrease her richesse.  
They wol not worchen, in no wyse,  
But for lucre and coveityse ;  
For fysyk ginneth first by fy,  
The fysycien also sothely ; 5740  
And sithen it goth fro fy to þey ;  
To truste on hem, it is foly ;  
For they nil, in no maner gree,  
Do right nought for charitee.  
‘Eke in the same secte are set 5745  
Alle tho that prechen for to get  
Worshipes, honour, and richesse.  
Her hertis arn in greet distresse,  
That folk [ne] live not holly.  
But aboven al, specially, 5750

Sich as prechen [for] veynglorie,  
 And toward god have no memorie,  
 But forth as ypocrites trace,  
 And to her soules deth purchace,  
 And outward þahewen holynesse, 5755  
 Though they be fulle of cursidnesse.  
 Not liche to the apostles twelve,  
 They deceyve other and hem-selve;  
 Bigyled is the gyler than.  
 For preching of a cursed man, 5760  
 Though [it] to other may profyte,  
 Himself availleth not a myte;  
 For oft good predicacioun  
 Cometh of evel entencioun.  
 To him not vailith his preching, 5765  
 Al helpe he other with his teching;  
 For where they good ensauple take,  
 There is he with veynglorie shake.  
 But lat us leven these prechoures,  
 And speke of hem that in her toures 5770  
 Bepe up her gold, and faste shette,  
 And sore theron her herte sette.  
 They neither love god, ne drede  
 They kepe more than it is nede,  
 And in her bagges sore it binde, 5775  
 Out of the sonne, and of the winde;  
 They putte up more than nede ware,  
 When they seen pore folk forfare,  
 For hunger dye, and for cold quake;  
 God can wel vengeance therof take. 5780  
 Three gret mischeves hem assailith,  
 And thus in gadring ay travaylith;

With moche payne they winne richesse;  
 And drede hem holdith in distresse,  
 To kepe that they gadre faste; 5785  
 With sorwe they leve it at the laste;  
 With sorwe they bothe dye and live,  
 That þo richesse her hertis yive,  
 And in defaults of love it is,  
 As it shewith ful wel, y-wis. 5790  
 For if these gredy, the sothe to seyn,  
 Loveden, and were loved ageyn,  
 And good love regned pore-alle,  
 Such wikkidnesse ne shulde falle;  
 But he shulde yeve that most good had  
 To hem that weren in nede bistad, 5796  
 And live withoute fals usure,  
 For charitee ful clene and pure.  
 If they hem yeve to goodnesse,  
 Defending hem from ydelnesse, 5800  
 In al this world than pore noon  
 We shulde finde, I trowe, not oon.  
 But chaunged is this world unstable;  
 For love is over-al vendable.  
 We see that no man loveth now 5805  
 But for winning and for prow;  
 And love is thrallid in servage  
 When it is sold for avauntage;  
 Yit women wol hir bodies selle; 5809  
 Suche soules goth to the devel of helle.'

[Here ends l. 5170 of the F. text. A  
 great gap follows. The next line an-  
 swers to l. 10717 of the same.]

## FRAGMENT C.

When Love had told hem his entente,  
 The baronage to councel wente;  
 In many sentences they fille,  
 And diversly they seide hir wille: 5815  
 But aftir discord they accorded,  
 And hir accord to Love recorded.  
 'Sir,' seiden they, 'we been at oon,  
 By even accord of everichoon,  
 Out-take Richesse al-only, 5820  
 That sworn hath ful hauteynly,  
 That she the castel þnil assaille,  
 Be mayte a stroke in this bataille,  
 With dart, ne mace, spere, ne knyf,

For man that spekethe or bereth the lyf,  
 And blameth your empryse, y-wis, 5825  
 And from our hoost departed is,  
 (At leeste wey, as in this plyte,)  
 So hath she this man in dyspyte;  
 For she seith he ne loved hir never,  
 And therfor she wol hate him ever. 5830  
 For he wol gadre no tresore,  
 He hath hir wrath for evermore.  
 He agilte hir never in other caas,  
 Lo, here al hoolly his trespass!  
 She seith wel, that this other day 5835  
 He asked hir leve to goon the way

That is clepid To-moche-Yeving,  
 And spak ful faire in his praying ;  
 But whan he prayde him, pore was he,  
 Therefore she warnde him the entree. 5840  
 Ne yit is he not thriven so  
 That he hath geten a peny or two,  
 That quytly is his owne in hold.  
 Thus hath Richesse us alle told ;  
 And whan Richesse us this recorded, 5845  
 Withouten hir we been accorded.

' And we finde in our accordaunce,  
 That False-Semblant and Abstinence,  
 With alle the folk of hir bataille,  
 Shulle at the hinder gate assayle, 5850  
 That Wikkid-Tunge hath in keping,  
 With his Normans, fulle of jangling.  
 And with hem Curtesie and Largesse,  
 That shulle shewe hir hardinesse  
 To the olde wyf that þkepeth so harde  
 Fair-Welcoming within her warde. 5856  
 Than shal Delyte and Wel-Helinge  
 Fonde Shame adoun to bringe ;  
 With al hir hoost, erly and late,  
 They shulle assaillen þthilke gate. 5860  
 Agaynes Drede shal Hardinesse  
 Assayle, and also Sikernesse,  
 With al the folk of hir leding,  
 That never wist what was fleing.

' Fraunchyse shal fighte, and eek Pitee,  
 With Daunger ful of crneltee. 5866  
 Thus is your hoost ordeyned wel ;  
 Doun shal the castel every del,  
 If everiche do his entente,  
 So that Venus be presente, 5870  
 Your moder, ful of vassalage,  
 That can y-nough of such usage ;  
 Withouten hir may no wight spede  
 This werk, neither for word ne dede.  
 Therefore is good ye for hir sande, 5875  
 For thurgh hir may this werk amende.'

Amour. ' Lordinges, my moder, the  
 goddesse,  
 That is my lady, and my maistresse,  
 Nis not [at] al at my willing,  
 Ne doth not al my desyring. 5880  
 Yit can she som-tyme doon labour,  
 Whan that hir lust, in my socour,  
 þAl my nedes for to acheve,  
 But now I thanke hir not to greva.  
 My moder is she, and of childhede 5885  
 I bothe worshiþe hir, and eek drede ;

For who that dredeth sire ne dame  
 Shal it abyte in body or name.  
 And, natheles, yit cunne we  
 Sende after hir, if nede be ; 5890  
 And were she nigh, she comen wolde,  
 I trowe that no-thing might hir holde.

' My moder is of greet prowesse ;  
 She hath tan many a forteresse,  
 That oost hath many a pound er this, 5895  
 Ther I nas not present, y-wis ;  
 And yit men seide it was my dede ;  
 But I come never in that stede ;  
 Ne me ne lyketh, so mote I thee,  
 Such þtours take withoute me. 5900  
 For-why me thanketh that, in no wyse,  
 It may ben cleped but marchandise.

' Go bye a courser, blak or whyte,  
 And pay therfor ; than art thou quyte.  
 The marchaunt oweth thee right nought,  
 Ne thou him, whan thou [hast] it bought.  
 I wol not selling clepe yeving, 5907  
 For selling axeth no guerdoning ;  
 Here lyth no thank, ne no meryte,  
 That oon goth from that other al quyte.  
 But this selling is not semblable ; 5911  
 For, whan his hors is in the stable,  
 He may it selle ageyn, pardes,  
 And winne on it, such hap may be ;  
 Al may the man not lese, y-wis, 5915  
 For at the leest the skin is his.  
 Or elles, if it so bityde

That he wol kepe his hors to ryde,  
 Yit is he lord ay of his hors.  
 But thilke chaffare is wel wors, 5920  
 There Venus entremeteth nought ;  
 For who-so such chaffare hath bought,  
 He shal not worchen so wyal,  
 That he ne shal lese al outerly  
 Bothe his money and his chaffare ; 5925  
 But the seller of the ware  
 The prys and profit have shal.  
 Certeyn, the byer shal lese al ;  
 For he ne can so dere it bye  
 To have lordship and ful maistrye, 5930  
 Ne have power to make letting  
 Neither for yift ne for preching,  
 That of his chaffare, maugre his,  
 Another shal have as moche, y-wis,  
 If he wol yeve as moche as he, 5935  
 Of what contrey so that he be ;  
 Or for right nought, so happe may,

If he can flater hir to hir pay.  
 Ben than suche marchaunts wyse?  
 No, but foolcs in every wyse, 5940  
 When they bye such thing wilfully,  
 Ther-as they lese hir good fully.  
 But natheles, this dar I saye,  
 My moder is not wont to paye,  
 For she is neither so fool ne nyce, 5945  
 To entremete hir of sich vyce.  
 But truste wel, he shal paye al,  
 That repente of his bargeyn shal,  
 When Poverte put him in distresse,  
 Al were he cooler to Richesse, 5950  
 That is for me in gret yerning,  
 When she assenteth to my willing.  
 'But, [by] my moder seint Venus,  
 And by hir fader Saturnus,  
 That hir engendrid by his lyf, 5955  
 But not upon his wedded wyf!  
 Yit wol I more unto you swere,  
 To make this thing the assurere;  
 Now by that feith, and that pleautee  
 I owe to alle my brethren free, 5960  
 Of which ther nis wight under heven  
 That can her fadres names even,  
 So dyvers and so many ther be  
 That with my moder have be privee!  
 Yit wolde I swere, for sikernesse, 5965  
 The pole of helle to my witnesse,  
 Now drinke I not this yeer clarrée,  
 If that I lye, or forsworn be!  
 For of the goddes the usage is,  
 That who-so him forswareth amis, 5970  
 Shal that yeer drinke no clarrée).  
 Now have I sworn y-nough, pardee;  
 If I forswere me, than am I lorn,  
 But I wol never be forsworn.  
 Sith Richesse hath me failed here, 5975  
 She shal abyge that trespas fadere,  
 At leeste wey, but [she] hir arme  
 With swerd, or sparth, or gisarme.  
 For certes, sith she loveth not me,  
 Fro thilke tyme that she may see 5980  
 The castel and the tour to-shake,  
 In sory tyme she shal awake.  
 If I may grype a riche man,  
 I shal so pulle him, if I can,  
 That he shal, in a fewe stoundes, 5985  
 Lese alle his markes and his poundes.  
 I shal him make his pens outalinge,  
 But-[if] they in his gerner springe;

Our maydens shal eak plukke him so,  
 That him shal neden fetheres mo, 5990  
 And make him selle his lond to spende,  
 But he the bet cunne him defende.  
 'Pore men han maad hir lord of me;  
 Although they not so mighty be,  
 That they may fede me in delyt, 5995  
 I wol not have hem in despyt.  
 No good man hateth hem, as I geese;  
 For chynche and feloun is Richesse,  
 That so can chase hem and dispyse,  
 And hem defoule in sondry wyse. 6000  
 They loven ful bet, so god me spede,  
 Than doth the riche, chynchy +gnede,  
 And been, in good feith, more stable  
 And trewer, and more serviable;  
 And therfore it suffyseth me 6005  
 Hir goode herte, and hir pleautee.  
 They han on me set al hir thought,  
 And therfore I forgete hem nought.  
 I +wolde hem bringe in greet noblesse,  
 If that I were god of Richesse, 6010  
 As I am god of Love, sothly,  
 Such rounthe upon hir playnt have I.  
 Therfore I must his socour be,  
 That peyneth him to serven me;  
 For if he deyde for love of this, 6015  
 Than semeth in me no love ther is.  
 'Sir,' seide they, 'sooth is, every del,  
 That ye reheree, and we wot wel  
 Thilke oth to holde is resonable;  
 For it is good and oovenable, 6020  
 That ye on riche men han sworn.  
 For, sir, this wot we wel biforn;  
 If riche men doon you homage,  
 That is as foolcs doon outrage;  
 But ye shul not forsworen be, 6025  
 Ne let therfore to drinke clarrée,  
 Or piment maked fresh and newe.  
 Ladyes shulle hem such pepir brewé,  
 If that they falle into hir laas,  
 That they for wo mowe seyn 'Allas!' 6030  
 Ladyes shuln ever so curteis be,  
 That they shal quyte your oth al free.  
 Ne seketh never other vicaire,  
 For they shal speke with hem so faire  
 That ye shal holde you payed ful wel,  
 Though ye you medle never a del. 6036  
 Lat ladies worche with hir thinges,  
 They shal hem telle so fele tydinges,  
 And move hem ake so many requestis



By flattery, that not honest is, 6040  
 And therto yeve hem such thankinges,  
 What with kissing, and with talkinges,  
 That certes, if they trowed be,  
 Shal never leve hem lond ne fee  
 That it nil as the moeble fare, 6045  
 Of which they first delivered are.  
 Now may ye telle us al your wille,  
 And we your hestes shal fulfille.

'But Fals-Semblant dar not, for drede  
 Of you, sir, medle him of this dede, 6050  
 For he seith that ye been his fo ;  
 He not, if ye wol worche him wo.  
 Wherefore we pray you alle, beau-sire,  
 That ye forgive him now your ire,  
 And that he may dwelle, as your man,  
 With Abstinence, his dere lemman ; 6056  
 This our accord and our wil now.'

'Parfay,' seide Love, 'I graunte it yow ;  
 I wol wel holde him for my man ; 6059  
 Now lat him come : ' and he forth ran.  
 'Fals-Semblant,' quod Love, 'in this wyse  
 I take thee here to my servyse,  
 That thou our freendis helpe alway,  
 And thindre hem neither night ne day,  
 But do thy might hem to releve, 6065  
 And eek our enemies that thou greve.  
 Thyn be this might, I graunt it thee,  
 My king of harlotes shalt thou be ;  
 We wol that thou have such honour.  
 Certeyn, thou art a fals traitour, 6070  
 And eek a thief ; sith thou were born,  
 A thousand tyme thou art forsworn.  
 But, natheles, in our hering,  
 To putte our folk out of douting,  
 I bid thee teche hem, worstow how ? 6075  
 By somme general signe now,  
 In what place thou shalt founden be,  
 If that men had mister of thee ;  
 And how men shal thee best espye,  
 For thee to knowe is greet maistrye ; 6080  
 Tel in what place is thyn haunting.'

F. Sem. 'Sir, I have fele dyvers woning,  
 That I kepe not rehersed be,  
 So that ye wolde respyten me.  
 For if that I telle you the sothe, 6085  
 I may have harm and shame bothe.  
 If that my felowes wisten it,  
 My tales shulden me be quit ;  
 For certeyn, they wolde hate me,  
 If ever I knewe hir cruelte ; 6090

For they wolde over-al holde hem stille  
 Of trouth that is ageyn hir wille ;  
 Suche tales kepen they not here.  
 I might eftsone bye it ful dere,  
 If I seide of hem any thing, 6095  
 That oughit displeseth to hir hering.  
 For what word that hem prikke or byteth,  
 In that word noon of hem delyteth,  
 Al were it gospel, the evangyle,  
 That wolde reprove hem of hir gyle, 6100  
 For they are cruel and hauteyn.  
 And this thing wot I wel, certeyn,  
 If I speke ought to peire hir loos,  
 Your court shal not so wel be cloos,  
 That they ne shal wite it atte last. 6105  
 Of good men am I nought agast,  
 For they wol taken on hem no-thing,  
 Whan that they knowe al my mening ;  
 But he that wol it on him take,  
 He wol himself suspescious make, 6110  
 That he his lyf let covertly,  
 In Gyle and in Ipocrisy,  
 That me engendred and yaf fostring.'

'They made a ful good engendring,'  
 Quod Love, 'for who-so soothly telle, 6115  
 They engendred the devel of helle !

'But nedely, how-so-ever it be,'  
 Quod Love, 'I wol and charge thee,  
 To telle anon thy woning-places,  
 Hering ech wight that in this place is ;  
 And what lyf that thou livest also, 6121  
 Hyde it no lenger now ; wherto ?  
 Thou most discover al thy wurching,  
 How thou servest, and of what thing,  
 Though that thou shuldest for thy soth-  
 sawe 6125

Ben al to-beten and to-drawe ;  
 And yit art thou not wont, pardee.  
 But natheles, though thou beten be,  
 Thou shalt not be the first, that so  
 Hath for soth-sawe suffred wo.' 6130

F. Sem. 'Sir, sith that it may lyken  
 you,

Though that I shulde be slayn right now,  
 I shal don your comaundement,  
 For therto have I gret talent.' 6134

Withouten wordes mo, right than,  
 Fals-Semblant his sermon bigan,  
 And seide hem thus in audience : —  
 'Barouns, tak hede of my sentence !  
 That wight that list to have knowing

- Of Fals-Semblant, ful of flatering, 6140  
 He must in worldly folk him seke,  
 And, certes, in the cloistres eke;  
 I wone no-where but in hem tweye;  
 But not lyk even, sooth to seye;  
 Shortly, I wol herberwe me 6145  
 There I hope best to hulstred be;  
 And certeynly, aliker hyding  
 Is underneth humblest clothing.  
 Religious folk ben ful covert;  
 Seculer folk ben more apert. 6150  
 But natheles, I wol not blame  
 Religious folk, ne hem diffame,  
 In what habit that ever they go:  
 Religious humble, and trewe also,  
 Wel I not blame, ne dispyse, 6155  
 But I nil love it, in no wyse.  
 I mene of fals religious,  
 That stoute ben, and malicious;  
 That wolen in an abit go,  
 And setten not hir herte therto. 6160  
 Religious folk ben al pitous;  
 Thou shalt not seen oon dispitous.  
 They loven no pryde, ne no stryf,  
 But humbly they wol lede hir lyf;  
 With þwisch folk wol I never be. 6165  
 And if I dwelle, I feyne me  
 I may wel in her abit go;  
 But me were lever my nekke atwo,  
 Than flete a purpose that I take,  
 What covenannt that ever I make. 6170  
 I dwelle with hem that proude be,  
 And fulle of wyles and subtelte;  
 That worship of this world coveyten,  
 And grete þnedes cunne espleyten; 6174  
 And goon and gadren greet pitaunces,  
 And purchase hem the acqweyntaunces  
 Of men that mighty lyf may leden;  
 And feyne hem pore, and hem-self feden  
 With gode morceles delicious,  
 And drinken good wyn precious, 6180  
 And preche us povert and distresse,  
 And fashen hem-self greet richesse  
 With wyly nettis that they caste:  
 It wol come foul out at the laste.  
 They ben fro clene religioun went; 6185  
 They make the world an argument  
 That hath a foul conclusion.  
 "I have a robe of religioun,  
 Than am I al religious:"  
 This argument is al roignous; 6190
- It is not worth a croked biere;  
 Habit ne maketh þmonk ne frere,  
 But clene lyf and devocioun  
 Maketh gode men of religioun.  
 Nathelesse, ther can noon answer, 6195  
 How high that ever his heed he shere  
 With rasour whetted never so kene,  
 That Gyle in branches cut thrittene;  
 Ther can no wight distinite it so,  
 That he dar sey a word therto. 6200  
 'But what herberwe that ever I take,  
 Or what semblant that ever I make,  
 I mene but gyle, and folowe that;  
 For right no mo than Gibbe our cat  
 [þFro myce and rattes went his wyle],  
 Ne entende I [not] but to þbegyle; 6206  
 Ne no wight may, by my clothing,  
 Wite with what folk is my dwelling,  
 Ne by my wordis yet, pardee,  
 So softe and so plesant they be. 6210  
 Bihold the dedes that I do;  
 But thou be blind, thou oughtest so;  
 For, varie hir wordis fro hir dede,  
 They thanke on gyle, without[en] drede,  
 What maner clothing that they were,  
 Or what estat that ever they bere, 6216  
 Lered or lewd, lord or lady,  
 Knight, squier, burgeis, or bayly.'  
 Right thus whyl Fals-Semblant ser-  
 moneth,  
 Eftsones Love him aresoneth, 6220  
 And brak his tale in the speking  
 As though he had him told lesing;  
 And seide: 'What, devel, is that I here?  
 What folk hast thou us nempned here?  
 May men finde religioun 6225  
 In worldly habitacioun?'  
 F. Sem. 'Ye, sir; it foloweth not that  
 they  
 Shulde lede a wikked lyf, parfey,  
 Ne not therfore her soules lese,  
 That hem to worldly clothes chese; 6230  
 For, certes, it were gret pitee.  
 Men may in secular clothes see  
 Florisschen holy religioun.  
 Ful many a seynt in feeld and toun,  
 With many a virgin glorious, 6235  
 Devout, and ful religious,  
 Had deyed, that þcomun clothe ay beran,  
 Yit seyntes never-the-les they weren,  
 I coude reken you many a ten;

Ye, wel nigh alle these holy wimmen,  
 That men in chirches herie and seke, 6241  
 Bothe maydens, and these wyves eke,  
 That haren þmany a fair child here,  
 Wered alway clothis secular, 6245  
 And in the same dyden they,  
 That seyntes weren, and been alway.  
 The eleven thousand maydens dere,  
 That beren in heven hir clerges clere,  
 Of which men rede in chirche, and singe,  
 Were take in seculer clothing, 6250  
 Whan they resseyved martirdom,  
 And wonnen heven unto her hoom.  
 Good herte maketh the gode thought;  
 The clothing yeveth ne reveth nought.  
 The gode thought and the worching, 6255  
 That maketh þreligioun flowring,  
 Ther lyth the good religioun  
 After the right entencioun.

'Who-so toke a wethers skin,  
 And wrapped a gredy wolf therin, 6260  
 For he shulde go with lambes whyte,  
 Wenest thou not he wolde hem byte?  
 Yis! never-the-las, as he were wood,  
 He wolde hem wery, and drinke the  
 blood;  
 And wel the rather hem disceyve, 6265  
 For, sith they coude not perceyve  
 His treget and his crueltee,  
 They wolde him folowe, al wolde he flee.

'If ther be wolves of sich hewe  
 Amonges these apostilis newe, 6270  
 Thou, holy chirche, thou mayest be wayled!  
 Sith that thy citee is assayled  
 Though knightes of thyn owne table,  
 God wot thy lordship is doutable!  
 If they enforce [hem] it to winne, 6275  
 That shulde defende it fro withinne,  
 Who might defence ayens hem make?  
 Without[en] stroke it mot be take  
 Of trepeget or mangonal;  
 Without displaying of pensel. 6280  
 And if god nil don it socour,  
 But lat [hem] renne in this colour,  
 Thou moost thyn heestes laten be.  
 Than is ther nought, but yelde thee,  
 Or yeve hem tribute, doutelees, 6285  
 And holde it of hem to have pees:  
 But gretter harm bityde thee,  
 That they al maister of it be.  
 Wel conne they scorne thee withal;

By day stuffen they the wal, 6290  
 And al the night they mynen there.  
 Nay, thou þmost planten elleswhere  
 Thyn impes, if thou wolt fruyt have;  
 Abyd not there thy-self to save.

'But now pees! here I turne ageyn;  
 I wol no more of this thing þseyne, 6296  
 If I may passen me herby;  
 I mighte maken you wery.  
 But I wol heten you alway  
 To helpe your freendes what I may, 6300  
 So they wollen my company;  
 For they be shent al-outerly  
 But-if so falle, that I be  
 Oft with hem, and they with me.  
 And eek my lemman mot they serve, 6305  
 Or they shul not my love deserve.  
 Forsothe, I am a fals traitour;  
 God jugged me for a theef trichour;  
 Forsworn I am, but wel nygh non  
 Wot of my gyle, til it be don. 6310

'Though me hath many oon deth  
 resseyved,  
 That my treget never aperceyved;  
 And yit resseyveth, and shal resseyve,  
 That my falsnesse þnever aperceyve:  
 But who-so doth, if he wys be, 6315  
 Him is right good be war of me.  
 But so aligh is the [þ]deceyving  
 That to hard is the] aperceyving.  
 For Protheus, that coude him change  
 In every shap, hoomly and straunge, 6320  
 Coude never sich gyle ne tresoun  
 As I; for I oom never in toun  
 Ther-as I mighte knowen be,  
 Though men me bothe might here and see.  
 Ful wel I can my clothes change, 6325  
 Take oon, and make another straunge.  
 Now am I knight, now chasteleyn;  
 Now prelat, and now chapeleyn;  
 Now prest, now clerk, and now forstere;  
 Now am I maister, now scolere; 6330  
 Now monk, now chanoun, now bailly;  
 What-ever mister man am I.  
 Now am I prince, now am I page,  
 And can by herte every langage.  
 Som-tyme am I hoor and old; 6335  
 Now am I yong, [and] stout, and bold;  
 Now am I Robert, now Robyn;  
 Now frere Menour, now Iacobyn;  
 And with me folweth my loteby,

To don me solas and company, 6340  
 That hight dame †Abstinence-Streynded,  
 In many a queynt array [y]-feyned.  
 Right as it cometh to hir lyking,  
 I fulfille al hir desiring.  
 Somtyme a wommans cloth take I; 6345  
 Now am I mayde, now lady.  
 Somtyme I am religious;  
 Now lyk an anker in an hous.  
 Somtyme am I prioressse,  
 And now a nonne, and now abbesse; 6350  
 And go thurgh alle regions,  
 Seking alle religiouns.  
 But to what ordre that I am sworn,  
 I take the strawe, and †lete the corn;  
 To †blynde folk [ther] I enhabite, 6355  
 I axe no-more but hir abite.  
 What wol ye more? in every wyse,  
 Right as me list, I me disgyse.  
 Wel can I bere me under weed;  
 Unlyk is my word to my deed. 6360  
 Thus make I in my trappes falle,  
 Thurgh my pryvileges, alle  
 That ben in Cristendom alyve.  
 I may assoile, and I may shryve,  
 That no prelat may lette me, 6365  
 Al folk, wher-ever they founde be:  
 I wot no prelat may don so,  
 But it the pope be, and no mo,  
 That made thilk establisshing.  
 Now is not this a propre thing? 6370  
 But were my sleighes aperceyved,  
 [†Ne shulde I more been receyved]  
 As I was wont; and wostow why?  
 For I dide hem a tregetry;  
 But therof yeve I litel tale, 6375  
 I have the silver and the male;  
 So have I preched and eek shriven,  
 So have I take, so have †me given,  
 Thurgh hir foly, husbond and wyf,  
 That I lede right a joly lyf, 6380  
 Thurgh simpleesse of the prelacye;  
 They know not al my tregetrye.  
 But for as moche as man and wyf  
 Stabl shewe hir parocheprest hir lyf  
 Otes a year, as seith the book, 6385  
 Er any wight his housel took,  
 Than have I pryvileges large,  
 That may of moche thing discharge;  
 For he may seye right thus, pardee:—  
 "Sir Preest. in shrift I telle it thee, 6390

That he, to whom that I am shriven,  
 Hath me assoiled, and me given  
 Penaunce soothly, for my sinne,  
 Which that I fond me gilty inne;  
 Ne I ne have never entencioun 6395  
 To make double confessioun,  
 Ne reherce eft my shrift to thee;  
 O shrift is right y-nough to me.  
 This oughte thee suffyce wel,  
 Ne be not rebel never-a-del; 6400  
 For certes, though thou haddest it sworn,  
 I wot no prest ne prelat born  
 That may to shrift eft me constreyne.  
 And if they don, I wol me playne;  
 For I wot where to playne wel. 6405  
 Thou shalt not streyne me a del,  
 Ne enforce me, ne †ytit me trouble,  
 To make my confessioun double.  
 Ne I have none affeccioun  
 To have double absolucioun. 6410  
 The firste is right y-nough to me,  
 This latter assoiling quyte I thee.  
 I am unbounde; what mayst thou finde  
 More of my sinnes me to unbinde?  
 For he, that might hath in his hond, 6415  
 Of alle my sinnes me unbond.  
 And if thou wolt me thus constreyne,  
 That me mot nedis on thee playne,  
 There shal no juggle imperial,  
 Ne bisshop, ne official, 6420  
 Don jugement on me; for I  
 Shal gon and playne me openly  
 Unto my shrift-fader newe,  
 (That hight not Frere Wolf untrew!)  
 And he shal †chevise him for me, 6425  
 For I trowe he can hampre thee.  
 But, lord! he wolde be wrooth withalle,  
 If men him wolde Frere Wolf calle!  
 For he wolde have no pacience,  
 But don al cruel vengeance! 6430  
 He wolde his might don at the leest,  
 [Ne] no-thing spare for goddes heest.  
 And, god so wis be my socour,  
 But thou yeve me my Saviour  
 At Ester, whan it lyketh me, 6435  
 Withoute presing more on thee,  
 I wol forth, and to him goon,  
 And he shal housel me anon,  
 For I am out of thy grucching;  
 I kepe not dele with thee no-thing." 6440  
 Thus may he shryve him, that forsaketh

His parochie-prest, and to me taketh.  
And if the prest wol him refuse,  
I am ful redy him to accuse,  
And him punisse he and hampre so, 6445  
That he his chiroche shal forgo.

'But who-so hath in his feling  
The consequence of such shryvving,  
Shal seen that prest may never have might  
To knowe the conscience aright 6450  
Of him that is under his cure.  
And this ageyns holy scripture,  
That biddeth every herde honeste  
Have verry knowing of his beste.  
But pore folk that goon by strete, 6455  
That have no gold, ne sommes grete,  
Hem wolde I lete to hir prelates,  
Or lete hir prestes knowe hir states,  
For to me right nought yeve they.'

*Amour.* 'And why þis it?'

*F. Sem.* 'For they ne may. 6460  
They ben so bare, I take no keep;  
But I wol have the fatte sheep;—  
Lat parish prestes have the lene,  
I yeve not of hir harm a bene!  
And if that prelates grucchen it, 6465  
That oughten þwroth be in hir wit,  
To lese her fatte bestes so,  
I shal yeve hem a stroke or two,  
That they shal lesen with [the] force,  
Ye, bothe hir mytre and hir croce. 6470  
Thus jape I hem, and have do longe,  
My priveleges been so stronge.'

*Fals-Semblant* wolde have stinted here,  
But Love ne made him no such chere  
That he was wery of his sawe; 6475  
But for to make him glad and fawe,  
He seide:—'Tel on more specialy,  
How that thou servest untrewly.  
Tel forth, and shame thee never a del;  
For as thyn abit shewith wel, 6480  
Thou þsemest an holy heremyte.'

*F. Sem.* 'Soth is, but I am an ypocryte.'

*Amour.* 'Thou gost and prechest pover-  
tee?'

*F. Sem.* 'Ye, sir; but richesse hath  
pouste.'

*Amour.* 'Thou prechest abstinence  
also?' 6485

*F. Sem.* 'Sir, I wol fillen, so mote I go,  
My paunche of gode mete and wyne,  
As shulde a maister of divyne;

For how that I me pover feyne,  
Yit alle pore folk I disdeyne. 6490

'I love þbet the acqueyntaunce  
Ten tymes, of the king of Fraunce,  
Than of þpore man of mylde mode,  
Though that his soule be also gode.  
For whan I see beggers quaking, 6495  
Naked on mixens al stinking,  
For hungre crye, and eek for care,  
I entremete not of hir fare.  
They been so pore, and ful of pyne,  
They might not ones yeve me þdyne, 6500  
For they have no-thing but hir lyf;  
What shulde he yeve that likketh his  
knyff?

It is but foly to entremete,  
To seke in houndes nest fat mete.  
Let bere hem to the spital anon, 6505  
But, for me, comfort gete they noon.

But a riche sike usurere  
Wolde I visyte and drawe nere;  
Him wol I comforte and rehete,  
For I hope of his gold to gete. 6510  
And if that wikked deth him have,  
I wol go with him to his grave.

And if ther any reprove me,  
Why that I lete the pore be,  
Wostow how I þmot ascape? 6515

I sey, and swerð him ful rape,  
That riche men han more tecches  
Of sinne, than han pore wrecches,  
And han of counsell more mister;  
And therfore I wol drawe hem ner. 6520  
But as gret hurt, it may so be,  
Hath þsoul in right gret poverté,  
As soul in gret richesse, forsothe,  
Al-be-it that they hurten bothe.

For richesse and mendicitees 6525  
Ben cleped two extremitees;  
The mene is cleped suffisaunce,  
Ther lyth of vertu the aboundsaunce.

For Salamon, ful wel I woot,  
In his Parables us wroot, 6530

As it is knowe of many a wight,  
In his þthrittethe chapitre right:  
'God, thou me kepe, for thy pouste,'  
Fro richesse and mendicitee;  
For if a riche man him dresse 6535  
To thanke to moche on [his] richesse,  
His herte on that so fer is set,  
That he his creatour foryet;

And him, that þe begging wol ay greve,  
 How shulde I by his word him leve? 6540  
 Unnethe that he nis a micher,  
 Forsworn, or elles þe god is lyer."  
 Thus seith Salamon[es] sawes;  
 Se we finde writen in no lawes,  
 And namely in our Cristen lay— 6545  
 Who seith 'ye,' I dar sey 'nay'—  
 That Crist, ne his apostles dere,  
 Why! that they walkede in erthe here,  
 Were never seen her bred begging,  
 For they nolde beggen for no-thing. 6550  
 And right thus were men wont to teche;  
 And in this wyse wolde it preche  
 The maistres of divinitee  
 Somtyme in Paris the citee.  
 'And if men wolde ther-geyn appose  
 The naked text, and lete the glose, 6556  
 It mighte sone assoiled be;  
 For men may wel the sothe see,  
 That, parde, they mighte axe a thing  
 Pleyntly forth, without begging. 6560  
 For they weren goddes herdes dere,  
 And cure of soules hadden here,  
 They nolde no-thing begge hir fode;  
 For after Crist was don on rode,  
 With þis propre hondes they wrought,  
 And with travel, and elles nought, 6566  
 They women al hir sustenaunce,  
 And livenen forth in hir penaunce,  
 And the remenaunt þeyve away  
 To other pore þe folk alwey. 6570  
 They neither bilden tour ne halle,  
 But þeyve in houses smale withalle.  
 A mighty man, that can and may,  
 Shulde with his honde and body alway  
 Winne him his food in laboring, 6575  
 If he ne have rent or sich a thing,  
 Although he be religious,  
 And god to serven curious.  
 Thus mote he don, or do trespass,  
 But-if it be in certeyn cas, 6580  
 That I can reherce, if mistere be,  
 Right wel, whan the tyme I see.  
 'Seke the book of Seynt Austin,  
 Se it in paper or perchemin, 6584  
 There-as he writ of these worchinges,  
 Thou shalt seen that non excusinges  
 A þarfit man ne shulde seke  
 By wordes, ne by dedes eke,  
 Although he be religious,

And god to serven curious, 6590  
 That he ne shal, so mote I go,  
 With propre hondes and body also,  
 Gete his food in laboring,  
 If he ne have propertes of thing.  
 Yit shulde he selle al his substaunce, 6595  
 And with his swink have sustenaunce,  
 If he be þarfit in bountee.  
 Thus han tho bookes tolde me:  
 For he that wol gon ydilly,  
 And useth it ay besily 6600  
 To haunten other mennes table,  
 He is a trechour, ful of fable;  
 Ne he ne may, by gode resoun,  
 Excuse him by his orisoun.  
 For men bihoveth, in som gyse, 6605  
 þe Som-tyme leven goddes servyse  
 To gon and purchasen her nede.  
 Men mote eten, that is no drede,  
 And slepe, and eek do other thing;  
 So longe may they leve praying. 6610  
 So may they eek hir prayer blinne,  
 While that they werke, hir mete to winne.  
 Seynt Austin wol therto accorde,  
 In thilke book that I recorde.  
 Justinian eek, that made lawes, 6615  
 Hath thus forboden, by olde dawes,  
 "No man, up peyne to be deed,  
 Mighty of body, to begge his breed,  
 If he may swinke, it for to gete;  
 Men shulde him rather mayme or bete,  
 Or doon of him apert justice, 6621  
 Than suffren him in such malice."  
 They don not wel, so mote I go,  
 That taken such almesse so,  
 But if they have som privelege, 6625  
 That of the peyne hem wol allege.  
 But how that is, can I not see,  
 But-if the prince disseyved be;  
 Ne I ne wene not, sikerly,  
 That they may have it rightfully. 6630  
 But I wol not determyne  
 Of princes power, ne defyne,  
 Ne by my word comprende, y-wis,  
 If it so far may streoche in this. 6635  
 I wol not entremete a del;  
 But I trowe that the book seith wel,  
 Who that taketh almesses, that be  
 Dewe to folk that men may see  
 Lame, feble, wery, and bare,  
 Pore, or in such maner care, 6640

(That conne winne hem nevermo,  
 For they have no power therto),  
 He eteth his owne dampning,  
 But-if he lye, that made al thing. 6645  
 And if ye such a truaunt finde,  
 Chastise him wel, if ye be kinde.  
 But they wolde hate you, percas,  
 And, if ye fillen in hir laas,  
 They wolde eftsones do you scathe,  
 If that they mighte, late or rathe ; 6650  
 For they be not ful pacient,  
 That han the world thus foule blent.  
 And witeth wel, [wher] that god bad  
 The good man selle al that he had,  
 And folowe him, and to pore it yive, 6655  
 He wolde not therfore that he live  
 To serven him in mendiance,  
 For it was never his sentence ;  
 But he had wirken whan that nede is,  
 And folwe him in goode dedes. 6660  
 Seynt Poule, that loved al holy chirche,  
 He bade th'apostles for to wirche,  
 And winnen hir lyfode in that wyse,  
 And hem defended truaundyse, 6664  
 And seide, " Wirketh with your honden ;"  
 Thus shulde the thing be understonden.  
 He nolde, y-wis, þ bidde hem begging,  
 Ne sellen gospel, ne preching,  
 Lest they berafte, with hir asking,  
 Folk of hir catel or of hir thing. 6670  
 For in this world is many a man  
 That yeveth his good, for he ne can  
 Werne it for shame, or elles he  
 Wolde of the asker delivered be ;  
 And, for he him encombresth so, 6675  
 He yeveth him good to late him go :  
 But it can him no-thing profyte,  
 They lese the yift and the meryte.  
 The goode folk, that Poule to preched,  
 Proffed him ofte, whan he hem teched,  
 Som of hir good in charite ; 6681  
 But therof right no-thing took he ;  
 But of his hondwerk wolde he gete  
 Clothes to wryen him, and his mete.'

*Amour.* 'Tel me than how a man may  
 liven, 6685  
 That al his good to pore hath yiven,  
 And wol but only bidde his bedes,  
 And never with þond labour his nedes:  
 May he do so ?'

*E. Sem.* 'Ye, sir.'

*Amour.* 'And how ?'

*F. Sem.* 'Sir, I wol gladly telle yow :-  
 Seynt Austin seith, a man may be 6691  
 In houses that han proprete,es,  
 As templers and hospiteler,es,  
 And as these chanoun,es regular,es,  
 Or whyte monkes, or these blake— 6695  
 (I wole no mo ensamples make)—  
 And take therof his sustening,  
 For therinne lyth no begging ;  
 But other-weyes not, y-wis,  
 †Yif Austin gabbeth not of this. 6700  
 And yit ful many a monk laboureth,  
 That god in holy chirche honoureth ;  
 For whan hir swinking is agoon,  
 They rede and singe in chirche anoon.

'And for ther hath ben greet discord,  
 As many a wight may bere record, 6706  
 Upon the estate of †mendiance,  
 I wol shortly, in your presence,  
 Telle how a man may begge at nede,  
 That hath not wherwith him to fede, 6710  
 Maugre his felones jangelinges,  
 For sothfastnesse wol non hidinges ;  
 And yit, percas, I may abyge  
 That I to yow sothly thus seye.

'Lo, here the cas especial : 6715  
 If a man be so bestial  
 That he of no craft hath science,  
 And nought desyreth ignorance,  
 Than may he go a-begging yerne,  
 Til he som maner craft can lerne, 6720  
 Thurgh which, without[e] truaunding,  
 He may in trouthe have his living.  
 Or if he may don no labour,  
 For elde, or syknesse, or langour,  
 Or for his tandre age also, 6725  
 Than may he yit a-begging go.

'Or if he have, peraventure,  
 Thurgh usage of his noriture,  
 Lived over deliciously,  
 Than ougten good folk comunly 6730  
 Han of his mischeef som pitee,  
 And suffren him also, that he  
 May gon aboute and begge his breed,  
 That he be not for hungur deed.  
 Or if he have of craft cunning, 6735  
 And strengthe also, and desiring  
 To wirken, as he hadde what,  
 But he finde neither this ne that,  
 Than may he begge, til that he

Have geten his necessitee. 6740  
 'Or if his winning be so lyte,  
 That his labour wol not acquyte  
 Sufficiently al his living,  
 Yit may he go his bresed begging ;  
 For dore to dore he may go trace, 6745  
 Til he the remenaunt may purchace.  
 Or if a man wolde undertake  
 Any emprise for to make,  
 In the rescous of our lay,  
 And it defenden as he may, 6750  
 Be it with armes or lettrure,  
 Or other covenable cure,  
 If it be so he pore be,  
 Than may he begge, til that he  
 May finde in trouthe for to swinke, 6755  
 And gete him clothe[s], mete, and drinke.  
 Swinke he with hondes corporel,  
 And not with hondes espirituel.  
 'In al this[e] cases, and in semblables,  
 If that ther ben mo resonables, 6760  
 He may begge, as I telle you here,  
 And elles nought, in no manere ;  
 As William Seynt Amour wolde preche,  
 And ofte wolde dispute and teche  
 Of this matere alle openly 6765  
 At Paris ful solempnely.  
 And al-so god my soule blesse,  
 As he had, in this stedfastnesse,  
 The accord of the universitee,  
 And of the puple, as semeth me. 6770  
 'No good man oughte it to refuse,  
 Ne oughte him therof to excuse,  
 Be wrooth or blythe who-so be ;  
 For I wol speke, and telle it thee,  
 Al shulde I dye, and be put down, 6775  
 As was seynt Paul, in derk prisoun ;  
 Or be exiled in this caas  
 With wrong, as maister William was,  
 That my moder Ypocrisie  
 Banished for hir greet envye. 6780  
 'My moder flemed him, Seynt Amour :  
 This noble dide such labour  
 To susteyne ever the loyaltee,  
 That he to moche agylte me.  
 He made a book, and leet it wryte, 6785  
 Wherin his lyf he dide al wryte,  
 And wolde ich remeyed begging,  
 And lived by my travayling,  
 If I ne had rent ne other good.  
 What ? wened he that I were wood ? 6790

For labour might me never please,  
 I have more wil to been at ese ;  
 And have wel lever, sooth to sey,  
 Bifore the puple patre and prey,  
 And wrye me in my foxerye 6795  
 Under a cope of papelardye.  
 Quod Love, 'What devel is this I here?  
 What wordes tellest thou me here ?'  
*F. Sem.* 'What, sir ?'  
*Amour.* 'Falsnesse, that apert is ;  
 Than dredest thou not god ?'  
*F. Sem.* No, certes : 6800  
 For selde in greet thing shal he spede  
 In this world, that god wol drede.  
 For folk that hem to vertu given,  
 And truly on her owne liven,  
 And hem in goodnesse ay contene, 6805  
 On hem is lital thrift y-sene ;  
 Such folk drinken gret misese ;  
 That lyf [ne] may me never please.  
 But see what gold han usurers,  
 And silver eek in [hir] garners, 6810  
 Taylagiers, and these monyours,  
 Bailifs, bedels, provost, countours ;  
 These liven wel nygh by ravyne ;  
 The smale puple hem mote enclyne,  
 And they as wolves wol hem eten. 6815  
 Upon the pore folk they geten  
 Ful moche of that they spende or kepe ;  
 Nis none of hem that he nil strepe,  
 And þwryen him-self wel atte fulle ;  
 Without[e] scalding they hem pulle. 6820  
 The stronge the feble overgoth ;  
 But I, that were my simple cloth,  
 Robbe bothe þrobbed and robours,  
 And gyle þgyled and gylours.  
 By my treget, I gadre and threste 6825  
 The greet tresour into my cheste,  
 That lyth with me so faste bounde.  
 Myn highe paleys do I founde,  
 And my delytes I fulfille  
 With wyne at feestes at my wille, 6830  
 And tables fulle of entremees ;  
 I wol no lyf, but ese and pees,  
 And winne gold to spende also.  
 For whan the grete bagge is go,  
 It cometh right [eft] with my japes. 6835  
 Make I not wel tumble myn apes ?  
 To winne is alwey myn entent ;  
 My purchas is better than my rent ;  
 For though I shulde beten be,



Over-al I entremete me ; 6840  
 Without[e] me may no wight dura.  
 I walke soules for to cura.  
 Of al the worldes cure have I  
 In brede and langthe ; boldely  
 I wol bothe preche and eek counceilen ;  
 With hondes wille I not travaillen ; 6846  
 For of the pope I have the bulle ;  
 I ne holde not my wittes dulle.  
 I wol not stinten, in my lyve,  
 These emperoures for to shryve, 6850  
 Or kynges, dukes, and lordes grete ;  
 But pore folk al quyte I leta.  
 I love no such shryving, pardes,  
 But it for other cause be.  
 I rekke not of pore men, 6855  
 Hir astate is not worth an hen.  
 Where fyndest thou a swinker of labour  
 Have me unto his confessour ?  
 But emperesses, and duchesses,  
 Thise quenes, and eek [thise] countesses,  
 Thise abbesses, and eek Bigyns, 6861  
 These grete ladyes palasyns,  
 These joly knightes, and baillyves,  
 Thise nonnes, and thise burgeis wyves,  
 That riche been, and eek plesing, 6865  
 And thise maidens welfaring,  
 Wher-so they clad or naked be,  
 Uncounceiled goth ther noon fro me.  
 And, for her soules savetes,  
 At lord and lady, and hir meynne, 6870  
 I axe, whan they hem to me shryve,  
 The propretee of al hir lyve,  
 And make hem trowe, bothe meest and  
 leest,  
 Hir paroch-prest nis but a beest  
 Ayens me and my company, 6875  
 That shrewes been as greet as I ;  
 For whiche I wol not hyde in hold  
 No privtee that me is told,  
 That I by word or signe, y-wis,  
 † Nil make hem knowe what it is, 6880  
 And they wolen also tellen me ;  
 They hale fro me no privtee.  
 And for to make yow hem peroeven,  
 That usen folk thus to disceyven,  
 I wol you seyn, withouten drede, 6885  
 What men may in the gospel rede  
 Of Seynt Mathew, the gospelere,  
 That seith, as I shal you sey here.  
 ' Upon the chaire of Moyes—

Thus is it gloosed, douteles : 6890  
 That is the olde testament,  
 For therby is the chaire ment-  
 Sitte Scribes and Pharis[ien] ;—  
 That is to seyn, the cursed men  
 Whiche that we ypocrites calle— 6895  
 Doth that they preche, I rede you alle,  
 But doth not as they don a del,  
 That been not wery to seye wel,  
 But to do wel, no wille have they ;  
 And they wolde binde on folk alwey,  
 That ben to [be] begyled able, 6901  
 † Burdens that ben importable ;  
 On folkes shuldres thinges they couchen  
 That they nil with her fingres touchen.  
*Amour.* ' And why wol they not touche  
 it ?'  
*F. Sem.* ' Why ?' 6905  
 For hem ne list not, sikarly ;  
 For saddle † burdens that men taken  
 Make folkes shuldres aken.  
 And if they do ought that good be,  
 That is for folk it shulde see : 6910  
 Her † borders larger maken they,  
 And make hir hemmes wyde alwey,  
 And loven setes at the table,  
 The firste and most honourable ;  
 And for to han the first chaires 6915  
 In synagoges, to hem ful dere is ;  
 And willen that folk hem loute and grete,  
 Whan that they passen thurgh the strete,  
 And wolen be cleped ' Maister ' also.  
 But they ne shulde not willen so ; 6920  
 The gospel is ther-ageyns, I gesse :  
 That sheweth wel hir wikkidnesse.  
 ' Another custom use we :—  
 Of hem that wol ayens us be,  
 We hate † them deedly everichoon, 6925  
 And we wol werry † them, as oon.  
 Him that oon hateth, hate we alle,  
 And conjecte how to doon him falle.  
 And if we seen him winne honour,  
 Richesse or preys, thurgh his valour, 6930  
 Provende, rent, or dignitee,  
 Ful fast, y-wis, compassen we  
 By what ladder he is clomben so ;  
 And for to maken him down to go,  
 With traïoun we wole him defame, 6935  
 And doon him lese his gode name.  
 Thus from his ladder we him take,  
 And thus his freendes foes we make ;

But word ne wite shal he noon,  
 Til alle his freendes been his foon. 6940  
 For if we dide it openly,  
 We might have blame redily;  
 For hadde he wist of our malyce,  
 He hadde him kept, but he were nyce.  
 'Another is this, that, if so falle 6945  
 That ther be oon among us alle  
 That doth a good turn, out of drede,  
 We seyn it is our alder dede.  
 Ye, sikerly, though he it feyned,  
 Or that him list, or that him deyned 6950  
 A man thurgh him avauoned be;  
 Therof alle parcmens be we,  
 And tellen folk, wher-so we go,  
 That man thurgh us is sprongen so.  
 And for to have of men preysing, 6955  
 We purchace, thurgh our flatering,  
 Of riche men, of gret poustee,  
 Lettres, to witnesse our bountee;  
 So that man weneth, that may us see,  
 That alle vertu in us be. 6960  
 And alwey pore we us feyne;  
 But how so that we begge or pleyne,  
 We ben the folk, without lesing,  
 That al thing have without having.  
 Thus be we dred of the puple, y-wis. 6965  
 And gladly my purpos is this:—  
 I dele with no wight, but he  
 Have gold and tresour gret plentee;  
 Hir acqueyntaunce wel love I;  
 This is moche my deayr, shortly. 6970  
 I entremete me of brocages,  
 I make pees and mariages,  
 I am gladly executour,  
 And many tymes procuratour;  
 I am somtyme messenger; 6975  
 That falleth not to my mister.  
 And many tymes I make enquestes;  
 For me that office not honest is;  
 To dele with other mennes thing,  
 That is to me a gret lyking. 6980  
 And if that ye have ought to do  
 In place that I repaire to,  
 I shal it speden thurgh my wit,  
 As sone as ye have told me it.  
 So that ye serve me to pay, 6985  
 My servise shal be your alway.  
 But who-so wol chastyse me,  
 Aloun my love lost hath he;  
 For I love no man in no gyse,

That wol me repreve or chastyse; 6990  
 But I wolde al folk undertake,  
 And of no wight no teching take;  
 For I, that other folk chastye,  
 Wol not be taught fro my folye.  
 'I love noon hermitage more; 6995  
 Alle desertes, and holtes hore,  
 And grete wodes everichoon,  
 I lete ham to the Baptist Iohan.  
 I quethe him quyte, and him relese  
 Of Egypt al the wildirnesse; 7000  
 To fer were alle my mansiouns  
 Fro alle citees and goode townes.  
 My paleis and myn hous make I  
 There men may renne in openly,  
 And sey that I the world forsake. 7005  
 But al amidde I bilde and make  
 My hous, and swimme and play therinne  
 Bet than a fish doth with his finne.  
 'Of Antecristes men am I,  
 Of whiche that Crist seith openly, 7010  
 They have abit of holinesse,  
 And liven in such wikkednesse.  
 Outward, lambren semen we,  
 Fulle of goodnesse and of pitee,  
 And inward we, withouten fable, 7015  
 Ben gredy wolves ravisable.  
 We enviroune bothe londe and see;  
 With al the world þwerreyen we;  
 We wol ordeyne of alle thing,  
 Of folkes good, and her living. 7020  
 'If ther be castel or citee  
 Wherin that any bougerons be,  
 Although that they of Milayne were,  
 For ther-of ben they blamed there:  
 Or if a wight, out of mesure, 7025  
 Wolde lene his gold, and take usure,  
 For that he is so covetous:  
 Or if he be to leccherous,  
 Or þthese, or haunte simonye;  
 Or provost, ful of trecherye, 7030  
 Or prelat, living jolly,  
 Or preest that halt his quene him by;  
 Or olde hores hostilers,  
 Or other bawdes or bordillers,  
 Or elles blamed of any vyce, 7035  
 Of whiche men shulden doon justyce:  
 By alle the seyntes that we pray,  
 But they defende þhem with lamprey,  
 With luce, with ales, with samouns,  
 With tendre gees, and with capouns, 7040

With tartes, or with <sup>†</sup>cheses fat,  
 With deynte flawnes, brode and flat,  
 With caleweys, or with pullaille,  
 With coninges, or with fyn vitaille,  
 That we, under our clothes wyde, 7045  
 Maken thurgh our golet glyde :  
 Or but he wol do come in haste  
 Roo-venisoun, [y]-bake in paste :  
 Whether so that he loure or groine,  
 He shal have of a corde a loigne, 7050  
 With whiche men shal him binde and  
 lede,

To brenne him for his sinful dede,  
 That men shulle here him crye and rore  
 A myle-wey aboute, and more.  
 Or elles he shal in prisoun dye, 7055  
 But-if he wol [our] frendship bye,  
 Or smerten that that he hath do,  
 More than his gilt amounteth to.  
 But, and he coutho thurgh his sleight  
 Do maken up a tour of height, 7060  
 Noughtroughte I whether of stone or tree,  
 Or erthe, or turves though it be,  
 Though it were of no vounde stone  
 Wrought with squire and scantilone,  
 So that the tour were stuffed wel 7065  
 With alle richesse temporel ;  
 And thanne, that he wolde updresse  
 Engyns, bothe more and lesse,  
 To caste at us, by every syde—  
 To bere his goode name wyde— 7070  
 Such sleighes [as] I shal yow nevene,  
 Barelles of wyne, by sixe or sevene,  
 Or gold in sakkes gret plente,  
 He shulde sone delivered be  
 And if he have noon sich pitaunces, 7075  
 Late him study in equipolences,  
 And lete lyes and fallaces,  
 If that he wolde deserve our graces ;  
 Or we shal bere him such witnesse  
 Of sinne, and of his wrecchidnesse, 7080  
 And doon his loos so wyde renne,  
 That al quik we shulde him brenne,  
 Or elles yeve him suche penaunce,  
 That is wel wors than the pitaunce.

‘ For thou shalt never, for no-thing,  
 Con knowen aright by her clothing 7086  
 The traitours fulle of trecherye,  
 But thou her werkes can aspye.  
 And ne hadde the good keepyng be  
 Whykom of the universitee, 7090

That kepeth the key of Cristendome,  
<sup>†</sup>They had been turmented, alle and some.  
 Suche been the stinking [fals] prophetis ;  
 Nis non of hem, that good prophete is ;  
 For they, thurgh wikked entencioun, 7095  
 The year of the incarnacioun  
 A thousand and two hundred year,  
 Fyve and fifty, ferther ne ner,  
 Broughten a book, with sory grace,  
 To yeven ensample in comune place, 7100  
 That seide thus, though it were fable :—

“ This is the Gospel Perdurable,  
 That fro the Holy Goost is sent.”  
 Wel were it worth to ben [y]-brent !  
 Entitled was in such manere 7105  
 This book, of which I telle here.  
 Ther nas no wight in al Parys,  
 Biforn Our Lady, at parvys,  
<sup>†</sup>That [he] ne mighte bye the book,  
<sup>†</sup>To copy, if him talent took. 7110  
 Ther might he see, by greet tresoun,  
 Ful many fals comparisoun :—

“ As moche as, thurgh his grete might,  
 Be it of hete, or of light,  
 The sunne surmounteth the mone, 7115  
 That troubler is, and chaungeth sone,  
 And the note-kernel the shelle—  
 (I scorne nat that I yow telle)—  
 Right so, withouten any gyle,  
 Surmounteth this noble Evangyle 7120  
 The word of any evangelist.”  
 And to her tiple they token Christ ;  
 And many such comparisoun,  
 Of which I make no mencionioun,  
 Might men in that boke finde, 7125  
 Who-so coude of hem have minda.

‘ Th’ universitee, that tho was aslepe,  
 Gan for to braide, and taken kepe ;  
 And at the noys the heed up-caste,  
 Ne never sithen slepte it faste, 7130  
 But up it sterte, and armes took  
 Ayens this fals horrible book,  
 Al redy batail for to make,  
 And to the juge the book to take.  
 But they that broughten the book there  
 Hente it anon away, for fere ; 7136  
 They nolde shewe it more a del,  
 But thenne it kepte, and kepen wil,  
 Til such a tyme that they may see  
 That they so stronge woxen be, 7140  
 That no wight may hem wel withstonde ;

For by that booke they durst not stonde.  
 Away they gonne it for to bere,  
 For they ne durste not answere  
 By exposicioun þne glose 7145  
 To that that clerkes wole appose  
 Ayens the cursednesse, y-wis,  
 That in that boke writen is.  
 Now wot I not, ne I can not see  
 What maner ende that there shal be 7150  
 Of al this [boke] that they hyde ;  
 But yit algate they shal abyde  
 Til that they may it bet defende ;  
 This trowe I best, wol be hir enda.  
 ' Thus Antecrist abyden we, 7155  
 For we ben alle of his maynee ;  
 And what man that wol not be so,  
 Right sone he shal his lyf forgo.  
 We wol a puple þon him areyse,  
 And thurgh our gyle doon him seise, 7160  
 And him on sharpe speres ryve,  
 Or other-ways bringe him fro lyve,  
 But-if that he wol folowe, y-wis,  
 That in our boke writen is.  
 Thus moche wol our booke signifie, 7165  
 That whyl [that] Peter hath maistrye,  
 May never Johan shewe wel his might.  
 ' Now have I you declared right  
 The mening of the bark and rinde  
 That maketh the entenciouns blinde. 7170  
 But now at erst I wol biginne  
 To expowne you the pith withinne :—  
 ' And first, by Peter, as I wene,  
 The Pope himself we wolden mene,]  
 And [seek] the seculars comprehende, 7175  
 That Cristes lawe wol defende,  
 And shulde it kepen and mayntenen  
 Ayens hem that al sustenen,  
 And falsly to the puple techen.  
 ' And Johan bitokeneth hem þat pre-  
 chen, 7180  
 That ther nis lawe covenable  
 But thilke Gospel Perdurable,  
 That fro the Holy Gost was sent  
 To turne folk that been miswent.  
 The strengthe of Johan they undirstonde  
 The grace in which, they seye, they  
 stonde, 7186  
 That doth the sinful folk converte,  
 And hem to Jesus Crist reverte.  
 ' Ful many another horriblete  
 May men in that boke see, 7190

That ben comannded, douteles,  
 Ayens the lawe of Rome expres ;  
 And alle with Antecrist they holden,  
 As men may in the booke biholden.  
 And than comaunden they to sleen 7195  
 Alle tho that with Peter been ;  
 But they shal nevere have that might,  
 And, god toforn, for stryf to fight,  
 That they ne shal y-nough [men] finde  
 That Peters lawe shal have in minde, 7200  
 And ever holde, and so mayntene,  
 That at the last it shal be sene,  
 That they shal alle come therto,  
 For ought that they can speke or do.  
 And thilke lawe shal not stonde, 7205  
 That they by Johan have undirstonde ;  
 But, mangre hem, it shal adoun,  
 And been brought to confusioun.  
 But I wol stinte of this matere,  
 For it is wonder long to here ; 7210  
 But hadde that ilke booke endured,  
 Of better estate I were ensured ;  
 And freendes have I yit, pardes,  
 That han me set in greet degree.  
 ' Of al this world is emperour 7215  
 Gyle my fader, the trechour,  
 And emp[er]esse my moder is,  
 Maugre the Holy Gost, y-wis.  
 Our mighty linage and our route  
 Regneth in every regne aboute ; 7220  
 And wel is þworth we maistres be,  
 For al this world governe we,  
 And can the folk so wel disceyve,  
 That noon our gyle can perceyve ;  
 And though they doon, they dar not  
 saye ; 7225  
 The sothe dar no wight biwreya.  
 But he in Cristis wrath him ledeth,  
 That more than Crist my bretheren dre-  
 deth.  
 He nis no ful good championn,  
 That dredeth such similacioun ; 7230  
 Nor that for payne wole refusen  
 Us to correcten and accusen.  
 He wol not entremete by right,  
 Ne have god in his eye-sight,  
 And therefore god shal him punyce ; 7235  
 But me ne rekketh of no vyce,  
 Sithen men us loven comunably,  
 And holden us for so worthy,  
 That we may folk repreve echoun,

And we nil have reprof of noon. 7240  
 Whom shulden folk worshipen so  
 But us, that stinten never mo  
 To patren whyl that folk us see,  
 Though it not so bihinde hem be?  
 'And where is more wood folye, 7245  
 Than to enhaunce chivalrye,  
 And love noble men and gay,  
 That joly clothes weren alway?  
 If they be sich folk as they semen,  
 So clene, as men her clothes demen, 7250  
 And that her wordes folowe her dede,  
 It is gret pite, out of drede,  
 For they wol be noon ypocrites!  
 Of hem, me thinketh [it] gret spite is;  
 I can not love hem on no syde. 7255  
 But Beggars with these hodes wyde,  
 With sleighe and pale faces lene,  
 And greye clothes not ful clene,  
 But fretted ful of tatarwaggas,  
 And highe shoes, knopped with dagges,  
 That frouncen lyke a quaille-pype, 7261  
 Or botes riving as a gype;  
 To such folk as I you devyse  
 Shulde princes and these lordes wyse  
 Take alle her londes and her thinges, 7265  
 Bothe werre and pees, in governinges;  
 To such folk shulde a prince him yive,  
 That wolde his lyf in honour live.  
 And if they be not as they seme,  
 That serven thus the world to queme, 7270  
 There wolde I dwelle, to disceyve  
 The folk, for they shal not perceyve.  
 'But I ne speke in no such wyse,  
 That men shulde humble abit dispyse,  
 So that no pryde ther-under be. 7275  
 No man shulde hate, as thinketh me,  
 The pore man in sich clothing.  
 But god ne preiseth him no-thing,  
 That seith he hath the world forsake,  
 And hath to worldly glorie him take, 7280  
 And wol of siches delyces use;  
 Who may that Begger wel excuse?  
 That papelard, that him yeldeth so,  
 And wol to worldly ese go,  
 And seith that he the world hath left,  
 And gredily it grypeth eft, 7286  
 He is the hound, shame is to seyn,  
 That to his casting goth ageyn.  
 'But unto you dar I not lye:  
 But mighte I felen or aspye 7290

That ye perceyved it no-thing,  
 Ye shulde[n] have a stark lesing  
 Right in your hond thus, to biginne,  
 I nolde it lette for no sinne.'  
 The god lough at the wonder tho, 7295  
 And every wight gan laughe also,  
 And seide:—'Lo here a man aright  
 For to be trusty to every wight!'  
 'Fals Semblant,' quod Love, 'say to me,  
 Sith I thus have avaunced thee, 7300  
 That in my court is thy dwelling,  
 And of ribaudes shalt be my king,  
 Wolt thou wel holden my forwardes?'  
 F. Sem. 'Ye, sir, from hennes fore-  
 wardes;  
 Hadde never your fader here-biforn 7305  
 Servaunt so trewe, sith he was born.'  
 Amour. 'That is ayeines al nature.'  
 F. Sem. 'Sir, put you in that aven-  
 ture;  
 For though ye borowes take of me,  
 The sikerer shal ye never be 7310  
 For ostages, ne sikirnesse,  
 Or chartres, for to bere witnessse.  
 I take your-self to record here,  
 That men ne may, in no manere,  
 Tere[n] the wolf out of his hyde, 7315  
 Til he be slayn, bak and syde,  
 Though men him bete and al defyle;  
 What? wene ye that I wole bigyle?  
 For I am clothed mekely,  
 Ther-under is al my trechery; 7320  
 Myn herte chaungeth never the mo  
 For noon abit, in which I go.  
 Though I have chere of simplenesse,  
 I am not wery of shrewednesse.  
 My lemman, Streyned-Abstinenesse, 7325  
 Hath mister of my purveaunce;  
 She hadde ful longe ago be deed,  
 Nere my councel and my reed;  
 Lete hir allone, and you and me.'  
 And Love answerde, 'I truste thee 7330  
 Without[e] borowe, for I wol noon.'  
 And Fals-Semblant, the theef, anon,  
 Right in that ilke same place,  
 That hadde of tresoun al his face 7334  
 Right blak withinne, and whyt withoute,  
 Thanketh him, gan on his knees louta.  
 Than was ther nought, but 'Every man  
 Now to assaut, that sailen can,'  
 Quod Love, 'and that ful hardily.'

Than armed they hem comunly 7340  
 Of sich armour as to hem fel.  
 Whan they were armed, fers and fel,  
 They wente hem forth, alle in a route,  
 And sette the castel al aboute ;  
 They wil nought away, for no drede, 7345  
 Til it so be that they ben dede,  
 Or til they have the castel take.  
 And four batels they gan make,  
 And parted hem in foure anon,  
 And toke her way, and forth they goon,  
 The foure gates for to assaile, 7351  
 Of whiche the keepers wol not faile ;  
 For they ben neither syke ne dede,  
 But hardy folk, and stronge in dede.  
 Now wole I seyn the countenaunce 7355  
 Of Fals-Semblant, and Abstinence,  
 That ben to Wikkid-Tonge went.  
 But first they helde her parlement,  
 Whether it to done were  
 To maken hem be known there, 7360  
 Or elles walken forth disgyved.  
 But at the laste they devysed,  
 That they wold goon in tapinage,  
 As it were in a pilgrimage,  
 Lyk good and holy folk unfeyned. 7365  
 And Dame Abstinence-Streynd  
 Took on a robe of camelyne,  
 And gan hir tgraithes as a Begyne.  
 A large coverchief of threde  
 She wrapped al aboute hir hede, 7370  
 But she forgat not hir sautere ;  
 A peire of bedes eek she bere  
 Upon a lace, al of whyt threde,  
 On which that she hir bedes bede ;  
 But she ne boughte hem never a del, 7375  
 For they were geven her, I wot wel,  
 God wot, of a ful holy frere,  
 That seide he was hir fader dere,  
 To whom she hadde offer went  
 Than any frere of his covent. 7380  
 And he visyted hir also,  
 And many a sermoun seide hir to ;  
 He nolde lette, for man on lyve,  
 That he ne wolde hir ofte shryve.  
 And with so gret devocion 7385  
 They made[n] her confession,  
 That they had ofte, for the nones,  
 Two hedes in one hood at ones.  
 Of fair shape I tdevyse her thee,  
 But pale of face somtyme was she ; 7390

That false traitouresse untrew  
 Was lyk that salowe hors of hewe,  
 That in the Apocalips is shewed,  
 That signifyeth ttho folk beshrewed,  
 That been al ful of trecherye, 7395  
 And pale, thurgh hypocrisie ;  
 For on that hors no colour is,  
 But only deed and pale, y-wis.  
 Of suche a colour enlangoured  
 Was Abstinence, y-wis, coloured ; 7400  
 Of her estat she her repented,  
 As her visage represented.  
 She had a burdoun al of Thefte,  
 That Gyle had yve her of his yefte ;  
 And a scrippe of Fainte Distresse, 7405  
 That ful was of elangenesse,  
 And forth she walked sobrelly :  
 And Falso-Semblant saynt, *le vous dy*,  
 tHad, as it were for such mistere,  
 Don on the cope of a frere, 7410  
 With chere simple, and ful pitous ;  
 His looking was not disdeinous,  
 Ne proud, but make and ful pesible.  
 About his nekke he bar a bible,  
 And squierly forth gan he gon ; 7415  
 And, for to reste he limmes upon,  
 He had of Treason a potente ;  
 As he were feble, his way he wente.  
 But in his sleve he gan to thringe  
 A rasour sharp, and wel bytinge, 7420  
 That was forged in a forge,  
 Which that men clepen Coupe-gorge.  
 So longe forth hir way they nomen,  
 Til they to Wicked-Tonge comen,  
 That at his gate was sitting, 7425  
 And saw folk in the way passing.  
 The pilgrimes saw he faste by,  
 That beren hem ful mekely,  
 And tthumblly they with him mette.  
 Dame Abstinence first him grette, 7430  
 And sith him Falso-Semblant salued,  
 And he hem ; but he not ttrammed,  
 For he ne dredde hem not a-del.  
 For when he saw hir faces wel,  
 Alway in herte him thoughte so, 7435  
 He shulde knowe hem bothe two ;  
 For wel he knew Dame Abstinence,  
 But he ne knew not Constreynaunce.  
 He knew nat that she was constrayned,  
 Ne of her theves lyfe feyned, 7440  
 But wende she com of wil al free ;

But she com in another degree ;  
 And if of good wil she began,  
 That wil was failed her [as] than.  
 And Fals-Semblant had he seyn als,  
 But he knew nat that he was fals. 7446  
 Yet fals was he, but his falsnesse  
 Ne coude he not espye, nor gesse ;  
 For Semblant was so slye wrought,  
 That falsnesse he ne espyed nought. 7450  
 But haddest thou knowen him befor,  
 Thou woldest on a boke have sworn,  
 When thou him saugh in thilke aray  
 That he, that whylom was so gay,  
 And of the daunce Joly Robin, 7455  
 Was tho become a Jacobin.  
 But sothely, what so men him calle,  
 Frere[s] Prechours been good men alle ;  
 Hir order wickedly they beren,  
 Suche minstrelles if [that] they weren.  
 So been Augustins and Cordileres, 7461  
 And Carmes, and eek Sakked Freres,  
 And alle freres, shodde and bare,  
 (Though some of hem ben grete and  
 square)  
 Ful holy men, as I hem deme ; 7465  
 Everich of hem wolde good man seme.  
 But shalt thou never of apparence  
 Seen concludre good consequence  
 In none argument, y-wis,  
 If existence al failed is. 7470  
 For men may finde alway sophyme  
 The consequence to anvenyme,  
 Who-so that hath the subtiltees  
 The double sentence for to see.

When the pilgrymes comen were 7475  
 To Wicked-Tonge, that dwelled there,  
 Hir harnes nigh hem was algate ;  
 By Wicked-Tonge adoun they sate,  
 That bad hem ner him for to come,  
 And of tydinges telle him some, 7480  
 And sayde hem :— ' What cas maketh  
 yow  
 To come into this place now ? '  
 ' Sir,' seyde Strained-Abetinaunce,  
 ' We, for to drye our penaunce,  
 With hartes pitous and devoute, 7485  
 Are comen, as pilgrimes gon aboute ;  
 Wel nigh on fote alway we go ;  
 Ful dusty been our heles two ;  
 And thus bothe we ben sent  
 Thurhout this world that is miswent,

To yeve ensample, and preche also. 7491  
 To flashen sinful men we go,  
 For other flashynge ne flashe we.  
 And, sir, for that charitee,  
 As we be wont, herberwe we crave, 7495  
 Your lyf to amende ; Crist it save !  
 And, so it shulde you nat displese,  
 We wolden, if it were your ese,  
 A short sermoun unto you seyn.  
 And Wikked-Tonge answerde ageyn,  
 ' The hous,' quod he, ' such as ye see, 7501  
 Shal nat be warned you for me,  
 Sey what you list, and I wol here.'  
 ' Graunt mercy, swete sire dere !'  
 Quod alderfirst Dame Abstinence, 7505  
 And thus began she hir sentence :  
 Const. Abstinence. ' Sir, the first vertue,  
 certeyn,  
 The gretest, and most sovereyn  
 That may be founde in any man,  
 For having, or for wit he can, 7510  
 That is, his tonge to refreyn ;  
 Therto ought every wight him payne.  
 For it is better stille be  
 Than for to spoken harm, pardes !  
 And he that herkeneth it gladly, 7515  
 He is no good man, sikerly.  
 And, sir, aboven al other sinne,  
 In that art thou most gilty inne.  
 Thou spake a jape not long ago,  
 (And, sir, that was right yvel do) 7520  
 Of a yong man that here repaired,  
 And never yet this place apaired.  
 Thou seydest he awaited nothing  
 But to disceyve Fair-Welcoming.  
 Ye seyde nothing sooth of that ; 7525  
 But, sir, ye lye ; I tell you plat ;  
 He ne cometh no more, ne goth, pardes !  
 I trow ye shal him never see.  
 Fair-Welcoming in prison is,  
 That ofte hath played with you, er this,  
 The fairest games that he coude, 7531  
 Withoute filthe, stille or loude ;  
 Now dar the nat himself solace.  
 Ye han also the man do chace,  
 That he dar neither come ne go. 7535  
 What meveth you to hate him so  
 But properly your wikked thought,  
 That many a fals lesing hath thought ?  
 That meveth your foole eloquence,  
 That jangleth ever in audience, 7541

And on the folk areyseth blame,  
 And doth hem dishonour and shame,  
 For thing that may have no preving,  
 But lyklynesse, and contriving.  
 For I dar seyn, that Reson demeth, 7545  
 It is not al sooth thing that semeth  
 And it is sinne to controve  
 Thing that is [for] to reprove ;  
 This wot ye wel ; and, sir, therefore  
 Ye arn to blame [wel] the more. 7550  
 And, nathelesse, he rekketh lyte ;  
 He feveth nat now thereof a myte ;  
 For if he thoughte harm, parfay,  
 He wolde come and gon al day ;  
 He coude him-selfe nat abstene. 7555  
 Now cometh he nat, and that is sene,  
 For he ne taketh of it no cure,  
 But-if it be through aventure,  
 And lasse than other folk, algate.  
 And thou here watchest at the gate, 7560  
 With spere in thyne arest alway ;  
 There muse, musard, al the day.  
 Thou wakest night and day for thought ;  
 Y-wis, thy travayl is for nought.  
 And Jelousye, withouten faille, 7565  
 Shal never quyte thee thy travaile.  
 And scathe is, that Fair-Welcoming,  
 Without[en] any trespassing,  
 Shal wrongfully in prison be,  
 Ther wepeth and languisseth he. 7570  
 And though thou never yet, y-wis,  
 Agiltest man no more but this,  
 (Take not a-greef) it were worthy  
 To putte thee out of this baily,  
 And afterward in prison lye, 7575  
 And fetre thee til that thou dye ;  
 For thou shalt for this sinne dwelle  
 Right in the devils ers of helle,  
 But-if that thou repente thee,' 7579  
 'Ma fay, thou lyest falsly !' quod he.  
 'What ? welcome with mischaunce now !  
 Have I therefore herbered you  
 To seye me shame, and eek reprove ?  
 With sory happe, to your bihove,  
 Am I to-day your herbergere ! 7585  
 Go, herber you elleswhere than here,  
 That kan a lyer called me !  
 Two tregetours art thou and he,  
 That in myn hous do me this shame,  
 And for my soth-sawe ye me blame. 7590  
 Is this the sermoun that ye make ?

To alle the develles I me take,  
 Or elles, god, thou me confounde .  
 But er men diden this castel founde,  
 It passeth not ten dayes or twelve, 7595  
 But it was told right to my-selve,  
 And as they seide, right so tolde I,  
 He kiste the Rose privily !  
 Thus seide I now, and have seid yore ;  
 I not wher he dide any more. 7600  
 Why shulde men sey me such a thing,  
 If it hadde been gabbing ?  
 Right so seide I, and wol seye yit ;  
 I trowe, I lyed not of it ;  
 And with my bemes I wol blowe 7605  
 To alle neighboris a-rowe,  
 How he hath bothe comen and gon.'  
 The spak Fals-Semblant right anon,  
 'Al is not gospel, out of doute,  
 That men seyn in the tounne aboute ; 7610  
 Ley no deaf ere to my speking ;  
 I swere yow, sir, it is gabbing !  
 I trowe ye wot wel certeynly,  
 That no man loveth him tenderly  
 That seith him harm, if he wot it, 7615  
 Al be he never so pore of wit.  
 And sooth is also sikerly,  
 (This knowe ye, sir, as wel as I),  
 That lovers gladly wol visyten  
 The places ther hir loves habytē. 7620  
 This man you loveth and eek honoureth ;  
 This man to serve you laboureth ;  
 And clepeth you his freend so dere,  
 And this man maketh you good chere,  
 And every-where that [he] you meteth,  
 He you saleweth, and he you greteth. 7626  
 He preseth not so ofte, that ye  
 Ought of his come encombred be ;  
 Ther presen other folk on yow  
 Ful ofter than [that] he doth now. 7630  
 And if his herte him streyned so  
 Unto the Rose for to go,  
 Ye shulde him seen so ofte nede,  
 That ye shulde take him with the dede.  
 He coude his coming not forbere, 7635  
 Though ye him thrilled with a spere ;  
 It nere not thanne as it is now.  
 But trusteth wel, I swere it yow,  
 That it is clene out of his thought.  
 Sir, certes, he ne thenketh it nought ;  
 No more ne doth Fair-Welcoming, 7641  
 That sore abyeth al this thing.



And if they were of oon assent,  
 Ful sone were the Rose hent ;  
 The mangre youres wolde be. 7645  
 And sir, of o thing herkeneth me :—  
 Sith ye this man, that loveth yow,  
 Han seid such harm and shame now,  
 Witeth wel, if he gessed it,  
 Ye may wel damen in your wit, 7650  
 He nolde no-thing love you so,  
 Ne callen you his freend also,  
 But night and day he †wolde wake,  
 The castel to destroye and take,  
 If it were sooth as ye devyse ; 7655  
 Or som man in som maner wyse  
 Might it warne him everydel,  
 Or by him-self perceyven wel ;  
 For sith he might not come and gon  
 As he was whylom wont to don, 7660  
 He might it sone wite and see ;  
 But now al other-wyse †doth he.  
 Than have †ye, sir, al-outerly  
 Deserved helle, and jolyly  
 The deth of helle, douteles, 7665  
 That thrallen folk so gilteles.  
 Fals-Semblant proveth so this thing  
 That he can noon answering,  
 And seeth alway such apparaunce,  
 That nygh he fel in repentaunce, 7670  
 And seide him :—‘ Sir, it may wel be.

Semblant, a good man semen ye ;  
 And, Abstinence, ful wyse ye same ;  
 Of o talent you bothe I deme. 7674  
 What counceill wole ye to me yeven ?  
 F. Sem. ‘ Right here anon thou shalt  
 be shriven,  
 And sey thy sinne withoute more ;  
 Of this shalt thou repente sore ;  
 For I am preest, and have poustee  
 To shryve folk of most dignitee 7680  
 That been, as wyde as world may dura.  
 Of al this world I have the cure,  
 And that had never yit persoun,  
 No vicarie of no maner toun.  
 And, god wot, I have of thee 7685  
 A thousand tymes more pitee  
 Than hath thy preest parochial,  
 Though he thy freend be special.  
 I have avauntage, in o wyse,  
 That your prelates ben not so wyse 7690  
 Ne half so lettred as am I.  
 I am licenced boldely  
 In divinites to rede,  
 And to confessen, out of drede.  
 If ye wol you now confesse, 7695  
 And leve your sinnes more and lesse,  
 Without abood, knele down anon,  
 And you shal have absolucion.’ 7698

Explicit.

# THE MINOR POEMS.

## I. AN A. B. C.

*Incipit carmen secundum ordinem literarum Alphabeti.*

Almighty and al merciabie quene,  
To whom that al this world fleeth for  
soccour,

To have relees of sinne, sorwe and tene,  
Glorious virgine, of alle floures flour,  
To thee I flee, confounded in errour! 5  
Help and releve, thou mighty debonaire,  
Have mercy on my perilous langour!  
Vanquished m' hath my cruel adversaire.

Bountee so fix hath in thyn herte his  
tente,

That wel I wot thou wolt my socour be, 10  
Thou canst not warne him that, with  
good entente,

Axeth thyn help. Thyn herte is ay so free,  
Thou art largesse of pleyn felicitye,  
Haven of refut, of quiete and of reste.

Lo, how that theves seven chasen me! 15  
Help, lady bright, er that my ship to-  
breste!

Comfort is noon, but in yow, lady dare;  
For lo, my sinne and my confusioun,  
Which oughten not in thy presence ap-  
pere,

Han take on me a grevous accioun 20  
Of verrey right and desperacioun;  
And, as by right, they mighten wel sus-  
tene

That I were worthy my dampnacioun,  
Nere mercy of yow, blisful hevене quene.

Doute is ther noon, thou queen of miseri-  
corde, 25

That thou n'art cause of grace and mercy  
here;

God vouches sauf thurgh thee with us  
t'acorde.

For certes, Cristes blisful moder dere,  
Were now the bowe bent in swich manere,  
As it was first, of justice and of yre, 30  
The rightful God nolde of no mercy here;  
But thurgh thee han we grace, as we  
desyre.

Ever hath myn hope of refut been in thee,  
For heer-biforn ful ofte, in many a wyse,  
Hast thou to misericorde receyved me. 35  
But mercy, lady, at the grete assayse,  
Whan we shul come bifore the hye jus-  
tyse!

So litel fruit shal thanne in me be founde,  
That, but thou er that day me †wel  
chastyse,

Of verrey right my werk me wol con-  
founde. 40

Fleeing, I flee for socour to thy tente  
Me for to hyde from tempest ful of drede,  
Bisecching you that ye you not absente,  
Though I be wikke. O help yit at this nede!  
Al have I been a beste in wille and dede,  
Yit, lady, thou me clothe with thy grace.  
Thyn enemy and myn (lady, tak hede) 47  
Un-to my deeth in poynt is me to chace.

Glorious mayde and moder, which that  
never

Were bitter, neither in erthe nor in see, 50  
But ful of swetnesse and of mercy ever,  
Help that my fader be not wroth with me!  
Spek thou, for I ne dar not him y-see.  
So have I doon in erthe, allas ther-whyle!  
That certes, but-if thou my socour be, 55  
To stink eterne he wol my gost exyle.

He vouched sanz, tel him, as was his wille,  
Biocome a man, to have our alliaunce,  
And with his precious blood he wroot the  
bille

Up-on the crois, as general acquitaunce,  
To every penitent in ful creauunce; 61  
And therfor, lady bright, thou for us  
praye.

Than shalt thou bothe stinte al his grev-  
aunce,  
And make our foo to failen of his praye

I wot it wel, thou wolt ben our socour, 65  
Thou art so ful of bountee, in certeyn.  
For, whan a soule falleth in errour,  
Thy pitee goth and haleth him ayeyn.  
Than makest thou his pees with his  
sovereyn,

And bringest him out of the crooked  
strete. 70

Who-so thes loveth he shal not love in  
veyn,

That shal he finde, as he the lyf shal leta.

Kalenderes enlumined ben they  
That in this world ben lighted with thy  
name,

And who-so goth to you the righte wey, 75  
Him thar not drede in soule to be lame.

Now, queen of comfort, sith thou art that  
same

To whom I seche for my medicyne,  
Lat not my foo no more my wounde en-  
tame,

Myn hele in-to thyn hand al I resigne. 80

Lady, thy sorwe can I not portreye  
Under the cros, ne his grevous penaunce.  
But, for your bothes peynes, I you preye,  
Lat not our alder foo make his bobaunce,  
That he hath in his listes of mischaunce 85  
Convict that ye bothe have bought so  
dera

As I seide erst, thou ground of our sub-  
staunce,

Continue on us thy pitous eyen clere!

Moises, that saugh the bush with flaumes  
rede

Brenninge, of which ther never a stikke  
brende, 90

Was signe of thyn unwemmed maiden-  
hede.

Thou art the bush on which ther gan  
desconde

The Holy Gost, the which that Moises  
wende

Had ben a-fyr; and this was in figure.  
Now lady, from the fyr thou us defende 95  
Which that in helle eternally shal dure.

Noble princess, that never haddest pere,  
Certes, if any comfort in us be,  
That cometh of thee, thou Cristes moder  
dere,

We han non other melodye or glee 100  
Us to rejoyse in our adversitee,  
N' advocat noon that wol and dar so preye  
For us, and that for litel hyre as ye,  
That helpen for an Ave-Marie or tweye.

O verrey light of eyen that ben blinde, 105  
O verrey lust of labour and distresse,  
O tresorere of bountee to mankinde,  
Thee whom God chees to moder for  
humblesse!

From his ancille he made thee maistresse  
Of hevene and erthe, our bille up for to  
bede. 110

This world awaiteth ever on thy good-  
ness,

For thou ne failest never wight at nede.

Purpos I have sum tyme for t'enquere,  
Wherfore and why the Holy Gost thee  
soughte,

Whan Gabrielles vois cam to thyn ere. 115  
He not to werre us swich a wonder  
wroughte,

But for to save us that he sithen boughte.  
Than nedeth us no wepen us for to save,  
But only ther we did not, as us oughte,  
Do penitence, and mercyaxe and have. 120

Queen of comfort, yit whan I me bithink  
That I agilt have bothe, him and thee,

And that my soule is worthy for to sinke,  
 Allas, I, caitif, whider may I flee?  
 Who shal un-to thy sone my mene be? 125  
 Who, but thy-self, that art of pitee welle?  
 Thou hast more reuthe on our adversitee  
 Than in this world mighte any tunge telle.

Redresse me, moder, and me chastyse,  
 For, certeynly, my fadres chastisinge 130  
 That dar I nought abyden in no wyse:  
 So hidous is his rightful rekeninge.  
 Moder, of whom our mercy gan to springe,  
 Beth ye my juge and eek my soules leche;  
 For ever in you is pitee haboundinge 135  
 To ech that wol of pitee you biseche.

Soth is, that God ne graunteth no pitee  
 With-oute thee; for God, of his goodnesse,  
 Forgyveth noon, but it lyke un-to thee.  
 He hath thee maked vicaire and mais-  
 tresse 140

Of al the world, and eek governeresse  
 Of hevене, and he represseth his justyse  
 After thy wille, and therefore in witness  
 He hath thee crowned in so ryal wyse.

Temple devout, ther god hath his won-  
 inge, 145

From which these misbileved pryed been,  
 To you my soule penitent I bringe.

Receyve me! I can no ferther flee!  
 With thornes venimous, O hevене queen,  
 For which the erthe acursed was ful yore,  
 I am so wounded, as ye may wel seen, 151  
 That I am lost almost;—it smert so sore.

Virgine, that art so noble of appaile,  
 And ledest us in-to the hye tour 154

Of Paradys, thou me wisse and counsaile,  
 How I may have thy grace and thy socour;  
 Al have I been in filthe and in errour.  
 Lady, un-to that court thou me ajourne  
 That cleped is thy bench, O fresshe flour!  
 Ther-as that mercy ever shal sojourne. 160

Xristus, thy sone, that in this world  
 alighte,

Up-on the cros to suffre his passioun,  
 And teek, that Longins his herte pighte,  
 And made his herte blood to renneadoun;  
 And al was this for my salvacioun; 165  
 And I to him am fals and eek unkinde,  
 And yit he wol not my dampnacioun—  
 This thanke I you, socour of al mankinde.

Ysaac was figure of his deeth, certeyn,  
 That so fer-forth his fader wolde obeye 170  
 That him ne roughete no-thing to be slayn;  
 Right so thy sone list, as a lamb, to deye.  
 Now lady, ful of mercy, I you preye,  
 Sith he his mercy mesured so large,  
 Be ye not skant; for alle we singe and  
 seye 175  
 That ye ben from vengeance ay our targe.

Zacharie you clepeth the open welle  
 To washe sinful soule out of his gilt.  
 Therefore this lessoun oughte I wel to telle  
 That, nere thy tender herte, we weren  
 spilt. 180

Now lady brighte, sith thou canst and wilt  
 Ben to the seed of Adam merciabe,  
 So bring us to that palais that is bilt  
 To penitents that ben to mercy able.  
 Amen. 184

*Explicit carmen.*

## II. THE COMPLEYNT UNTO PITE.

Prx, that I have sought so yore ago,  
 With herte sore, and ful of besy payne,  
 That in this world was never wight so wo  
 With-oute dethe; and, if I shal not feyne,  
 My purpos was, to Pite to compleyne 5  
 Upon the crueltee and tyrannye  
 Of Love, that for my trouthe doth me dye.

And when that I, by lengthe of certeyn  
 yeres,  
 Had ever in oon a tyme sought to speke,  
 To Pite ran I, al bespreynt with teres, 10  
 To preyen hir on Crueltee m' awreke.  
 But, er I might with any worde out-  
 breke,

Or tellen any of my peynes smerte,  
I fond hir deed, and buried in an herte.

Adoun I fel, when that I saugh the herse,  
Deed as a stoon, why! that the swogh me  
laste; 16

But up I roos, with colour ful diverse,  
And pitouely on hir myn yën caste,  
And ner the corps I gan to presen faste,  
And for the soule I shoop me for to  
preye; 20  
I †nas but lorn; ther †nas no more to  
seye.

Thus am I slayn, sith that Pite is deed;  
Allas! that day! that ever hit shulde  
falle!

What maner man dar now holde up his  
heed?

To whom shal any sorrowful herte calle? 25  
Now Crueltee hath cast to sleen us alle,  
In ydel hope, folk redelees of peyne—  
Sith she is deed—to whom shul we com-  
pleyne?

But yet encreseth me this wonder newe,  
That no wight woot that she is deed, but I;  
So many men as in hir tyme hir knewe,  
And yet she dyed not so sodeynly; 32  
For I have sought hir ever ful besily  
Sith first I hadde wit or mannes minde;  
But she was deed, er that I coude hir  
finde. 35

Aboute hir herse ther stoden lustily,  
Withouten any wo, as thoughte me,  
Bountee parfit, wel armed and richely,  
And fresshe Beantee, Lust, and Jolitee,  
Assured Maner, Youthe, and Honestee, 40  
Wisdom, Estaat, [and] Dreed, and Go-  
vernaunce,

Confedred bothe by bonde and alliaunce.

A compleynt hadde I, writen, in myn  
hond,

For to have put to Pite as a bille,  
But whan I al this companye ther fond,  
That rather wolden al my cause spille 46  
Than do me help, I held my pleynte stille;  
For to that folk, withouten any faille,  
\*Withoute Pite may no bille availle.

Then leve I al thise virtues, sauf Pite, so  
Keping the corps, as ye have herd me seyn,

Confedred alle by bonde of Crueltee,  
And been assented that I shal be sleyn.  
And I have put my compleynt up ageyn;  
For to my foos my bille I dar not shewe,  
Theffect of which seith thus, in wordes  
fewe:— 56

### The Bille.

¶ 'Humblest of herte, hiest of reverence.  
Benigne flour, coroune of vertues alle,  
Sheweth unto your rial excellence  
Your servaunt, if I durste me so calle, 60  
His mortal harm, in which he is y-falle.  
And noght al only for his evel fare,  
But for your renoun, as he shal declare.

'Hit stondeth thus: your contraire,  
Crueltee,

Allied is ageynst your regalye 65  
Under colour of womanly Beantee,  
For men [ne] shuld not knowe hir  
tirannye,

With Bountee, Gentilesse, and Curtesye,  
And hath depyrved you now of your place  
That hight "Beautee, apertenant to  
Grace." 70

'For kindly, by your heritage right,  
Ye been annexed ever unto Bountee;  
And verrayly ye oughte do your might  
To helpe Trouthe in his adversitee.  
Ye been also the coroune of Beantee; 75  
And certes, if ye wanten in thise tweyne,  
The world is lore; ther †nis no more to  
seyne.

¶ 'Eek what availleth Maner and Gen-  
tilesse

Withoute you, benigne creature?  
Shal Crueltee be your governeresse? 80  
Allas! what herte may hit longe endure?  
Wherfor, but ye the rather take cure  
To breke that perilous alliaunce,  
Ye sleen hem that ben in your obeisaunce.

'And further over, if ye suffre this, 85  
Your renoun is fordo than in a throwe;  
Ther shal no man wite wel what Pite is.  
Allas! that your renoun shuld be so lowe!  
Ye be than fro your heritage y-throwe  
By Crueltee, that occupieth your place; 90  
And we despaired, that saken to your  
grace.

Have mercy on me, thou Heranus quene,  
That you have sought so tenderly and  
yore;

Let somstream of your light on me be sene  
That love and drede you, ay lenger the  
more. 95

For, sothly for to seyne, I bare the sore,  
And, though I be not cunning for to  
pleyne,

For goddes love, have mercy on my peyne!

'My peyne is this, that what so I desire  
That have I not, ne no-thing lyk therto;  
And ever set Desire myn herte on fire;  
Eek on that other syde, wher-so I go, 102  
What maner thing that may encrease wo  
That have I redy, unsought, everywhere;  
Me (ne) laketh but my deth, and than  
my bare. 105

'What nedeth to shewe parcel of my  
peyne?

Sith every wo that herte may bethinke  
I suffre, and yet I dar not to you pleyne;  
For wel I woot, al-though I wake or  
winke,

Ye rakke not whether I flete or hynke, 110  
But natheles, my trouth I shal sustene  
Unto my deeth, and that shal wel be  
sene.

'This is to seyne, I wol be youre ever;  
Though ye me slee by Crueltee, your fo,  
Algate my spirit shal never dissever 115  
Fro your servyse, for any peyne or wo.  
Sith ye be deed—allas! that hit is so!—  
Thus for your deth I may wel wepe and  
pleyne 118  
With herte sore and ful of besy peyne.'

*Here endeth the exclamacion of the Deth of Pyte.*

### III. THE BOOK OF THE DUCHESS.

#### *The Proem.*

I HAVE gret wonder, by this lighte,  
How that I live, for day ne nighte  
I may nat slepe wel nigh noght;  
I have so many an ydel thought  
Purely for defaute of slepe, 5  
That, by my trouth, I take þkepe  
Of no-thing, how hit cometh or goth,  
Ne me nis no-thing lef nor loth.

Al is y-liche good to me—  
Joye or sorowe, wherso hit be— 10  
For I have feling in no-thing,  
But, as it were, a mased thing,  
Alway in point to falle a-doun;  
For þsory imaginacioun  
Is alway hoolly in my minde. 15

And wel ye woot, agaynes kinde  
Hit were to liven in this wyse;  
For nature wolde nat suffyse  
To noon erthely creature  
Not longe tyme to endure 20

Withoute slepe, and be[en] in sorwe;  
And I ne may, ne night ne morwe,  
Slepe; and þthus melancolye,  
And drede I have for to dye,  
Defaute of slepe, and hevynesse 25  
Hath sleyn my spirit of quiknesse,  
That I have lost al lustihede.  
Suche fantasies ben in myn hede  
So I not what is best to do.

But men mighte axe me, why so 30  
I may not slepe, and what me is?  
But natheles, who aske this  
Leseth his asking trewely.  
My-selven can not telle why  
The sooth; but trewely, as I gesse, 35  
I holdð hit be a siknesse

That I have suffred this eight yere,  
And yet my bote is never the nare;  
For ther is phisicien but oon,  
That may me hele; but that is doon. 40  
Passe we over until eft;  
That wil not be, moot nede be left;

Our first matere is good to kepe.

So whan I saw I might not slepe,  
Til now late, this other night, 45  
Upon my bedde I sat upright,  
And bad oon reche me a book,  
A romaunce, and he hit me took  
To rede and dryve the night away ;  
For me thoughte it better play 50  
Then playe[n] either at chesse or tables.

And in this boke were written fables  
That clerkes hadde, in olde tyme,  
And other poets, put in ryme  
To rede, and for to be in minde 55  
Whyl men loved the lawe of kinde.  
This book ne spak but of such thinges,  
Of queenes lyves, and of kinges,  
And many othere thinges smale.  
Amonge al this I fond a tale 60  
That me thoughte a wonder thing.

This was the tale : Ther was a king  
That highte Seys, and hadde a wyf,  
The beste that mighte bere lyf ;  
And this queene highte Alcyone. 65  
So hit befel, therafter sone,  
This king wolde wenden over see.  
To tellen shortly, whan that he  
Was in the see, thus in this wyse,  
Soche a tempest can to ryse 70  
That brak hir mast, and made it falle,  
And clefte hir ship, and dreinte hem alle,  
That never was founden, as it telles,  
Bord ne man, ne nothing elles.  
Right thus this king Seys loste his lyf. 75

Now þfor to speken of his wyf :—  
This lady, that was left at home,  
Hath wonder, that the king ne come  
Hoom, for hit was a longe terme.  
Anon her herte þgan to erme ; 80  
And for that hir thoughte evermo  
Hit was not wel þhe dwelte so,  
She longed so after the king  
That certes, hit wero a pitous thing  
To telle hir hertely sorrowful lyf 85  
That þhadde, alas ! this noble wyf ;  
For him she loved alderbest.  
Anon she sente bothe eest and west  
To seke him, but they founde nought.

'Alas !' quoth she, 'that I was wrought !  
And wher my lord, my love, be deed ? 91  
Certes, I nil never ete breed,  
I make a-vowe to my god here,

But I mowe of my lorde here !'  
Such sorwe this lady to her took 95  
That trewely I, which made this book,  
Had swich pite and swich rowthe  
To rede hir sorwe, that, by my trowthe,  
I ferde the worse al the morwe  
After, to thenken on her sorwe. 100

So whan þahe coude here no word  
That no man mighte finde hir lord,  
Ful oft she swouned, and seide 'alas !'  
For sorwe ful nigh wood she was,  
Ne she coude no reed but oon ; 105  
But down on knees she sat anon,  
And þweep, that pite was to here.

'A ! mercy ! swete lady dere !'  
Quod she to Juno, hir goddesse ;  
'Help me out of this distresse, 110  
And yeve me grace my lord to see  
Sone, or wite wher-so he be,  
Or how he fareth, or in what wyse,

And I shal make you sacrificse,  
And hoolly youres become I shal 115  
With good wil, body, herte, and al ;  
And but thou wilt this, lady swete,  
Send me grace to slepe, and mete  
In my slepe som certeyn sweven,

Wher-through that I may knowen even  
Whether my lord be quik or deed.' 121  
With that word she heng down the heed,  
And fl a-swown as cold as ston ;  
Hir women caughte her up anon,  
And broghten hir in bed al naked, 125

And she, forweped and forwaked,  
Was wery, and thus the dede sleep  
Fil on her, or she toke keep,  
Through Juno, that had herd hir bone,  
That made hir [for] to slepe sone ; 130

For as she prayde, þso was don,  
In dede ; for Juno, right anon,  
Called thus her messagere  
To do her erande, and he com nere.  
Whan he was come, she bad him thus : 135

'Go bet,' quod Juno, 'to Morpheus,  
Thou knowest him wel, the god of sleep ;  
Now understond wel, and tak keep.  
Sei thus on my halfe, that he  
Go faste into the grete see, 140

And bid him that, on alle thing,  
He take up Seys body the king,  
That lyth ful pale and no-thing rody.  
Bid him crape into the body,

And do it goon to Alecyone 145  
 The quene, ther she lyth alone,  
 And shewe hir shortly, hit is no nay,  
 How hit was dreynt this other day ;  
 And do the body speke þso  
 Right as hit was wont to do, 150  
 The whyles that hit was on lyve.  
 Go now faste, and hy thee blyve !

This messager took leve and wente  
 Upon his wey, and never ne stente  
 Til he com to the derke valeye 155  
 That stant bytwene roches tweye,  
 Ther never yet grew corn ne gras,  
 Ne tree, ne þnothing that ought was,  
 Beste, ne man, ne þnothing elles,  
 Save ther were a fewe walles 160  
 Came renning fro the cliffes adoun,  
 That made a deedly sleping soun,  
 And ronnen down right by a cave  
 That was under a rokke y-grave  
 Amid the valey, wonder depe. 165  
 Ther thise goddesse laye and slepe,  
 Morpheus, and Eclympasteyre,  
 That was the god of slepes heyre,  
 That slepe and did non other werk.

This cave was also as dark 170  
 As helle pit over-al aboute ;  
 They had good leyser for to route  
 To envye, who might slepe beste ;  
 Some henge hir chin upon hir breste  
 And þslepe upright, hir heed y-hed, 175  
 And some lay(e) naked in hir bed,  
 And slepe whyles the dayes laste.

This messager com flying faste,  
 And cryed, ' O ho ! awak anon ! ' 179  
 Hit was for noght ; ther herde him non.  
 ' Awak ! ' quod he, ' who is, lyth there ? '  
 And blew his horn right in hir ere,  
 And cryed ' awaketh ! ' wonder hye.  
 This god of slepe, with his oon ye  
 Cast up, þaxed, ' who clepeth there ? ' 185  
 ' Hit am I, ' quod this messagere ;  
 ' Juno had thou shuldest goon '—  
 And tolde him what he shulde doon  
 As I have told yow here-tofore ;  
 Hit is no need rerheise hit more ; 190  
 And wente his wey, whan he had sayd.

Anon this god of slepe a-brayd  
 Out of his slepe, and gan to goon,  
 And did as he had bede him doon ;  
 Took up the dreynthe body sone, 195

And bar hit forth to Alecyone,  
 His wyf the quene, ther-as she lay,  
 Right even a quarter before day,  
 And stood right at hir beddes fete,  
 And called hir, right as she hete, 200  
 By name, and seyde, ' my swete wyf,  
 Awak ! let be your sorrowful lyf !  
 For in your sorwe ther lyth no reed ;  
 For certes, swete, I þnam but deed ;  
 Ye shul me never on lyve y-see. 205  
 But good swete harte, [look] that ye  
 Bury my body, þat which a tyde  
 Ye mowe hit finde the see besyde ;  
 And far-wel, swete, my worldes blisse !  
 I praye god your sorwe lisse ; 210  
 To litel whyl our blisse lasteth ! '

With that hir eyen up she casteth,  
 And saw noght ; ' þA ! ' quod she, ' for  
 sorwe ! '

And deyed within the thridd morwe.  
 But what she sayde more in that swow  
 I may not telle yow as now, 216  
 Hit were to longe for to dwelle ;  
 My first matere I wil yow telle,  
 Wherfor I have told this thing  
 Of Alcione and Seys the king. 220

For thus moche dar I say(e) wel,  
 I had be dolven everydel,  
 And deed, right through defaute of sleep,  
 If I had red and take[n] keep  
 Of this tale next before : 225  
 And I wol telle yow wherfore ;  
 For I ne might, for bote ne bale,  
 Slepe, or I had red this tale  
 Of this dreynthe Seys the king,  
 And of the goddesse of sleping. 230  
 Whan I had red this tale wel,  
 And over-loked hit everydel,  
 Me thoughte wonder if hit were so ;  
 For I had never herd speke, or tho,  
 Of no goddess that coude make 235  
 Men [for] to slepe, ne for to wake ;  
 For I ne knew never god but oon.  
 And in my game I sayde anon—  
 And yet me list right evel to playe—  
 ' Rather then that I shulde deye 240  
 Through defaute of sleping thus,  
 I wolde give thilke Morpheus,  
 Or his goddesse, dame Juno,  
 Or som wight elles, I ne roghte who—  
 To make me slepe and have som reste—



I wil yive him the alder-beste 246  
 Yift that ever he abood his lyve,  
 And here on warde, right now, as blyve ;  
 If he wol make me slepe a lyte,  
 Of downe of pure dowves whyte 250  
 I wil yive him a fether-bed,  
 Bayed with golde, and right wel oled  
 In fyn blak satin doutremere,  
 And many a pilow, and every bere  
 Of clothe of Raynes, to slepe softe ; 255  
 Him thar not nede to turnen ofte.  
 And I wol yive him al that falles  
 To a chambre ; and al his halles  
 I wol do peynte with pure golde,  
 And tapite hem ful many folde 260  
 Of oo sute ; this shal he have,  
 If I wiste wher were his cave,  
 If he can make me slepe sone,  
 As did the goddesse †Alcione.  
 And thus this ilke god, Morpheus, 265  
 May winne of me mo fets thus  
 Than ever he wan ; and to Juno,  
 That is his goddesse, I shal so do,  
 I trow that she shal holde her payd.  
 I hadde unneth that word y-sayd 270  
 Right thus as I have told hit yow,  
 That sodeynly, I niste how,  
 Swich a lust anon me took  
 To slepe, that right upon my book  
 I fl aslepe, and therwith even 275  
 Me mette so inly swete a sweven,  
 So wonderful, that never yit  
 I trowe no man hadde the wit  
 To conne wel my sweven rede ;  
 No, not Joseph, withoute drede, 280  
 Of Egipte, he that redde so  
 The kinges meting Pharao,  
 No more than coude the leste of us ;  
 Ne nat scarsly Macrobeus,  
 (He that wroot al th'avisoun 285  
 That he mette, king Scipioun,  
 The noble man, the Affrican—  
 Swiche mervayles fortunéd than)  
 I trowe, a-rede my dremes even.  
 Lo, thus hit was, this was my sweven. 290

*The Dream.*

Me thoughte thus :—that hit was May,  
 And in the dawning ther I lay,  
 Me mette thus, in my bed al naked :—

†I loked forth, for I was waked  
 With smale foules a gret hepe, 295  
 That had affrayed me out of †alepe  
 Through noyse and swetnesse of hir song ;  
 And, as me mette, they sate among,  
 Upon my chambre-roof withoute,  
 Upon the tyles, †al a-boute, 300  
 And songen, everich in his wyse,  
 The moste solempne servyse  
 By note, that ever man, I trowe,  
 Had herd ; for som of hem song lowe,  
 Som hye, and al of oon acorde. 305  
 To telle shortly, at oo worde,  
 Was never y-herd so swete a steven,  
 But hit had be a thing of heven ;—  
 So mery a soun, so swete entunes,  
 That certes, for the tounes of Tewnes, 310  
 I nolde but I had herd hem singe ;  
 For al my chambre gan to ringe  
 Through singing of hir armonye.  
 For instrument nor melodye  
 Was nowher herd yet half so swete, 315  
 Nor of acorde half so mete ;  
 For ther was noon of hem that fayed  
 To singe, for ech of hem him peyned  
 To finde out mery crafty notes ;  
 They ne spared not hir throtes. 320  
 And, sooth to seyn, my chambre was  
 Ful wel depeynted, and with glas  
 Were al the windowes wel y-glassed,  
 Ful clere, and nat an hole y-crased,  
 That to beholde hit was gret joye. 325  
 For hoolly al the storis of Troye  
 Was in the glasing y-wrought thus,  
 Of Ector and †king Priamus,  
 Of Achilles and †Lamedon,  
 Of †Medea and of Jason, 330  
 Of Paris, Eleyne, and Lavyna.  
 And †alle the walles with colours fyne  
 Were peynted, bothe text and glose,  
 †Of al the Romaunce of the Rose.  
 My windowes weren shet echon, 335  
 And through the glas the sunne shon  
 Upon my bed with bryghte bemes,  
 With many glade gilden strames ;  
 And eek the walken was so fair,  
 Blew, bryght, clere was the air, 340  
 And ful atempre, for sothe, hit was ;  
 For nother †cold nor hoot hit nas,  
 Ne in al the walken was a cloude.  
 And as I lay thus, wonder loude

Me thoughte I herde an hunte blowe 345  
 T' assaye his horn, and for to knowe  
 Whether hit were clere or hors of sounne.

†I herde goings, up and doune,  
 Men, hors, houndes, and other thing;  
 And al man speken of hunting, 350  
 How they wolde slee the hert with  
 strengthe,

And how the hert had, upon lengthe,  
 So moche embosed, I not now what.  
 Anon-right, whan I herde that,  
 How that they wolde on hunting goon,  
 I was right glad, and up anon; 356

[I] took my hors, and forth I wente  
 Out of my chambre; I never stente  
 Til I com to the feld withoute.

Ther overtook I a gret route 360  
 Of huntres and eek of foresteres,  
 With many relayes and lymeres,  
 And hyed hem to the forest faste,  
 And I with hem;—so at the laste  
 I asked oon, ladde a lymere:— 365

'Say, felow, who shal hunte[n] here?'

Quod I; and he answerde ageyn,

'Sir, th'empourour Octovien,'

Quod he, 'and is heer faste by.'

'A goddess halfe, in good tyme,' quod I,

'Go we faste!' and gan to ryde. 371

Whan we came to the forest-syde,

Every man dide, right anon,

As to hunting fil to doon.

The mayster-hunte anon, fot-hoot, 375

With a gret horne blew three moot

At the uncoupling of his houndes.

Within a whyl the hert [y]-founde is,

Y-halowed, and rechased faste

Longe tyme; and †at the laste, 380

This hert rused and stal away

Fro alle the houndes a prevy way.

The houndes had overshotte hem alle,

And were on a defaute y-falle;

Therwith the hunte wonder faste 385

Blew a forloyn at the laste.

I was go walked fro my tree,

And as I wente, ther cam by me

A whelp, that fauned me as I stood,

That hadde y-folowed, and coude no good.

Hit com and creep to me as lowe, 391

Right as hit hadde me y-knowe,

Hild down his heed and joyned his eres,

And leyde al smothe down his heres.

I wolde han caught hit, and anon 395

Hit fledde, and was fro me goon;

And I him folwed, and hit forth wente

Down by a floury grene wente

Ful thikke of gras, ful softe and swete,

With floures fele, faire under fete, 400

And litel used, hit seemed thus;

For bothe Flora and Zephirus,

They two that make floures growe,

Had mad hir dwelling ther, I trowe;

For hit was, on to beholde, 405

As thogh the erthe envye wolde

To be gayer than the heven,

To have mo floures, swiche seven

As in the welken sterres be.

Hit had forgete the povertie 410

That winter, through his colde morwes,

Had mad hit suffre[n], and his sorwes;

Al was forgeten, and that was sene.

For al the wode was waxen grene,

Swetnesse of dewe had mad it waxe. 415

Hit is no need eek for to axe

Wher ther were many grene greves,

Or thikke of trees, so ful of leves;

And every tree stood by him-selfe

Fro other wel ten foot or twelve. 420

So grete trees, so huge of strengthe,

Of fourty or fifty fadme lengthe,

Clene withoute bough or stikke,

With croppes brode, and eek as thikke—

They were nat an inche a-sonder— 425

That hit was shadwe over-al under;

And many an hert and many an hinde

Was both before me and bihinde.

Of founes, sources, bukkes, doës

Was ful the wode, and many roës, 430

And many squirelles, that sete

Ful hye upon the trees, and ete,

And in hir maner made festes.

Shortly, hit was so ful of bestes,

That thogh Argus, the noble countour,

Sete to rekene in his countour, 436

And rekene[d] with his figures ten—

For by tho figures mowe al ken,

If they be crafty, rekene and noumbre,

And telle of every thing the noumbre—

Yet shulde he fayle to rekene even 441

The wondres, me mette in my sweven.

But forth they romed †wonder faste

Down the wode; so at the laste

I was war of a man in blak, 445

That sat and had y-turned his bak  
 To an oke, an huge tree.  
 'Lord,' thoughte I, 'who may that be?  
 What ayleth him to sitten here?'  
 Anoon-right I wente nere; 450  
 Than fond I sitte even upright  
 A wonder wel-faringe knight—  
 By the maner me thoughte so—  
 Of good mochel, and þyong therto,  
 Of the age of four and twenty year. 455  
 Upon his berde bot lital heer,  
 And he was clothed al in blakke.  
 I stalked even unto his bakke,  
 And ther I stood as stille as ought,  
 That, sooth to saye, he saw me nought,  
 For-why he heng his heed adounne. 461  
 And with a deedly sorwful sounne  
 He made of ryme ten vers or twelve,  
 Of a compleynt to him-selve,  
 The moste pite, the moste rowthe, 465  
 That ever I herde; for, by my trowthe,  
 Hit was gret wonder that nature  
 Might suffre[n] any creature  
 To have swich sorwe, and be not deed.  
 Ful pitous, pale, and nothing reed, 470  
 He sayde a lay, a maner song,  
 Withoute note, withoute song,  
 And hit was this; for þwel I can  
 Reherse hit; right thus hit began.—  
 'I have of sorwe so gret woon, 475  
 That joye gets I never noon,  
 Now that I see my lady bright,  
 Which I have loved with al my might,  
 Is fro me deed, and is a-goon.† 479  
 'Allas, [o] deeth! what ayleth thee, 481  
 That thou noldest have taken me,  
 When that thou toke my lady swete?  
 That was so fayr, so fresh, so free,  
 So good, that men may wel [y]-see 485  
 Of al goodnesse she had no mete!—  
 Whan he had mad thus his complaynte,  
 His sorowful herte gan faste faynte,  
 And his spirites wexen dade;  
 The blood was fled, for pure drede, 490  
 Doun to his herte, to make him warm—  
 For wel hit feled the herte had harm—  
 To wite eek why hit was a-drad  
 By kinde, and for to make hit glad;  
 For hit is membre principal 495  
 Of the body; and that made al  
 His hewe chaunge and wexe grene

And pale, for þno blood was sene  
 In no maner lime of his.  
 Anoon therwith whan I saw this, 500  
 He ferde thus evel ther he sete,  
 I wente and stood right at his fete,  
 And gretted him, but he spak nought,  
 But argued with his owne thought,  
 And in his witte disputed faste 505  
 'Why and how his lyf might laste;  
 Him thoughte his sorwes were so smerte  
 And lay so colde upon his herte;  
 So, through his sorwe and hevye thought,  
 Made him that he ne herde me nought;  
 For he had wel nigh lost his minde, 511  
 Thogh Pan, that men clepe god of kinde,  
 Were for his sorwes never so wrooth.  
 But at the laste, to sayn right sooth,  
 He was war of me, how I stood 515  
 Before him, and dide of myn hood,  
 And †gretted him, as I best coude.  
 Debonairly, and no-thing loude,  
 He sayde, 'I prey thee, be not wrooth,  
 I herde thee not, to sayn the sooth, 520  
 Ne I saw thee not, sir, trewely.'  
 'A! goode sir, no fors,' quod I,  
 'I am right sory if I have ought  
 Destroubled yow out of your thought;  
 For-yive me if I have mis-take.' 525  
 'Yis, th' amendes is light to make,'  
 Quod he, 'for ther lyth noon ther-to;  
 Ther is no-thing missayd nor do.'  
 Lo! how goodly spak this knight,  
 As it had been another wight; 530  
 He made it nouthter tough ne queynte.  
 And I saw that, and gan me aqueynte  
 With him, and fond him so treftable,  
 Right wonder skilful and resonable,  
 As me thoughte, for al his bale. 535  
 Anoon-right I gan finde a tale  
 To him, to loke wher I might ought  
 Have more knowing of his thought.  
 'Sir,' quod I, 'this game is doon;  
 I holde that this hert be goon; 540  
 This hurtes conne him nowher see.'  
 'I do no fors therof,' quod he,  
 'My thought is ther-on never a del.'  
 'By our lord,' quod I, 'I trow yow wel,  
 Right so me thinketh by your chere. 545  
 But, sir, oo thing wol ye here?  
 Me thinketh, in gret sorwe I yow see  
 But certes, [good] sir, yif that ye

Wolde ought disoure me your wo,  
 I wolde, as wis god helpe me so, 550  
 Amende hit, yif I can or may;  
 Ye mowe prove hit by assay.  
 For, by my trouthe, to make yow hool,  
 I wol do al my power hool;  
 And telleth me of your sorwes smerte,  
 Paraventure hit may ese your herte, 556  
 That semeth ful seke under your syde.'

With that he lokod on me asyde,  
 As who sayth, 'nay, that wol not be.'  
 'Graunt mercy, gode frend,' quod he,  
 'I thanke thee that thou woldest so, 561  
 But hit may never the rather be do.  
 No man may my sorwe glade,  
 That maketh my hewe to falle and  
 fade,

And hath myn understanding lorn, 565  
 That me is wo that I was born!  
 May noght make my sorwes slyde,  
 Nought the remedies of Ovyde;  
 Ne Orpheus, god of melodye,  
 Ne Dedalus, with þplayes alye; 570  
 Ne hale me may þphiscien,  
 Noght Ipocras, ne Galien;  
 Me is wo that I live houres twelve;  
 But who so wol assaye him-selve  
 Whether his herte can have pite 575  
 Of any sorwe, lat him see me.

I wroche, that deeth hath mad al naked  
 Of alle blisse that was ever makod,  
 Y-worthe worste of alle wightes,  
 That hate my dayes and my nightes; 580  
 My lyf, my lustes be me lothe,  
 For al welfare and I be wrothe.

The pure deeth is so þmy fo,  
 þThogh I wolde deye, hit wolde not so;  
 For whan I folwe hit, hit wol fle; 585  
 I wolde have þhit, hit nil not me.  
 This is my payne withoute reed,  
 Alway deyng, and be not deed,  
 That þSesiphus, that lyth in helle,  
 May not of more sorwe telle. 590

And who so wiste al, by my trouthe,  
 My sorwe, but he hadde rounthe  
 And pite of my sorwes smerte,  
 That man hath a feendly herte.  
 For who so seeth me first on morwe 595  
 May seyn, he hath [y]-met with sorwe;  
 For I am sorwe and sorwe is I.

'Allas! and I wol telle the why;

My þsong is turned to pleyning,  
 And al my laughter to weping, 600  
 My glade thoghtes to hevynesse,  
 In travaille is myn ydelnesse  
 And eek my reste; my wele is wo.  
 My good is harm, and ever-mo  
 In wrathe is turned my pleyng, 605  
 And my delyt in-to sorwing.  
 Myn hale is turned into seeknesse,  
 In drede is al my sikernesse.

To derke is turned al my light,  
 My wit is foly, my day is night, 610  
 My love is hate, my sleep waking,  
 My mirthe and meles is fasting,  
 My countenance is nycte,  
 And al abaved wher-so I be,  
 My pees, in plying and in werre; 615  
 Allas! how mighte I fare werre?

'My boldnesse is turned to shame,  
 For fals Fortune hath pleyd a game  
 Atte ches with me, allas! the whye!  
 The trayteresse fals and ful of gyle, 620  
 That al behoteth and no-thing halt,  
 She goth upright and yet she halt,  
 That baggeth foule and loketh faire,  
 The dispitous debonaire,  
 That scorneth many a creature! 625  
 An ydole of fals portraiture  
 Is she, for she wil sone wryen;  
 She is the monstres heed y-wryen,  
 As filth over y-strawed with floures;  
 Hir moste worship and hir þflour is 630  
 To lyen, for that is hir nature;  
 Withoute feyth, lawe, or mesure  
 She is fals; and ever laughinge  
 With oon eye, and that other wepinge.  
 That is broght up, she set al down. 635

I lykne hir to the scorpioun,  
 That is a fals flatering beste;  
 For with his hede he maketh feste,  
 But al amid his flateringe  
 With his tayle he wol stinge, 640  
 And envynyme; and so wol she.  
 She is th'envyous charite  
 That is ay fals, and semeth wele;  
 So turneth she hir false whele  
 About, for it is no-thing stable, 645  
 Now by the fyre, now at table;  
 Ful many oon hath she thus y-blent.  
 She is pley of enchauntement,  
 That semeth oon and is nat so,

The false thief! what hath she do, 650  
Trowest thou? by our lord, I wol thee  
seye.

Atte ches with me she gan to pleye;  
With hir false draughtes divers  
She stal on me, and took my fers  
And whan I saw my fers aweye, 655  
Alas! I couthe no lenger pleye,  
But seyde, "farwel, swete, y-wis,  
And farwel al that ever ther is!"  
Therwith Fortune seyde "chek here!"  
And "mate!" in †mid pointe of the  
chekkers 660

With a poune erraunt, alas!  
Ful craftier to pley she was  
Than Athalus, that made the game  
First of the ches: so was his name.  
But god wolde I had ones or twyes 665  
Y-kound and knowe the jeopardyes  
That coude the Grek Pithagores!  
I shulde have pleyd the bet at ches,  
And kept my fers the bet therby;  
And thogh wherto? for trewely 670  
I hold that wish nat worth a stree.  
Hit had be never the bet for me.  
For Fortune can so many a wyle,  
Ther be but fewe can hir begyle,  
And eek she is the las to blame; 675  
My-self I wolde have do the same,  
Before god, hadde I been as she;  
She oghte the more excused be.  
For this I say yet more therto,  
Hadde I be god and mighte have do 680  
My wille, whan †my fers she caughte,  
I wolde have drawe the same draughte.  
For, also wis god yive me reste,  
I dar wel swere she took the beste!

'But through that draughte I have  
lorn 685  
My blisse; alas! that I was born!  
For evermore, I trowe trewly,  
For al my wil, my lust hoolly  
Is turned; but yet, what to done?  
By our lord, hit is to deye sone! 690  
For no-thing I [ne] leve it noght,  
But live and deye right in this thocht.  
†Ther nis planete in firmament,  
Ne in air, ne in erthe, noon element,  
That they ne yive me a yift echoon 695  
Of weping, whan I am aloon.  
For whan that I avyse me wel,

And bethenke me every-del,  
How that ther lyth in rekening,  
In my sorwe, for no-thing; 700  
And how ther leveth no gladnesse  
May glasse me of my distresse,  
And how I have lost suffisaunce,  
And therto I have no plesance,  
Than may I say, I have right noght. 705  
And whan al this falleth in my thocht,  
Allas! than am I overcome!  
For that is doon is not to come!  
I have more sorowe than Tantale.'

And whan I herde him telle this tale  
Thus pitously, as I yow telle, 710  
Unnethe mighte I lenger dwelle,  
Hit hide myn herte so moche wo.

'A! good sir!' quod I, 'say not so!  
Have som pite on your nature 715  
That formed yow to creature;  
Remembre yow of Socrates;  
For he ne counted nat three strees  
Of noght that Fortune coude do.'

'No,' quod he, 'I can not so.' 720  
'Why so? good sir! †parde!' quod I;

'Ne say noght so, for trewely,  
Thogh ye had lost the ferses twelve,  
And ye for sorwe mordred your-selfe,  
Ye sholde be dampned in this cas 725

By as good right as Medea was,  
That slow hir children for Jason;  
And Phyllis †als for Demophon  
Heng hir-self, so weylaway!

For he had broke his terme-day 730  
To come to hir. Another rage  
Had Dydo, †quene eek of Cartage,  
That slow hir-self, for Eneas  
Was fals; [a!] whiche a fool she was!

And Eequo dyed for Narcisus 735  
Nolde nat love hir; and right thus  
Hath many another folly don.

And for Dalida dyed Sampson,  
That slow him-self with a pilere.  
But ther is †noon a-lyve here 740  
Wolde for a fers make[n] this wo!

'Why so?' quod he; 'hit is nat so;  
Thou wost ful lital what thou menest;  
I have lost more than thou wenest.'  
'Lo, †sir, how may that be?' quod I; 745  
'Good sir, tel me al hoolly  
In what wyse, how, why, and wherfore  
That ye have thus your blisse lora.'

'Blythly,' quod he, 'com sit adoun;  
I telle thes up condicioun 750  
That thou þhoolly, with al thy wit,  
Do thyn entent to herkene hit.'  
'Yis, sir.' 'Swere thy trouthe ther-to.'  
'Gladly.' 'Do than holde her-to!'  
'I shal right blythly, so god me save, 755  
Hoolly, with al the witte I have,  
Here yow, as wel as I can.'  
'A goddes half!' quod he, and began:—  
'Sir,' quod he, 'sith first I couthe  
Have any maner wit fro youthe, 760  
Or kindly understanding  
To comprhehnde, in any thing,  
What love was, in myn owne wit,  
Dredeles, I have ever yit  
Be tributary, and yiven rente 765  
To love hoolly with gode entente,  
And through plesaunce become his thral,  
With good wil, body, herte, and al.  
Al this I putte in his servage,  
As to my lorde, and dide homage; 770  
And ful devoutly þprayed him to,  
He shulde besette myn herte so,  
That it plesaunce to him were,  
And worship to my lady dera.  
'And this was longe, and many a yeur  
Or that myn herte was set o-wher, 776  
That I did thus, and niste why;  
I trowe hit cam me kindly.  
Paraunter I was therto þable  
As a whyt wal or a table; 780  
For hit is redy to cacche and take  
Al that men wil therin make,  
Wher-so men wol portreie or peynte,  
Be the werkes never so queynte.  
'And thilke tyme I ferde þso 785  
I was able to have lerned tho,  
And to have coud as wel or better,  
Paraunter, other art or letter.  
But for love cam first in my thought,  
Therefore I forgot it nought. 790  
I chees love to my firste craft,  
Therfor hit is with me [y]-laft.  
Forwhy-I took hit of so yong age,  
That malice hadde my corage  
Nat that tyme turned to no-thing 795  
Through to moechal knowleching.  
For that tyme Youthe, my maistresse,  
(Governed me in ydelnesse;  
For hit was in my firste youthe,

And tho ful litel good I couthe; 800  
For al my werkes were flittinge,  
þAnd al my thoghtes varyinge;  
Al were to me y-liche good,  
That I knew tho; but thus hit stood.  
'Hit happed that I cam þa day 805  
Into a place, ther þI say,  
Trewly, the fayrest companye  
Of ladies, that ever man with y8  
Had seen togedres in oo place.  
Shal I clepe hit hap other grace 810  
That broghte me ther? nay, but Fortune,  
That is to lyen ful comune,  
The false trayteresse, pervers,  
God wolde I coude clepe hir wers!  
For now she worcheth me ful wo, 815  
And I wol telle sone why so.  
'Among these ladies thus echoon,  
Soth to seyn, I saw [ther] oon  
That was lyk noon of [al] the route;  
For I dar swere, withoute doute, 820  
That as the someres sonne bright  
Is fairer, clerer, and hath more light  
Than any þplanete, [is] in heven,  
The mone, or the starres seven,  
For al the worlde, so had she 825  
Surmounted hem alle of beaute,  
Of maner and of comlinesse,  
Of stature and þwel set gladnesse,  
Of goodlihede þso wel beseye—  
Shortly, what shal I more seye? 830  
By god, and by his halwes twelve,  
It was my swete, right as hir-selve!  
She had so stedfast countenaunce,  
So noble port and meyntaunce,  
And Love, that had herd my bone, 835  
Had espyed me thus sone,  
That she ful sone, in my thoght,  
As helpe me god, so was y-caught  
So sodenly, that I ne took  
No maner þreed but at hir look 840  
And at myn herte; for-why hir eyen  
So gladly, I trow, myn herte seyen,  
That purely tho myn owne thoght  
Seyde hit were þbet serve hir for noght  
Than with another to be wel. 845  
And hit was sooth, for, everydel,  
I wil anon-right telle thee why.  
'I saw hir danunce so comlyly,  
Carole and singe so swetely,  
Laughe and pleye so womanly, 850

And loke so debonairly,  
 So goodly speke and so frendly,  
 That certes, I trow, that evermore  
 Nas seyn so blisful a tresore. 855  
 For every heer [up]on hir hede,  
 Soth to seyn, hit was not rede,  
 Ne nouthur yelw, ne broun hit nas ;  
 Me thoughte, most lyk gold hit was.  
 And whiche eyen my lady hadde ! 860  
 Debonair, goode, glade, and sadde,  
 Simple, of good mochel, noght to wyde ;  
 Therto hir look nas not a-syde,  
 Ne overthwert, but beset so wel,  
 Hit drew and took up, everydel,  
 Alle that on hir gan beholde. 865  
 Hir eyen semed anon she wolde  
 Have mercy ; fooles wenden so ;  
 But hit was never the rather do.  
 Hit nas no countrefeted thing,  
 It was hir owne pure loking, 870  
 That the goddesse, dame Nature,  
 Had made hem opene by mesure,  
 And close ; for, were she never so glad,  
 Hir loking was not foly sprad,  
 Ne wildely, thogh that she pleyde ; 875  
 But ever, me thoughte, hir eyen seyde,  
 " By god, my wrathe is al for-yive !"  
 ' Therwith hir liste so wel to live,  
 That dulnesse was of hir a-drad.  
 She nas to sobre ne to glad ; 880  
 In alle thinges more mesure  
 Had never, I trowe, creature.  
 But many oon with hir loke she herte,  
 And that sat hir ful lyte at herte,  
 For she knew no-thing of hir thought ; 885  
 But whether she knew, or knew hit noght,  
 Algate she ne roghte of hem a stree !  
 To gete hir love no ner nas he  
 That woned at home, than he in Inde ;  
 The formest was alway behinde. 890  
 But gode folk, over al other,  
 She loved as man may do his brother ;  
 Of whiche love she was wonder large,  
 In skilful places that bere charge.  
 ' †Which a visage had she ther-to ! 895  
 Allas ! myn herte is wonder wo  
 That I ne can discoryven hit !  
 Me lakketh bothe English and wit  
 For to undo hit at the fulle ;  
 And eek my spirits be so dulle 900  
 So greet a thing for to devyse.

I have no wit that can suffyse  
 To comprehende[n] hir beaute ;  
 But thus moche dar I seyn, that she  
 Was †rody, fresh, and lyvely hewed ; 905  
 And every day hir beaute newed.  
 And negh hir face was alder-best ;  
 For certes, Nature had swich lest  
 To make that fair, that trewly she  
 Was hir cheef patron of beautee, 910  
 And cheef ensample of al hir werke,  
 And moustre ; for, be hit never so derke,  
 Me thinketh I see hir ever-mo.  
 And yet more-over, thogh alle tho  
 That ever lived were now a-lyve, 915  
 [They] ne sholde have founde to discryve  
 In al hir face a wikked signe ;  
 For hit was sad, simple, and benigne.  
 ' And which a goodly softe speche  
 Had that swete, my lyves leche ! 920  
 So frendly, and so wel y-grounded,  
 Up al resoun so wel y-founded,  
 And so trefable to alle gode,  
 That I dar swere †by the rode,  
 Of eloquence was never founde 925  
 So swete a sowninge facounde,  
 Ne trewer tonged, ne scorned lasse,  
 Ne bet coude hele ; that, by the masse  
 I durste swere, thogh the pope hit songe,  
 That ther was never †through hir tonge  
 Man ne woman gretly harmed ; 931  
 As for hir, [ther] was al harm hid ;  
 Ne lasse flatering in hir worde,  
 That purely, hir simple recorde  
 Was founde as trewe as any bonde, 935  
 Or trouthe of any mannes honde.  
 Ne chyde she coude never a del,  
 That knoweth al the world ful wel.  
 ' But swich a fairnesse of a nekke  
 Had that swete, that boon nor brekke  
 Nas ther non sene, that mis-sat. 941  
 Hit was whyt, smothe, streght, and †flat,  
 Withouten hole ; †and canel-boon,  
 As by seming, had she noon.  
 Hir throte, as I have now memoire, 945  
 Semed a round tour of yvoire,  
 Of good gretnesse, and noght to greta.  
 ' And gode faire Whrrr she heta,  
 That was my lady name right.  
 She was bothe fair and bright, 950  
 She hadde not hir name wrong.  
 Right faire shuldres, and body long

She hadde, and armes, every lith  
Fattish, fleschy, not greet therwith ;  
Right whyte handes, and nayles rede, 955  
Rounde brestes ; and of good brede  
Hir hippes were, a streight flat bak.  
I knew on hir non other lak

That al hir limmes nere tsewing,  
In as fer as I had knowing. 960

'Therto she coude so wel pleye,  
Whan that hir liste, that I dar seye,  
That she was lyk to torche bright,  
That every man may take of light  
Ynogh, and hit hath never the lesse. 965

'Of maner and of comlinesse  
Right so ferde my lady dere ;  
For every wight of hir manere  
Might cacche ynogh, if that he wolde,  
If he had eyen hir to beholde. 970

For I dar tsweren, if that she  
Had among ten thousand be,  
She wold have be, at the leste,  
A cheef mirour of al the feste,  
Thogh they had stonden in a rowe, 975

To mennes eyen that coude have knowe.  
For whar-so men had pleyd or waked,  
Me thoughte the felawship as naked  
Withouten hir, that saw I ones,  
As a coroune withoute stones. 980

Trewely she was, to myn y8,  
The soleyf fanix of Arabye,  
For ther liveth never but oon ;  
Ne swich as she ne knew I noon.

'To speke of goodnesse ; trewely she 985  
Had as moche debonairete  
As ever had Hester in the bible,  
And more, if more were possible.  
And, soth to seyne, therwith-al  
She had a wit so general, 990

So hool enclyned to alle gode,  
That al hir wit was set, by the rode,  
Withoute malice, upon gladnesse ;  
tTherto I saw never yet a lesse  
Harmful, than she was in doing. 995

I sey nat that she ne had knowing  
What t harm ; or elles she  
Had coud no good, so thinketh me.

'And trewely, for to speke of trouthe,  
But she had had, hit had be routhe. 1000  
Therof she had so moche hir del—  
And I dar seyn and swere hit wel—  
That Trouthe him-self, over al and al,

Had chose his maner principal  
In hir, that was his resting-place. 1005

Ther-to she hadde the moste grace,  
To have stedfast perseveraunce,  
And eay, atampre governaunce,  
That ever I knew or wiste yit ;  
So pure suffraunt was hir wit. 1010

And reson gladly she understood,  
Hit folowed wel she coude good.  
She used gladly to do wel ;  
These were hir maners every-del.

'Therwith she loved so wel right, 1015  
She wrong do wolde to no wight ;  
No wight might do hir no shame,  
She loved so wel hir owne name.  
Hir luste to holde no wight in honde ;

Ne, be thou siker, she trolde fonde 1020  
To holde no wight in balaunce,  
By half word ne by countenaunce,  
But-if men wolde upon hir lye ;  
Ne sende men in-to Walakye,

To Pruyse and in-to Tartarye, 1025  
To Alisaundre, ne in-to Turkye,  
And bidde him faste, anoon that he  
Go hoodles tto the drye see,  
And come hoom by the Carrenare ;

And seye, " Sir, be now right ware 1030  
That I may of yow here seyn  
Worship, or that ye come ageyn !"  
She ne used no suche knakkes smale.

'But wherfor that I telle my tale ?  
Right on this same, as I have seyde, 1035  
Was hoolly al my love leyde ;  
For certes, she was, that swete wyf,  
My suffisaunce, my lust, my lyf,

Myn hap, myn hele, and al my blisse,  
My worldes welfare and my tlysse, 1040  
And I hirs hoolly, everydel.'

'By our lord,' quod I, 'I trowe yow wel !  
Hardly, your love was wel beset,  
I not how ye mighte have do bet.'

'Bet? ne no wight so wel !' quod he. 1045  
'I trowe hit, sir,' quod I, 'parde !'

'Nay, leve hit wel !' 'Sir, so do I ;  
I leve yow wel, that trewely  
Yow thoughte, that she was the beste,  
And to beholde the alderfaireste, 1050  
Who so had loket twith your eyen.'

'With myn? nay, alle that hir seyen  
Seyde, and swore[n] hit was so.  
And thogh they ne hadde, I wolde tho



- Have loved best my lady fre, 1055  
 Thogh I had had al the beauntee  
 That ever had Alcipyades,  
 And al the strengthe of Ercules,  
 And therto had the worthinesse 1060  
 Of Alisaundra, and al the richesse  
 That ever was in Babiloyne,  
 In Cartage, or in Macedoynne,  
 Or in Rome, or in Ninive;  
 And therto al-so hardy be  
 As was Ector, so have I joye, 1065  
 That Achilles slow at Troye—  
 And therfor was he slayn also  
 In a temple, for bothe two  
 Were slayn, he and †Antilogus,  
 And so seyth Dares Frigius, 1070  
 For love of [hir] Polixena—  
 Or been as wys as Minerva,  
 I wolde ever, withoute drede,  
 Have loved hir, for I moste nede!  
 “Nede!” nay, †I gabbo now, 1075  
 Noght “nede,” and I wol telle how,  
 For of good wille myn herte hit wolde,  
 And eek to love hir I was holde  
 As for the fairest and the beste.  
 ‘She was as good, so have I reste, 1080  
 As ever was Penelope of Grece,  
 Or as the noble wyf Lucrece,  
 That was the beste—he telleth thus,  
 The Romain Tytus Livius—  
 She was as good, and no-thing lyke, 1085  
 Thogh hir stories be autentyke;  
 Algate she was as trewe as she.  
 ‘But wherfor that I telle thee  
 Whan I first my lady sey?  
 I was right yong, [the] sooth to sey, 1090  
 And ful gret need I hadde to lerne;  
 Whan my herte wolde yerne  
 To love, it was a greet emprise.  
 But as my wit coude best suffyse,  
 After my yonge childly wit, 1095  
 Withoute drede, I besette hit  
 To love hir in my beste wyse,  
 To do hir worship and servyse  
 That I †tho coude, by my trouthe,  
 Withoute feynyn outhur slouth; 1100  
 For wonder fayn I wolde hir see.  
 So mochel hit amended me,  
 That, whan I saw hir first a-morwe,  
 I was warished of al my sorwe  
 Of al day after, til hit were eve; 1105
- Me thoghte no-thing mighte me greve,  
 Were my sorwes never so smerte.  
 And yit she sit so in myn herte,  
 That, by my trouthe, I nolde noght,  
 For al this world, out of my thought 1110  
 Leve my lady; no, trewly!’  
 ‘Now, by my trouthe, sir,’ quod I,  
 ‘Me thinketh ye have such a chaunce  
 As shrift withoute repentaunce.’  
 ‘Repentaunce! nay fy,’ quod he; 1115  
 ‘Shulde I now repente me  
 To love? nay, certes, than were I wel  
 Wers than was Achitofel,  
 Or Anthenor, so have I joye,  
 The traytour that betrayned Troya, 1120  
 Or the false Genelon,  
 He that purchaseth the treson  
 Of Rowland and of Oliver.  
 Nay, why! I am a-lyve here  
 I nil foryetie hir never-mo.’ 1125  
 ‘Now, gode sir,’ quod I [right] tho,  
 ‘Ye han wel told me her-before.  
 It is no need rehearse hit more  
 How ye sawe hir first, and where;  
 But wolde ye telle me the manere, 1130  
 To hir which was your firste speche—  
 Therof I wolde yow be-seche—  
 And how she knewe first your thought,  
 Whether ye loved hir or noght,  
 And telleth me eek what ye have lore;  
 I herde yow telle her-before.’ 1136  
 ‘Ye,’ seyde ho, ‘thou nost what thou  
 menest;  
 I have lost more than thou weneest.’  
 ‘What los is that, [sir]?’ quod I tho;  
 ‘Nil she not love yow? is hit so? 1140  
 Or have ye oght [y]-doon amis,  
 That she hath left yow? is hit this?  
 For goddes love, tel me al.’  
 ‘Before god,’ quod he, ‘and I shal.  
 I saye right as I have seyd, 1145  
 On hir was al my love leyd;  
 And yet she niste hit †never a del  
 Noght longe tyme, leve hit wel.  
 For be right siker, I durste noght 1149  
 For al this world telle hir my thought,  
 Ne I wolde have wratthed hir, trewly.  
 For wostow why? she was lady  
 Of the body; she had the herte,  
 And who hath that, may not asterte.  
 ‘But, for to kepe me fro ydelnesse, 1155

Trewly I did my besinesse  
 To make songes, as I best conde,  
 And ofte tyme I song hem loude ;  
 And made songes a gret del,  
 Al-thogh I coude not make so wel 1160  
 Songes, ne knowe the art al,  
 As coude Lamekes sone Tubal,  
 That fond out first the art of songe ;  
 For, as his brothers hamers ronge  
 Upon his anvelt up and down, 1165  
 Therof he took the firste soun ;  
 But Grekes seyn, Pictagoras,  
 That he the firste finder was  
 Of the art ; Aurora telleth so,  
 But therof no fors, of hem two. 1170  
 Algates songes thus I made  
 Of my feling, myn herte to glade ;  
 And lo ! this was [the] alther-firste,  
 I not wher [that] hit were the wersta.—  
 “ Lord, hit maketh myn herte light,  
 When I thinken on that swete wight 1176  
 That is so semely on to see ;  
 And wishe to god hit might so be,  
 That she wolde holde me for hir knight,  
 My lady, that is so fair and bright ! ”—  
 ‘ Now have I told thee, sooth to saye,  
 My firste song. Upon a daye 1182  
 I bethoghte me what wo  
 And sorwe that I suffred tho  
 For hir, and yet she wiste hit noght, 1185  
 Ne telle hir durste I nat my thought.  
 “ Allas ! ” thoughte I, “ I can no reed ;  
 And, but I telle hir, I tnam but deed ;  
 And if I telle hir, to seye tsooth,  
 I am a-dred she wol be wrooth ; 1190  
 Allas ! what shal I thanne do ? ”  
 ‘ In this debat I was so wo,  
 Me thoughte myn herte braste a-tweyn !  
 So atte laste, soth to seyn,  
 I me bethoghte that nature 1195  
 Ne formed never in creature  
 So moche beaute, trewely,  
 And bounte, withouten mercy.  
 ‘ In hope of that, my tale I tolde  
 With sorwe, as that I never sholde, 1200  
 For nedes ; and, mangree my heed,  
 I moste have told hir or be deed.  
 I not wel how that I began,  
 Ful evel reherse[n] hit I can ;  
 And eek, as helpe me god with-al, 1205  
 I trowe hit was in the dismal,

That was the ten woundes of Egipte ;  
 For many a word I over-skipte  
 In my tale, for pure fere  
 Lest my wordes mis-set were. 1210  
 With sorweful herte, and woundes dede,  
 Softe and quaking for pure drede  
 And shame, and stinting in my tale  
 For ferde, and myn hewe al pale,  
 Ful ofte I wex bothe pale and reed ; 1215  
 Bowing to hir, I heng the heed ;  
 I durste nat ones loke hir on,  
 For wit, manere, and al was gon.  
 I seyde “ mercy ! ” and no more ;  
 Hit nas no game, hit sat me sore 1220  
 ‘ So atte laste, sooth to seyn,  
 When that myn herte was come ageyn,  
 To telle shortly al my spoche,  
 With hool herte I gan hir beseche  
 That she wolde be my lady swete ; 1225  
 And swor, and gan hir hertely hete  
 Ever to be stedfast and trewo,  
 And love hir alwey freshly newe,  
 And never other lady have,  
 And al hir worship for to save 1230  
 As I best coude ; I swor hir this—  
 “ For youre is al that ever ther is  
 For evermore, myn herte swete !  
 And never tfalse yow, but I mete,  
 I nil, as wis god helpe me so ! ” 1235  
 ‘ And whan I had my tale y-do,  
 God wot, she accounted nat a stree  
 Of al my tale, so thoughte me.  
 To telle shortly tas hit is,  
 Trewly hir answer, hit was this ; 1240  
 I can not now wel counterfete  
 Hir wordes, but this was the grete  
 Of hir answer ; she sayde, “ nay ”  
 Al-outerly. Allas ! that day  
 The sorwe I suffred, and the wo ! 1245  
 That trewly Cassandra, that so  
 Bewayled the destruccioun  
 Of Troye and of Ilioun,  
 Had never swich sorwe as I tho.  
 I durste no more say therto 1250  
 For pure fere, but stal away ;  
 And thus I lived ful many a day :  
 That trewely, I hadde no need  
 Ferther than my beddes heed  
 Never a day to seeche sorwe ; 1255  
 I fond hit redy every morwe,  
 For-why I loved hir in no gere.

'So hit befel, another yere,  
 I thoughte ones I wolde fonde  
 To do hir knowe and understonde 1260  
 My wo; and she wel understood  
 That I ne wilned thing but good,  
 And worship, and to kepe hir name  
 Over þal thing, and drede hir shame,  
 And was so besy hir to serve;— 1265  
 And pite were I shulde sterve,  
 Sith that I wilned noon harm, y-wis,  
 So whan my lady knew al this,  
 My lady yaf me al hoolly  
 The noble yift of hir mercy, 1270  
 Saving hir worship, by al weyes;  
 Dredles, I mene noon other weyes.  
 And therwith she yaf me a ring;  
 I trowe hit was the firste thing;  
 But if myn herte was y-waxe 1275  
 Glad, that is no need to axe!  
 As helpe me god, I was as blyve,  
 Raysed, as fro dethe to lyve,  
 Of alle happes the alder-beste,  
 The gladdest and the moste at reste. 1280  
 For trewely, that swete wight,  
 Whan I had wrong and she the right,  
 She wolde alwey so goodely  
 For-yeve me so debonairly.  
 In alle my youthe, in alle chaunce, 1285  
 She took me in hir governaunce.  
 'Therwith she was alway so trewe,  
 Our joye was ever y-liche newe;  
 Our hartes wern so even a payre,  
 That never nas that oon contrayre 1290  
 To that other, for no wo.  
 For sothe, y-liche they suffred tho  
 Oo blisse and eek oo sorwe bothe;  
 Y-liche they were bothe gladde and 1295  
 wrothe;  
 Al was us oon, withoute were.  
 And thus we lived ful many a yere

So wel, I can nat telle how.'  
 'Sir,' quod I, 'wher is she now?'  
 'Now!' quod he, and stinte anon.  
 Therwith he wax as deed as stoon, 1300  
 And seyde, 'allas! that I was bore!  
 That was the los, that har-before  
 I tolde thee, that I had lorn.  
 Bethenk how I seyde her-beorn, 1304  
 "Thou wost ful lital what thou menest;  
 I have lost more than thou wenest"—  
 God wot, alas! right that was she!'

'Allas! sir, how? what may that be?'  
 'She is deed!' 'Nay!' 'Yis, by my  
 trouthe!'  
 'Is that your los? by god, hit is rounthe!'  
 And with that word, right anon, 1311  
 They gan to strake forth; al was doon,  
 For that tyme, the hert-hunting.  
 With that, me thoughte, that this king  
 Gan [quikly] hoomward for to ryde 1315  
 Unto a place þther besyde,  
 Which was from us but a lyte,  
 A long castel with walles whyte,  
 By seynt Johan! on a riche hil,  
 As me mette; but thus it fil. 1320  
 Right thus me mette, as I yow telle,  
 That in the castel þwas a belle,  
 As hit had smiten houres twelve.—

Therwith I awook my-selve,  
 And fond me lying in my bed; 1325  
 And the book that I had red,  
 Of Alecyone and Seys the king,  
 And of the goddes of sleping,  
 I fond it in myn honde ful even.  
 Thoghte I, 'this is so queynt a sweven,  
 That I wol, by processe of tyme, 1331  
 Fonde to putte this sweven in ryme  
 As I can best; and that anon.'—  
 This was my sweven; now hit is doon. 1334

Explicit the Boke of the Duchesse.

## IV. THE COMPLEYNT OF MARS,

*The Proem*

'GLADETH, ye foules, of the morow gray,  
Lo! Venus risen among yon rowes rede!  
And floures fresshe, honoureth ye this  
day;

For when the sonne uprist, then wol ye  
sprede.

But ye lovers, that lye in any drede, 5  
Flatth, lest wikked tonges yow espye;  
Lo! yond the sonne, the candel of jelosye!

With teres blewe, and with a wounded  
herte

Taketh your leve; and, with seynt John  
to borow,

Apeseth somwhat of your sorowes smerte,  
Tyme cometh eft, that cese shal your  
sorrow; 11

The glade night is worth an hevye  
morow!—

'Seynt Valentyne! a foul thus herde I  
singe

Upon thy day, er sonne gan up-springe).—

Yet sang this foul—'I rede yow al a-wake,  
And ye, that han not chosen in humble  
wyse, 16

Without repenting cheseth yow your  
make.

And ye, that han ful chosen as I devyse,  
Yet at the leste renoveleth your servyse;  
Confermeth it perpetuely to dure, 20  
And patiently taketh your aventure.

And for the worship of this hye feste,  
Yet wol I, in my briddes wyse, singe  
The sentence of the compleynt, at the  
leste,

That woful Mars made atte departinge 25  
Pro fresshe Venus in a morweninge,  
Whan Phebus, with his fyry torches rede,  
Ransaked every lover in his drede.

*The Story.*

'Whylom the thridde hevenes lord  
above,

As wel by havenish revolucioun 30

As by desert, hath wonne Venus his love,  
And she hath take him in subjeccioun,  
And as a maistresse taught him his  
lessoun,

Comaunding him that never, in hir ser-  
vyse,

He nere so bold no lover to despyse. 35

For she forbad him jelosye at alle,  
And cruelte, and bost, and tyrannye;  
She made him at hir lust so humble and  
talle,

That when hir deyned caste on him hir yē,  
He took in pacience to live or dye; 40

And thus she brydeleth him in hir man-  
ere,

With no-thing but with scourging of hir  
chere.

Who regneth now in blisse but Venus,  
That hath this worthy knight in govern-  
aunce?

Who singeth now but Mars, that serveth  
thus 45

The faire Venus, causer of plessaunce?  
He bynt him to perpetual obeisaunce,  
And she bynt hir to loven him for ever,  
But so be that his trespas hit dissever.

Thus be they knit, and regnen as in heven  
By loking most; til hit fil, on a tyde, 51  
That by hir bothe assent was set a steven,  
That Mars shal entre, as faste as he may  
glyde,

Into hir nexte paleys, to abyde,  
Walking his cours til she had him a-take,  
And he preysde hir to haste hir for his  
sake. 56

Then seyde he thus—"myn hertes lady  
swete,

Ye knowe wel my mischef in that place;  
For sikerly, til that I with yow mete, 59  
My lyf stant ther in aventure and grace;  
But when I see the beaute of your face,

Ther is no dreed of deeth may do me  
smerte,

For al your lust is ese to myn herte."

She hath sogret compassion of hir knight,  
That dwelleth in solitude til she come; 65  
For hit stood so, that ilke tyme, no wight  
Counseyled him, ne seyde to him welcome,  
That nigh hir wit for wo was overcome;  
Wherefore she spedde hir as faste in hir  
weye,

Almost in oon day, as he dide in tweye. 70

The grete joye that was betwix hem two,  
Whan they be met, ther may no tunge  
telle,

Ther is no more, but unto bed they go,  
And thus in joye and blisse I lete hem  
dwelle;

This worthy Mars, that is of knightthod  
welle, 75

The flour of fairnes lappeth in his armes,  
And Venus kisseth Mars, the god of armes.

Sojourned hath this Mars, of which I rede,  
In chambre amid the paleys prively  
A certeyn tyme, til him fel a drede, 80  
Through Phebus, that was comen hastily  
Within the paleys-yates sturdely,  
With torche in honde, of which the  
stremes brighte

On Venus chambre knockeden ful lighte.

The chambre, ther as lay this fresshe  
quene, 85

Depeynted was with whyte boles grete,  
And by the light she knew, that shoon  
so shene,

That Phebus cam to brenne hem with his  
hete;

This sely Venus, †dreynt in teres wete,  
Enbraceth Mars, and seyde, "alas! I dye!  
The torch is come, that al this world wol  
wrye." 91

Up sterte Mars, him liste not to slepe,  
Whan he his lady herde so compleyne;  
But, for his nature was not for to wepe,  
In stede of teres, fro his eyen tweyne 95  
The fyry sparkes brosten out for payne;  
And hente his hauberk, that lay him be-  
syde;

Flee wolde he not, ne mighte him-selven  
hyde.

He throweth on his helm of huge wighte,  
And girt him with his swerde; and in  
his honde 100

His mighty spere, as he was wont to  
fighte,

He shaketh so that almost it to-wonde;  
Ful hevy he was to walken over londe;  
He may not holde with Venus companye,  
But had hir fleen, lest Phebus hir espye.

O woful Mars! alas! what mayst thou  
seyne, 106

That in the paleys of thy disturbaunce  
Art left behinde, in peril to be sleyn?  
And yet ther-to is double thy penaunce,  
For she, that hath thyn herte in govern-  
aunce, 110

Is passed halfe the stremes of thyn yē;  
That thou nere swift, wel mayst thou  
wepe and cryen.

Now fleeth Venus un-to Cylanius tour,  
With voide cours, for fere of Phebus light.  
Alas! and ther ne hath she no socour, 115  
For she ne fond ne saw no maner wight;  
And eek as ther she had but litil might;  
Wher-for, hir-selven for to hyde and save,  
Within the gate she fledde into a cave.

Derk was this cave, and smoking as the  
helle, 120

Not but two pas within the gate hit stood;  
A naturel day in derk I lete hir dwelle.

Now wol I speke of Mars, furious and  
wood;

For sorow he wolde have seen his herte  
blood;

Sith that he mighte †hir don no com-  
panye, 125

He ne roghte not a myte for to dye.

So feble he wax, for hete and for his wo,  
That nigh he swelt, he mighte unnethe  
endure;

He passeth but oo steyre in dayes two,  
But ner the les, for al his hevvy armure, 130  
He foloweth hir that is his lyves cure;  
For whos departing he took gretter yre  
Thanne for al his brenning in the fyre.

After he walketh softly a pas,  
Compleynyn, that hit pite was to here. 135  
He seyde, "O lady bright, Venus! alas!  
That ever so wyde a compas is my spere!  
Alas! whan shal I mete yow, herte dere,  
This twelfte day of April I endure,  
Through jealous Phebus, this misaventure."

Now þhelpe god sely Venus allone! 141  
But, as god wolde, hit happed for to be,  
That, whyl that Venus weping made hir  
mone,

Cylenius, ryding in his chevauchè, 144  
Fro Venus valance mighte his paleys see,  
And Venus he salueth, and maketh chere,  
And hir receyveth as his frend ful dere.

Mars dwalleth forth in his adversitee,  
Complaynyng ever on hir departinge;  
And what his complaynt was, remem-  
breth me; 150

And therefore, in this lusty morweninge,  
As I best can, I wol hit seyn and singe,  
And after that I wol my leve take;  
And god yeve every wight joye of his  
make!

### *The Complaynt of Mars.*

#### *The Proem of the Complaynt.*

¶ The ordre of complaynt requireth skil-  
fully, 155

That if a wight shal pleyne pitously,  
Ther mot be cause wherfor that men  
pleyne;

Or men may deme he playneth folily  
And causeles; alas! that am not I!

Wherfor the ground and cause of al  
my payne, 160

So as my troubled wit may hit ateyne,  
I wol rehearse; not for to have redresse,  
But to declare my ground of hevynesse.

#### *Devotion.*

¶ The firste tyme, alas! that I was wrought,  
And for certeyn effectes hider broght 165

By him that lordeth ech intelligence,  
I yaf my trewe servise and my thought,  
For evermore—how dere I have hit  
bought!—

To hir, that is of so gret excellence,  
That what wight that first sheweth his  
presence, 170

When she is wroth and taketh of him no  
cure,

He may not longe in joye of love endura.

This is no feyned mater that I telle;  
My lady is the verrey sours and welle

Of beaute, lust, fredom, and gentil-  
nesse, 175

Of riche aray—how dare men hit selle!—  
Of al disport in which men frendly dwelle,  
Of love and play, and of benigne hum-  
blesse,

Of soune of instruments of al swetnesse;  
And therto so wel fortunèd and thewed,  
That through the world hir goodnesse is  
y-shewed. 181

What wonder is then, thogh that I be-  
sette

My servise on suche oon, that may me  
knette

To wele or wo, sith hit lyth in hir  
might? 184

Therfor my herte for ever I to hir hette;  
Ne trewly, for my dethe, I shal not lette  
To ben hir trewest servaunt and hir  
knight.

I flater noght, that may wite every  
wight;

For this day in hir servise shal I dye;  
But grace be, I see hir never with yè. 190

#### *A Lady in fear and woe.*

¶ To whom shal I than pleyne of my dis-  
tresse?

Who may me helpe, who may my harm  
redresse?

Shal I complayne unto my lady free?

Nay, certes! for she hath such hevynesse,  
For fere and eek for wo, that, as I geesse,

In litil tyme hit wol hir bane be. 196

But were she sauf, hit wer no fors of me.

Alas! that ever lovers mote endure,

For love, so many a perilous aventure!

For thogh so be that lovers be as trewe 200  
As any metal that is forged newe,

In many a cas hem tydeth ofte sorowe.  
Somtyme hir ladies will not on hem rewe,  
Somtyme, yif that jelouse hit knewe,

They mighten lightly leye hir heed to  
borowe; 205

Somtyme envymous folke with tungen  
horowe

Depraven hem; alas! whom may they  
plese?

But he be fals, no lover hath his ese.

But what availleth suche a long sermoun  
Of adventures of lovè, up and down? 210

I wol returne and speken of my payne;  
The point is this of my destruccioun,

My righte lady, my salvacioun,  
Is in affray, and not to whom to playne.

O herte swete, O lady sovereyne! 215  
For your diseas, wel oghte I swoune and  
rwelte,

Thogh I non other harm ne drede felte.

*Instability of Happiness.*

¶ To what fyn made the god that sit so  
hye,

Benethen him, love other companye,  
And streyneth folk to love, malgre hir  
hede? 220

And then hir joye, for oght I can espye,  
Ne lasteth not the twinkeling of an yè,  
And somme han never joye til they be  
dede.

What meneth this? what is this misti-  
hede?

Wherto constreyneth he his folk so faste  
Thing to desyre, but hit shulde laste? 226

And thogh he made a lover love a thing,  
And maketh hit some stedfast and during,

Yet putteth he in hit such misaventure,  
That reste nis ther noon in his yeving. 230

And that is wonder, that so just a king  
Doth such hardnesse to his creature.

Thus, whether love breke or elles dure,  
Algaies he that hath with love to done

Hath offer wo then changed is the mone.

Hit semeth he hath to lovers enmite, 236

And lyk a fisher, as men alday may see,  
Baiteth his angle-hook with som ples-  
saunce,

Til mony a fish is wood til that he be 239  
Sesed ther-with; and then at erst hath he

Al his desyr, and ther-with al mis-  
chaunce;

And thogh the lyne brake, he hath  
penaunce;

For with the hoke he wounded is so sore,  
That he his wages hath for ever-more.

*The Brooch of Thebes.*

¶ The broche of Thebes was of suche a  
kinde, 245

So ful of rubies and of stones Inde,

That every wight, that sette on hit an  
yè,

He wende anon to worthe out of his  
minde;

So sore the beaute wolde his herte binde,  
Til he hit hadde, him thoghte he moste  
dye; 250

And whan that hit was his, than shulde  
he drye

Such wo for drede, ay whyl that he hit  
hadde,

That welnigh for the fere he shulde  
madde.

And whan hit was fro his possessionn,  
Than had he double wo and passioun 255

For he so fair a tresor had forgo;  
But yet this broche, as in conclusioun,

Was not the cause of this confusioun;  
But he that wroghte hit enfortuned hit  
so,

That every wight that had hit shuld  
have wo; 260

And therfor in the worcher was the vyce,  
And in the covetour that was so nyce.

So fareth hit by lovers and by me;  
For thogh my lady have so gret beanté.

That I was mad til I had gotte hir  
grace, 265

She was not cause of myn adversitee,  
But he that wroghte hir, also mot I  
thee,

That putte suche a beaute in hir face,  
That made me to covete and purchace

Myn owne deth; him wyte I that I  
dye, 270

And myn unwit, that ever I clomb so  
hye

*An Appeal for Sympathy.*

¶ But to yow, hardy knyghtes of renoun,  
Sin that ye be of my divisioun,

Al be I not worthy to so grete a name.  
Yet, seyn these clerkes, I am your pa-  
troun; 275

Ther-for ye oghte have som compassioun  
Of my diseas, and take it noght a-game.

The proudest of yow may be mad ful  
tame;

Wherfor I pray yow, of your gentileesse.  
That ye compleyne for myn hevynesse. 280

And ye, my ladies, that ben trewe and  
stable,

By way of kinde, ye oughten to be able

To have pite of folk that be in payne :

Now have ye cause to clothe yow in sable ;

Sith that your emperice, the honorable,

Is desolat, wel oughte ye to playne ; 286

Now shuld your holy teres falle and  
reyne.

Alas ! your honour and your emperice,

Nigh deed for drede, ne can hir not  
chevise.

Compleyneth eek, ye lovers, al in-fere, 290  
For hir that, with unfeyned humble chere,

Was ever redy to do yow socour ;

Compleyneth hir that ever hath had yow  
dere ;

Compleyneth beaute, fredom, and manere ;

Compleyneth hir that endeth your la-  
bour ; 295

Compleyneth thilke ensample of al  
honour,

That never dide but al gentillesse ; 297  
Kytheth therfor on hir som kindenesse.'

## V. THE PARLEMENT OF FOULES.

*The Proem.*

THE lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,

Th'assay so hard, so sharp the conquering,

The dredful joye, that alwey slit so yerne,

Al this mene I by love, that my feling 4

Astonyeth with his wonderful worching

So sore y-wis, that whan I on him thinke,

Nat wot I wel wher that I wake or winke.

For al be that I knowe not love in dede,

Ne wot how that he quyeth folk hir hyre,

Yet happeth me ful ofte in bokes rede 10

Of his miracles, and his cruel yre ;

Ther rede I wel he wol be lord and syre,

I dar not seyn, his strokes been so sore,

But god save swich a lord ! I can no  
more.

Of usage, what for luste what for lore, 15

On bokes rede I ofte, as I yow tolde.

But wherfor that I speke al this ? not yore

Agon, hit happed me for to beholde

Upon a boke, was write with lettres olde ;

And ther-upon, a certeyn thing to lerne, 20

The longe day ful faste I radde and yerne.

For out of olde feldes, as men seith,

Cometh al this newe corn fro yere to yere ;

And out of olde bokes, in good feith,

Cometh al this newe science that men  
lere. 25

But now to purpos as of this matere—

To rede forth hit gan me so dalyte,

That al the day me thoughte but a lyte.

This book of which I make mencionn,

Entitled was al thus, as I shal telle, 30

'Tullius of the dreame of Scipioun' ;

Chapitres seven hit hadde, of hevene and  
helle,

And erthe, and soules that therinne  
dwelle,

Of whiche, as shortly as I can hit trete, 34

Of his sentence I wol you seyn the greta.

First telleth hit, whan Scipioun was come

In Afrik, how he mette Massinisse,

That him for joye in armes hath y-nome.

Than telleth hit hir speche and al the  
blisse

That was betwix hem, til the day gan  
misse ; 40

And how his auncestre, African so dere,

Gan in his slepe that night to him appere.

Than telleth hit that, fro a sterry place,

How African hath him Cartage shewed,

And warned him before of al his grace, 45

And seyde him, what man, lered other  
lewed,

That loveth comun profit, wel y-thewed,

He shal unto a blisful place wende,

Ther as joye is that last withouten onde.



Than asked he, if folk that heer be dede  
Have lyf and dwelling in another place; 51  
And African seyde, 'ye, withoute drede,'  
And that our present worldes lyves space  
Nis but a maner deth, what wey we trace,  
And rightful folk shal go, after they dye,  
To heven; and shewed him the galaxye. 56

Than shewed he him the lital erthe, that  
heer is,

At regard of the hevenes quantite;  
'And after shewed he him the nyne speres,  
And after that the melodye herde he 60  
That cometh of thilke speres thryes three,  
That welle is of musyke and melodye  
In this world heer, and cause of armonye.

Than bad he him, sin erthe was so lyte,  
And ful of torment and of harde grace, 65  
That he ne shulde him in the world  
delyte.

Than tolde he him, in certeyn yeres space,  
That every sterre shulde come into his  
place

Ther hit was first; and al shulde out of  
minde 69

That in this worlde is don of al mankinde.

Than prayde him Scipioun to telle him al  
The wey to come un-to that hevene blisse;  
And he seyde, 'know thy-self first im-  
mortal,

And loke ay besly thou werke and wisse  
To comun profit, and thou shalt nat misse  
To comen swiftly to that place dere, 76  
That ful of blisse is and of soules clere.

But brekers of the lawe, soth to seyne,  
And lecherous folk, after that they be  
dede, 79

Shul alwey whirle aboute th'erthe in payne,  
Til many a world be passed, out of drede,  
And than, for-yeven alle hir wikked dede,  
Than shul they come unto that blisful  
place,

To which to comen god thee sende his  
grace!—

The day gan failen, and the derke night,  
That reveth bestes from hir besinesse, 86  
Berafte me my book for lakke of light,  
And to my bedde I gan me for to dresse,  
Fulfilde of thought and besy hevinesse;

For bothe I hadde thing which that I  
nolde, 90  
And eek I ne hadde that thing that I  
wolde.

But fynally my spirit, at the laste,  
For-wery of my labour al the day,  
Took rest, that made me to slepe faste,  
And in my slepe I mette, as I lay, 95  
How African, right in that selfe aray  
That Scipioun him saw before that  
tyde,

Was comen, and stood right at my beddes  
syde.

The very hunter, slepinge in his bed,  
To wode agein his minde goth anon; 100  
The juge dremeth how his plees ben'  
sped;

The carter dremeth how his cartes goon;  
The riche, of gold; the knight fight with  
his foon,

The seke met he drinketh of the tonne;  
The lover met he hath his lady wonne. 105

Can I nat seyn if that the cause were  
For I had red of African beforne,  
That made me to mete that he stood  
there;

But thus seyde he, 'thou hast thee so  
wel born

In loking of myn olde book to-torn, 110  
Of which Macrobie roghte nat a lyte,  
That somdel of thy labour wolde I  
quyte!—

Citherea! thou blisful lady swete,  
That with thy fyr-brand dauntest whom  
thee leest,

And madest me this sweven for to mete,  
Be thou my help in this, for thou mayst  
best; 116

As wisely as I saw thee north-north-west,  
When I began my sweven for to wryte,  
So yif me might to ryme hit and endyte!

#### The Story.

This forseid African me hente anon, 120  
And forth with him unto a gate broghte  
Right of a parke, walled with grene stoon;  
And over the gate, with lettres large  
y-wroghte,

Ther weren vers y-writen, as me thoghte,

On eyther halfe, of ful gret difference, 125  
Of which I shal yow sey the pleyn sentence.

'Thorgh me men goon in-to that blisful place

Of hertes hele and dedly woundes cure ;  
Thorgh me men goon unto the welle of Grace,

Ther grene and lusty May shal ever endure ; 130

This is the way to al good aventure ;  
Be glad, thou reder, and thy sorwe of-caste,

Al open am I ; passe in, and hy the faste !'

'Thorgh me men goon,' than spak that other syde,

'Unto the mortal strokes of the spere, 135  
Of which Disdayn and Daunger is the gyde,

Ther tree shal never fruit ne leves bere.  
This streem you ledeth to the sorwful were,

Ther as the fish in prison is al drye ;  
Th'eschewing is only the remedye.' 140

Thisevers of gold and blak y-written were,  
The whiche I gan a stounde to beholde,  
For with that oon encresed ay my fere,  
And with that other gan myn herte bolde ;  
That oon me hette, that other did me colde, 145

No wit had I, for errour, for to chese,  
To entre or flee, or me to save or lese.

Right as, betwixen adamaantes two  
Of even might, a pece of iren y-set, 149  
That hath no might to meve to ne fro—  
For what that on may hale, that other let—

Perde I, that niste whether me was bet,  
To entre or leve, til African my gyde  
Me hente, and shoof in at the gates wyde,

And seyde, 'hit stondeth written in thy face, 155

Thyn errour, though thou telle it not to me ;

But dred thee nat to come in-to this place,

For this wryting is no-thing ment by thee,

Ne by noon, but he Loves servant be ;  
For thou of love hast lost thy tast, I gesse, 160

As seek man hath of swete and bitter-nesse.

But natheles, al-though that thou be dulle,

Yit that thou canst not do, yit mayst thou see ;

For many a man that may not stonde a pulle,

Yit lyketh him at the wrastling for to be, 165

And demeth yit wher he do bet or he ;  
And if thou haddest cunning for t'endyte,  
I shal thee shewen mater of to wryte.'

With that my hond in his he took anon,  
Of which I comfort caughte, and wente in faste ; 170

But lord ! so I was glad and wel begoon !  
For over-al, wher that I myn eyen caste,  
Were treës clad with leves that ay shal laste,

Eche in his kinde, of colour fresh and grene

As emeraude, that joye was to sene. 175

The bilder ook, and eek the hardy asshe ;  
The piler elm, the cofre unto careyne ;  
The boxtree piper ; holm to whippes lasshe ;

The sayling firr ; the cipres, deth to pleyne ; 179

The sheter ew, the asp for shaftes pleyne ;  
The olyve of pees, and eek the drunken vyne,

The victor palm, the laurer to devyne.

A garden saw I, ful of blosmy bowes,  
Upon a river, in a grene mede, 184  
Ther as that swetnesse evermore y-now is,  
With floures whyte, blewes, yelowes, and rede ;

And colde walle-stremes, no-thing dede,  
That swommen ful of smale fisses lighte,  
With finnes rede and scales silver-brighte.

On every bough the briddes herde I singe,  
With voys of aungel in hir armonye, 191

Som besyed hem hir briddes forth to  
bringe ;

The litel conyes to hir play gunne hye,  
And further al aboute I gan espye  
The dredful roo, the buk, the hert and  
hinde, <sup>195</sup>  
Squerels, and bestes smale of gentill kinde.

Of instruments of strenges in acord  
Herde I so pleye a ravishing swetnesse,  
That god, that maker is of al and lord,  
Ne herde never better, as I gesse ; <sup>200</sup>  
Therwith a wind, unnethe hit might be  
lesse,

Made in the leves grane a noise softe  
Accordant to the foules songe on-lofte.

The air of that place so attempre was  
That never was grevannce of hoot ne  
cold ; <sup>205</sup>  
Ther wex eek every holsom spyce and  
gras,

Ne no man may ther wexa seek ne old ;  
Yet was ther joye more a thousand fold  
Then man can telle ; ne never wolde it  
nighte,

But ay clear day to any mannes sighte.

Under a tree, besyde a welle, I say <sup>211</sup>  
Cupyde our lord his arwes forge and fyle ;  
And at his fete his bowe al redy lay,  
And wel his doghter tempred al the whyle  
The hedes in the welle, and with hir  
wyle <sup>215</sup>

She couched hem after as they shulde  
serve,

Som for to slee, and som to wounde and  
kerva.

Tho was I war of Plesaunce anon-right,  
And of Aray, and Lust, and Curtesye ;  
And of the Craft that can and hath the  
might <sup>220</sup>

To doon by force a wight to do folye—  
Disfigurat was she, I nil not lye ;  
And by him-self, under an oke, I gesse,  
Sawe I Delyt, that stood with Gentil-  
nesse.

I saw Beantee, withouten any styrr, <sup>225</sup>  
And Youthe, ful of game and Iolyte,  
Fool-hardinesse, Flatery, and Desyr,  
Messagerye, and Mede, and other three—  
Hir names shul noght here betold for me—

And upon pilers grete of jasper longe <sup>230</sup>  
I saw a temple of bras y-founded stronge.

Aboute the temple daunceden alway  
Wommen y-nowe, of whiche somme ther  
were

Faire of hem-self, and somme of hem  
were gay ;

In kirtels, al disshevele, wente they  
there— <sup>235</sup>

That was hir office alwey, year by yere—  
And on the temple, of doves whyte and  
faire

Saw I sittinge many a hundred paire

Before the temple-dore ful soberly  
Dame Pees sat, with a courteyn in hir  
hond : <sup>240</sup>

And hir besyde, wonder discretly,  
Dame Pacience sittinge ther I fond  
With face pale, upon an hille of sond ;  
And alder-next, within and eek with-  
oute, <sup>244</sup>

Behest and Art, and of hir folke a route.

Within the temple, of syghes hote as fyr  
I herde a swogh that gan aboute renne ;  
Which syghes were engendred with desyr,  
That maden every auter for to brenne  
Of newe flaume ; and wel aspyed I thenne  
That al the cause of sorwes that they  
drye <sup>251</sup>

Com of the bitter goddesse Jalousye.

The god Priapus saw I, as I wente,  
Within the temple, in soverayn place  
stonde,

In swich aray as whan the asse him  
shente <sup>255</sup>

With crye by night, and with his ceptre  
in honde ;

Ful besily men gunne assaye and fonde  
Upon his hede to sette, of sondry hewe,  
Garlondes ful of freshe floures newe.

And in a prives corner, in disporte, <sup>260</sup>  
Fond I Venus and hir porter Richesse,  
That was ful noble and hauteyn of hir  
porte ;

Derk was that place, but afterward light-  
nesse

I saw a lyte, unnethe hit might be lesse,  
And on a bed of golde she lay to reste, <sup>265</sup>  
Til that the hote sonne gan to weste.

Hir gilte heres with a golden threde  
Y-bounden were, untressed as she lay,  
And naked fro the breste unto the hede  
Men might hir see; and, sothly for to  
say, 270

The remenant wel kevered to my pay  
Right with a subtil kercchef of Valence,  
Ther was no thikker cloth of no de-  
fence

The place yaf a thousand savours swote,  
And Bachus, god of wyn, sat hir besyde,  
And Ceres next, that doth of hunger  
bote; 276

And, as I seide, amiddes lay Cipryde,  
To whom on knees two yonge folkes  
cryde

To ben hir help; but thus I leet hir lye,  
And farther in the temple I gan espye

That, in dispyte of Diane the chaste, 281  
Ful many a bowe y-broke heng on the  
wal

Of maydens, suche as gunne hir tymes  
waste

In hir servyse; and peynted over al  
Of many a story, of which I touche shal  
A few, as of Calixte and Athalaunte, 286  
And many a mayde, of which the name I  
wante;

Semyramus, Candace, and Ercules,  
Biblis, Dido, Tisbe and Piramus,  
Tristram, Isoude, Paris, and Achilles, 290  
Eleyne, Cleopatre, and Troilus,  
Silla, and eek the moder of Romulus—  
Alle these were peynted on that other  
syde,

And al hir love, and in what plyte they  
dyde.

Whan I was come ayen into the place 295  
That I of spak, that was so swote and  
grene,

Forth walk I tho, my-selven to solace.  
Tho was I war wher that ther sat a  
quene

That, as of light the somer-sonne shene  
Passeth the sterre, right so over mesure  
She fairer was than any creature. 301

And in a launde, upon an hille of floures,  
Was set this noble goddessse Nature;

Of braunches were hir halles and hir  
boures,

Y-wrought after hir craft and hir mesure;  
Ne ther nas foul that cometh of en-  
gendrure, 306

That they ne were preest in hir presence,  
To take hir doom and yeve hir audience.

For this was on seynt Valentynes day,  
Whan every foul cometh ther to chese  
his make, 310

Of every kinde, that men thenke may;  
And that so huge a noyse gan they  
make,

That erthe and see, and tree, and every  
lake

So ful was, that unnethe was ther space  
For me to stonde, so ful was al the place.

And right as Aleyn, in the Pleynt of  
Kinde, 316

Devyseth Nature of aray and face,  
In swich aray men mighte[n] hir ther  
finde.

This noble emperesse, ful of grace,  
Bad every foul to take his owne place, 320  
As they were wont alwey fro yeer to  
yeer,

Seynt Valentynes day, to stonden there.

That is to sey, the foules of ravyne  
Were hyest set; and than the foules  
smale,

That eten as hem nature wolde enclyne,  
As worm, or thing of whiche I telle no  
tale; 326

But water-foul sat lowest in the dale;  
And foul that liveth by seed sat on the  
grene,

And that so fele, that wonder was to  
sene.

Ther mighte men the royal egle finde,  
That with his sharpe look pereoeth the  
sonne; 331

And other egles of a lower kinde,  
Of which that clerkes wel devysen conne.  
Ther was the tyraunt with his fethres  
donne

And greye, I mene the goshawk, that  
doth pyne 335

To briddes for his outrageous ravyne.

The gentil faucon, that with his feet  
distreyneth

The kinges hond; the hardy sperhawk  
eke,

The quayles foo; the merlion that peyneth  
Him-self ful ofte, the larke for to seke;  
Ther was the douve, with hir eyen  
meke; 341

The jalous swan, ayens his deth that  
singeth;

The oule eek, that of dethe the bode  
bringeth;

The crane the geaunt, with his trompes  
soun;

The theef, the chogh; and eek the jang-  
ling pye; 345

The scorning jay; the eles foo, the  
herounne;

The false lapwing, ful of trecherye;  
The stare, that the counseyl can bewrye;  
The tame ruddok; and the coward kyte;  
The cok, that orloge is of thorpes lyte; 350

The sparrow, Venus sone; the nightin-  
gale,

That clepeth forth the fresshe leves newe;  
The swallow, morderer of the flyes smale  
That maken hony of floures fresshe of  
hewe;

The wedded turtel, with hir harte trewe;  
The pecok, with his aungels fethres  
bryghte; 356

The fesaunt, scorner of the cok by nighte;

The waker goos; the cunkow ever un-  
kinde;

The popinjay, ful of delicasye;  
The drake, stroyer of his owne kinde; 360  
The stork, the wreker of avouterye;  
The hote cormeraunt of glotonye;  
The raven wys, the crow with vois of  
care;

The throstal olde; the frosty feldesfare.

What shulde I seyn? of foules every  
kinde 365

That in this worlde han fethres and  
stature,

Men mighten in that place assembled  
finde

Before the noble goddesse Nature.

And everich of hem did his besy cure

Benignely to chese or for to take, 370  
By hir acord, his formel or his make.

But to the poynt—Nature held on hir  
honde

A formel egle, of shap the gentileste  
That ever she among hir werkes fonde,  
The most benigne and the goodlieste;  
In hir was every vertu at his reste, 376  
So ferforth, that Nature hir-self had  
blisse

To loke on hir, and ofte hir bek to kisse.

Nature, the vicaire of th'almyghty lorde,  
That hoot, cold, hevy, light, [and] moist  
and dreye 380

Hath knit by even noumbre of acorde,  
In esy vois began to speke and seye,  
'Foules, tak hede of my sentence, I  
preye,

And, for your ese, in furthering of your  
nede, 384

As faste as I may speke, I wol me spede.

Ye know wel how, seynt Valentynes day,  
By my statut and through my gover-  
naunce,

Ye come for to chese—and flec your way—  
Your makes, as I prik yow with plesaunce.  
But natheles, my rightful ordenaunce 390  
May I not lete, for al this world to winne,  
That he that most is worthy shal beginne.

The tercel egle, as that ye knowen wel,  
The foul royal above yow in degree,  
The wyse and worthy, secree, trewe as  
stel, 395

The which I formed have, as ye may see,  
In every part as hit best lyketh me,  
Hit nedeth noght his shap yow to devysee,  
He shal first chese and speken in his  
gyse.

And after him, by order shul ye chese, 400  
After your kinde, everich as yow lyketh,  
And, as your hap is, shul ye winne or  
lese;

But which of yow that love most en-  
tryketh,  
God sende him hir that sorest for him  
syketh.'

And therwith-al the tercel gan she calle,  
And seyde, 'my sone, the choys is to  
thee falle, 406

But natheles, in this condicoun  
 Mot be the choys of everich that is here,  
 That she agree to his eleccioun, 409  
 Who-so he be that shulde been hir fere ;  
 This is our usage alwey, fro year to yere ;  
 And who so may at this time have his  
 grace,  
 In blisful tyme he com in-to this place.'

With hed enclyned and with ful humble  
 chere

This royal tercel spak and taried nought ;  
 'Unto my sovereyn lady, and noght my  
 fere, 416

I chese, and chese with wille and herte  
 and thought,

The formel our your hond so wel y-  
 wrought,

Whos I am al and ever wol hir serve,  
 Do what hir list, to do me live or starve.

Beseching hir of mercy and of grace, 421

As she that is my lady sovereyne ;

Or let me dye present in this place.

For certes, long may I not live in peyne ;

For in myn herte is corven every weyne ;

Having reward[al] only to my trouthe, 426

My dere herte, have on my wo som  
 rounthe.

And if that I to hir be founde untrewre,  
 Disobeysaunt, or wilful negligent,

Avauntour, or in proces love a newe, 430

I pray to you this be my jugement,

That with these foules I be al to-rent,

That ilke day that ever she me finde

To hir untrewre, or in my gilte unkinde.

And sin that noon loveth hir so wel as I,

Al be she never of love me behette, 436

Than oghte she be myn thourgh hir  
 mercy,

For other bond can I noon on hir knette.

For never, for no wo, ne shal I lette 439

To serven hir, how fer so that she wende ;

Sey what yow list, my tale is at an ende.'

Right as the fresshe, rede rose newe

Ayen the somer-sonne coloured is,

Right so for shame al wexen gan the  
 hewe

Of this formel, whan she herde al this ;

She neyther answerde 'wel,' ne seyde  
 amis. 446

So sore abasshed was she, til that Nature  
 Seyde, 'doghter, drede yow noght, I yow  
 assure.'

Another tercel egle spak anon

Of lower kinde, and seyde, 'that shal  
 not be ; 451

I love hir bet than ye do, by seynt John,  
 Or atte leste I love hir as wel as ye ;

And lenger have served hir, in my degree,  
 And if she shulde have loved for long

loving, 454

To me allone had been the guerdoning.

I dar eek seye, if she me finde fals,

Unkinde, jangler, or rebel any wyse,

Or jealous, do me hongon by the hals !

And but I bere me in hir servyse

As wel as that my wit can me suffyse, 460

Fro poynt to poynt, hir honour for to  
 save,

Tak she my lyf, and al the good I have.'

The thridde tercel egle answerde tho,

'Now, sirs, ye seen the lital leyser here ;

For every foul cryeth out to been a-go 465

Forth with his make, or with his lady  
 dere ;

And eek Nature hir-self ne wol nought  
 here,

For taryng here, noght half that I wolde  
 seye ;

And but I speke, I mot for sorwe deye.

Of long servyse avaunte I me no-thing,

But as possible is me to dye to-day 471

For wo, as he that hath ben languishing

Thise twenty winter, and wel happen may

A man may serven bet and more to pay

In half a yere, al-though hit were no more,

Than som man doth that hath served ful  
 yore. 476

I ne say not this by me, for I ne can

Do no servyse that may my lady plesse ;

But I dar seyn, I am hir trewest man

As to my dome, and feynest wolde hir esse ;

At shorte wordes, til that deth me sese, 481

I wol ben hires, whether I wake or winke,

And trewe in al that herte may bethinke.'

Of al my lyf, sin that day I was born,

So gentil plee in love or other thing 485

Ne herde never no man me beforne,

Who-[so] that hadde leyser and cunning  
For to reherse hir chere and hir speking;  
And from the morwe gan this speche laste  
Til downward drow the sonne wonder faste.

The noyse of foules for to ben delivered 491  
So loude rong, 'have doon and let us  
shende!'

That wel wende I the wode had al to-  
shivered.

'Come of!' they cryde, 'allas! ye wil us  
shende!'

Whan shal your cursed pleding have an  
ende? 495

How shulde a juge eyther party leve,  
For yee or nay, with-uten any preve?'

The goos, the cokkow, and the doke also-  
So cryden 'kek, kek!' 'kukkow!' 'quek,  
quek!' 'hye,

That thorgh myn eres the noyse wente tho.  
The goos seyde, 'al this nis not worth a  
fye! 501

But I can shape hereof a remedye,  
And I wol sey my verdit faire and swythe  
For water-foul, who-so be wrooth or  
blythe.'

'And I for worm-foul,' seyde the fool  
cukkow, 505

'For I wol, of myn owne auctorité,  
For comune spede, take the charge now,  
For to delivere us is gret charité.'

'Ye may abyde a while yet, parde!'  
Seide the turtel, 'if hit be your wille 510  
A wight may speke, him were as good be  
stille.

I am a seed-foul, oon the unworthieste,  
That wot I wel, and lital of kunnings;  
But bet is that a wightes tonge reste  
Than entremeten him of such doinge 515  
Of which he neyther rede can nor singe.  
And who-so doth, ful foule himself acloy-  
eth,  
For office uncommitted ofte anoyeth.'

Nature, which that alway had an ere  
To murmur of the lewednes behinde, 520  
With facound voys seyde, 'hold your  
tonges there!

And I shal sone, I hope, a counseyl finde  
You to delivere, and fro this noyse un-  
binde;

I juge, of every folk men shal oon calle  
To seyn the verdit for you foules alle.' 525

Assented were to this conclusioun  
The briddes alle; and foules of ravyne  
Han chosen first, by pleyn eleccioun,  
The tercelet of the facon, to diffyne 529  
Al hir sentence, and as him list, termyne;  
And to Nature him gonnen to presente,  
And she accepteth him with glad entente.

The tercelet seide than in this manere:  
'Ful hard were hit to preve hit by resoun  
Who loveth best this gentil formel here;  
For everich hath swich replicacioun, 536  
That noon by skilles may be brought  
a-down;

I can not seen that arguments avayle;  
Than semeth hit ther moste be batayle.'

'Al redy!' quod these eagles tercelles tho.  
'Nay, sirs!' quod he, 'if that I dorste it  
seye, 541

Ye doon me wrong, my tale is not y-do!  
For sirs, ne taketh noght a-gref, I preye,  
It may noght gon, as ye wolde, in this  
weye;

Oure is the voys that han the charge in  
honde, 545  
And to the juges dome ye moten stonde;

And therfor pees! I seye, as to my wit,  
Me wolde thinke how that the worthieste  
Of knighthode, and lengest hath used hit,  
Moste of estat, of blode the gentileste, 550  
Were sittingth for hir, if that hir leste;  
And of these three she wot hir-self, I trowe,  
Which that he be, for hit is light to  
knowe.'

The water-foules han her hedes leyd  
Togeder, and of short avysement, 555  
Whan everich had his large golee seyde,  
They seyden sothly, al by oon assent,  
How that 'the goos, with hir facounde  
gent,

That so desyreth to pronounce our nede,  
Shal telle our tale,' and preyde 'god hir  
spede.' 560

And for these water-foules tho began  
The goos to speke, and in hir cakelinge  
She seyde, 'pees! now tak kepe every  
man,

And herkeneth which a reson I shal  
bringe;

My wit is sharp, I love no taryinge; 565  
I seye, I rede him, though he were my  
brother,

But she wol love him, lat him love  
another!

'Lo here! a parfit reson of a goos!'  
Quod the sperhauk; 'never mot she thee!  
Lo, swich hit is to have a tonge loos! 570  
Now parde, fool, yet were hit bet for  
thee

Have holde thy pees, than shewed thy  
nycte!

Hit lyth not in his wit nor in his wille,  
But sooth is seyde, "a fool can nocht be  
stille."

The laughter aroos of gentil foules alle,  
And right anon the seed-foul chosen  
hadde 576

The turtel trewe, and gunne hir to hem  
calle,

And preyden hir to seye the sothe sadde  
Of this matere, and asked what she radde;  
And she answerde, that pleylny hir en-  
tente 580

She wolde shewe, and sothly what she  
mente.

'Nay, god forbede a lover shulde change!  
The turtel seyde, and wex for shame al  
reed;

'Thogh that his lady ever-more be  
straunge, 584

Yet let him serve hir ever, til he be deed;  
For sothe, I prayse nocht the gooses reed;  
For thogh she deyed, I wolde non other  
make,

I wol ben hires, til that the deth me take.'

'Wel bourded!' quod the doke, 'by my  
hat! 589

That men shulde alwey loven, causeles,  
Who can a reson finde or wit in that?  
Daunceth he mury that is mirtheles?  
Who shulde recche of that is reccheles?  
Ye, quek!' yit quod the doke, ful wel and  
faire,

'There been mo starres, god wot, than a  
paire!' 595

'Now fy, cherl!' quod the gentil tercelet,  
'Out of the dunghil com that word ful  
right,

Thou canst nat see which thing is wel  
be-set:

Thou farest by love as oules doon by light,  
The day hem blent, ful wel they see by  
night; 600

Thy kind is of so lowe a wretchednesse,  
That what love is, thou canst nat see ne  
gesse.'

Thou gan the cuckow putte him forth in  
pees

For foul that eteth worm, and seide blyve,  
'So I,' quod he, 'may have my make in  
pees, 605

I recche not how longe that ye stryve;  
Lat ech of hem be soley n al hir lyve,  
This is my reed, sin they may not acorde;  
This shorte lesson nedeth nocht recorde.'

'Ye! have the glotoun fild ynogh his  
pauche, 610

Than are we wel!' seyde the merlioun;  
'Thou mordrer of the heysugge on the  
braunche

That broghte thee forth, thou frowthelees  
glotoun!

Live thou soley n, wormes corrupcioun!  
For no fors is of lakke of thy nature; 615  
Go, lewed be thou, whyl the world may  
dure!'

'Now pees,' quod Nature, 'I comaunde  
here;

For I have herd al your opinioun,  
And in effect yet be we never the nere;  
But fynally, this is my conclusioun, 620

That she hir-self shal han the eleccioun  
Of whom hir list, who-so be wrooth or  
blythe,

Him that she cheest, he shal hir have as  
swythe.

For sith hit may not here discussed be  
Who loveth hir best, as seide the tercelet,  
Than wol I doon hir this favour, that  
she 626

Shal have right him on whom hir herte  
is set,

And he hir that his herte hath on hir  
knet.



This juge I, Nature, for I may not lyȝ;  
To noon estat I have non other yȝ. 630

But as for counseyl for to chese a make,  
If hit were reson, certes, than wolde I  
Counseyle yow the royal tercel take,  
As seide the tercelet ful skilfully,  
As for the gentilest and most worthy, 635  
Which I have wrought so wel to my pleas-  
aunce;

That to yow oghte been a suffisaunce.'

With dredful vois the formel hir an-  
swerde,

'My rightful lady, goddesse of Nature,  
Soth is that I am ever under your yerde,  
Lyk as is everiche other creature, 641  
And moot be youres whyl my lyf may  
dure;

And therfor graunteth me my frste bone,  
And myn entente I wol yow sey right  
sone.'

'I graunte it you,' quod she; and right  
anon 645

This formel egle spak in this degree,  
'Almighty quene, unto this year be doon  
I aske respit for to avyisen me.

And after that to have my choys al  
free;

This al and som, that I wolde speke and  
seye; 650

Ye gete no more, al-though ye do me deya.

I wol noght serven Venus ne Cupyde  
For sothe as yet, by no manere way.'

'Now sin it may non other wyse betyde,'  
Quod tho Nature, 'here is no more to  
sey; 655

Than wolde I that these foules were a-way  
Ech with his make, for taryng lenger  
here —

And seyde hem thus, as ye shul after here.

'To yow speke I, ye terceleste,' quod  
Nature,

'Beth of good herte and serveth, alle  
three; 660

A year is not so longe to endure,  
And ech of yow payne him, in his degree,  
For to do wel; for, god wot, quit is she

Fro yow this year; what after so befallē,  
This entremes is dressed for you alle.' 665

And whan this werk al broght was to an  
ende,

To every foule Nature yaf his make  
By even acorde, and on hir way they  
wende.

A! lord! the blisse and joye that they  
make! 669

For ech of hem gan other in winges take,  
And with hir nekkes ech gan other winde,  
Thanking alwey the noble goddesse of  
kinde.

But first were chosen foules for to singe.  
As year by year was alway hir usaunce  
To singe a roundel at hir departinge, 675  
To do Nature honour and plesaunce.

The note, I trowe, maked was in Fraunce;  
The wordes were swich as ye may heer  
finde,

The nexte vers, as I now have in minde.

*Qui bien aime a tard oublie.*

'Now welcom somer, with thy sonne  
softe, 680

That hast this wintres weders over-shake,  
And driven away the longe nightes blake!  
Seynt Valentyn, that art ful hy on-  
lofte; —

Thus singen smale foules for thy sake —  
*Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softe, 685*  
*That hast this wintres weders over-shake.*

Wel han they cause for to gladen ofte,  
Sith ech of hem recovered hath his make:  
Ful blisful may they singen whan they  
wake;

*Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softe, 690*  
*That hast this wintres weders over-shake,*  
*And driven away the longe nightes blake.'*

And with the showing, whan hir song  
was do,

That foules maden at hir flight a-way,  
I wook, and other bokes took me to 695  
To rede upon, and yet I rede alway;  
I hope, y-wis, to rede so som day  
That I shal mete som thing for to fare 698  
The bet; and thus to rede I nil not spare.

Explicit tractatus de congregacione Volucrum die sancti Valentini.

## VI. A COMPLAINT TO HIS LADY.

I. (*In seven-line stanza.*)

THE longe night, whan every creature  
 Shulde have hir rest in somewhat, as by  
 kinde,  
 Or elles ne may hir lyf nat long endure,  
 Hit falleth most in-to my woful minde  
 How I so fer have broght my-self be-  
 hinde, 5  
 That, sauf the deeth, ther may no-thing  
 me lisse,  
 So desespai red I am from alle blisse.

This same thought me lasteth til the  
 morwe,  
 And from the morwe forth til hit be eve;  
 Ther nedeth me no care for to borwe, 10  
 For bothe I have good leyser and good  
 leve;  
 Ther is no wight that wol me wo bereve  
 To wepe y-nogh, and wailen al my fille;  
 The sore spark of payne †doth me spille.

II. (*In Terza Rima; imperfect.*)

[†The sore spark of payne doth me spille;]  
 This Love hath [eek] me set in swich a  
 place 16  
 That my desyr [he] never wol fulfille;  
 For neither pitee, mercy, neither grace  
 Can I nat finde; and †fro my sorwful  
 herte,  
 For to be deed, I can hit nat arace. 20  
 The more I love, the more she doth me  
 smerte;  
 Through which I see, with-oute ramedye,  
 That from the deeth I may no wyse  
 asterte;  
 [†For this day in hir servise shal I dye].

III. (*In Terza Rima; imperfect.*)

[†Thus am I slain, with sorwes ful dy-  
 verse; 25  
 Ful longe agoon I oghte have taken  
 hede].

Now sothly, what she hight I wol re-  
 herse;  
 Hir name is Bountee, set in womanhede,  
 Sadnesse in youthe, and Beautee pryde-  
 lees,  
 And Plesaunce, under governaunce and  
 drede; 30  
 Hir surname eek is Faire Rewthelees,  
 The Wyse, y-knit un-to Good Adventure,  
 That, for I love hir, †aleeth me gyltelees.  
 Hir love I best, and shal, whyl I may  
 dure,  
 Bet than my-self an hundred thousand  
 deel, 35  
 Than al this worldes richesse or crea-  
 tura.  
 Now hath nat Lovē me bestowed weel  
 To lovē, ther I never shal have part?  
 Allas! right thus is turned me the wheel,  
 Thus am I slayn with loves fyry dart. 40  
 I can but love hir best, my swete fo;  
 Love hath me taught no more of his art  
 But serve alwey, and stinte for no wo.

IV. (*In ten-line stanza.*)

[With]-in my trewe careful herte ther is  
 So moche wo, and [eek] so litel blis, 45  
 That wo is me that ever I was bore;  
 For al that thing which I desyre I mis,  
 And al that ever I wolde nat, I-wis,  
 That finde I redy to me evermore;  
 And of al this I not to whom me playne. 50  
 For she that mighte me out of this  
 bringe  
 Ne reccheth nat whether I wepe or  
 singe;  
 So litel rewthe hath she upon my payne.  
 Allas! whan sleping-time is, than I wake,  
 Whan I shulde daunce, for fere than I  
 quake; 55  
 [†Yow rekketh never wher I flete or  
 sinke;]  
 This hevyl yf I lede for your sake,  
 Thogh ye ther-of in no wyse hede take,

[†For on my wo yow deyneth not to  
thinke.] 59

My hertes lady, and hool my lyves quene!  
For trewly dorste I seye, as that I fele,  
Me semeth that your swete herte of stele  
Is whetted now ageynes me to kena.

My dere herte, and best beloved fo,  
Why lyketh yow to do me al this wo, 65  
What have I doon that greveth yow, or  
sayd,

But for I serve and love yow and no mo?  
And whylst I live, I wol †do ever so;  
And therfor, swete, ne beth nat evil  
apayd.

For so good and so fair as [that] ye be, 70  
Hit were [a] right gret wonder but ye  
hadde  
Of alle servants, bothe goode and badde;  
And leest worthy of alle hem, I am he.

But never-the-les, my righte lady swete,  
Thogh that I be unconning and unmete 75  
To serve as I best coude ay your hy-  
nesse,

Yit is ther fayner noon, that wolde I hete,  
Than I, to do †yow ese, or elles bete  
What-so I wiste were to †yow distresse.  
And hadde I might as good as I have wille,  
Than shulde ye fele wher it wer so or  
noon; 81

For †in this worlde living is ther noon  
That fayner wolde your hertes wil fulfilla.

For bothe I love, and eek dreed yow so  
sore,  
And algates moot, and have doon yow,  
ful yore, 85

That bet loved is noon, ne never shal;  
And yit I wolde beseche yow of no more  
But leveth wel, and be nat wrooth ther-  
fore,

And lat me serve yow forth; lo! this  
is al.

For I am nat so hardy ne so wood 90  
For to desire that ye shulde love me;  
For wel I wot, alas! that may nat be;  
I am so litel worthy, and ye so good.

For ye be con the worthiest on-lyve,  
And I the most unlykly for to thryve; 95  
Yit, for al this, [now] witeth ye right  
wale,

That ye ne shul me from your service  
dryve

That I nil ay, with alle my wittes fyve,  
Serve yow trewly, what wo so that I fele.  
For I am set on yow in swich manere 100  
That, thogh ye never wil upon me rewe,  
I moste yow love, and †ever been as  
trewa

As any can or may on-lyve [here].

†The more that I love yow, goodly free,  
The lasse finde I that ye loven me; 105  
Allas! whan shal that harde wit a-  
mende?

Wher is now al your wommanly pitee,  
Your gentillesse and your debonairtee,  
Wil ye no thing ther-of upon me  
spende?

And so hool, swete, as I am youres al, 110  
And so gret wil as I have yow to serve,  
Now, certes, and ye lete me thus starve,  
Yit have ye wonne ther-on but a smal.

For, at my knowing, I do †no-thing  
why,

And this I wol beseche yow hertely, 115  
That, ther ever ye finda, whyl ye live,  
A trewer servant to yow than am I,  
Leveth [me] thanne, and sleeth me  
hardely,

And I my deeth to you wol al forgive.  
And if ye finde no trewer †man than me,  
[Why] will ye suffre than that I thus  
spille, 121

And for no maner gilt but my good  
wille?  
As good wer thanne untrewa as trewe  
to be.

But I, my lyf and deeth, to yow obeye,  
And with right buxom herte hoolly I  
preye, 125

As[is] your moste plesure, so doth by me;  
†Wel lever is me lyken yow and deye  
Than for to any thing or thinke or seye  
That †mighte yow offende in any tyme.  
And therfor, swete, rewe on my peynes  
smerte, 130

And of your grace granteth me som  
drope;

For elles may me laste †blis ne hope,  
Ne †dwellen in my trouble careful herte.

## VII. ANELIDA AND ARCITE.

**The Complaynt of feire Anelida  
and fals Arcite.***Proem.*

Thou fesse god of armes, Mars the rede,  
That in the frosty country called Trace,  
Within thy grisly temple ful of drede  
Honoured art, as patroun of that place!  
With thy Bellona, Pallas, ful of grace, 5  
Be present, and my song continue and  
crye;

At my beginning thus to thee I crye.

For hit ful depe is sonken in my minde,  
With pitous herte in English for t'endyte  
This olde storie, in Latin which I finde, 10  
Of quene Anelida and fals Arcite,  
That elde, which that al can frete and  
byte,

As hit hath freten mony a noble storie,  
Hath nigh devoured out of our memorie.

Be favorable eek, thou Polymnia, 15  
On Parnaso that, with thy sustres glade,  
By Elicon, not fer from Cirrea,  
Singest with vois memorial in the shade,  
Under the laurer which that may not  
fade,  
And do that I my ship to haven winne; 20  
First folow I Stace, and after him  
Corinna.

*The Story.*

*Iamque domos patrias, &c.*; Statii Thebais,  
xii. 519.

Whan Theseus, with werres longe and  
grete,

The aspre folk of Cithe had over-come,  
With laurer crowned, in his char gold-  
bete,

Hoom to his contre-houses is y-come;— 25  
For which the peple blisful, al and somme,  
So cryden, that unto the sterres hit wente,  
And him to honouren dide al hir en-  
tente;—

Beform this duk, in signe of hy victorie,  
The trompes come, and in his baner large  
The image of Mars; and, in token of  
glorie, 31

Men mighten seen of tresor many a  
charge,

Many a bright helm, and many a spere  
and targe,

Many a fresh knight, and many a blisful  
route,

On hors, on fote, in al the felde aboute. 35

Ipolita his wyf, the hardy quene  
Of Cithia, that he conquered hadde,  
With Emelye, hir yonge suster shene,  
Faire in a char of golde he with him ladde,  
That al the ground aboute hir char she  
spradde 40

With brightnesse of the beautee in hir  
face,

Fulfilde of largesse and of alle grace.

With his triumphe and laurer-crowned  
thus,

In al the floure of fortunes yevinge,  
Lete I this noble prince Theseus 45

Toward Athenes in his way rydinge,  
And founde I wol in shortly for to bringe

The slye way of that I gan to wryte,  
Of quene Anelida and fals Arcite.

Mars, which that through his furious  
course of yre, 50

The olde wrath of Juno to fulfille,  
Hath set the peples hertes bothe on fyre  
Of Thebes and Grece, everich other to  
kille

With bloody speres, ne rested never stille,  
But throng now her, now ther, among  
hem bothe, 55

That everich other slough, so wer they  
wrothe.

For whan Amphiorax and Tydeus,  
Ipomedon, Parthonopee also  
Were dede, and slayn [was] proud Cam-  
paneus,

And whan the wrecches Thebans, brethren two, 60  
Were slayn, and king Adrastus hoom  
a-go,

So desolat stood Thebes and so bare,  
That no wight coude remedie of his care.

And whan the olde Creon gan espye  
How that the blood roial was brought  
adoun, 65

He held the cite by his tyrannye,  
And did the gentils of that regioun  
To been his frendes, and dwellen in the  
toun.

So what for love of him, and what for awe,  
The noble folk wer to the tounes y-drawe.

Among al these, Anelida the quene 71  
Of Ermony was in that toun dwellinge,  
That fairer was then is the sonne shene;  
Through-out the world so gan hir name  
springe,

That hir to seen had every wight lykinge;  
For, as of trouthe, is ther noon hir liche, 76  
Of al the women in this worlde riche.

Yong was this quene, of twenty yeer of  
elde,

Of middel stature, and of swich fairnesse,  
That nature had a joye hir to behelde; 80  
And for to speken of hir stedfastnesse,  
She passed hath Penelope and Lucesse,  
And shortly, if she shal be comprehended,  
In hir ne mighte no-thing been amended.

This Theban knight [Arcite] eek, sooth to  
seyn, 85

Was yong, and ther-with-al a lusty knight,  
But he was double in love and no-thing  
pleyn,

And subtil in that crafte over any wight,  
And with his cunning wan this lady  
bright;

For so ferforth he gan hir trouthe assure,  
That she him trust over any creature. 91

What shuld I seyn? she loved Arcite so,  
That, whan that he was absent any throwe,  
Anon hir thoghte hir herte brast a-two;  
For in hir sight to hir he bar him lowe, 95  
So that she wende have al his herte  
y-knowe;

But he was fals; it nas but feyned chere,  
As nedeth not to men such craft to lere.

But never-the-les ful mikel besinesse  
Had he, er that he mighte his lady winne,  
And swoor he wolde dyen for distresse, 101  
Or from his wit he seyde he wolde twinne.  
Alas, the why! for hit was routhe and  
sinne,

That she upon his sorowes wolde rewe,  
But no-thing thanketh the fals as doth  
the trewa. 105

Hir fredom fond Arcite in swich manere,  
That al was his that she hath, moche or  
lyte,

Ne to no creature made she chere  
Further than that hit lyked to Arcite;  
Ther was no lak with which he mighte  
hir wyte, 110

She was so ferforth yeven him to plesse,  
That al that lyked him, hit did hir esse.

Ther nas to hir no maner lettre y-sent  
That touched love, from any maner  
wight,

That she ne shewed hit him, er hit was  
brent; 115

So pleyn she was, and did hir fulle might,  
That she nil hyden nothing from hir  
knight,

Lest he of any untronthe hir upbreyde;  
Withouten bode his heste she obeyde.

And eek he made him jelous over here, 120  
That, what that any man had to hir seyd,  
Anoon he wolde preyen hir to swere  
What was that word, or make him evel  
apayd;

Than wende she out of hir wit have brayd;  
But al this nas but sleight and flaterye,  
Withouten love he feyned jelousye. 126

And al this took she so debonerly.  
That al his wille, hir thoghte hit skilful  
thing,

And ever the lenger loved him tenderly.  
And did him honour as he were a king. 130  
Hir herte was wedded to him with a ring;  
So ferforth upon trouthe is hir entente,  
That wher he goth, hir herte with him  
wente.

Whan she shal ete, on him is so hir  
thoght, 134  
That wel unnethes of mete took she keep;

And whan that she was to hir reste  
brought,  
On him she thoghte alwey til that she  
sleep;

Whan he was absent, prevely she weep;  
Thus liveth fair Anelida the quene 139  
For fals Arcite, that did hir al this tene.

This fals Arcite, of his new-fangelnesse,  
For she to him so lowly was and trewe,  
Took lesse dayntes for hir stedfastnesse,  
And saw another lady, proud and newe,  
And right anon he cladde him in hir  
hewe— 145

Wot I not whether in whyte, reda, or  
grene—

And falsed fair Anelida the quene.

But never-the-les, gret wonder was hit  
noon

Thogh he wer fals, for hit is kinde of  
man, 149

Sith Lamek was, that is so longe agoon,  
To been in love as fals as ever he can;  
He was the firste fader that began  
To loven two, and was in bigamy;  
And he found tentes first, but-if men lye.

This fals Arcite sumwhat moste he feyne,  
Whan he wax fals, to covere his trai-  
toreye, 156

Right as an hors, that can both byte and  
pleyne;

For he bar hir on honde of trecherye,  
And swoor he coude hir doublenesse  
espye,

And al was falsnes that she to him mente;  
Thus swoor this thief, and forth his way  
he wente. 161

Alas! what herte might endure hit,  
For routhe or wo, hir sorow for to telle?  
Or what man hath the cunning or the  
wit?

Or what man might with-in the chambre  
dwelle, 165

If I to him rehersen shal the helle,  
That suffreth fair Anelida the quene  
For fals Arcite, that did hir al this tene?

She wepeth, wailleth, swowneth pitously,  
To grounde deed she falleth as a stoon;  
Al crampiseth hir limes cokedly, 171  
She speketh as hir wit were al agoon;

Other colour then asshen hath she noon,  
Noon other word †she speketh moche or  
lyte,

But 'mercy, cruel herte myn, Arcite!' 175

And thus endureth, til that she was so  
mate

That she ne hath foot on which she may  
sustene;

But forth languissching ever in this estate,  
Of which Arcite hath nother routhe ne  
tene;

His herte was elles-where, newe and  
grene, 180

That on hir wo ne deyneth him not to  
thinke,

Him rekketh never wher she flete or  
sinke.

His newe lady holdeth him so narowe

Up by the brydel, at the staves ende,

That every word, he dradde hit as an  
arowe; 185

Hir daunger made him bothe bowe and  
bende,

And as hir liste, made him turne or  
wende;

For she ne graunted him in hir livinge  
No grace, why that he hath lust to singe;

But drof him forth, unnethe liste hir  
knowe 190

That he was servaunt †to hir ladyshippe,  
But lest that he wer proude, she held  
him lowe;

Thus serveth he, withouten fee or shipe,  
She sent him now to londe, now to  
shippe; 194

And for she yaf him daunger al his fille,  
Therfor she had him at hir owne wille.

Ensampler of this, ye thrifty wimmen alle,  
Take here Anelida and fals Arcite,  
That for hir liste him 'dere herte' calle,  
And was so meek, therfor he loved hir  
lyte; 200

The kinde of mannes herte is to deleyte  
In thing that straunge is, also god me  
save!

For what he may not gete, that wolde he  
have.

Now turne we to Anelida ageyn,  
That pyneth day by day in languissching;

But whan she saw that hir ne gat no  
geyn, 206  
Upon a day, ful sorowfully weping,  
She caste hir for to make a compleyning,  
And with hir owne honde she gan hit  
wryte;  
And sente hit to hir Theban knight  
Arcite. 210

**The Complaynt of Anelida the quene  
upon fals Arcite.**

*Proem.*

So thirleth with the poynt of remem-  
braunce,  
The swerd of sorowe, y-whet with fals  
plessaunce,  
Myn herte, bare of blis and blak of  
hewe,  
That turned is in quaking al my daunce,  
Mysuretee in a-whaped countenaunce; 215  
Sith hit availleth not for to ben trewe;  
For who-so trewest is, hit shal hir  
rewe,  
That serveth love and doth hir observ-  
aunce  
Alwey to oon, and chaungeth for no  
newe.

*(Strophe.)*

1.

I wot my-self as wel as any wight; 220  
For I loved oon with al my herte and  
might  
More then my-self, an hundred thou-  
sand sythe,  
And called him my hertes lyf, my knight,  
And was al his, as fer as hit was right;  
And whan that he was glad, than was  
I blythe, 225  
And his disese was my deeth as swythe;  
And he ayein his trouthe me had plight  
For ever-more, his lady me to kythe.

2.

Now is he fals, alas! and causeles,  
And of my wo he is so routheles, 230  
That with a worde him list not ones  
dayne  
To bring ayein my sorowful herte in pees,  
For he is caught up in a-nother leas.

Right as him list, he laugheth at my  
peyne, 234  
And I ne can myn herte not restreyne,  
That I ne love him alwey, never-the-les;  
And of al this I not to whom me pleyne.

3.

And shal I pleyne—alas! the harde  
stounde—  
Un-to my foo that yaf my herte a wounde,  
And yet desyreth that myn harm be  
more? 240  
Nay, certes! farther wol I never ffounde  
Non other help, my sores for to sounde.  
My destinee hath shapen it ful yore;  
I wil non other medecyne ne lore;  
I wil ben ay ther I was ones bounde, 245  
That I have seid, be seid for ever-more!

4.

Alas! wher is become your gentillesse!  
Your wordes fulle of plessaunce and hum-  
blesse?  
Your observaunces in so low manere,  
And your awayting and your besinesse 250  
Upon me, that ye calden your maistresse,  
Your sovereyn lady in this worlde here?  
Alas! and is ther nother word ne chere  
Ye vouchesauf upon myn hevinesse?  
Alas! your love, I bye hit al to dere. 255

5.

Now certes, swete, thogh that ye  
Thus causeles the cause be  
Of my dedly adversitee,  
Your manly reson oghte it to respyte  
To slee your frend, and namely me, 260  
That never yet in no degree  
Offended yow, as wisly he,  
That al wot, out of wo my soule quyte!  
¶ But for I shewed yow, Arcite,  
Al that men wolde to me wryte, 265  
And was so besy, yow to delyte—  
My honour save—make, kinde, and free,  
Therfor ye putte on me the wyte,  
And of me recche not a myte,  
Thogh that the swerd of sorow byte 270  
My woful herte through your cruelte.

6.

My swete foo, why do ye so, for shame?  
And thanke ye that furthered be your  
name,

To love a newe, and been antrewe?  
 may!  
 And putte yow in sclaunder now and  
 blame, 275  
 And do to me aduersitee and grame,  
 That love yow most, god, wel thou  
 wost! alway?  
 Yet turn ayeyn, and be al playn som  
 day,  
 And than shal this that now is mis be  
 game, 279  
 And al for-yive, whyl that I live may.

(*Antistrophe.*)

## 1.

Lo! herte myn, al this is for to seyne,  
 As whether shal I preye or elles pleyne?  
 Whiche is the way to doon yow to be  
 trewe?  
 For either mot I have yow in my cheyne,  
 Or with the dethe ye mot departe us  
 tweyne; 285  
 Ther ben non other mene weyes newe;  
 For god so wily on my soule rewe,  
 As verily ye sleen me with the payne;  
 That may ye see unfeyned of myn hewa.

## 2.

For thus ferforth have I my deth [y]-  
 soght, 290  
 My-self I mordre with my prevy thocht;  
 For sorow and rounthe of your unkinde-  
 nesse  
 I wepe, I wake, I faste; al helpeth noght;  
 I weyve joye that is to speke of oght,  
 I voyde companye, I flee gladnesse; 295  
 Who may avaunte hir bet of hevinesse  
 Then I? and to this plyte have ye me  
 broght,  
 Withoute gilt; me nedeth no witness.

## 3.

And sholde I preye, and weyve woman-  
 hede?  
 Nay! rather deth then do so foul a dede,  
 And axe mercy gilteles! what nede? 301  
 And if I pleyne what lyf that I lede,  
 Yow rekketh not; that know I, out of  
 drede;  
 And if I unto yow myn othes bede

For myn excuse, a scorn shal be my  
 mede; 305  
 Your chere floureth, but hit wol not sede;  
 Ful longe agoon I oghte have take hede.

## 4.

For thogh I hadde yow to-morow ageyn,  
 I might as wel holde Averill fro reyn,  
 As holde yow, to make yow stedfast. 310  
 Almighty god, of trouthe sovereyn,  
 Wher is the trouthe of man? who hath  
 hit sleyn?  
 Who that hem loveth shal hem fynde  
 as fast  
 As in a tempest is a roten mast.  
 Is that a tame best that is ay feyn 315  
 To renne away, when he is leest agast?

## 5.

Now mercy, swete, if I misseye,  
 Have I seyed oght amis, I preye?  
 I not; my wit is al aweye.  
 I fare as doth the song of *Chante-pleure*.  
 For now I pleyne, and now I pleye, 321  
 I am so mased that I daye,  
 Arcite hath born awef the keye  
 Of al my worlde, and my good aventure!  
 ¶ For in this worlde nis creature 325  
 Wakinge, in more discomfiture  
 Then I, ne more sorow endure;  
 And if I slepe a furlong wey or tweye,  
 Than thinketh me, that your figure  
 Before me stant, clad in asure, 330  
 To profren eft a newe assure  
 For to be trewe, and mercy me to preye.

## 6.

The longe night this wonder sight I  
 drye,  
 And on the day for this afray I dye, 334  
 And of al this right noght, y-wis, ye  
 recche.  
 Ne never mo myn yen two be drye,  
 And to your rounthe and to your trouthe  
 I crye.  
 But welaway! to fer be they to fecche;  
 Thus holdeth me my destinee a  
 wrecche. 339  
 But me to rede out of this drede or gye  
 Ne may my wit, so weyk is hit, not  
 streche.



*Conclusion.*

Than ende I thus, sith I may do no  
more,  
I yeve hit up for now and ever-more;  
For I shal never eft putten in balaunce  
My sekernes, ne lerne of love the  
lore. 345  
But as the swan, I have herd seyð ful  
yore,  
Ayeins his deth shal singe in his  
penaunce,  
So singe I here my destiny or chaunce,

How that Arcite Anelida so sore  
Hath thirled with the poynt of remem-  
braunce! 350

*The story continued.*

Whan that Anelida this woful quene  
Hath of hir hande writen in this wyse,  
With face deed, betwixe pale and grene,  
She fel a-swowe; and sith she gan to ryse,  
And unto Mars avoweth sacrificyse 355  
With-in the temple, with a sorowful  
chere,  
That shapen was as ye shal after here. 357

*(Unfinished.)*

## VIII. CHAUCERS WORDES UNTO ADAM, HIS OWNE SCRIVEYN.

Adam scriveyn, if ever it thee bifalle  
Boece or Troilus to wryten newe,  
Under thy lokkes thou most have the  
scalle,  
But after my making thou wryte trewe.

So ofte a daye I mot thy werk renewe, 5  
Hit to correcte and eek to rubbe and  
scrape;  
And al is through thy negligence and  
rape.

## IX. THE FORMER AGE.

A blisful lyf, a paisible and a swete  
Ledden the peples in the former age;  
They helde hem payed þof fruites, that  
they ete,  
Which that the feldes yave hem by usage;  
They ne were nat forpampred with out-  
rage; 5  
Unknown was the quern and eek the  
melle;  
They eten mast, hawes, and swich poun-  
age,  
And dronken water of the colde wells.

Yit nas the ground nat wounded with  
the plough,  
But corn up-sprong, unsowe of mannes  
bond, 10  
The which they þgniden, and eete nat  
half y-nough.  
No man yit knew the forwes of his lond;  
No man the fyr out of the flint yit  
fond;  
Un-korven and un-grobbed lay the vyne;  
No man yit in the mortar spyces grond; 15  
To clarre, ne to sause of galantyne.

No mader, welde, or wood no litestere  
 Ne knew; the flees was of his former  
 hewe;  
 No flesh ne wiste offence of egge or spere;  
 No coyn ne knew man which was fals or  
 trewe; 20  
 No ship yit karf the waves grene and  
 blewe;  
 No marchaunt yit ne fette outlandish  
 ware;  
 No †trompes for the werres folk ne knewe,  
 No toures heye, and walles rounde or  
 square.

What sholde it han avayled to werreye? 25  
 Ther lay no profit, ther was no richesse,  
 But cursed was the tyme, I dar wel seye,  
 That men first dide hir swety bysnesse  
 To grobbe up metal, lurking in dark-  
 nesse,

And in the riveres first gemmes soghte. 30  
 Allas! than sprong up al the cursednesse  
 Of covetyse, that first our sorwe broghte!

Thise tyrants putte ham gladly nat in  
 pres,

No †wildnesse, ne no bushes for to winne  
 Ther poverte is, as seith Diogenes, 35  
 Ther as vitaille is eek so skars and thinne  
 That noght but mast or apples is ther-  
 inne.

But, ther as bagges been and fat vitaille,  
 Ther wol they gon, and spare for no sinne  
 With al hir ost the cite for t'assaille. 40

Yit were no paleis-chaumbres, ne non  
 halles;

In caves and [in] wodes softe and swete  
 Slepten this blissed folk with-oute walles,  
 On gras or leves in parfyt †quiete.

No doun of fetheres, ne no bleched  
 shete 45

Was kid to hem, but in seurtee they  
 slepte;

Hir hortes were al oon, with-oute galles,  
 Everich of hem his feith to other kepte.

Unforged was the hauberk and the plate;  
 The lambish peple, voyd of alle vyce, 50  
 Hadden no fantasye to debate,  
 But ech of hem wolde other wel cheryce;  
 No pryde, non envye, non avaryce,  
 No lord, no taylage by no tyrannye;  
 Humblesse and pees, good feith, the em-  
 perice, 55

[†Fulfilled erthe of olde curtesye.]

Yit was not Jupiter the likerous,  
 That first was fader of delicacye,  
 Come in this world; ne Nembrot, de-  
 sirous

To reynen, had nat maad his toures  
 hye. 60

Allas, alas! now may men wepe and  
 crye!

For in our dayes nis but covetyse  
 [And] doublenesse, and tresoun and envye,  
 Poyssoun, manslaughtre, and mordre in  
 sondry wyse. 64

Finis Etas prima. Chaucers.

## X. FORTUNE.

*Balades de vieage sanz peinture.*

### I. Le Pleintif countre Fortune.

THIS wrecched worldes transmutacioun,  
 As wele or wo, now povre and now  
 honour,

With-uten ordre or wys discrecioun  
 Governed is by Fortunes errour;  
 But natheles, the lak of hir favour 5

Ne may nat don me singen, though I dye,  
 'Jay tout perdu mon temps et mon labour :'  
 For fynally, Fortune, I thee defy!

Yit is me left the light of my resoun,  
 To knowen frend fro fo in thy mirour. 10  
 So muche hath yit thy whirling up and  
 doun

Y-taught me for to knowen in an hour.  
 But trewely, no force of thy reddour

To him that over him-self hath the maystrye!

My suffisaunce shal be my socour : 15  
For fynally, Fortune, I thee defye!

O Socrates, thou stedfast championn,  
She never mighte be thy tormentour ;  
Thou never dreddest hir oppressioun,  
Ne in hir chere founde thou no savour. 20  
Thou knewe wel deceit of hir colour,  
And that hir moste worshipec is to lye.  
I knowe hir eek a fals dissimulour :  
For fynally, Fortune, I thee defye!

### II. La respounse de Fortune au Pleintif.

No man is wrecched, but him-self hit wene, 25  
And he that hath him-self hath suffisaunce.

Why seystow thanne I am to thee so kene,

That hast thy-self out of my governaunce?  
Sey thus : 'Graunt mercy of thyn haboundaunce

That thou hast lent or this.' Why wolt thou stryve? 30

What wostow yit, how I thee wol avaunce?

And eek thou hast thy beste frend alyve!

I have thee taught divisioun bi-twene  
Frend of effect, and frend of countenaunce;

Thee nedeth nat the galle of noon hyene, 35

That cureth eyen derke fro hir penaunce ;  
Now seestow cleer, that were in ignoraunce.

Yit halt thyn anere, and yit thou mayst arryve

Ther bountee berth the keye of my substaunce : 39

And eek thou hast thy beste frend alyve.

How many have I refused to sustene,  
Sin I thee fostred have in thy plesaunce!  
Woltow than make a statut on thy quene  
That I shal been ay at thyn ordinaunce?  
Thou born art in my regne of variaunce,

Aboute the wheel with other most thou dryve. 46

My lore is bet than wikke is thy grevaunce,  
And eek thou hast thy beste frend alyve.

### III. La respounse du Pleintif countre Fortune.

Thy lore I dampne, hit is adversitee.  
My frend maystow nat reven, blind goddesse! 50  
That I thy frendes knowe, I thanke hit thee.

Tak hem agayn, lat hem go lye on presse!  
The negardye in keping hir richessee  
Prenostik is thou wolt hir tour assayle ;  
Wikke appetyt comth ay before seknessee :  
In general, this reule may nat fayle. 56

### La respounse de Fortune countre le Pleintif.

Thou pinchest at my mutabilitee,  
For I thee lente a drope of my richessee,  
And now me lyketh to with-drawe me.  
Why sholdestow my realtee oppresse? 60  
The see may ebbe and flowen more or lessee;  
The welkne hath might to shyne, reyne, or hayle;

Right so mot I kythen my brotelnessee.  
In general, this reule may nat fayle.

Lo, th'execucion of the magestee 65  
That al purveyeth of his rightwisnessee,  
That same thing 'Fortune' clepen ye,  
Ye blinde bestes, ful of lewednessee!  
The hevene hath propretee of sikernessee,  
This world hath ever resteles travayle; 70  
Thy laste day is ende of myn intressee:  
In general, this reule may nat fayle.

### Lenvoy de Fortune.

Princes, I pray you of your gentilessee,  
Lat nat this man on me thus crye and pleyne,

And I shal quyte you your bisnessee 75  
At my requeste, as thre of you or twayne;  
And, but you list releve him of his peyne,  
Preyeth his beste frend, of his noblessee,  
That to som beter estat he may attayne. 79

*Explicit.*

XI. *MERCILES BEAUTE: A TRIPLE ROUNDEL.*

I. *Captivity.*

Your yēn two wol alee me sodenly,  
I may the beaute of hem not sustene,  
So woundeth hit through-out my herte  
kene.

And but your word wol helen hastily  
My hertes wounde, whyl that hit is grene,  
*Your yēn two wol alee me sodenly,* 6  
*I may the beaute of hem not sustene.*

Upon my trouthe I sey yow faithfully,  
That ye ben of mylyf and deeth the quene;  
For with my deeth the trouthe shal besene.  
*Your yēn two wol alee me sodenly,* 11  
*I may the beaute of hem not sustene,*  
*So woundeth hit through-out my herte kene.*

II. *Rejection.*

So hath your beaute fro your herte chaced  
Pitee, that me ne availleth not to pleyne;  
For Daunger halt your mercy in his  
cheyne. 16

Giltles my deeth thus han ye me pur-  
chaced;  
I sey yow sooth, me nedeth not to feyne;

*So hath your beaute fro your herte chaced  
Pitee, that me ne availleth not to pleyne. 20*

Allas! that nature hath in yow com-  
passed

So greet beaute, that no man may atteyne  
To mercy, though he sterve for the payne.

*So hath your beaute fro your herte chaced  
Pitee, that me ne availleth not to pleyne; 25*  
*For Daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.*

III. *Escape.*

Sin I fro Love escaped am so fat,  
I never think to ben in his prison lene;  
Sin I am free, I counte him not a bene.

He may answer, and seye this or that; 30  
I do no for, I speke right as I mene.

*Sin I fro Love escaped am so fat,*  
*I never think to ben in his prison lene.*

Love hath my name y-strike out of his  
sclat,

And he is strike out of my bokes clene 35  
For ever-mo; †ther is non other mene.

*Sin I fro Love escaped am so fat,*  
*I never think to ben in his prison lene;*  
*Sin I am free, I counte him not a bene. 39*

*Explicit.*

XII. *TO ROSEMOUNDE. A BALADE.*

MADAME, ye ben of al beaute shryne  
As fer as cerclod is the mappemounde;  
For as the cristal glorious ye shyne,  
And lyke ruby ben your chekes rounde.  
Therwith ye ben so mery and so jocounde,  
That at a revel whan that I see you  
daunce, 6  
It is an oynement unto my wounde,  
Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce.

For thogh I wepe of teres ful a tyme,  
Yet may that wo myn herte nat con-  
founde; 10

Your †seemly voys that ye so †smal out-  
twyne

Maketh my thought in joye and blis  
habounde.

So curteisly I go, with lovē bounde,  
That to my-self I sey, in my penaunce,

Suffyseth me to love you, Rosemounde, 15  
Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce.

Nas never pyk walwed in galauntynne  
As I in love am walwed and y-wounde;  
For which ful ofte I of my-self divyne

Tregentil.

That I am trewe Tristram the secounde. 20  
My love may not refrayd be nor afounde;  
I brenne ay in an amorous plesaunce.  
Do what you list, I wil your thral be  
founde,

Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce. 24

Chaucer.

### XIII. TRUTH.

#### Balade de bon conseil.

FLEE fro the prees, and dwelle with soth-  
fastnesse,

Suffyce unto thy good, though hit be  
smaal;

For hord hath hate, and climbing tikel-  
nesse,

Prees hath envye, and wele blent overal;  
Savour no more than thee bihove shal; 5  
Werk wel thy-self, that other folk canst  
rede;

And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

Tempest thee noght al croked to redresse,  
In trust of hir that turneth as a bal:

Gret reste stant in litel besinesse; 10  
And eek be war to sporne ageyn an al;

Stryve noght, as doth the crokke with  
the wal.

Daunte thy-self, that dauntest others  
dede;

And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent, receyve in buxumnesse,  
The wrastling for this worlde axeth a  
fal. 16

Her nis non hoom, her nis but wilder-  
nesse:

Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste, out  
of thy stal!

Know thy contree, look up, thank God  
of al;

Hold the hye way, and lat thy gost thee  
lede: 20

And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

#### Envoy.

Therefore, thou vache, leve thyn old  
wrecchednesse

Unto the worlde; leve now to be thral;  
Crye him mercy, that of his hy goodnesse

Made thee of noght, and in especial 25  
Draw unto him, and pray in general

For thee, and eek for other, hevenlich  
mede; 27

And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

Explicit Le bon conseil de G. Chaucer.

### XIV. GENTILESSE.

#### Moral Balade of Chaucer.

THE firste stok, fader of gentilesse—

What man that claymeth gentil for to be,  
Must folowe his trace, and alle his wittes  
dresse

Vertu to sewe, and vyces for to flee.

For unto vertu longeth dignitee, 5

And noght the revers, sauflly dar I deme,  
Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.

This firste stok was ful of rightwisnesse,  
Trewe of his word, sobre, pitous, and  
free,

Clene of his goste, and loved besinesse, 10  
Against the vyce of slouth, in honestee;

And, but his heir love vertu, as dide he,  
He is noght gentil, though he riche seme,  
Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.

Vyce may wel be heir to old richesse; 15  
But ther may no man, as men may wel see,

Bequethe his heir his vertuous noblesse  
That is appropred unto no degree,  
But to the firste fader in magestee,  
That maketh him his heir, that can him  
queme, 20  
Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.

## XV. LAK OF STEDFASTNESSE.

*Balade.*

Som tyme this world was so stedfast and  
stable,

That mannes word was obligacioun,  
And now hit is so fals and deceivable,  
That word and deed, as in conclusioun,  
Ben no-thing lyk, for turned up so doun 5  
Is al this world for mede and wilfulnesse,  
That al is lost for lak of stedfastnesse.

What maketh this world to be so variable,  
But lust that folk have in dissensioun?  
Among us now a man is holde unable, 10  
But-if he can, by som collusioun,  
Don his neighbour wrong or oppressioun.  
What causeth this, but wilful wrecched-  
nesse,  
That al is lost, for lak of stedfastnesse?

Tronthe is put down, resoun is holden  
fable; 15

Vertu hath now no dominacioun,  
Pitee exyled, no man is merciabile.  
Through covetyse is blent discrecioun;  
The world hath mad a permutacioun  
Fro right to wrong, fro tronthe to fikel-  
nesse, 20  
That al is lost, for lak of stedfastnesse.

*Envoy to King Richard.*

O prince, desyre to be honourable,  
Cherish thy folk and hate extorcioun!  
Suffre no thing, that may be reprevable  
To thyn estat, don in thy regioun. 25  
Shew forth thy sward of castigacioun,  
Dred God, do law, love tronthe and worthi-  
nesse, 27  
And wed thy folk agein to stedfastnesse.

*Explicit.*

## XVI. LENVOY DE CHAUCER A SCOGAN.

To-broken been the statuts hye in hevене  
That creat were eternally to dure,  
Sith that I see the brighte goddes sevene  
Mow wepe and wayle, and passioun en-  
dure,  
As may in erthe a mortal creature. 5  
Allas, fro whennes may this thing pro-  
cede?  
Of whiche errour I daye almost for drede.

By worde eterne whylom was hit shape  
That fro the fifte cercle, in no manere,  
Ne mighte a drope of teres down es-  
cape. 10  
But now so wepeth Venus in hir spere,  
That with hir teres she wol drenche us  
here.  
Allas, Scogan! this is for thyn offence!  
Thou causeth this deluge of pestilence.

Hast thou not seyd, in blasphemie of this  
goddess, 15  
Through pryde, or through thy grete  
rakelnesse,  
Swich thing as in the lawe of love for-  
bode is?

That, for thy lady saw nat thy distresse,  
Therfor thou yave hir up at Michelmesse!  
Allas, Scogan! of olde folk ne yonge 20  
Was never erst Scogan blamed for his  
tonge!

Thou drowe in scorn Cupyde eek to record  
Of thilke rebel word that thou hast spoken,  
For which he wol no lenger be thy lord.  
And, Scogan, thogh his bowe be nat  
broken, 25

He wol nat with his arwes been y-wroken  
On thee, ne me, ne noon of our figure;  
Weshul of him have neyther hurt ne cure.

Now certes, frend, I drede of thyn un-  
happe,  
Lest for thy gilt the wreche of Love pro-  
cede 30  
On alle hem that ben hore and rounde of  
shape,

That ben so lykly folk in love to spede.  
Than shul we for our labour han no mede;  
But wel I wot, thou wilt answere and seye:  
'Lo! olde Grisel list to ryme and pleye!'

Nay, Scogan, sey not so, for I m'excuse, 36  
God help me so! in no rym, doutelesse,  
Ne thinke I never of slepe wak my muse,  
That rusteth in my shethe stille in pees.  
Why! I was yong, I putte hir forth in  
pees, 40  
But al shal passe that men prose or ryme;  
Take every man his turn, as for his tyme.

### Envoy.

Scogan, that knelest at the stremes heed!  
Of grace, of alle honour and worthinesse,  
In th'ende of which streme<sup>2</sup> I am dul as  
deed, 45  
Forgete in solitarie wilderness;  
Yet, Scogan, thanke on Tullius kinde-  
nesse,  
Minne thy frend, ther it may fructifye!  
Far-wel, and lok thou never eft Love  
defye! 49

<sup>1</sup> I. e. Windsor.

<sup>2</sup> I. e. Greenwich.

## XVII. LENVOY DE CHAUCER A BUKTON.

The counsell of Chaucer touching  
Mariage, which was sent to Bukton.

My maister Bukton, whan of Criste our  
kinge  
Was axed, what is trouthe or sothfast-  
nesse,

He nat a word answerde to that axinge,  
As who saith: 'no man is al trewe,'  
I gesse.

And therfor, thogh I highte to expresse  
The sorwe and wo that is in mariage, 6  
I dar not wryte of hit no wikkednesse,  
Lest I my-self falle eft in swich dotage.

I wol nat seyn, how that hit is the cheyne  
Of Sathanas, on which he gnaweth ever, 10

But I dar seyn, were he out of his peyne,  
As by his wille, he wolde be bounde  
never.

But thilke doted fool that eft hath lever  
Y-cheyned be than out of prisoun crepe,  
God lete him never fro his wo dissever, 15  
Ne no man him bewayle, though he wepe.

But yit, lest thou do worse, tak a wyf;  
Bet is to wedde, than brenne in worse  
wyse.

But thou shalt have sorwe on thy flesh,  
thy lyf,  
And been thy wyves thral, as seyn these  
wyse; 20

And if that holy writ may nat suffyse,  
Experience shal thee teche, so may happe.

That thee were lever to be take in Fryse  
Than eft to falle of wedding in the trappe.

*Envoy.*

This litel writ, proverbes, or figure 25  
I sende you, tak kepe of hit, I rede :

Unwys is he that can no wele endure.  
If thou be siker, put thee nat in drede.  
The Wyf of Bathe I pray you that ye rede  
Of this matere that we have on honde. 30  
God graunte you your lyf frely to lede  
In fredom; for ful hard is to be bonde.

*Explicit.*

## XVIII. THE COMPLEYNT OF VENUS.

### I. (*The Lover's worthinesse.*)

THEE nis so hy comfort to my plesauce,  
Whan that I am in any hevinesse,  
As for to have leyser of remembraunce  
Upon the manhod and the worthinesse,  
Upon the trouthe, and on the stedfastnesse  
Of him whos I am al, whyl I may dure; 6  
Ther oghte blame me no creature,  
For every wight preiseth his gentilesse.

In him is bountee, wisdom, governaunce  
Wel more then anymanne wit can gesse;  
For grace hath wold so farforth him  
avaunce 11

That of knighthode he is parfit richesse.  
Honour honoureth him for his noblesse;  
Therto so wel hath formed him Nature,  
That I am his for ever, I him assure, 15  
For every wight preiseth his gentilesse.

And not-withstanding al his suffisaunce,  
His gentil herte is of so greet humblesse  
To me in worde, in werke, in contaunce,  
And me to serve is al his besinesse, 20  
That I am set in verrey sikernesse.  
Thus oghte I blesse wel myn aventure,  
Sith that him list me serven and honour;  
For every wight preiseth his gentilesse.

### II. (*Disquietude caused by Jealousy.*)

Now certes, Love, hit is right covenable  
That men ful dere bye thy noble thing, 26  
As wake a-bedde, and fasten at the table,  
Weping to langhe, and singe in com-  
pleynynge,  
And down to caste visage and loking,

Often to chaungen hewe and contaunce,  
†Pleyne in sleping, and dremen at the  
daunce, 31

Al the revers of any glad feling.

Jalousye be hanged by a cable!  
She wolde al knowe through hir espying;  
Ther doth no wight no-thing so resonable.  
That al nis harm in hir imagening. 36  
Thus dere abought is lovè, in yeving,  
Which ofte he yiveth with-oute ordin-  
aunce,

As sorow ynogh, and litel of plesauce,  
Al the revers of any glad feling. 40

A litel tyme his yift is agreable,  
But ful encomberous is the using;  
For sotel Jalousye, the deceyvable,  
Ful often-tyme causeth destourbing.  
Thus be we ever in drede and suffering,  
In nouncerteyn we languishe in pen-  
saunce, 46

And han ful often many an hard mee-  
chance,

Al the revers of any glad feling.

### III. (*Satisfaction in Constancy.*)

But certes, Love, I sey nat in such wyse  
That for t'escape out of your lace I mente;  
For Iso longe have been in your servyse 51  
That for to lets of wol I never assente;  
No force thogh Jalousye me tormente;  
Suffyceth me to see him whan I may, 54  
And therefore certes, to myn ending-day  
To love him best ne shal I never repente.

And certes, Love, whan I me wel avyse  
On any estat that man may represente,



Than have ye maked me, through your  
franchyse,  
Chese the best that ever on erthe wente.  
Now love wel, herte, and look thou never  
stente; 61

And let the jelous putte hit in assay  
That, for no peyne wol I nat sey nay;  
To love him best ne shal I never repente.

Herte, to thee hit oghte y-nogh suffyse 65  
That Love so hy a grace to thee sente,  
To chese the worthiest in alle wyse  
And most agreable unto myn entente.

Seche no farther, neyther wey ne wente,  
Sith I have suffisaunce unto my pay. 70  
Thus wol I ende this complaynt or lay;  
To love him best ne shal I never repente.

### Lenvoy.

Princess, receyveth this complaynt in  
gree,

Unto your excellent benignitee  
Direct after my lital suffisaunce. 75

For eld, that in my spirit dulleth me,  
Hath of endyting al the sotaltee

Wel ny bereft out of my remem-  
braunce;

And eek to me hit is a greet pen-  
aunce,

Sith rym in English hath swich scarsitee.  
To folowe word by word the curiositee 81

Of Graunson, flour of hem that make  
in Fraunce.

## XIX. THE COMPLEINT OF CHAUCER TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

To you, my purse, and to non other wight  
Compleyne I, for ye be my lady dore!  
I am so sory, now that ye be light;  
For certes, but ye make me hevychere,  
Me were as leef be leynd up-on my bere; 5  
For whiche un-to your mercy thus I crye:  
Beth hevychere ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Now voucheth sauf this day, or hit be  
night,

That I of you the blisful soun may here,  
Or see your colour lyk the sonne bright,  
That of yelownesse hadde never pere. 11

Ye be my lyf, ye be myn hertes stene,  
Queene of comfort and of good compaignie:  
Beth hevychere ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Now purs, that be to me my lyves light, 15  
And saveour, as doun in this world here,  
Out of this tounne help me through your  
might,

Sin that ye wole nat been my tresorere;  
For I am shave as nye as any frere.

But yit I pray un-to your curtesye: 20  
Beth hevychere ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

### Lenvoy de Chaucer.

O conquerour of Brutes Albionn!  
Which that by lyne and free eleccioun  
Ben verray king, this song to you I sende;  
And ye, that mowen al our harm amende,  
Have minde up-on my supplicacioun! 26

## XX. PROVERBS.

### Proverbe of Chaucer.

#### I.

WHAT shul thise clothes þat many-fold,  
Lo! this hote somers day?—  
After greet heet cometh cold;  
No man caste his pilche away. 4

#### II.

Of al this world the wyde compas  
Hit wol not in myn armes twayne.—  
Who-so moche wol embrace  
Lital therof he shal distreyne.

## APPENDIX.

[The following Poems are also probably genuine ; but are placed here  
for lack of external evidence.]

## XXI. AGAINST WOMEN UNCONSTANT.

## Balade.

MADAME, for your newe-fangelnesse,  
Many a servaunt have ye put out of grace,  
I take my leve of your unstedfastnesse,  
For wel I wot, whyl ye have lyves space,  
Ye can not love ful half yeer in a place ; 5  
To newe thing your lust is ever kene ;  
In stede of blew, thus may ye were al  
grene.

Right as a mirour nothing may enpresse,  
But, lightly as it cometh, so mot it pace,  
So fareth your love, your werkes bereth  
witnesse. 10

Ther is no feith that may your herte en-  
brace ;

But, as a wederook, that turneth his face  
With every wind, ye fare, and that is  
sane ;

In stede of blew, thus may ye were al  
grene.

Ye might be shryned, for your brotelnesse,  
Bet than Dalyda, Creseide or Candace ; 16  
For ever in chaunging †stant your siker-  
nesse,

That tache may no wight fro your herte  
arace ;

If ye lese oon, ye can wel tweyn purchase ;  
Al light for somer, ye woot wel what I  
mene, 20

In stede of blew, thus may ye were al  
grene.

Explicit.

XXII. AN AMOROUS COMPLEINT. (COMPLEINT  
DAMOURS.)

An amorous Compleint, made at  
Windsor.

I, WHICH that am the sorwefulleste  
man  
That in this world was ever yit livinge,  
And leest recoverer of him-selven can,  
Beginne †thus my deedly compleininge  
On hir, that may to lyf and deeth me  
bringe, 5

Which hath on me no mercy ne no rewthe  
That love hir best, but sleeth me for my  
trewthe.

Can I noght doon ne seye that may yow  
lyke,

†For certes, now, alas ! alas ! the whyle !  
Your plesaunce is to laughen whan I  
syke, 10

And thus ye me from al my blisse exyle.

Ye han me cast in thilke spitous yle  
Ther never man on lyve mighte astarte ;  
This have I for I lovè you, swete herte !

Sooth is, that wel I woot, by lyklinesse,  
If that it were thing possible to do 16  
T'acompte youre bentee and goodnesse,  
I have no wonder thogh ye do me wo ;  
Sith I, th'unworthiest that may ryde or go,  
Durste ever thinken in so hy a place, 20  
What wonder is, thogh ye do me no grace?

Allas ! thus is my lyf brought to an ende,  
My deeth, I see, is my cōclusioun ;  
I may wel singe, 'in sory tyme I spende  
My lyf ;' that song may have confusioun !  
For mercy, pitee, and deep affeccioun, 26  
I sey for me, for al my deedly chere,  
Alle thise diden, in that, me love yow dere.

And in this wyse and in dispayre I live  
In lovè ; nay, but in dispayre I dye ! 30  
But shal I thus [to] yow my deeth for-give,  
That causeles doth me this sorow drye ?  
Ye, certes, I ! For she of my folye  
Hath nought to done, although she do me  
sterve ;

Hit is nat with hir wil that I hir serve ! 35  
Than sith I am of my sorowe the cause  
And sith that I have this, withoute hir  
reed,

Than may I seyn, right shortly in a clause,  
It is no blame unto hir womanheed  
Though swich a wrecche as I be for hir  
deed ; 40

[And] yet alwey two thinges doon me dyè,  
That is to seyn, hir bentee and myn yè.

So that, algates, she is the verray rote  
Of my disese, and of my dethe also ;  
For with oon word she mighte be my bote,  
If that she vouched sauf for to do so. 46  
But [why] than is hir gladnesse at my wo ?  
It is hir wone plesaunce for to take,  
To seen hir servaunte dyen for hir sake !

But certes, than is al my wonderinge, 50  
Sithen she is the fayrest creature  
As to my dome, that ever was livinge,  
The benignest and beste eek that nature  
Hath wrought or shal, whyl that the  
world may dure,

Why that she lefte pite so behinde ? 55  
It was, y-wis, a greet defaute in kinde.

Yit is al this no lak to hir, pardee,  
But god or nature sore wolde I blame ;  
For, though she shewe no pite unto me,  
Sithen that she doth othere men the same,  
I ne oughte to despyse my ladies game ; 61  
It is hir pley to laughen whan men syketh,  
And I assente, al that hir list and lyketh !

Yit wolde I, as I dar, with sorweful herte  
Biseche un-to your meke womanhede 65  
That I now dorste my sharpe sorwes  
smerte

Shewe by worde, that ye wolde ones rede  
The playnte of me, the which ful sore  
drede

That I have seid here, through myn un-  
conninge,  
In any worde to your displeysinge. 70

Lothest of anything that ever was loth  
Were me, as wisly god my soule save !  
To seyn a thing through which ye might  
be wroth ;

And, to that day that I be leyd in grave,  
A trewer servant shulle ye never have ;  
And, though that I on yow have playned  
here, 76  
Forgiveth it me, myn owne lady dere !

Ever have I been, and shal, how-so I  
wende,

Outher to live or dye, your humble trewe ;  
Ye been to me my ginning and myn ende.  
Sonne of the sterre bright and clere of  
hewe, 81

Alwey in oon to love yow freshly newe.  
By god and by my trouthe, is myn entente ;  
To live or dye, I wol it never repente !

This compleynt on seint Valentynes day.  
Whan every foul [ther] chesen shal his  
make, 86

To hir, whos I am hool, and shal alwey.  
This woful song and this compleynt I  
make,

That never yit wolde me to mercy take :  
And yit wol I [for] evermore her serve 91  
And love hir best, although she do me  
sterve.

*Explicit.*

## XXIII. A BALADE OF COMPLEYNT.

[This is added as being a good example of a Complaynt in Chaucer's style.]

COMPLEYNT ne coude, ne might myn herte  
never

My paynes halve, ne what torment I have,  
Though that I sholde in your presence  
ben ever,

My hertes lady, as wisly he me save  
That bountee made, and bentee list to  
grave 5

In your persone, and bad hem bothe infere  
Ever t'awayte, and ay be wher ye were.

As wisly he gye alle my joyes here  
As I am yours, and to yow sad and trewe,  
And ye, my lyf and cause of my good  
chere, 10

And deeth also, whan ye my paynes newe,  
My worldes joye, whom I wol serve and  
sewe,

My heven hool, and al my suffisaunce,  
Whom for to serve is set al my plesaunce.

Beseching yow in my most humble wyse  
T'accepte in worth this lital povre dyte, 16  
And for my trouthe my service nat de-  
spyse,

Myn observance eek have nat in despyte,  
Ne yit to long to suffren in this plyte;  
I yow beseche, myn hertes lady, here, 20  
Sith I yow serve, and so wil yeer by  
yere.

## XXIV. WOMANLY NOBLESSE.

[This genuine poem was first printed in June, 1894.]

Balade that Chaucer made.

So hath my herte caught in remembraunce  
Your beaute hool, and stedfast govern-  
aunce,

Your vertues alle, and your hy noblesse,  
That you to serve is set al my plesaunce;  
So wel me lykth your womanly conten-  
aunce, 5

Your freshe fetures and your com-  
liness,

That, whyl I live, my herte to his  
maistresse,

You hath ful chose, in trew perséveraunce,  
Never to change, for no maner dis-  
tresse.

And sith I [you] shal do this ob-  
servaunce 10

Al my lyf, withouten displeaunce,

You for to serve with al my besinesse,  
[Taketh me, lady, in your obeisaunce]  
And have me somewhat in your souven-  
aunce.

My woful hertesuffreth greet duresse; 15  
And [loke] how humbl[ely], with al  
simplesse,

My wil I cónforme to your ordenaunce,  
As you best list, my paynes † to redressa.

Considring eek how I hange in balaaunce  
In your servycé; swich, lo! is my  
chaunce, 20

Abyding grace, whan that your gentil-  
nesse

Of my gret wo list doon allegeaunce,  
And with your pité me som wyse avaunce,  
In ful rebating of my heviness;

And think † resoun, that wommanly  
noblesse 25

Shuld nat desyre † for to doon outrance  
Ther-ashe findeth noon unbuxumnesse.

Lenvoye. 4

Auctour of norture, lady of plesaunce,  
Soveraine of beaute, flour of womman-  
hede,

Take ye non hede unto myn ignoraunce, 30  
But this receyveth of your goodlihede,  
Thinking that I have caught in re-  
membraunce

Your beaute hool, your stedfast govern-  
aunce.

# BOETHIUS DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIE.

## BOOK I.

METRE I. *Carmina qui quondam studio  
florete peregi.*

ALLAS ! I, weping, am constrained to  
biginnen vers of sorowful matere, that  
whylom in florischng studie made delit-  
able ditees. For lo ! rendinge Muses of  
5 poetes endyten to me thinges to be  
writen ; and drery vers of wretchednesse  
weten my face with verray teres. At  
the leeste, no drede ne mighte over-  
comen tho Muses, that they ne weren  
10 felawes, and folweden my way, *that is*  
*to seyn, whan I was exyled* ; they that  
weren glorie of my youthe, whylom wele-  
ful and grene, comforten now the sorow-  
ful wardes of me, olde man. For elde  
15 is comen unwarly upon me, hasted by  
the harmes that I have, and sorow hath  
comaunded his age to be in me. Heres  
hore ben shad overtymeliche upon myn  
heved, and the slakeskin trambbleth upon  
20 myn emptied body. Thiike deeth of men  
is weleful that ne cometh not in yeres  
that ben swete, but cometh to wrecches,  
often y-cleped. *Allas ! alas !* with how  
deef an are deeth, cruel, torneth away  
25 fro wrecches, and naiteth to closen  
wepinge eyen ! Why ! Fortune, unfeith-  
ful, favored me with lighte goodes, the  
sorowful houre, *that is to seyn, the deeth*,  
hadde almost dreynt myn heved. But  
30 now, for Fortune cloudy hath changed

hir deceyvable chere to me-ward, myn  
unpitous lyf draweth a-long unagreable  
dwellinges in me. O ye, my frendes, what  
or whertovauntede ye me to ben weleful ?  
for he that hath fallen stood nat in 35  
stedefast degree.

PROSE I. *Hec dum mecum tacitus ipse  
reputarem.*

Whyle that I stille recordede thise  
thinges with my-self, and markede my  
weeply compleynte with office of pointel,  
I saw, stondinge aboven the heighte of  
myn heved, a woman of ful greet re- 5  
verence by semblaunt, hir eyen bren-  
ninge and cleer-seinge over the comune  
might of men ; with a lyfly colour, and  
with swich vigour and strengthe that it  
ne mighte nat ben emptied ; al were it 10  
so that she was ful of so greet age, that  
men ne wolde nat trowen, in no manere,  
that she were of oure elde. The stature  
of hir was of a doutous jugement ; for  
som-tyme she constreinede and shronk 15  
hir-salven lyk to the comune mesure of  
men, and sum-tyme it semede that she  
touchede the hevene with the heighte of  
hir heved ; and whan she heef hir heved  
hyer, she percede the selve hevene, so 20  
that the sighte of men looking was in  
ydel. Hir clothes weren makid of right  
delye thredes and subtil crafte, of per-  
durable matere ; the whiche clothes she

25 hadde woven with hir owene hondes, as  
 I knew wel after by hir-self, declaringe  
 and shewing to me the beautee; the  
 whiche clothes a derkenesse of a forleten  
 and dyspyed elde hadde dusked and  
 30 derked, as it is wont to derken bi-  
 smokede images. In the nethereste  
 hem or bordure of thise clothes men  
 reddan, y-woven in, a Grekish P, *that*  
*signifyeth the lyf Actif*; and aboven that  
 35 lettre, in the heyeste bordure, a Grekish  
 T, *that signifyeth the lyf Contemplatif*.  
 And bi-twixen these two lettres ther  
 weren seyn degrees, nobly y-wrought in  
 manere of laddres; by whiche degrees  
 40 men mighten climben fro the nethereste  
 lettre to the upperste. Natheles, handes  
 of some men hadde corven that cloth  
 by violence and by strengthe; and  
 everiche man of hem hadde born away  
 45 swiche peeces as he mighte geten. And  
 forsothe, this forseide woman bar smale  
 bokes in hir right hand, and in hir left  
 hand she bar a ceptre. And whan she  
 say thise poetical Muses aprochen aboute  
 50 my bed, and endytinge wordes to my  
 wepinges, she was a litel amoved, and  
 glowede with cruel eyen. 'Who,' quod  
 she, 'hath suffred aprochen to this syke  
 man thise comune strompetes of swich  
 55 a place that men clepen the theatre?  
 The whiche nat only ne aswagen nat  
 hise sorwes with none remedies, but they  
 wolden feden and norisshen hem with  
 swete venom. Forsothe, thise ben tho  
 60 that with thornes and prykkings of  
 talents or affeccions, whiche that ne  
 ben no-thing fructefyinge nor profitable,  
 destroyen the corn plantevous of frutes  
 of resoun; for they holden the hertes  
 65 of men in usage, but they ne deliver  
 nat folk fro maladye. But if ye Muses  
 hadden withdrawn fro me, with your  
 flateryes, any unounninge and unprofit-  
 able man, as men ben wont to finde  
 70 comunly amonges the poeple, I wolde  
 wene suffre the lasse grevously; for-why,  
 in swiche an unprofitable man, myn  
 ententes ne weren no-thing endamaged.  
 But ye withdrawn from me this man,  
 75 that hath ben norisshed in the studies or

scoles of Eleaticis and of Achademicis in  
*Grece*. But goth now rather away, ye  
 mermaidanes, whiche that ben swete til  
 it be at the laste, and suffreth this man  
 to be cured and heled by myne Muses,' 80  
*that is to seyn, by notable sciences*. And  
 thus this compaignye of Muses y-blamed  
 casten wrothly the chere downward to  
 the erthe; and, shewing by reednesse  
 hir shame, they passeden sorowfully the 85  
 threshfold. And I, of whom the sighte,  
 plounged in teres, was derked so that  
 I ne mighte not knowen what that  
 womman was, of so imperial auctoritee,  
 I wex al abaished and astoned, and caste 90  
 my sighte down to the erthe, and bigan  
 stille for to abyde what she wolde don  
 afterward. Tho com she ner, and sette  
 hir down up-on the uttereste corner of  
 my bed; and she, biholdinge my chere, 95  
 that was cast to the erthe, hevy and  
 grevous of wepinge, compleinede, with  
 thise wordes that I shal seyen, the per-  
 turbacioun of my thought.

METRE II. *Illeu quam precipiti meras*  
*profundo.*

'Allas! how the thought of man, dreint  
 in over-throwinge deepnesse, dulleth, and  
 forleteth his propre cleer nesse, mintinge  
 to goon in-to foreine darknesse, as ofte  
 as his anyouns businesse wexeth with- 5  
 oute mesure, that is driven to and fro  
 with worldly windes! This man, that  
 whylom was free, to whom the hevne  
 was open and knowen, and was wont  
 to goon in haveneliche pathes, and saugh 10  
 the lightnesse of the rede sonne, and  
 saugh the sterres of the colde mone, and  
 whiche sterre in hevne useth wandering  
 recourses, y-flit by diverse speres—this  
 man, overoomer, hadde comprehended 15  
 al this by noubre of *accountinge in astro-*  
*nomye*. And over this, he was wont to  
 seken the causes whennes the souning  
 windes moeven and bisien the smothe  
 water of the see; and what spirit torneth 20  
 the stable hevne; and why the sterre  
 aryseth out of the rede east, to fallen in  
 the westrene waves; and what atempreth

the lusty houres of the firste somer  
 25 sesoun, that highteth and apparileth  
 the erthe with rosene flowres; and who  
 maketh that plentevouse autompne, in  
 fulle yeres, fleteth with hevy grapes.  
 And eek this man was wont to telle the  
 30 dyverse causes of nature that weren  
 y-hidde. Allas! now lyeth he emptied of  
 light of his thought; and his nekke is  
 pressed with hevy cheynes; and bereth  
 his chere enclayned adoun for the grete  
 35 weighte, and is constrained to looken on  
 the fool erthe!

PROSE II. *Set medicine, inquit, tempus est.*

But tyme is now,' quod she, 'of medicine more than of compleinte.' Forsothe than she, entendinge to me-ward with alle the lookinge of hir eyen, seide:—'Art  
 5 nat thou he,' quod she, 'that whylom y-norished with my milk, and fostered with myne metes, were escaped and comen to corage of a parfit man? Certes, I yaf thee swiche armures that, yif thou  
 10 thy-self ne haddest first cast hem a-way, they shulden han defended thee in sikernes that may nat ben over-comen. Knowest thou me nat? Why art thou stille? Is it for shame or for astoninge?  
 15 It were me lever that it were for shame; but it semeth me that astoninge hath oppressed thee.' And when she say me nat only stille, but with-outen office of tunge and al dounb, she leide hir hand  
 20 softly upon my brest, and seide: 'Here nis no peril,' quod she; 'he is fallen into a litargie, whiche that is a comune sykene to herthes that ben deceived. He hath a litel foryeten him-self, but certes  
 25 he shal lightly remembren him-self, yif so be that he hath knowen me or now; and that he may so don, I wil wypen a litel his eyen, that ben derked by the cloude of mortal thinges.' Thise wordes  
 30 seide she, and with the lappe of hir garment, y-plyted in a frounce, she dryede myn eyen, that weren fulle of the wawes of my wepinges.

METRE III. *Tunc me discussa liquerunt nocte tenebra.*

Thus, when that night was discussed and chased a-way, darknesses forleften me, and to myn eyen repairede ayain hir firste strengthe. And, right by ensample as the sonne is hid when the sterres ben  
 5 clustred (*that is to seyn, when sterres ben covered with cloudes*) by a swifte winde that highte Chorus, and that the firmament stant derked by wete ploungy cloudes, and that the sterres nat apperen  
 10 up-on hevene, so that the night semeth sprad up-on erthe: yif thanne the wind that highte Boriis, y-sent out of the caves of the contree of Trace, beteth this night  
 15 (*that is to seyn, chaseth it a-wey*), and descovereth the closed day: than shyneth Phebus y-shaken with sodain light, and smyteth with his bemes in marvelinge eyen.

PROSE III. *Haud aliter tristicie nebulis dissolutis.*

Right so, and non other wyse, the cloudes of sorwe dissolved and don a-way, I took hevene, and receiveide minde to knowen the face of my fysicien; so that I sette myn eyen on hir, and fastede my  
 5 lookinge. I beholde my norice Philosophie, in whos houses I hadde conversed and haunted fro my youthe; and I seide thus. 'O thou maistresse of alle vertues, descended from the sovereign sete, why  
 10 artow comen in-to this solitarie place of myn exile? Artow comen for thou art makid coupable with me of false blames?'

Phil. 'O,' quod she, 'my norry, sholde I forsaken thee now, and sholde I nat  
 15 parten with thee, by comune travails, the charge that thou hast suffred for envie of my name? Certes, it nere not lewful ne sittinge thing to Philosophie, to leten  
 20 with-outen compagne the way of him that is innocent. Sholde I thanne redounge my blame, and agryen as though ther were bifallen a newe thing? *quasi dicunt, non.*  
 25 For trowestow that Philosophie be now alderfirst assailed in perils by folk of wikkede maneres? Have I nat striven

with ful greet stryf, in olde tyme, bfore  
the age of my Plato, ayeines the foolhardi-  
ness of folys? And eek, the same Plato  
livinge, his maister Socrates deservede  
victorie of unrightful deeth in my pre-  
sence. The heritage of which Socrates—  
*the heritage is to seyn the doctrine of the*  
*whiche Socrates in his opinioun of Felictee,*  
*that I clepe wolefulness*—whan that the  
poeple of Epicuriens and Stoiciens and  
many othre enforeoden hem to go ravinshe  
everich man for his part—that is to seyn,  
*that everich of hem wolde drawn to the*  
*defence of his opinioun the wordes of*  
*Socrates*—they, as in partie of hir preye,  
to-drowen me, cryinge and debatinge  
ther-ayeins, and corven and to-renten my  
clothes that I hadde woven with myn  
handes; and with tho cloutes that they  
hadden araced out of my clothes they  
wenten away, weninge that I hadde gon  
with hem everydel. In whiche *Epi-*  
*curiens and Stoiciens*, for as moche as ther  
smede some traces or steppes of myn  
habite, the folye of men, weninge tho *Epi-*  
*curiens and Stoiciens* my famuleres, per-  
verted (*ac. persequendo*) some through the  
errour of the wikkede or uncouninge  
multitude of hem. *This is to seyn that,*  
*for they smede philosophres, they weren*  
*pursued to the deeth and slayn.* So yif thou  
hast nat knownen the exilinge of Anaxo-  
gore, ne the enpoysoninge of Socrates, ne  
the tourments of Zeno, for they weren  
straungeres: yit mightestow han knownen  
the Seneciens and the Canios and the  
†Soranos, of whiche folk the renoun is  
neither over-olde ne unsolempne. The  
whiche men, no-thing elles ne broughte  
hem to the deeth but only for they weren  
enfoumed of myne maneres, and same-  
den most unlyke to the studies of wikkede  
folk. And forthy thou oughtest nat  
to wondren though that I, in the bittre  
see of this lyf, be fordriven with tem-  
pestes blowinge aboute, in the whiche  
tempestes this is my most purpos, *that is*  
*to seyn*, to displeen to wikkede men. Of  
whiche shrewes, al be the ost never so  
greet, it is to dyspyse; for it nis governed  
with no leder of rescoun, but it is ravished

only by fletinge errour folyly and lightly.  
And if they som-tyme, makinge an ost  
ayeins us, assaile us as stronger, our leder  
draweth to-gidere hise richesess in-to his  
tour, and they ben ententif aboute sar-  
pulers or sachels unprofitable for to taken.  
But we that ben heye aboven, siker fro  
alle tumulte and wode noise, warnestored  
and enclosed in swich a palis, whider as  
that chateringe or anyoyng folye ne may  
nat stayne, we scorn swiche ravineres  
and henteres of fouleste thinges.

METRE IV. *Quisquis compositio serenus evo.*

Who-so it be that is cleer of vertu, sad,  
and wel ordinat of livinge, that hath put  
under foot the proude werdes and looketh  
upright up-on either fortune, he may  
holde his chere undiscomfited. The rage  
ne the manaces of the see, commoevinge  
or chasinge upward hets fro the botme,  
ne shal not moeve that man; ne the  
unstable mountaigns that highte Vesevus,  
that wrytheth out through his brokene  
chiminees smokinge fyres. Ne the way  
of †thonder-leyt, that is wont to smyten  
heye toures, ne shal nat moeve that man.  
Wher-to thanne, o wrecches, drede ye  
tirauntes that ben wode and felonous  
with-oute any strengthe? Hope after  
no-thing, ne drede nat; and so shaltow  
desarmen the ire of thilke unmighty  
tiraunt. But who-so that, quakinge,  
dredeth or desireth thing that nis nat  
stable of his right, that man that so doth  
hath cast away his sheld and is remoeved  
fro his place, and enlaceth him in the  
cheyne with the which he may ben  
drawen.

PROSE IV. *Sentient, inquit, hec.*

Feltestow, quod she, 'thise thinges,  
and entren they aught in thy corage?  
Artow lyke an asse to the harpe? Why  
wepestow, why spillestow teres? Yif  
thou abydest after help of thy leche, thes  
bihoveth discovere thy wounde.' Tho  
I, that hadde gadered strengthe in my  
corage, answered and seide: 'And  
nedeth it yit,' quod I, 'of rehersinge or  
of amonicioun; and sheweth it nat



y-nough by him-self the sharpnesse of Fortune, that waxeth wood ayeins me? Ne moeveth it nat thee to seen the face or the manere of this place (*i. prison*)? 15 Is this the librarie whiche that thou haddest chosen for a right certain sete to thee in myn hous, ther-as thou disputedest ofte with me of the sciences of thinges touchinge divinitee and touchinge man-  
 20 kinde? Was thanne myn habite swich as it is now? Was than my face or my chere swiche as now (*quasi diceret, non*), whan I soughte with thee secrets of nature, whan thou enformedest my man-  
 25 neres and the rescoun of alle my lyf to the ensaumple of the ordre of hevene? Is nat this the guerdoun that I referre to thee, to whom I have be obeisaunt? Certes, thou conferredest, by the mouth of Plato,  
 30 this sentence, *that is to seyn*, that comune thinges or comunaltees weren blisful, yif they that hadden studied al fully to wis- dom governeden thilke thinges, or elles  
 35 comunaltees studieden to geten wisdom. Thou seidest eek, by the mouth of the same Plato, that it was a necessarie cause, wyse men to taken and desire the governaunce of comune thinges, for that  
 40 the governements of citees, y-left in the handes of felonous tormentours citizeens, ne sholde nat bringe in pestilence and destruccioun to gode folk. And therfor I, folwinge thilke auctoritee (*sc. Platonis*),  
 45 desired to putten forth in execucioun and in acte of comune administracioun thilke thinges that I hadde lerned of thee among my secree resting-whylos. Thou, and god that putte thee in the thoughtes of wyse  
 50 folk, ben knowinge with me, that no- thing ne broughte me to maistrie or dignitee, but the comune studie of alle goodnesse. And ther-of comth it that bi-twixen wikked folk and me han ben  
 55 grevous discordes, that ne mighten ben releasid by preyeres; for this libertee hath the freedom of conscience, that the wratthe of more mighty folk hath alwey ben de- spoyed of me for savacioun of right. How  
 60 ofte have I resisted and withstonde thilke man that highte Conigaste, that made

alwey assautes ayeins the prospre fortunes of pore feble folk? How ofte eek have I put of or cast out him, Trigwille, pro- vost of the kinges hous, bothe of the 65 wronges that he hadde bigunne to don, and eek fully performed? How ofte have I covered and defended by the auctoritee of me, put ayeins perils—that is to seyn, *put myn auctoritee in perill for*—the 70 wreched pore folk, that the covetyse of straungeres unpunished tourmenteden alwey with misyeses and grevaunces out of noumbre? Never man ne drow me yit fro right to wronge. Whan I say the 75 fortunes and the richesnes of the peopple of the provinces ben harmed or amenused, outhur by privee ravynes or by comune tributes or cariages, as sory was I as they that suffreden the harm. — Glosa. 80  
*Whan that Theodoric, the king of Gothes, in a dere yere, hadde his gernerres ful of corn, and comaundede that no man ne sholde byen no corn til his corn were sold, and that at a grevous dere prys, Boece withstood that* 85 *ordinaunce, and over-com it, knowinge al this the king him-self.* — Textus. Whan it was in the soure hungry tyme, ther was established or cryed grevous and inplitable coempcioun, that men sayen 90 wel it sholde greetly turmenten and en- damagen al the province of Campaigne, I took stryf ayeins the provost of the pretorie for comune profit. And, the king knowinge of it, I overcom it, so that the 95 coempcioun ne was not axed ne took effect. — [Glosa.] + *Coempcioun, that is to seyn, comune achat or bying to-gidere, that were established up-on the peopple by enriche a manere imposicioun, as who-so boughte* 100 *a bushel corn, he moete yeeve the king the fife part.* — [Textus.] Paulin, a coun- seiller of Rome, the richesnes of the whiche Paulin the houndes of the palays, *that is to seyn, the officeres, wolden han* 105 *devoured by hope and covetise, yit drow I him out of the jowes (sc. faucibus) of hem that gapeden.* And for as moche as the peyne of the accusacioun ajuged biforn ne sholde nat sodeinly henten ne punishen 110 wrongfully Albin, a counseiller of Rome, I putte me ayeins the hates and indig-

naciouns of the accusor Ciprian. Is it nat  
 thanne y-nough y-seyn, that I have pur-  
 chased grete discordes ayeins my-self?  
 115 But I oughte be the more assured ayeins  
 alle othre folk (*a. Romayns*), that for the  
 love of rightwisesse I ne reserved never  
 no-thing to my-self to hamward of the  
 120 kinges halle, *sc. officers*, by the whiche  
 I were the more siker. But thorough the  
 same accusors accusinge, I am con-  
 dempned. Of the noumbir of the whiche  
 accusors oon Basilus, that whylom was  
 125 chased out of the kinges service, is now  
 compelled in accusinge of my name, for  
 nede of foreine moneye. Also Opilion and  
 Gaudencius han accused me, al be it so  
 that the justice regal hadde whylom  
 130 demed hem bothe to go in-to exil for hir  
 trecheryes and fraudes withoute noumbir.  
 To whiche jugement they nolden nat  
 obeie, but defendeden hem by the siker-  
 nesse of holy houses, *that is to seyn, fledden*  
 135 *into sanctuaries*; and whan this was aper-  
 ceived to the king, he comandede, that  
 but they voidede the citee of Ravenne by  
 certain day assigned, that men sholde  
 merken hem on the forheved with an hoot  
 140 yren and chasen hem out of the touna.  
 Now what thing, semeth thee, mighte ben  
 lykned to this crueltie? For certes, thilke  
 same day was received the accusinge of  
 my name by thilke same accusors. What  
 145 may ben seid her-to? (*quasi diceret, nichil*).  
 Hath my studie and my cunninge de-  
 served thus; or elles the forseide damp-  
 nacioun of me, made that hem rightful  
 accusors or no? (*quasi diceret, non*). Was  
 150 not Fortune ashamed of this? Certes, al  
 hadde nat Fortune ben ashamed that  
 innocence was accused, yit oughte she  
 han had shame of the filthe of myne  
 accusours.  
 155 But, axestow in somme, of what gilt  
 I am accused, men seyn that I wolde save  
 the companie of the senatours. And  
 desired thou to heren in what manere?  
 I am accused that I sholde han des-  
 160 tourbed the accusor to beren lettres, by  
 whiche he sholde han makid the sena-  
 toures giltie ayeins the kinges real ma-  
 jestee. O maistresse, what demestow of

this? Shal I forsake this blame, that I ne  
 be no shame to thee? (*quasi diceret, non*). 165  
 Certes, I have wold it, *that is to seyn, the*  
*savacioun of the senat*, ne I shal never  
 leten to wilne it, and that I confesse and  
 am aknowe; but the entente of the  
 accusor to be destourbed shal cese. For 170  
 shal I clepe it thanne a felonie or a sinne  
 that I have desired the savacioun of the  
 ordre of the senat? (*quasi diceret, dubito*  
*quid*). And certes yit hadde thilke same  
 senat don by me, thorough hir decrets and 175  
 hir jugements, as though it were a sinne  
 or a felonie; *that is to seyn, to wilne the*  
*savacioun of hem (sc. senatus)*. But folye,  
 that lyeth alwey to him-self, may not  
 chaunge the merite of thinges. Ne I trowe 180  
 nat, by the jugement of Socrates, that it  
 were leveful to me to hyde the sothe,  
 ne assente to lesinges. But certes, how  
 so ever it be of this, I putte it to gessen or  
 preisen to the jugement of thee and of 185  
 wyse folk. Of whiche thing al the ordi-  
 nance and the sothe, for as moche as  
 folk that ben to comen after our dayes  
 shullen knowen it, I have put it in scrip-  
 ture and in remembrance. For touching 190  
 the lettres falsly makid, by whiche lettres  
 I am accused to han hoped the freedom of  
 Rome, what aperteneth me to speke ther-  
 of? Of whiche lettres the fraude hadde  
 ben shewed apertly, yif I hadde had 195  
 libertee for to han used and been at the  
 confessioun of myne accusours, the  
 whiche thing in alle nedes hath greet  
 strengthe. For what other freedom may  
 men hopen? Certes, I wolde that som 200  
 other freedom mighte ben hoped. I wolde  
 thanne han answered by the wordes  
 of a man that highte Canius; for whan  
 he was accused by Gaius Cesar, Ger-  
 meynes sone, that he (*Canius*) was know- 205  
 inge and consentinge of a coniuracioun  
 y-makid ayeins him (*sc. Gaius*), this  
 Canius answerede thus: "Yif I hadde  
 wist it, thou haddest nat wist it." In  
 which thing sorwe hath nat so dilled my 210  
 wit, that I pleyne only that shrewede folk  
 aparailen felonies ayeins vertu; but I  
 wondre greetly how that they may per-  
 forme thinges that they hadde hoped for to

215 don. For-why, to wilne shrewednesse,  
that comth peraventure of oure defaute;  
but it is lyk a monstre and a mervaille,  
how that, in the present sighte of god,  
may ben acheved and performed swiche  
220 thinges as every felonous man hath con-  
ceived in his thought ayeins innocents.  
For which thing on of thy famileres nat  
unskilfully axed thus: "Yif god is,  
whennes comen wikkede thinges? And  
225 yif god ne is, whennes comen gode  
thinges?" But al hadde it ben lefeful  
that felonous folk, that now desiren the  
blood and the deeth of alle gode men and  
eek of alle the senat, han wilned to gon  
230 destroyen me, whom they han seyen  
alway bataillen and defenden gode men  
and eek al the senat, yit had I nat  
desserved of the faderes, *that is to seyn, of  
the senatoures*, that they sholden wilne my  
235 destrucioun.

Thou remembrest wel, as I gesse, that  
whan I wolde doon or seyen any thing,  
thou thyself, alway present, rewledest me.  
At the city of Verone, whan that the  
240 king, gredy of comune slaughtre, caste  
him to transporten up al the ordre of the  
senat the gilt of his real majestee, of the  
whiche gilt that Albin was accused, with  
how gret sikernesse of peril to me de-  
245 fendede I al the senat! Thou wost wel  
that I seye sooth, ne I ne avauntede me  
never in preysinge of my-self. For alway,  
whan any wight receiveth precious renoun  
in avauntinge him-self of his werkes, he  
250 amenuseth the secree of his conscience.  
But now thou mayst wel seen to what  
ende I am comen for myne innocence;  
I receive payne of fals felonye for guerdon  
of verray vertu. And what open con-  
255 fessioun of felonye hadde ever juges so  
aordaunt in crueltee, *that is to seyn, as  
myn accusinge hath*, that either error of  
mannes wit or elles condicioun of For-  
tune, that is uncertain to alle mortal  
260 folk, ne submittede some of hem, *that is  
to seyn, that it ne enclynede som fuge to han  
pyles or compassion?* For al-though I  
hadde ben accused that I wolde brenne  
holy houses, and strangle preestes with  
265 wikkede swerde, or that I hadde greythed

deeth to al gode men, algates the sentence  
sholde han punished me, present, con-  
fessed, or convict. But now I am remewed  
fro the citee of Rome almost fyve hundred  
thousand pas, I am with-oute defence 270  
dampned to proscripeioun and to the  
deeth, for the studie and bountees that  
I have doon to the senat. But O, wel ben  
they worthy of merite (*as who seith, nay*),  
ther mighte never yit non of hem be 275  
convict of swiche a blame as myne is! Of  
whiche trespas, myne accusours sayen ful  
wel the dignitee; the whiche dignitee,  
for they wolden derken it with medeling  
of som felonye, they baren me on hand, 280  
and lyden, that I hadde point and de-  
fouled my conscience with sacrilege, for  
covetise of dignitee. And certes, thou thy-  
self, that art plaunted in me, chacedest  
out of the sege of my corage al covetise of 285  
mortal thinges; ne sacrilege hadde no  
leve to han a place in me biforn thyne  
eyen. For thou droppedest every day in  
myne eres and in my thought thilke  
comandement of Pictogoras, *that is to* 290  
*seyn*, men shal serve to godde, and not to  
goddes. Ne it was nat convenient, *ne no  
nede*, to taken help of the foulest spirites;  
I, that thou hast ordeined and set in  
swiche excellence that thou makdest me 295  
lyk to god. And over this, the right clene  
secree chaumbre of myne hous, *that is to  
seyn, my wyf*, and the compagne of myn  
honest freendes, and my wyves fader, as  
wel holy as worthy to ben revered 300  
thorough his owne dedes, defenden me  
from alle suspicioun of swich blame. But  
O malice! For they that accusen me  
taken of thee, *Philosophie*, feith of so gret  
blame! For they trowen that I have had 305  
affinitee to malefice or *enchantment*,  
by-cause that I am replenished and  
fulfilled with thy techinges, and enformed  
of thy maneres. And thus it suffieth not  
only, that thy reverence ne availe me not, 310  
but-yif that thou, of thy free wille, rather  
be blemished with myn offencioun. But  
certes, to the harmes that I have, ther  
bitydeth yit this encrees of harm, that  
the gessinge and the jugement of moche 315  
folk ne looken no-thing to the desertes of

things, but only to the aventure of fortune; and jagen that only swiche thinges ben purveyed of god, whiche that  
 320 temporal wefulnessse commendeth.—  
*Glose. As thus: that, yf a wight have prosperitee, he is a good man and worthy to han that prosperitee; and who-so hath adversitee, he is a wikked man, and god*  
 325 *hath forsake him, and he is worthy to han that adversitee. This is the opynion of some folk.*—And ther-of comth that good gessinge, first of alle thing, forsaketh  
 330 wrecches: certes, it greveth me to thinke right now the dyverse sentences that the poeple seith of me. And thus moche I seye, that the laste charge of contrarious  
 335 fortune is this: that, whan that any blame is leyd upon a caitif, men wenen that he hath deserved that he suffreth. And I, that am put away fro gode men,  
 and despoiled of dignitees, and defouled of my name by gessinge, have suffred torment for my gode dedes. Certes, me  
 340 semeth that I see the felonous covines of wikked men habounden in joye and in gladnesse. And I see that every lorel shapeth him to finde out newe fraudes for to accuse gode folk. And I see that gode  
 345 men beth overthrowen for drede of my peril; and every luxurious tourmentour dar doom alle felonye unpunished and ben exitted therto by yiftes; and innocents ne ben not only despoiled of sikenesse but of defence; and therefore me list  
 350 to cryen to god in this wyse:—

METRE V. *O stelliferi conditor orbis.*

O thou maker of the whele that bereth the sterres, which that art y-fastned to thy perdurable chayer, and tornest the hevene with a ravishing swaigh, and  
 5 constreinst the sterres to suffren thy lawe; so that the mone som-tyme shyning with hir ful hornes, meting with alle the beemes of the sonne hir brother, hydeh the sterres that ben lesse; and somtyme,  
 10 whan the mone, pale with hir derke hornes, approacheth the sonne, leseth hir lightes; and that the eve-sterre Hesperus, whiche that in the firste tyme of the night

bringeth forth hir colde arysinges, cometh eft ayein hir used cours, and is pale by 15  
*the morwe* at the rysing of the sonne, and is thanne cleped Lucifer. Thou restrainest the day by shorter dwelling, in the tyme of colde winter that maketh the leves to  
 20 falle. Thou dividest the swifte tydes of the night, whan the hote somer is comen. Thy might atempreth the variaunts seasons of the yere; so that Zephirus the debonair wind bringeth ayein, *in the first*  
 25 *somer season*, the leves that the wind that highte Boreas hath raft away *in autumpe*, *that is to seyn, in the laste ende of somer*; and the sedes that the sterre that highte Arcturus saw, ben waxen heye cornes  
 30 whan the sterre Sirius eschaufeth hem. Ther nis no-thing unbounde from his olde lawe, ne forleteth the werke of his propre estat. O thou governour, governinge  
 alle thinges by certain ende, why refusetow only to governe the werkes of 35  
 men by dewe manere? Why suffrest thou that slydinge fortune torneth so grete entrechaunginges of thinges, so that  
 40 anoyous peyne, that sholde dewely punishe felouns, punissheth innocents? And folk of wikkede maneres sitten in heye chayres, and anoying folk treden, and that unrightfully, on the nakkes of  
 45 holy men? And vertu, cler-shyninge naturally, is hid in derke darkenesses, and the rightful man bereth the blame and the peyne of the feloun. Ne forswaringe  
 50 ne the fraude, covered and kembd with a fals colour, ne anoyeth nat to shrewes; the whiche shrewes, whan hem list to  
 55 usen hir strengthe, they rejoycen hem to putten under hem the sovereyne kinges, whiche that poeple with-outen noumbre dreden. O thou, what so ever thou  
 be that knittest alle bondes of thinges, loke on thise wrecchede erthes; we men  
 60 that ben nat a foule party, but a fayr party of so grete a werk, we ben tormented in this see of fortune. Thou governour, withdraw and restreyne the ravishinge  
 65 fiodes, and fastne and ferme thise erthes stable with thilke bonde, with whiche thou governest the hevene that is so large.

PROSE V. *Hic ubi continuato dolore  
delatrauit.*

Whan I hadde, with a continual sorwe,  
sobbed or borken out thise thinges, she  
with hir chere pesible, and no-thing  
amoeved with my complaints, seide thus:  
5 'Whan I say thee,' quod she, 'sorweful  
and wepinge, I wiste anon that thou were  
a wrecche and exiled; but I wiste never  
how fer thyne exile was, yif thy tale ne  
hadde shewed it to me. But certes, al be  
10 thou fer fro thy contree, thou nart nat  
put out of it; but thou hast failed of thy  
weye and gon amia. And yif thou hast  
lever for to wene that thou be put out of  
thy contree, than hast thou put out thy-  
15 self rather than anyother wight hath. For  
no wight but thy-self ne mighte never  
han don that to thee. For yif thou re-  
membere of what contree thou art born, it  
nis nat governed by emperours, ne by  
20 governement of multitude, as weren the  
contrees of hem of Athenes; but oo lord  
and oo king, *and that is god, that is lord of  
thy contree*, whiche that rejoyseth him  
of the dwelling of hise citezanes, and nat  
25 for to putte hem in exile; of the whiche  
lorde it is a soverayne freedom to be  
governed by the brydel of him and obeye  
to his justice. Hastow foryeten thilke  
right olde lawe of thy citee, in the whiche  
30 citee it is ordeined and established, that  
for what wight that hath lever founden  
ther-in his sete or his hous than elles-  
wher, he may nat be exiled by no right  
from that place? For who-so that is  
35 contented in-with the palis and the clos of  
thilke citee, ther nis no drede that he  
may deserve to ben exiled. But who-so  
that leteth the wil for to enhabite there,  
he forleteth also to deserve to ben citezein  
40 of thilke citee. So that I sey, that the  
face of this place ne moveth me nat so  
moche as thyne owne face. Ne I axe nat  
rather the walles of thy librarie, apar-  
ayled and wrought with yvory and with  
45 glas, than after the sete of thy thought.  
In whiche I putte nat whylom bokes, but  
I putte that that maketh bokes worthy of  
prys or precious, that is to seyn, the

sentence of my bokes. And certainly of  
thy desertes, bistowed in comune good, 50  
thou hast seid sooth, but after the multi-  
tude of thy gode dedes, thou hast seid  
fewe; and of the honestee or of the fals-  
nesse of thinges that ben aposed ayeins  
thee, thou hast remembred thinges that 55  
ben knownen to alle folk. And of the  
felonyes and fraudes of thyne accusours,  
it semeth thee have y-touched it forsothe  
rightfully and shortly, al mighten tho  
same thinges betere and more plenti- 60  
vously ben couth in the mouthe of the  
people that knoweth al this. Thou hast  
eek blamed gretly and compleined of the  
wrongful dede of the senat. And thou  
hast sorwed for my blame, and thou hast 65  
wopen for the damage of thy renoun that  
is apayred; and thy laste sorwe eschaufede  
ayeins fortune, and compleinest that  
guardouns ne ben nat evenliche yolden to  
the desertes of folk. And in the latere 70  
ende of thy wode Muse, thou preyedest  
that thilke pees that governeth the hevene  
sholde governe the erthe. But for that  
manye tribulaciouns of affecciouns han  
assailed thee, and sorwe and ire and 75  
wepinge to-drawn thee dyversely; as  
thou art now feble of thought, mightier  
remedies ne shullen nat yit touchen thee,  
for whiche we wol usen somdel lighter  
medicines: so that thilke passiouns that 80  
ben woxen harde in swellinge, by pertur-  
baciouns flowing in-to thy thought,  
mowen wexen ey and softe, to receiven  
the strengthe of a more mighty and more  
agre medicine, by an esier touchinge. 85

METRE VI.

*Cum Phebi raditis graue  
Cancri sidus inestuat.*

Whan that the hevy sterre of the  
Cancere eschaufeth by the bemes of Phe-  
bus, that is to seyn, whan that *Phebus the  
sonne is in the signe of the Cancere*, who-so  
yeveth thanne largely hise sedes to the 5  
feldes that refusen to receiven hem, lat  
him gon, bigyled of trust that he hadde  
to his oorn, to aorns of okes. Yif thou  
wolt gadre violettes, ne go thou not to

10 the purpur wode whan the feld, chirk-  
 inge, agryseth of colde by the falnesse of  
 the winde that highte Aquilon. Yif thou  
 desirest or wolt usen grapes, ne seke thou  
 nat, with a glotonous hond, to streyne  
 15 and presse the stalkes of the vine in the  
 ferst somer sesoun; for Bechnus, the god  
 of wyne, hath rather yeven hise yiftes to  
 autumpne, *the later ende of somer*. God  
 tokneth and assigneth the tymes, ablinge  
 20 hem to hir propres offices; ne he ne  
 suffreth nat the stoundes whiche that  
 him-self hath devyded and constreyned  
 to ben y-medled to-gidere. And forthy  
 he that forleteth certain ordinaunce of  
 25 doinge by over-throwinge wey, he ne hath  
 no glade issue or ende of his werkis.

PROSE VI. *Primum igitur paterisne me  
 pauculis rogacionibus.*

First woltow suffre me to touche and  
 assaye the estat of thy thought by a fewe  
 demaundes, so that I may understonde  
 what be the manere of thy curacioun?'  
 5 Beccc. 'Axe me,' quod I, 'at thy wille,  
 what thou wolt, and I shal answe.''

The seide she thus: 'Whether we-  
 nestow,' quod she, 'that this world be  
 governed by foolish happes and for-  
 10 tuncous, or elles that there be in it any  
 governement of resoun?' 'Certes,'  
 quod I, 'I ne trowe nat in no manere,  
 that so certain thinges sholde be moeved  
 by fortunous fortune; but I wot wel that  
 15 god, maker and mayster, is governour of  
 his werk. Ne never nas yit day that  
 mighte putte me out of the sothnesse of  
 that sentence.'

'So is it,' quod she; 'for the same  
 20 thing songe thou a lital her-biforn, and  
 biweyledest and biwepdest, that only men  
 weren put out of the cure of god. For of  
 alle other thinges thou ne doutedest nat  
 that they nere governed by resoun. But  
 25 ow! (i pope!) I wondre gretly, certes,  
 why that thou art syk, sin that thou art  
 put in so holsum a sentence. But lat us  
 saken depper; I coniecte that ther lak-  
 keth I not nere what. But sey me this  
 30 sin that thou ne doutest nat that this

world be governed by god, with whiche  
 governailes takestow hede that it is  
 governed?' 'Unnethe,' quod I, 'knowe  
 I the sentence of thy questioun; so that  
 I ne may nat yit answeren to thy de- 35  
 maundes.'

'I nas nat deceived,' quod she, 'that  
 ther ne failleth somewhat, by whiche the  
 maladye of thy perturbacioun is crept  
 in-to thy thought, so as the strengthe of 40  
 the palis chynning is open. But sey me  
 this: remembrest thou what is the ende  
 of thinges, and whider that the enten-  
 cioun of alle kinde tendeth?' 'I have  
 herd it told som-tyme,' quod I; 'but 45  
 drerinesse hath dulled my memoria.'

'Certes,' quod she, 'thou wost wel  
 whennes that alle thinges ben comen and  
 procedeth?' 'I wot wel,' quod I, and  
 answered, that 'god is beginning of al.' 50

'And how may this be,' quod she, 'that,  
 sin thou knowest the beginning of  
 thinges, that thou ne knowest nat what  
 is the ende of thinges? But swiche ben  
 the customes of perturbaciouns, and this 55  
 power they han, that they may move  
 a man out of his place, *that is to seyn, fro  
 the stables and perfeccioun of his know-  
 inge*; but, certes, they may nat al arace  
 him, ne aliene him in al. But I wolde 60  
 that thou woldest answer to this:  
 remembrestow that thou art a man?'  
 'Why sholde I nat remembre that?'  
 quod I.

'Maystow nat telle me thanne,' quod 65  
 she, 'what thing is a man?' 'Axestow  
 me nat,' quod I, 'whether that I be  
 a reasonable mortal beest? I woot wel, and  
 I confesse wel that I am it.'

'Wistestow never yit that thou were 70  
 any other thing?' quod she. 'No,'  
 quod I.

'Now woot I,' quod she, 'other cause of  
 thy maladye, and that right grete. Thou  
 hast left for to knowen thy-self, what 75  
 thou art; thorough whiche I have pleynly  
 founden the cause of thy maladye, or elles  
 the entree of recoveringe of thyn hele.  
 For-why, for thou art confounded with  
 foryeting of thy-self, for-why sorwestow 80  
 that thou art exiled of thy propre goodes,

And for thou ne wost what is the ende of thinges, for-thy demestow that felonous and wikked men ben mighty and waleful.

- 85 And for thou hast foryeten by whiche governements the world is governed, for-thy wenestow that thise mutaciouns of fortune fisten with-oute governour. Thise ben grete causes not only to maladye,  
90 but, certes, grete causes to deeth. But I thanke the auctor and the maker of hele, that nature hath not al forleten thee. I have grete norisschinges of thyn hele, and that is, the sothe sentence of  
95 governaunce of the worlde; that thou bilevest that the governinge of it nis nat subject ne underput to the folie of thise happes aventurous, but to the resoun of god. And ther-for doute thee no-thing;  
100 for of this litel spark thyn hete of lyf shal shyne. But for as moche as it is nat tyme yit of faster remedies, and the nature of thoughtes deceived is this, that as ofte as they casten away sothe  
105 opiniouns, they clothen hem in false opiniouns, of which false opiniouns the derkenesse of perturbacioun wexeth up, that confoundeth the verray insighte: and that derkenesse shal I assaye som-  
110 what to maken thinne and wayk by lighte and meneliche remedies; so that,

after that the derkenesse of deceivingo desiringes is don away, thou mowe knowe the shynings of verray light.

#### METRE VII. *Nubibus atris.*

The sterres, covered with blake cloudes, ne mowen yeten a-doun no light. Yif the trouble wind that hight Auster, turning and walwing the see, medleth the hete, *that is to seyn, the boiling up from the 5 botme*; the wawes, that whylom weren clere as glas and lyke to the faire clere dayes, withstande anon the sightes of men by the filthe and ordure that is resolved. And the fetinge stream, that royleth  
10 doun dyveraly fro heye mountaignes, is arested and resisted ofte tyme by the encountringe of a stoon that is departed and fallen from som roche. And for-thy, yif thou wolt loken and demen  
15 sooth with clear light, and holden the wey with a right path, weyve thou joye, dryf fro thee drede, fieme thou hope, ne lat no sorwe aproche; *that is to seyn, lat non of thise four passions over-comen thee 20 or blende thee*. For cloudy and derke is thilke thought, and bounde with brydles, where-as thise thinges regnen.'

Explicit Liber Primus.

## BOOK II.

### PROSE I. *Postea paulatim conticuit.*

- After this she stinte a litel; and, after that she hadde gadered by atempre stillennesse myn attentcioun, she seide thus: *(As who mighte seyn thus: After thise 5 thinges she stinte a litel; and whan she aperceived by atempre stillenness that I was ententif to herkene hir, she began to speke in this wyse)*: 'Yif I,' quod she, 'have understonden and knowen outrely the causes  
10 and the habit of thy maladye, thou languissest and art defeted for desyr and talent of thy rather fortune. She, that

ilke Fortune only, that is chaunged, as thou feynest, to thee-ward, hath perverted the cleernesse and the estat of thy courage. 15 I understonde the fele-folde colours and deceites of thilke merveillous monstre Fortune, and how she useth ful flatering familiaritee with hem that she enforceth to bigyle; so longe, til that she confounde  
20 with unsufferable sorwe hem that she hath left in despayr unpurveyed. And yif thou remembrest wel the kinde, the maneres, and the desert of thilke Fortune, thou shalt wel knowe that, as in hir, 25 thou never ne haddest ne hast y-lost any fair thing. But, as I trowe, I shal nat

gretly travailen to do thee remembren on  
thise thinges. For thou were wont to  
hurtelen and despyse hir, with manly  
wordes, whan she was blaundissinge and  
present, and pursuwedest hir with sen-  
tences that were drawn out of myn  
entree, *that is to seyn, out of myn informa-*  
*cion.* But no sodein mutacioun ne  
bitydeth nat with-oute a manere chaung-  
inge of corages; and so is it befallen that  
thou art a litel departed fro the pees of  
thy thought.

But now is tyme that thou drinke and  
ataste some softe and delitable thinges;  
so that, whan they ben entred with-in  
thee, it mowe maken way to strengere  
drinkes of medicynes. Com now forth  
therfore the suacion of swetenesse re-  
thorion, whiche that goth only the right  
wey, whyl she forsaketh nat myne  
estatute. And with Rhetorice com forth  
Musice, a damisel of our hous, that  
singeth nowlighter moodes or *prolaciouns*,  
now hevver. What eyleth thee, man?  
What is it that hath cast thee in-to  
mornings and in-to wepinge? I trowe  
that thou hast seyn som newe thing and  
uncooth. Thou waneest that Fortune be  
changed ayain thee; but thou waneest  
wrong, yif thou that wene. Alwey tho  
ben hir maneres; she hath rather kept,  
as to thee-ward, hir propre stablenesse in  
the chaunginge of hir-self. Right swich  
was she whan she flattered thee, and  
deceivd thee with unleveful lykinges of  
fals welefulnesse. Thou hast now knowen  
and ataynt the doutous or double visage  
of thilke blinde goddesse Fortune. She,  
that yit covereth hir and wimpleth hir  
to other folk, hath shewed hir every-  
del to thee. Yif thou aprovest hir and  
thankest that she is good, use hir maneres  
and pleyne thee nat. And yif thou  
agryest hir false trecherye, despyse and  
cast away hir that playeth so harmfully;  
for she, that is now cause of so muche  
sorwe to thee, sholde ben cause to thee of  
pees and of joye. She hath forsaken thee,  
forsothe; the whiche that never man  
may ben siker that she ne shal forsake  
him.—*Glose.* But natheles, some boke

han the text thus: For sothe, she hath  
forsaken thee, ne ther nis no man siker  
that she ne hath nat forsaken.—

Holdestow than thilke welefulnesse  
precious to thee that shal passen? And  
is present Fortune dereworthe to thee,  
whiche that nis nat feithful for to dwelle;  
and, whan she goth away, that she  
bringeth a wight in sorwe? For sin she  
may nat ben with-holden at a mannes  
wille, she maketh him a wrecche whan  
she departeth fro him. What other thing  
is flittinge Fortune but a maner shewing  
of wrecchednesse that is to comen? Ne  
it ne suffyeth nat only to loken on thinge  
that is present biforn the eyen of a man.  
But wisdom loketh and amesureth the  
ende of thinges; and the same chaung-  
inge from oon in-to an-other, *that is to*  
*seyn, from adversitee in-to prosperitee*,  
maketh that the maneres of Fortune ne  
ben nat for to dreden, ne the flateringes  
of hir to ben desired. Thus, at the laste,  
it bihoveth thee to suffren with evene  
wille in pacience al that is don in-with the  
floor of Fortune, *that is to seyn, in this*  
*world*, sin thou hast ones put thy nelke  
under the yok of hir. For yif thou wolt  
wryten a lawe of wendinge and of dwell-  
inge to Fortune, whiche that thou hast  
chosen frely to ben thy lady, artow nat  
wrongful in that, and makest Fortune  
wroth and aspere by thyn inpatience,  
and yit thou mayest nat change hir?  
Yif thou committest and bitakest thy  
sailes to the winde, thou shalt be shoven,  
not thider that thou woldest, but whider  
that the wind shoveth thee. Yif thou  
castest thy sedes in-to the felde, thou  
sholdest han in minde that the yeres ben,  
amonges, other-whyle plentevous and  
other-whyle bareyne. Thou hast bitaken  
thy-self to the governance of Fortune,  
and for-thy it bihoveth thee to ben  
obeisant to the maneres of thy lady.  
Enforcest thou thee to aresten or with-  
holden the swiftnesse and the swiegh of  
hir turninge whele? O thou fool of alle  
mortal fooles, if Fortune bigan to dwelle  
stable, she cesede thanne to ben For-  
tune!



METRE I. *Hec cum superba uerterit uices  
dextra.*

Whan Fortune with a proud right  
hand hath torned hir chaunginge  
stoundes, she fareth lyk the maneres of  
the boilinge Eurype.—Glosa. *Eurype*  
5 *is an arm of the see that ebbeth and  
floweth; and som-tyme the stream is on  
o syde, and som-tyme on the other.*—  
Text. She, cruel Fortune, casteth adoun  
kinges that whylom weren y-dred; and  
10 she, deceivable, enhanseth up the humble  
chere of him that is discomfited.  
Ne she neither hereth ne rekketh of  
wrecohedes wepinges; and she is so hard  
that she laugheth and scorneth the wep-  
15 inges of hem, the whiche she hath makid  
wepe with hir free wille. Thus she  
playeth, and thus she proeveth hir  
strengthes; and sheweth a greet wonder  
to alle hir servauntes, yif that a wight  
20 is seyn weful, and overthrowe in an  
houre.

PROSE II. *Vellem autem pauca tecum.*

Certes, I wolde pleten with thee a fewe  
thinges, usinge the wordes of Fortune;  
tak hede now thy-self, yif that she axeth  
right. "O thou man, wherfore makest  
5 thou megilty by thyne every-dayes playn-  
inges? What wrong have I don thee?  
What goodes have I bireft thee that  
weren thyne? Stryf or plete with me,  
bifore what juge that thou wolt, of the  
10 possessioun of richesnes or of dignitees.  
And yif thou mayst shewen me that ever  
any mortal man hath received any of the  
thinges to ben hise in propre, than wol  
I graunte frely that alle thilke thinges  
15 weren thyne whiche that thou axest.  
Whan that nature broughte thee forth  
out of thy moder wombe, I receyved thee  
naked and nedy of alle thinges, and  
I norishede thee with my richesnes,  
20 and was redy and ententif through my  
favour to susteyne thee; and that maketh  
thee now inpacient ayeins me; and  
I envirounde thee with alle the aboun-

dance and shyninge of alle goodes that  
ben in my right. Now it lyketh me to 25  
with-drawn my hand; thou hast had  
grace as he that hath used of foreine  
goodes; thou hast no right to pleyne  
thee, as though thou haddest outrelly for-  
lorn alle thy thinges. Why playnest thou  
30 thanne? I have done thee no wrong.  
Richesses, honours, and swiche other  
thinges ben of my right. My servauntes  
knownen me for hir lady; they comen  
with me, and departen whan I wende. 35  
I dar wel affermen hardily, that yif tho  
thinges, of which thou playnest that thou  
hast forlorn, hadde ben thyne, thou ne  
haddest not lorn hem. Shal I thanne  
only ben defended to usen my right? 40  
Certes, it is leveful to the hevене to make  
clere dayes, and, after that, to coveren  
the same dayes with derke nightes. The  
yeer hath eek leve to apparailen the  
visage of the erthe, now with floures and 45  
now with fruit, and to confounden hem  
som-tyme with reynes and with colde.  
The see hath eek his right to ben som-  
tyme calme and blaudishing with  
smothe water, and som-tyme to ben hor- 50  
rible with waves and with tempestes.  
But the covetise of men, that may nat  
ben stanchid, shal it binde me to ben  
stedefast, sin that stedefastnesse is un-  
couth to my maneres? Swich is my 55  
strengthes, and this play I playe con-  
tinuely. I torne the whirling wheel  
with the toringe cercle; I am glad to  
chaungen the lowest to the heyest, and  
the heyest to the lowest. Worth up, if 60  
thou wolt, so it be by this lawe, that thou  
ne holde nat that I do thee wronge thogh  
thou descende adoun, whan the rescoun of  
my play axeth it. Wistest thou nat  
how Cresus, the king of Lydiens, of 65  
whiche king Cyrus was ful sore agast  
a litel biforn, that this rewliche Cresus  
was caught of Cyrus and lad to the fyr to  
ben brent, but that a rayn descendede  
doun fro hevене that rescowede him? 70  
And is it out of thy minde how that  
Paulus, consul of Rome, whan he hadde  
taken the king of Perciens, weep pitouly  
for the captivitee of the self kinge?

75 What other thing biwailen the crynges  
of tragedies but only the dedes of Fortune,  
that with an unwar stroke overtorneth  
realmes of grete nobley?—Glose. *Trage-*  
*70* *gedie is to seyn, a dille of a prosperities for*  
*a tyme, that endeth in wrecchednesse.*—  
Lernedest nat thou in *Greke*, whan thou  
were yonge, that in the entree, or in the  
colere, of Jupiter, ther ben couched two  
tonnes; that on is ful of good, that other  
85 is ful of harm? What right hast thou to  
pleyne, yif thou hast taken more plente-  
ously of the gode syde, *that is to seyn, of*  
*my riches and prosperities*; and what  
eek if I ne be nat al departed fro thee?  
90 What eek yif my mutabilitee yiveth thee  
rightful cause of hope to han yit beter  
thinges? Natheles dismaye thee nat in  
thy thought; and thou that art put in  
the comune realme of alle, ne desyre nat  
95 to liven by thyn only propre right.

METRE II. *Si quantas rapidis flatibus*  
*incitus.*

Though Plente, *that is goddess of*  
*riches*, hialde adoun with ful horn, and  
withdraweth nat hir hand, as many  
richesses as the see torneth upward  
5 sandes whan it is moeved with ravish-  
inge blastes, or elles as many riches  
as ther shynen brighte sterres on hevane  
on the starry nightes; yit, for al that,  
mankinde nolde not cese to wepe wrecch-  
10 ede pleyntes. And al be it so that god  
receyveth gladly hir prayers, and yiveth  
them (as fool-large) moche gold, and  
aparaileth covetous men with noble or  
clere honours: yit semeth hem haven  
15 y-geten no-thing, but alwey hir cruel  
ravyne, devouringe al that they han  
geten, sheweth other gapiages; *that is to*  
*seyn, gopen and desyren yit after mo rich-*  
*esses*. What bryddles mighten withholden,  
20 to any certein ende, the desordenee cove-  
tise of men, whan, ever the rather that it  
seteth in large yiftes, the more ay bren-  
neth in hem the thurst of haveinge?  
Certes he that, quakinge and dredful,  
25 weneh him-selven nedy, he ne liveth  
never-more riche."

PROSE III. *Hic igitur si pro se tecum*  
*Fortuna loqueretur.*

Therfor, yif that Fortune spake with  
thee for hir-self in this manere, for-sothe  
thou ne haddest nat what thou mightest  
answers. And, if thou hast any-thing  
wherwith thou mayest rightfully de- 5  
fenden thy compleint, it behoveth thee  
to shewen it; and I wol yeven thee space  
to tellen it.' Boeca. 'Carteynly,' quod  
I thanne, 'thise beth faire thinges,  
and enointed with hony swetenesse of 10  
rethorike and musike; and only whyl  
they ben herd they ben delicious. But to  
wreoches is a depper felinge of harm;  
*this is to seyn, that wrecches felen the*  
*harmes that they suffer more grevously* 15  
*than the remedies or the delites of thise*  
*wordes mowen gladen or comforten hem*; so  
that, whan these thinges stinten for to  
soun in eres, the sorwe that is inset  
greveth the thought.' 20

Phil. 'Right so is it,' quod she. 'For  
thise ne ben yit none remedies of thy  
maladye; but they ben a maner norish-  
inges of thy sorwe, yit rebel ayein thy  
ouracioun. For whan that tyme is, I 25  
shal moeve swiche thinges that percen  
hem-self depe. But natheles, that thou  
shalt not wile to leten thy-self a wreoch,  
hast thou foryeten the nomber and the  
manere of thy wefulness? I holde me 30  
stille, how that the soverayne men of the  
citee token thee in cure and kepinge,  
whan thou were orphelin of fader and  
moder, and were chosen in affinitee of  
princes of the citee; and thou bigunne 35  
rather to be leef and dere than forto ben  
a neighbour; the whiche thing is the  
most precious kinde of any propinquitee  
or alyaunce that may ben. Who is it  
that ne seide tho that thou were right 40  
weful, with so grete a nobleye of thy  
fadres-in-lawe, and with the chastitee of  
thy wyf, and with the oportunitie and  
noblesse of thy masculin children, *that is*  
*to seyn, thy sones*? And over al this—me 45  
list to passen the comune thinges—how  
thou haddest in thy youthe dignitees that

weren werned to olde men. But it del-  
 lyteth me to comen now to the singular  
 50 upheping of thy welefulnesse. Yif any  
 fruit of mortal thinges may han any  
 weighte or prys of welefulnesse, mightest  
 thou ever forgeten, for any charge of  
 harm that mighte bifalle, the remem-  
 55 braunce of thilke day that thou saye thy  
 two sones maked conseileres, and y-lad  
 to-gedere fro thyn house under so greet  
 assembles of senatoures and under the  
 blythenesse of poeple; and whan thou  
 60 saye hem set in the court in here chayeres  
 of dignitees? Thou, rethorien or pro-  
 nouncere of kinges preysinges, deservedest  
 glorie of wit and of eloquence, whan  
 thou, sittinge bitwene thy two sones, con-  
 65 seileres, in the place that highte Circo,  
 þfulfuldest the abydinge of the mul-  
 titude of poeple that was sprad abouten  
 thee, with so large preysinge and laude,  
 as men singen in victories. Tho yave  
 70 thou wordes to Fortune, as I trowe,  
*that is to seyn, tho feffedest thou Fortune  
 with glosinge wordes and deceivedest hir,*  
 whan she acoyede thee and norishede  
 thee as hir owne deloyces. Thou bere  
 75 away of Fortune a yifte, *that is to seyn,*  
*swiche guerdoun,* that she never yaf to  
 priuee man. Wilt thou therfor leye  
 a rekeninge with Fortune? She hath  
 now twinkled first upon thee with a wik-  
 80 kede eye. Yif thou considere the noum-  
 bre and the manere of thy blisses and of  
 thy sorwes, thou mayst nat forsaken that  
 thou art yit blisful. For if thou therfor  
 wenest thy-self nat weleful, for thinges  
 85 that tho semeden joyful ben passed, ther  
 nis nat why thou sholdest wene thy-self  
 a wrecche; for thinges that semen now  
 sorye passen also. Art thou now comen  
 first, a sodein gest, in-to the shadwe or  
 90 tabernacle of this lyf; or trowest thou  
 that any stedefastnesse be in mannes  
 thinges, whan ofte a swift houre dis-  
 solveth the same man; *that is to seyn,*  
*whan the soule departeth fro the body?*  
 95 For, al-though that selde is ther any feith  
 that fortunous thinges wolen dwellen, yit  
 natheles the laste day of a mannes lyf is  
 a manere deeth to Fortune, and also to

thilke that hath dwelt. And therfor,  
 what, wanstow, thar [thee] recche, yif  
 thou forlete hir in deyinge, or elles that  
 she, *Fortune*, forlete thee in flesinge  
 away?

METRE III. *Cum polo Phœbus  
 roeetis quadrigis.*

Whan Phebus, the sonne, biginneth to  
 spreden his cleernesse with rosene chari-  
 ettes, thanne the sterre, y-dimmed, paleth  
 hir whyte cheres, by the flambe of the  
 sonne that overcometh the sterre-light. 5  
*This is to seyn, whan the sonne is risen,*  
*the dey-sterre wexeth pale, and lesseth hir*  
*light for the grete brightnesse of the sonne.*  
 Whan the wode wexeth rody of rosene  
 floures, in the first somer sesoun, thorough 10  
 the brethe of the winde Zephirus that  
 wexeth warm, yif the cloudy wind Auster  
 blowe felliche, than goth away the faire-  
 nesse of thornes. Ofte the see is cleer  
 and calm withoute moevinge fodes; and 15  
 ofte the horrible wind Aquilon moeveth  
 boillinge tempestes and over-whelveth the  
 see. Yif the forme of this worlde is so  
 selde stable, and yif it turneth by so  
 many entrechaunginges, wolt thou thanne 20  
 trusten in the tymbinge fortunes of  
 men? Wolt thou trowen on fittinge  
 goodes? It is certain and establissed  
 by lawe perdurable, that no-thing that is  
 engendred nis stedefast ne stable. 25

PROSE IV. *Tunc ego, uera,  
 inquam, commemoras.*

Thanne seide I thus: 'O norice of alle  
 vertues, thou seist ful sooth; ne I ne may  
 nat forsake the right swifte cours of my  
 prosperitee; *that is to seyn, that prosperitee*  
*ne be comen to me wonder swiftly and sone.* 5  
 But this is a thing that greetly smerteth  
 me whan it remembreth me. For in alle  
 adversitee of fortune, the most unseely  
 kinde of contrarious fortune is to han  
 ben weleful. 10

*Phil.* 'But that thou,' quod she, 'abyest  
 thus the torment of thy false opinioan,  
 that mayst thou nat rightfully blamen  
 ne arreten to thinges: *as she seith, for*

15 *thou hast yit many haboundances of thinges.*

—Text. For al be it so that the ydel name of aventurous welefulnesse moeveth thee now, it is lefevul that thou rekne with me of how manye grete thinges  
 20 thou hast yit plantee. And therfor, yif that thilke thing that thou haddest for most precious in al thy richesse of fortune be kept to thee yit, by the grace of god, unwemmed and undefouled, mayst  
 25 thou thanne pleyne rightfully upon the meschef of Fortune, sin thou hast yit thy beste thinges? Certes, yit liveth in good point thilke precious honour of mankinde, Symachus, thy wyves fader, which  
 30 that is a man maketh alle of sapience and of vertu; the whiche man thou woldest byen redely with the prys of thyn owne lyf. He biwayleth the wronges that men don to thee, and nat for him-self; for he  
 35 liveth in sikernes of any sentences put ayeins him. And yit liveth thy wyf, that is atempre of wit, and passinge other wimmen in clenness of chastetee; and for I wol closen shortly hir bountees, she  
 40 is lyk to hir fader. I telle thee wel, that she liveth looth of this lyf, and kepeth to thee only hir goost; and is al maat and overcomen by wepinge and sorwe for desyr of thee, in the whiche thing only  
 45 I moot graunten that thy welefulnesse is amenused. What shal I seyn eek of thy two sones, conseilours, of whiche, as of children of hir age, ther shyneth the lyknesse of the wit of hir fader or of hir  
 50 elder fader? And sin the sovereyn cure of alle mortal folk is to saven hir owen lyves, O how weleful art thou, yif thou knowe thy goodes! For yit ben ther thinges dwelled to thee-ward, that no  
 55 man douteth that they ne ben more dereworthe to thee than thyn owen lyf. And for thy drye thy teres, for yit nis nat everich fortune al hateful to thee-ward, ne over greet tempest hath nat yit  
 60 fallen upon thee, whan that thyn anores cleven faste, that neither wolen suffren the counfort of this tyme present ne the hope of tyme cominge to passen ne to faylen.' Boece. 'And I preye,' quod I,  
 65 'that faste moten they halden; for

whyles that they halden, how-so-ever that thinges ben, I shal wel fleten forth and escapen; but thou mayst wel seen how grete aparayles and aray that me laketh, that ben passed away fro me.'

Phil. 'I have som-what avauused and forthered thee,' quod she, 'yif that thou anoye nat or forthinke nat of al thy fortune: *as iohu seith, I have som-what comforted thee, so that thou tempest thee*  
 75 *nat thus with al thy fortune, sin thou hast yit thy beste thinges.* But I may nat suffren thy delices, that pleynest so wepinge and anguissous, for that ther laketh som-what to thy welefulnesse. For what man  
 80 is so sad or of so parfit welefulnesse, that he ne stryveth and pleyneith on som halve ayeen the qualitee of his estat? For-why ful anguissous thing is the condicioun of mannes goodes; for either it cometh nat  
 85 al-togider to a wight, or elles it last nat perpetual. For sum man hath grete richesces, but he is ashamed of his ungentel linage; and som is renowned of noblesse of kinrede, but he is enclosed in  
 90 so grete anguisshe of nede of thinges, that him were lever that he were unknowne. And som man haboundeth both in richesce and noblesse, but yit he bewaileth his chaste lyf, for he ne hath no wyf.  
 95 And som man is wel and selily y-mariid, but he hath no children, and norissheth his richesces to the eyres of strange folkes. And som man is gladed with children, but he wepeth ful sorry for the  
 100 trespass of his sone or of his daughter. And for this ther ne acordeth no wight lightly to the condicioun of his fortune; for alway to every man ther is in som-what that, unassayed, he ne wot nat; or  
 105 elles he dredeth that he hath assayed. And adde this also, that every weleful man hath a ful deliout felinge; so that, but-yif alle thinges bifalle at his owne wil, for he is impacient, or is nat used to  
 110 han non adversitee, anon he is throwen adoun for every litel thing. And ful litel thinges ben tho that withdrawen the somme or the perfeccioun of blisfulnesse fro hem that ben most fortunat. How  
 115 many man, trowest thou, wolden demen

ham-self to ben almost in hevene, yif they mighten atayne to the leest party of the remnaunt of thy fortune? This same  
 120 place that thou clepest exil, is contree to hem that enhabiten heer, and forthy nothing [is] wrecched but whan thou wenest it: *as who seith, thou thy-self, ne no wight elles, nis a wrecche, but whan he*  
 125 *weneth him-self a wrecche by reputacioun of his corage.* And ayeinward, alle fortune is blisful to a man by the agreabletee or by the egalitee of him that suffreth it. What man is that, that is so weleful,  
 130 that nolde changen his estat whan he hath lost pacience? The sweetness of mannes welefulnesse is sprayned with many biternesses; the whiche welefulnesse, al-though it seme swete and joyful  
 135 to hem that useth it, yit may it nat ben with-holden that it ne goth away whan it wole. Thanne is it wel sene, how wrecched is the blisfulnesse of mortal thinges, that neither it dureth perpetual with hem  
 140 that every fortune receiven agreablyly or egaly, ne it delyteth nat in al to hem that ben anguissous. O ye mortal folk, what seke ye thanne blisfulnesse out of your-self, whiche that is put in your-self?  
 145 Error and folye confoundeth yow.

I shal shewe thee shortly the poynt of sovereyne blisfulnesse. Is ther anything more precious to thee than thy-self? Thou wolt answer, "nay." Thanne,  
 150 yif it so be that thou art mighty over thy-self, *that is to seyn, by tranquillitee of thy soule*, than hast thou thing in thy power that thou noldest never lesen, ne Fortune ne may nat beneme it thee.  
 155 And that thou mayst knowe that blisfulnesse ne may nat standen in thinges that ben fortunous and temporel, now understonde and gader it to-gidere thus: Yif blisfulnesse be the sovereyn good of nature  
 160 that liveth by resoun, ne thilke thing nis nat sovereyn good that may be taken away in any wyse, (for more worthy thing and more digne is thilke thing that may nat ben taken away); than sheweth  
 165 it wel, that the unstableness of fortune may nat atayne to receiven verray blisfulnesse. And yit more-over: what man

that this tounbling welefulnesse ledeth, either he woot that it is changeable, or elles he woot it nat. And yif he woot 170 it nat, what blisful fortune may ther be in the blindness of ignorance? And yif he woot that it is changeable, he moot alwey ben adrad that he ne lese that thing that he ne doubteth nat but that 175 he may lessen it; *as who seith, he mot ben alwey agast, lest he lese that he wot wel he may lese it.* For which, the continual dreed that he hath ne suffreth him nat to ben weleful. Or yif he lese it, he 180 weneth to be dyspyssed and foreleten. Certes eek, that is a ful lital good that is born with evene herte whan it is lost; *that is to seyn, that men do no more fors of the lost than of the havinge.* And for as 185 moche as thou thy-self art he, to whom it hath ben shewed and proved by ful manye demonstraciouns, as I wot wel, that the sowles of men ne mowe nat deyen in no wyse; and eek sin it is cleer 190 and certain, that fortunous welefulnesse endeth by the deeth of the body; it may nat ben douted that, yif that deeth may take away blisfulnesse, that alle the kinde of mortal thinges ne descendeth in-to 195 wrecchednesse by the ende of the deeth. And sin we knowen wel, that many a man hath sought the fruit of blisfulnesse nat only with suffringe of deeth, but eek with suffringe of peynes and tormentes; 200 how mighte than this present lyf maken men blisful, sin that, whan thilke selve lyf is ended, it ne maketh folk no wrecches?

#### METRE IV. *Quisquis uolet perennem.*

What maner man, stable and war, that wole founden him a perdurable sete, and ne wole nat ben cast down with the loude blastes of the wind Eurus; and wole despyse the see, manasinge with fodes; 5 lat him eschewen to bilde on the cop of the mountaigne or in the moiste sandes. For the felle wind Anster tormenteth the cop of the mountaigne with all his strengthes; and the lause sandes refusen 10 to beren the hevy wighta. And forthy,

if thou wilt flee the perilous aventure,  
*that is to sayn, of the world;* have minde  
 certainly to fleeen thy hous of a merye  
 site in a lowe stoon. For al-though the  
 wind, troubling the see, thondre with  
 over-throwinges, thou that art put in  
 quite, and waleful by strengthe of thy  
 palis, shalt leden a cleer age, scorninge  
 the woodnesse and the ire of the eyr.

PROSE V. *Set cum rationum iam in te.*

But for as moche as the norishinges  
 of my rescouns descenden now in-to thee,  
 I trowe it were tyme to usen a litel  
 strengre medicynes. Now understond  
 I hear, al were it so that the yiftes of  
 Fortune ne were nat brutel ne transitorie,  
 what is ther in hem that may be thyn  
 in any tyme, or elles that it nis foul, yif  
 that it be considered and loket perfily?  
 Richesses, ben they precious by the nature  
 of hem-self, or elles by the nature of  
 thee? What is most worth of richesess?  
 Is it nat gold or might of moneye  
 assembled? Certes, thilke gold and  
 thilke moneye shyneth and yeveth betere  
 renoun to hem that despenden it thanne  
 to thilke folk that mokeren it; for avarice  
 maketh alwey mokereres to ben hated,  
 and largesse maketh folk cleer of renoun.  
 For sin that swich thing as is transferred  
 fram o man to another ne may nat  
 dwellen with no man; certes, thanne is  
 thilke moneye precious whan it is trans-  
 lated into other folk and stanteth to ben  
 had, by usage of large yevinge of hem  
 that hath given it. And also: yif that al  
 the moneye that is over-al in the world  
 were gadered toward o man, it sholde  
 maken alle other men to ben nedys as of  
 that. And certes a voys al hool, *that  
 is to sayn, with-oute amercunges,* fulfilleth  
 to-gidare the haring of moche folk; but  
 certes, youre richesess ne mowen nat  
 passen in-to moche folke with-oute amerc-  
 ungis. And whan they ben apased,  
 nedes they maken hem pore that for-gon  
 the richesess. O! streite and nedys clepe  
 I this richesess, sin that many folk ne  
 may nat han it al, ne al may it nat

comen to o man with-outen povartee of  
 alle other folk! And the shyninge of  
 gemmes, *that I clepe precious stones,*  
 draweth it nat the eyen of folk to hem-  
 ward, *that is to sayn, for the beautee?* But  
 certes, yif ther were beantees or bountee  
 in the shyninge of stones, thilke cleer-  
 nesse is of the stones hem-self, and nat  
 of men; for whiche I wondre gretly that  
 men mervallen on swiche thinges. For-  
 why, what thing is it, that yif it wanteth  
 moeving and joynture of sowle and body,  
 that by right mighte semen a fair crea-  
 ture to him that hath a sowle of rescoun?  
 For al be it so that gemmes drawn to  
 hem-self a litel of the laste beautee of the  
 world, through the entente of hir creatour  
 and through the distincion of hem-self;  
 yit, for as mochel as they ben put under  
 youre excellence, theyne han nat deserved  
 by no way that ye sholden mervallen on  
 hem. And the beautee of felde, delyteth  
 it nat mochel un-to yow?

Boeca. 'Why sholde it nat delyten us,  
 sin that it is a right fair porcioun of the  
 right faire werke, *that is to sayn, of this  
 world?* And right so ben we gladed som-  
 tyme of the face of the see whan it is  
 cleer; and also mervallen we on the  
 hevne and on the sterres, and on the  
 sonne and on the mone.'

Philosophye. 'Aperteneth,' quod she,  
 'any of thilke thinges to thee? Why  
 darst thou glorifyen thee in the shyninge  
 of any swiche thinges? Art thou dis-  
 tingwed and embelised by the springinge  
 floures of the first somer sesoun, or  
 swelleth thy plente in the frutes of  
 somer? Why art thou ravished with  
 ydeljoyes? Why embracest thou straunge  
 goodes as they weren thyne? Fortune ne  
 shal never maken that swiche thinges  
 ben thyne, that nature of thinges hath  
 maket foreine fro thee. Sooth is that,  
 with-outen doute, the frutes of the erthe  
 owen to ben to the norissinge of bestes.  
 And yif thou wilt fulfille thy nede after  
 that it suffyeth to nature, than is it no  
 nede that thou seke after the superfluitee  
 of fortune. For with ful fewe things  
 and with ful litel thinges nature halt hir go

apayed; and yif thou wolt achoken the  
 fulfillingge of nature with superfluitees,  
 certes, thilke thinges that thou wolt  
 thresten or pouren in-to nature shullen  
 95 ben unjoyful to thee, or elles anyous.  
 Wenest thou eek that it be a fair thing  
 to shyne with dyverse clothinge? Of  
 whiche clothinge yif the beautes be  
 agreeable to loken up-on, I wol mervailen  
 100 on the nature of the matere of thilke  
 clothes, or elles on the werkman that  
 wroughte hem. But also a long route of  
 meynee, maketh that a blisful man? The  
 whiche servants, yif they ben vicious of  
 105 condiciouns, it is a great charge and a  
 distrucioun to the hous, and a greet  
 enemy to the lord him-self. And yif they  
 ben goode men, how shal strange or  
 foreine goodnesse ben put in the noubre  
 110 of thy richesse? So that, by all these  
 forsaide thinges, it is clearly y-shewed,  
 that never oon of thilke thinges that  
 thou accountedest for thyne goodes nas  
 nat thy good. In the whiche thinges,  
 115 yif ther be no beautes to ben desyred,  
 why sholdest thou ben sory yif thou lese  
 hem, or why sholdest thou rejoysen thes  
 to holden hem? For yif they ben faire  
 of hir owne kinde, what aperteneth that  
 120 to thee? For al so wel sholden they han  
 ben faire by hem-selve, though they wren  
 departed fram alle thyne richesces. For-  
 why faire ne precious ne wren they nat,  
 for that they comen among thy richesces;  
 125 but, for they semeden faire and precious,  
 ther-for thou haddest lever rekne hem  
 amonges thy richesces. But what de-  
 sirest thou of Fortune with so grete a  
 noise, and with so grete a fare? I trowe  
 130 thou seke to dryve away nede with ha-  
 boudaunce of thinges; but certes, it  
 torneth to you al in the contrarie.  
 Forwhy certes, it nedeth of ful manye  
 helpinges to kepen the diversitee of  
 135 precious ostelments. And sooth it is,  
 that of manye thinges han they nede  
 that manye thinges han; and ayeinward,  
 of lital nedeth hem that mesuren hir fille  
 after the nede of kinde, and nat after  
 140 the outrage of covetyse. Is it thanne so,  
 that ye men ne han no proper good

y-set in you, for which ye moten seken  
 outward youre goodes in foreine and  
 subgit thinges? So is thanne the con-  
 dicion of thinges turned up-so-down, 145  
 that a man, that is a devyne beest by  
 merite of his rescoun, thinketh that him-  
 self nis neither faire ne noble, but-yif  
 it be thorough possession of ostelments  
 that ne han no sowles. And certes, al 150  
 other thinges ben apayed of hir owne  
 beautes; but ye men, that ben semblable  
 to god by your resonable thought, desiren  
 to aparailen your excellent kinde of the  
 lowest thinges; ne ye understonden nat 155  
 how greet a wrong ye don to your  
 creatour. For he wolde that mankinde  
 were most worthy and noble of any othere  
 erthely thinges; and ye threste adoun  
 your dignitees benethe the lowest thinges. 160  
 For yif that al the good of every thinge  
 be more precious than is thilke thing  
 whos that the good is: sin ye demen  
 that the fouleste thinges ben youre  
 goodes, thanne submitten ye and putten 165  
 your-selven under the fouleste thinges  
 by your estimacioun; and certes, this  
 tydeth nat with-oute youre desertes. For  
 certes, swiche is the condicion of alle  
 mankinde, that only when it hath know- 170  
 inge of it-selve, than passeth it in  
 noblesse alle other thinges; and when  
 it forleteth the knowinge of it-self, than  
 is it brought binethen alle beestes. For-  
 why al other livinge beestes han of kinde 175  
 to knowe nat hem-self; but whan that  
 men leten the knowinge of hemself, it  
 cometh hem of vice. But how brode  
 sheweth the errour and the folye of yow  
 men, that wenen that any thing may 180  
 ben aparailled with straunge aparail-  
 ments! But for sothe that may nat ben  
 doon. For yif a wight shyneth with  
 thinges that ben put to him, as thus, *if*  
*thilke thinges shynen with which a man is* 185  
*aparailled*, certes, thilke thinges, ben  
 comended and praysed with which he is  
 aparailled; but natheles, the thing that  
 is covered and wrapped under that  
 dwelleth in his filthe. And I denye 190  
 that thilke thing be good that anyeth  
 him that hath it. Gabbe I of this?

Thou wilt seye "nay." Certes, riches  
 han annoyed ful ofte hem that han tho  
 135 riches; sin that every wikked shrewe,  
 and for his wikkednesse the more greedy  
 after other folkes riches, wher-so ever  
 it be in any place, be it gold or precious  
 stones, weneth him only most worthy  
 140 that hath hem. Thou thanne, that so  
 bisy dredest now the sward and now the  
 spere, yif thou haddest entred in the  
 path of this lyf a voide wayferringe man,  
 than woldest thou singe befor the theef;  
 145 as who seith, a pore man, that berth no  
 riches on him by the weye, may boldly  
 singe bi-for theves, for he hath nat wherof  
 to be robbed. O precious and right cleer  
 is the blisfulnesse of mortal riches,  
 150 that, whan thou hast geten it, than hast  
 thou lorn thy sikernes!

METRE V. *Felix nimium prior etas.*

Blisful was the first age of men! They  
 holden hem apayed with the metes that  
 the trewe feldes broughten forth. They  
 ne distroyede nor deceyvede nat hem-self  
 5 with outrage. They weren wont lightly  
 to slaken hir hunger at even with aornes  
 of okes. They ne coude nat medly the  
 yifte of Bachus to the cleer hony; *that*  
*is to seyn, they coude make no piment nor*  
 10 *clarres*; ne they coude nat medle the  
 brighte fleeces of the contree of Seriens  
 with the venom of Tyrie; *this is to seyn,*  
*they coude nat deyen whyte fleeces of Serien*  
*contree with the blode of a maner shellefische*  
 15 *that men finden in Tyrie, with whiche blood*  
*men deyen purpur.* They slepen hoolsom  
 alepes up-on the gras, and dronken of the  
 renninge wateres; and layen under the  
 shadwes of the heye pyn-trees. Ne no  
 20 gest ne straungere ne carf yit the heye  
 see with ores or with shippes; ne they  
 ne hadde seyn yit none newe strondes,  
 to leden marchandyses in-to dyverse  
 contrees. Tho weren the cruel clariouns  
 25 ful hust and ful stille, ne blood y-shad  
 by egre hate ne hadde nat deyed yit  
 armures. For wher-to or which wood-  
 nesse of enemys wolde first moeven armes,  
 whan they seyen cruel woundes, ne none

medes be of blood y-shad? I wolde 30  
 that oure tymes sholde torne ayein to  
 the olde maneres! But the anguissous  
 love of havinge brenneth in folk more  
 cruelly than the fyr of the mountaigne  
 Ethna, *that ay brenneth.* Allas! what 35  
 was he that first dalf up the gobetes or  
 the weightes of gold covered under erthe,  
 and the precious stones that wolden han  
 ben hid? He dalf up precious perils.  
*That is to seyn, that he that hem first up*  
 40 *dalf, he dalf up a precious peril; for why*  
*for the preciousnesse of swiche thinge, hath*  
*many man ben in peril.*

PROSE VI. *Quid autem de dignitatibus.*

But what shal I seye of dignitees and  
 of powers, the whiche ye men, that  
 neither known verray dignitee ne verray  
 power, areysen hem as heye as tho  
 hevene? The whiche dignitees and 5  
 powers, yif they comen to any wikked  
 man, they don as grete damages and  
 destrucciouns as doth the flaumbe of the  
 mountaigne Ethna, whan the flaumbe  
 walweth up; ne no deluge ne doth so 10  
 cruel harmes. Certes, thes remembreth  
 wel, as I trowe, that thilke dignitee that  
 men clepen the imperie of consulers, the  
 whiche that whylom was beginninge of  
 freedom, youre aldres coveiteden to han 15  
 don away that dignitee, for the pryde of  
 the consulers. And right for the same  
 pryde your aldres, bi-for that tyme,  
 hadden don away, out of the citees of  
 Rome, the kinges name; *that is to seyn,* 20  
*they nolde han no longer no king.* But now,  
 yif so be that dignitees and powers be  
 yeven to goode men, the whiche thing  
 is ful seld, what agreable thing is ther  
 in tho dignitees or powers but only the 25  
 goodnesse of folkes that usen hem? And  
 therfor it is thus, that honour ne comth  
 nat to vertu for cause of dignitee, but  
 ayeinward honour comth to dignitee for  
 cause of vertu. But whiche is thilke 30  
 youre dereworthe power, that is so cleer  
 and so requerable? O ye ertheliche  
 bestes, considere ye nat over which  
 thinge that it semeth that ye han power?



35 Now yif thou saye a mous amonges other  
mys, that chalaunged to him-self-ward  
right and power over alle other mys,  
how greet scorn woldest thou han of it!

Glossa. *So fareth it by men; the body hath*  
40 *power over the body.* For yif thou loke  
wel up-on the body of a wight, what  
thing shalt thou finde more freele than is  
mankinde; the whiche men wel ofte ben  
sleyn with bytinges of small flies, or elles  
45 with the entringe of crepinge wormes  
in-to the privetees of mannes body? But  
wher shal man finden any man that may  
exercoen or haunten any right up-on  
another man, but only up-on his body,  
50 or elles up-on thinges that ben lowere  
than the body, the whiche I clepe for-  
tunous possessions? Mayst thou ever  
have any comaundement over a free  
corage? Mayst thou remuen fro the estat  
55 of his propre reste a thought that is  
clyvinge to-gidres in him-self by stede-  
fast rescoun? As whylom a tyraunt  
wende to confounde a free man of corage,  
and wende to constreyn him by torment,  
60 to maken him discoveren and acusen folk  
that wisten of a coniuracioun, *which I*  
*clepe a confederacie*, that was cast ayeins  
this tyraunt; but this free man boot of  
his owne tonge and caste it in the visage  
65 of thilke wode tyraunt; so that the tor-  
ments that this tyraunt wende to han  
maked matere of crueltee, this wyse man  
maked it matere of vertu.

But what thing is it that a man may  
70 don to another man, that he ne may  
receyven the same thing of othre folk  
in him-self: *or thus, what may a man don*  
*to folk, that folk ne may don him the same?*  
I have herd told of Busirides, that was  
75 wont to sleen his gastes that herberweden  
in his hous; and he was sleyn him-self  
of Ercoles that was his gest. Regulus  
hadde taken in bataille many men of  
Affrike and cast hem in-to feteres; but  
80 some after he moste yeve his handes to  
ben bounde with the cheynes of hem that  
he hadde whylom overcomen. Wenest  
thou thanne that he be mighty, that  
hath no power to don a thing, that othre  
85 ne may don in him that he doth in othre?

And yit more-over, yif it so were that  
thise dignitees or poweres hadden any  
propre or natural goodnesse in hem-self,  
never nolden they comen to shrewes.  
For contrarious thinges ne ben nat wont 90  
to ben y-felawhiped to-gidres. Nature  
refuseth that contrarious thinges ben  
y-joined. And so, as I am in certain  
that right wikked folk han dignitees ofte  
tyme, than sheweth it wel that dignitees 95  
and powers ne ben nat goode of hir owne  
kinde; sin that they suffren hem-self to  
cleven or joinen hem to shrewes. And  
certes, the same thing may I most  
digneliche jugen and seyn of alle the 100  
yiftes of fortune that most plantevously  
comen to shrewes; of the whiche yiftes,  
I trowe that it oughte ben considered,  
that no man douteth that he nis strong  
in whom he seeth strengthe; and in 105  
whom that swiftnesse is, sooth it is that  
he is swift. Also musike maketh mu-  
siciens, and phisike maketh phisiciens,  
and rethorike rethoriciens. For-why the  
nature of every thing maketh his pro- 110  
pretee, ne it is nat entremedled with the  
effects of the contrarious thinges; and,  
as of wil, it chaseth out thinges that ben  
to it contraria. But certes, richesse may  
not restreyn avarice unstaunched; ne 115  
power ne maketh nat a man mighty  
over him-self, whiche that vicious lustes  
holden destreynd with cheynes that ne  
mowen nat be unbounden. And digni-  
tees that ben yeven to shrewede folk nat 120  
only ne maketh hem nat digne, but it  
sheweth rather al openly that they ben  
unworthy and undigne. And why is it  
thus? Certes, for ye han joye to clepen  
thinges with false names that beren hem 125  
alle in the contrarie; the whiche names  
ben ful ofte reprooved by the effecte of  
the same thinges; so that thise ilke  
richesses ne oughten nat by right to ben  
cleped richesces; ne swich power ne 130  
oughte nat ben cleped power; ne swich  
dignitee ne oughte nat ben cleped dig-  
nitee. And at the laste, I may con-  
clude the same thing of alle the yiftes  
of Fortune, in which ther nis nothing 135  
to ben desired, ne that hath in him-self

natural bountee, as it is ful wel y-sena. For neither they ne joignen hem nat alway to goode men, ne maken hem 10 alway goode to whom that they ben y-joined.

MEIRE VI. *Novimus quantas dederit ruinas.*

We han wel knowen how many grete harmes and destrucciouns weren don by the emperor Nero. He leet brenne the citee of Rome, and made sleen the 5 senatoures. And he, cruel, whylom slew his brother; and he was maked moist with the blood of his moder; *that is to seyn, he leet sleen and slitten the body of his moder, to seen wher he was conceived;* 10 and he loked on every halve up-on her colde dede body, ne no tere ne wette his face, but he was so hard-herted that he mighte ben domes-man or juge of hir dede beante. And natheles, yit governede this Nero by ceptre alle the poeples that Phebus the sonne may seen, cominge from his outereste arysinge til he hyde his bemes under the wawes; *that is to seyn, he governed alle the poeples by* 20 *ceptre imperial that the sonne goth aboute, from east to west.* And eek this Nero governed by ceptre alle the poeples that ben under the colde sterres that highten "septem triones"; *this is to seyn, he gover-* 25 *nede alle the poeples that ben under the party of the north.* And eek Nero governed alle the poeples that the violent wind Nothus scorkleth, and baketh the brenning sandes by his drye hete; *that is to* 30 *seyn, alle the poeples in the south.* But yit ne mighte nat al his hye power torne the woodnesse of this wikked Nero. Allas! it is a grevous fortune, as ofte as wikked sward is joined to cruel venom; *that is* 35 *to seyn, venomous crueltee to lordshippe.'*

PROSE VII. *Tum ego, scis, inquam.*

Thanne seyde I thus: 'Thou wost wel thy-self that the covetise of mortal thinges ne hadde never lordshipe of me; but I have wel desired matere of thinges 5 to done, as scho seith, I desire to han

matere of governaunce over comunalties, for vertu, stille, ne sholde nat elden; *'that is to seyn, that [him] leste that, or he was olde, his vertu, that lay now ful stille, ne should nat perishe unexercised in govern-* 10 *aunce of comune; for which men mighten speken or wryten of his goode governement.*

Philosophye. 'For sothe,' quod she, 'and that is a thing that may drawn 15 to governaunce swiche hertes as ben worthy and noble of hir nature; but natheles, it may nat drawn or tollen swiche hertes as ben y-brought to the fulle perfeccioun of vertu, that is to seyn, 20 covetise of glorie and renoun to han wel administred the comune thinges or don gode desertes to profit of the comune. For see now and considere, how litel and how voide of alle prys is thilke gloria. 25 Certain thing is, as thou hast lerned by the demonstracioun of astronomye, that al the enviringe of the erthe aboute ne halt nat but the resoun of a prikke at regard of the greetnesse of hevene; 30 that is to seyn, that yif ther were maked comparisoun of the erthe to the greetnesse of hevene, men wolden jugen in al, that the erthe ne helde no space. Of the whiche litel regioun of this worlde, the 35 ferthe partye is enhabited with living bestes that we knowen, as thou thyself hast y-lerned by Tholomee that proveth it. And yif thou hadde with-drawn and abated in thy thought fro thilke 40 ferthe partye as moche space as the see and the mareys contenen and over-goon, and as moche space as the regioun of droughte over-streocheth, *that is to seyn, sandes and desertes,* wel unnethe sholde 45 ther dwellen a right streit place to the habitacioun of men. And ye thanne, that ben environed and closed with-in the leste prikke of thilke prikke, thinken ye to manifesten your renoun and don 50 youre name to ben born forth? But your glorie, that is so narwe and so streite y-throngen in-to so litel boundes, how mochal covaiteth it in largesse and in greet doinge? And also sette this 55 there-to: that many a nacioun, dyverse

of tonge and of maneres and eek of  
 resoun of hir livinge, ben enhabited in  
 the clos of thilke litel habitacle; to the  
 60 whiche naciouns, what for difficultee of  
 weyes and what for dyversitee of lan-  
 gages, and what for defaute of unusage  
 and entrecomuninge of marchaundise,  
 nat only the names of singuler men ne  
 65 may nat strecchen, but eek the fame of  
 citees ne may nat strecchen. At the  
 laste, certes, in the tyme of Marcus  
 Tullius, as him-self writ in his book, that  
 the renoun of the comune of Rome ne  
 70 hadde nat yit passed ne cloumben over  
 the mountaigne that highte Caucasus;  
 and yit was, thilke tyme, Rome wel  
 waxen and greetly redouted of the Parthes  
 and eek of other folk enhabitinge aboute.  
 75 Seestow nat thanne how streit and how  
 compressed is thilke glorie that ye trav-  
 ailen aboute to shewe and to multiplie?  
 May thanne the glorie of a singuler  
 Romaine strecchen thider as the fame  
 80 of the name of Rome may nat climben  
 ne passen? And eek, seestow nat that  
 the maneres of dyverse folk and eek hir  
 lawes ben discordaunt among hem-self;  
 so that thilke thing that som men jugen  
 85 worthy of preysinge, other folk jugen  
 that it is worthy of torment? And ther-  
 of comth it that, though a man delyte  
 him in preysinge of his renoun, he may  
 nat in no wyse bringen forth ne spreden  
 90 his name to many maner poeples. There-  
 for every man oughte to ben apayed of  
 his glorie that is publisshed among his  
 owne neighbours; and thilke noble re-  
 noun shal ben restreyned within the  
 95 boundes of o manere folke. But how  
 many a man, that was ful noble in his  
 tyme, hath the wrecched and nedy  
 foryetinge of wryteres put out of minde  
 and don away! Al be it so that, certes,  
 100 thilke wrytinges profiten litel; the whiche  
 wrytinges long and derk elde doth away,  
 bothe hem and eek hir outours. But ye  
 men semen to geten yow a perdurabletee,  
 whan ye thenken that, in tyme to-  
 105 cominge, your fame shal lasten. But  
 natheles, yif thou wolt maken compari-  
 soun to the endeles spaces of eternitee,

what thing hast thou by whiche thou  
 mayst rejoyssen thee of long lastinge of  
 thy name? For yif ther were makid 110  
 comparisoun of the abydinge of a moment  
 to ten thousand winter, for as mochel as  
 bothe the spaces ben ended, yit hath the  
 moment som porcioun of it, al-though it  
 litel be. But natheles, thilke selve noun- 115  
 bre of yeres, and eek as many yeres as  
 ther-to may be multiplied, ne may nat,  
 certes, ben comparisouned to the perdura-  
 bletee that is endeles; for of thinges that  
 han ende may be makid comparisoun, 120  
 but of thinges that ben with-outen ende,  
 to thinges that han ende, may be makid  
 no comparisoun. And forthy is it that,  
 al-though renoun, of as long tyme as ever  
 thee list to thinken, were thought to the 125  
 regard of eternitee, that is unstaunchable  
 and infinit, it ne sholde nat only semen  
 litel, but pleynliche right naught. But  
 ye men, certes, ne conne don nothing  
 a-right, but-yif it be for the audience 130  
 of poeple and for ydel rumours; and  
 ye forsaken the grete worthinesse of  
 conscience and of vertu, and ye saken  
 your guerdouns of the smale wordes of  
 straunge folk. Have now heer and 135  
 understonde, in the lightnesse of swich  
 pryde and veine glorie, how a man  
 scornede festyvaly and merily swich vani-  
 tee. Whylom ther was a man that  
 hadde assayed with stryvinge wordes 140  
 another man, the whiche, nat for usage  
 of verray vertu but for proud veine  
 glorie, had taken up-on him falsly the  
 name of a philosopre. This rather man  
 that I spak of thoughte he wolde assaye, 145  
 wher he, thilke, were a philosopre or  
 no; that is to seyn, yif that he wolde  
 han suffrid lightly in pacience the  
 wronges that weren don un-to him. This  
 feynede philosopre took pacience a litel 150  
 whyle, and, whan he hadde received  
 wordes of outrage, he, as in stryvinge  
 ayein and rejoyssinge of him-self, seyde  
 at the laste right thus: "understondest  
 thou nat that I am a philosopre?" That 155  
 other man answerde ayein ful bytingly,  
 and seyde: "I hadde wel understonden  
 it, yif thou haddest holden thy tonge

stille." But what is it to thise noble  
 160 worthy men (for, certes, of swiche folke  
 speke I) that seken glorie with vertu?  
 What is it?' quod she; 'what atteyneth  
 fame to swiche folk, when the body is  
 resolved by the deeth at the laste? For  
 165 yif it so be that men dyen in al, that  
 is to seyn, body and soule, the whiche  
 thing our resoun defendeth us to bileven,  
 thanne is ther no glorie in no wyse. For  
 what sholdes thilke glorie ben, when he,  
 170 of whom thilke glorie is seyde to be, nis  
 right naught in no wyse? And yif the  
 soule, whiche that hath in it-self science  
 of goode werkes, unbounden fro the  
 prison of the erthe, wendeth frely to the  
 175 hevens, despyseth it nat thanne alle  
 erthely occupacioun; and, being in  
 hevens, rejoyseth that it is exempt fro  
 alle erthely thinges? As who seith, thanne  
 reketh the soule of no glorie of renown  
 180 of this world.

METRE VII. *Quicunque solum mente  
 praecepit petii.*

Who-so that, with overthrowinge  
 thought, only seketh glorie of fame,  
 and weneth that it be sovereyn good:  
 let him loken up-on the brode shewing  
 5 contrees of hevens, and up-on the streite  
 site of this erthe; and he shal ben  
 ashamed of the encrees of his name, that  
 may nat fuillle the litel compas of the  
 erthe. O! what coveiten proude folk to  
 10 liften up hir nekkes in ydel in the dedly  
 yok of this worlde? For al-though that  
 renown y-sprad, passinge to ferne poeples,  
 goth by dyverse tonges; and al-though  
 that grete houses or kinredes shynen  
 15 with clere titles of honours; yit, natheles,  
 deeth despyseth alle heye glorie of fame:  
 and deeth wrappeth to-gidere the heye  
 hevedes and the lowe, and maketh egal  
 and evne the hayeste to the loweste.  
 20 Wher women now the bones of trewe  
 Fabricius? What is now Brutus, or  
 stiernes Catoun? The thinne fame, yit  
 lastinge, of hir ydel names, is marked  
 with a fewe lettres; but al-though that  
 25 we han knowen the faire wordes of the

fames of hem, it is nat yeven to knowe  
 hem that ben dede and consumpte. Lig-  
 geth thanne stille, al outrely unknow-  
 able; ne fame ne maketh yow nat knowe.  
 And yif ye wene to liven the longer for  
 30 winde of your mortal name, whan o  
 cruel day shal ravisshe yow, thanne is  
 the seconde deeth dwellinge un-to yow.  
 Glose. *The first deeth he clepeth heer the  
 departinge of the body and the soule; and  
 the seconde deeth he clepeth, as heer, the  
 stinginge of the renown of fame.*

PROSE VIII. *Set ne me inexorabile contra  
 fortunam.*

'But for as mochel as thou shalt nat  
 wenen,' quod she, 'that I bere untretable  
 bataile ayeins fortune, yit som-tyme it  
 bifalleth that she, deceyvable, deserveth  
 to han right good thank of men; and  
 5 that is, whan she hir-self opneth, and  
 whan she discovereth hir frount, and  
 sheweth hir maneres. Peraventure yit  
 understondest thou nat that I shal seye.  
 It is a wonder that I desire to telle, and  
 10 forty unnethe may I unpleynen my  
 sentence with wordes; for I dame that  
 contrarious. Fortune profiteth more to  
 men than Fortune debonaire. For al-  
 way, whan Fortune semeth debonaire,  
 15 than she lyeth falsly in bihetinge the  
 hope of welefulnesse; but forsothe con-  
 trarious Fortune is alway soothfast, whan  
 she sheweth hir-self unstable thorough  
 hir chaunginge. The amiable Fortune  
 20 deceyveth folk; the contrarie Fortune  
 techeth. The amiable Fortune bindeth  
 with the beautes of false goodes the  
 hertes of folk that usen hem; the con-  
 trarie Fortune unbindeth hem by the  
 25 knowinge of frele welefulnesse. The  
 amiable Fortune mayst thou seen alway  
 windy and flowinge, and ever mis-  
 knowinge of hir-self; the contrarie For-  
 tune is atempre and restreyned, and wys  
 30 thorough exercise of hir adversitee. At  
 the laste, amiable Fortune with hir  
 flateringes draweth miswandring men  
 fro the sovereyne good; the contrarious  
 Fortune ledeth ofte folk ayein to sooth-  
 35

fast goodes, and haleth hem ayein as  
 with an hooke. Wenest thou thanne  
 that thou oughtest to leten this a lital  
 thing, that this aspre and horrible  
 40 Fortune hath discovered to thee the  
 thoughtes of thy trewe freendes? For-  
 why this ilke Fortune hath departed  
 and uncovered to thee bothe the certain  
 visages and eek the doutous visages of  
 45 thy felawes. Whan she departed away  
 fro thee, she took away hir freendes, and  
 lafte thee thyne freendes. Now whan  
 thou were riche and weleful, as thee  
 semede, with how mochal woldest thou  
 50 han bought the fulle knowinge of this,  
*that is to seyn, the knowinge of thy verray*  
*freendes?* Now playne thee nat thanne  
 of richesse y-lorn, sin thou hast founden  
 the moste precious kinde of riches,es,  
 55 that is to seyn, thy verray freendes.

METRE VIII. *Quod mundus stabili*  
*ade.*

That the world with stable feith varieth  
 acordable chaunginges; that the con-  
 trarious qualitees of elements holden

among hem-self aliaunce perdurable; that  
 Phebus the sonne with his goldene chariet 5  
 bringeth forth the rosen day; that the  
 mone hath commaundement over the  
 nightes, which nightes Hesperus the eve-  
 sterre hath brought; that the see, greedy  
 to flowen, constreyneth with a certain 10  
 ende hise fodes, so that it is nat lefeul  
 to streoche hise brode termes or boundes  
 up-on the erthes, *that is to seyn, to covere*  
*at the erthe*:—al this acordaunce of  
 thinges is bounden with Love, that 15  
 governeth erthe and see, and hath also  
 commaundements to the hevenes. And  
 yif this Love slakede the brydeles, alle  
 thinges that now loven hem to-gederes  
 wolden maken a bataile continually, and 20  
 stryven to fordoon the fasoun of this  
 world, the whiche they now leden in  
 acordable feith by faire moevinges. This  
 Love halt to-gideres poeples joined with  
 an holy bond, and knitteth sacrament 25  
 of mariages of chaste loves; and Love  
 endyteth lawes to trewe felawes. O!  
 weleful were mankind, yif thilke Love  
 that governeth hevене governed youre  
 corages!'

Explicit Liber secundus.

BOOK III.

PROSE I. *Iam cantum illa finterat.*

By this she hadde ended hir song,  
 whan the sweetnesse of hir ditee hadde  
 thorough-perced me that was desirous of  
 herkninge, and I astoned hadde yit  
 5 streighte myn eres, *that is to seyn, to*  
*herkne the bet what she wolde seye*; so  
 that a lital here-after I seyde thus: 'O  
 thou that art sovereyn comfort of an-  
 guissous corages, so thou hast remounted  
 10 and norished me with the weighte of  
 thy sentences and with delyt of thy  
 singinge; so that I trowe nat now that  
 I be unparigal to the strokes of Fortune:  
*as who seyth, I dar wel now sufferen al the*  
 15 *assautes of Fortune, and wel defende me*

*fro hir.* And tho remedies whiche that  
 thou seydest her-biforn weren right  
 sharpe, nat only that I am nat a-gripen  
 of hem now, but I, desirous of heringes,  
 axe gretely to heren the remedies.' Than  
 seyde she thus: 'That felede I ful wel,'  
 20 quod she, 'whan that thou, ententif and  
 stille, ravishedest my wordes; and I  
 abood til that thou haddest swich habite  
 of thy thought as thou hast now; or elles  
 25 til that I my-self hadde makid to thee  
 the same habit, which that is a more  
 verray thing. And certes, the remenaunt  
 of thinges that ben yit to seye ben swiche,  
 that first whan men tasten hem they ben 30  
 bytinge, but whan they ben receyved  
 withinne a wight, than ben they swete.

But for thou seyst that thou art so  
desirous to harkne hem, with how gret  
brenninge woldest thou glowen, yif thou  
wistest whider I wol leden thee!  
'Whider is that?' quod I.

'To thilke verray welefulnesse,' quod  
she, 'of whiche thyn herte dremeth;  
but for as moche as thy sighte is occupied  
and distorted by imaginacioun of *erthely*  
*things*, thou mayst nat yit seen thilke  
selve welefulnesse.' 'Do,' quod I, 'and  
shewe me what is thilke verray weleful-  
nesse, I preye thee, with-oute taryinge.'

'That wole I gladly don,' quod she,  
'for the cause of thee; but I wol first  
marken thee by wordes and I wol en-  
forcen me to enformen thee thilke *false*  
*cause of blisfulnesse* that thou more know-  
est; so that, whan thou hast fully bi-  
holden thilke false goodes, and torned  
thyn eyen to that other syde, thou mowe  
knowe the cleernesse of verray blisful-  
nesse.

METRE I. *Qui serere ingenum uolet  
agrum.*

Who-so wole sowe a feeld plantivous,  
lat him first delivere it fro thornes, and  
kerve asunder with his hook the bushes  
and the fern, so that the corn may comen  
bevy of eres and of greynes. Hony is  
the more swete, yif mouthes han first  
tasted savoures that ben wikkid. The  
sterres shynen more agreeably whan the  
wind Nothus leteth his ploungy blastes;  
and after that Lucifer the day-sterre  
hath chased away the derke night, the  
day the fairere ledeth the rosene hors  
of the sonne. And right so thou, bi-  
holdinge first the false goodes, begin to  
with-drawn thy nekke fro the yok of  
*erthely affectiouns*; and after-ward the  
verray goodes shollen entren in-to thy  
coraga.'

PROSE II. *Tunc defixo paululum visu.*

The fastnede she a litel the sighte of  
hir eyen, and with-drow hir right as it  
were in-to the streite sete of hir thought;

and bigan to speke right thus: 'Alle the  
cures,' quod she, 'of mortal folk, whiche  
that travaylen hem in many maner  
studies, goon certes by diverse weyes,  
but natheles they enforcen hem alle to  
comen only to oon ende of blisfulnesse.  
And blisfulnesse is swiche a good, that  
who-so that hath geten it, he ne may,  
over that, no-thing more desyre. And  
this thing is forsothe the sovereyn good  
that conteyneth in him-self alle maner  
goodes; to the whiche good yif ther  
failede any thing, it mighte nat ben  
cleped sovereyn good: for thanne were  
ther som good, out of this ilke sovereyn  
good, that mighte ben desired. Now is  
it cleer and certain thanne, that blisful-  
nesse is a parfitt estat by the congre-  
gacioun of alle goodes; the whiche  
blisfulnesse, as I have seyde, alle mortal  
folk enforcen hem to geten by diverse  
weyes. For-why the coveitise of verray  
good is naturally y-plaunted in the hertes  
of men; but the miswandringe errour  
mis-ledeth hem in-to false goodes. Of  
the whiche men, som of hem wenen that  
sovereyn good be to liven with-oute nede  
of any thing, and travaylen hem to be  
haboundant of riches. And som  
other men demen that sovereyn good  
be, for to ben right digne of reverence;  
and enforcen hem to ben revered  
among hir neighbours by the honours  
that they han y-geten. And som folk  
ther ben that holden, that right heigh  
power be sovereyn good, and enforcen  
hem for to regnen, or elles to joignen  
hem to hem that regnen. And it semeth  
to some other folk, that noblesse of re-  
noun be the sovereyn good; and hasten  
hem to geten glorious name by the arts  
of werre and of pees. And many folk  
mesuren and gessen that sovereyn good  
be joye and gladnesse, and wenen that  
it be right blisful thing to ploungen hem  
in voluptuous delyt. And ther ben folk  
that entrechaungen the causes and the  
endes of these forseyde goodes, as they  
that desiren riches to han power and  
delytes; or elles they desiren power for  
to han moneye, or for cause of renoun.

55 In these things, and in swiche othere  
 things, is tord alle the entencioun of  
 desiringes and of werkes of men; as  
 thus: noblesse and favour of people,  
 whiche that yeveth to men, as it semeth  
 60 hem, a maner cleernesse of renoun; and  
 wyf and children, that men desiren for  
 cause of delyt and of merynesse. But  
 forsothe, frendes ne sholden nat be  
 rekned a-mong the godes of fortune, but  
 65 of vertu; for it is a ful holy maner thing.  
 Alle these othere things, forsothe, ben  
 taken for cause of power or elles for  
 cause of delyt. Certes, now am I redy  
 to referren the goodes of the body to these  
 70 forseide things aboven; for it semeth  
 that strengthe and gretnesse of body  
 yeven power and worthynesse, and that  
 beautee and swiftnesse yeven noblesse  
 and glorie of renoun; and hele of body  
 75 semeth yeven delyt. In alle these things  
 it semeth only that blisfulnesse is desired.  
 For-why thilke thing that every man  
 desireth most over alle things, he  
 demeth that it be the sovereyn good;  
 80 but I have defenyd that blisfulnesse is  
 the sovereyn good; for which every wight  
 demeth, that thilke estat that he desireth  
 over alle things, that it be blisfulnesse.  
 Now hast thou thanne biforn thyn eyen  
 85 almost al the purposed forme of the wele-  
 fulnesse of man-kinde, that is to seyn,  
 riches, honours, power, and glorie, and  
 delyts. The whiche delyt only considerede  
 Epicurus, and juged and establisshed that  
 90 delyt is the sovereyn good; for as moche  
 as alle othere things, as him thoughte,  
 bi-refte away joye and mirthe fram the  
 herte. But I retorne ayein to the studies  
 of men, of whiche men the corage alwey  
 95 reherseth and seketh the sovereyn good,  
 al be it so that it bo with a derked  
 memorie; but he not by whiche path,  
 right as a dronken man not nat by  
 whiche path he may retorne him to his  
 100 hous. Semeth it thanne that folk folyn  
 and erren that enforcen hem to have  
 nede of nothing? Certes, ther nis non  
 other thing that may so wel performe  
 blisfulnesse, as an estat plentivous of alle  
 105 goodes, that ne hath nede of non other

thing, but that is suffisaunt of himself  
 unto him-self. And folyn swiche folk  
 thanne, that wenen that thilke thing  
 that is right good, that it be eek right  
 worthy of honour and of reverence? 110  
 Certes, nay. For that thing nis neither  
 foul ne worthy to ben despised, that wel  
 neigh al the entencioun of mortal folk  
 travaylen for to geten it. And power,  
 oughte nat that eek to ben rekned  
 115 amones goodes? What elles? For it  
 is nat to wene that thilke thing, that is  
 most worthy of alle things, be feble and  
 with-oute strengthe. And cleernesse of  
 renoun, oughte that to ben despised? 120  
 Certes, ther may no man forsake, that al  
 thing that is right excellent and noble,  
 that it ne semeth to ben right clear and  
 renommed. For certes, it nedeth nat to  
 seyn, that blisfulnesse be [nat] anguissous 125  
 ne drery, ne subgit to grevaunces ne to  
 sorwes, sin that in right litel things  
 folk seken to have and to usen that may  
 delyten hem. Certes, these ben the  
 things that men wolen and desiren to  
 130 geten. And for this cause desiren they  
 riches, dignitee, regnes, glorie, and  
 delices. For therby wenen they to han  
 suffisaunce, honour, power, renoun, and  
 gladnesse. Than is it good, that men 135  
 seken thus by so many diverse studies.  
 In whiche desyr it may lightly ben  
 shewed how gret is the strengthe of  
 nature; for how so that men han diverse  
 sentences and discordinge, al gates men 140  
 accorden alle in lovinge the ende of good.

#### METRE II. *Quantas rerum flectat habenas.*

It lyketh me to shewe, by subtil song,  
 with alakke and delitable soun of strenges,  
 how that Nature, mighty, enclineth and  
 fitteth the governements of things, and  
 by whiche lawes she, purveyable, kepeth 5  
 the grete world; and how she, bindinge,  
 restreyneth alle things by a bonde that  
 may nat ben unbounde. Al be it so that  
 the lyouns of the contre of Fene beren  
 the faire chaynes, and taken metes of 10  
 the handes of folk that yeven it hem,  
 and dreden hir sturdy maystres of whiche

they ben wont to suffren betinges: yif  
that hir horrible mouthes ben be-bled,  
15 *that is to seyn, of bestes devoured*, hir  
corage of time passed, that hath ben ydel  
and rested, repayreth ayen; and they  
roren greuously and remembre on hir  
nature, and slaken hir nekkes fram hir  
20 chaynes unbounde; and hir mayster, first  
to-torn with bloody tooth, assayeth the  
wode wrathes of hem; *this is to seyn,*  
*they freten hir mayster*. And the jange-  
linge brid that singeth on the heye  
25 braunches, *that is to seyn, in the wode*,  
and after is enclosed in a streyt cage:  
al-though that the playenge bisnesse of  
men yeveth hem honiede drinke and  
large metes with swete studie, yit nathe-  
30 les, yif thilke brid, skipinge out of hir  
strete cage, seeth the agreables shadewes  
of the wodes, she defouleth with hir feet  
hir metes y-shad, and seketh mourninge  
only the wode; and twitereth, desiringe  
35 the wode, with hir swete vois. The yerde  
of a tree, that is haled a-down by mighty  
strengthe, boweth redily the crop a-down:  
but yif that the hand of him that it bente  
let it gon ayen, anon the crop loketh  
40 up-right to hevne. The sonne Phebus,  
that falleth at even in the westrene  
wawes, retorneth ayen eftsones his carte,  
by privce path, ther-as it is wont aryse.  
Alle thinges seken ayen to hir propre  
45 cours, and alle thinges rejoysen hem of  
hir retorninge ayen to hir nature. Ne  
non ordinaunce nis bitaken to thinges,  
but that that hath joyned the endinge  
to the beginninge, and hath maked the  
50 cours of it-self stable, *that it chaungeth*  
*nat from his propre kinde*.

PROSE III. *Vos quoque, o terrena animalia.*

Certes also ye men, that ben ertheliche  
beestes, dremen alway youre beginninge,  
al-though it be with a thinne imagina-  
cioun; and by a maner thoughte, al be  
5 it nat cleerly ne parfitly, ye loken fram  
a-fer to thilke verray fyn of blisfulnesse;  
and ther-fore natural entencioun ledeth  
you to thilke verray good, but many  
maner errours mis-torneth you ther-fro.

Consider now yif that by thilke thinges, 10  
by whiche a man weneth to geten him  
blisfulnesse, yif that he may comen to  
thilke ende that he weneth to come by  
nature. For yif that moneye or honours,  
or thise other forseide thinges bringen 15  
to men swich a thing that no good ne  
fayle hem ne semeth fayle, cortes than  
wole I graunte that they ben maked  
blisful by thilke thinges that they han  
geten. But yif so be that thilke thinges 20  
ne mowen nat performen that they bi-  
hетен, and that ther be defaute of manye  
goodes, sheweth it nat thanne cleerly  
that fals beantee of blisfulnesse is knowen  
and asteint in thilke thinges? First and 25  
forward thou thy-self, that haddest ha-  
bundaunces of richesnes nat long agon,  
I axe yif that, in the habundaunce of alle  
thilke richesnes, thou were never an-  
guissous or sory in thy corage of any 30  
wrong or grevaunce that bi-tidde thee on  
any syde?' 'Certes,' quod I, 'it ne re-  
membreth me nat that evere I was so  
free of my thought that I ne was alway  
in anguiss of som-what.' 35

'And was nat that,' quod she, 'for that  
these lakked som-what that thou noldest  
nat han lakked, or elles thou haddest  
that thou noldest nat han had?' 'Right  
so is it,' quod I. 40

'Thanne desiredest thou the presence  
of that oon and the absence of that  
other?' 'I graunte wel,' quod I.

'Forsothe,' quod she, 'than nedeth  
ther som-what that every man desireth?' 45  
'Ye, ther nedeth,' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she, 'and he that hath  
lakke or nede of aught nis nat in every  
wey suffisaunt to himself?' 'No,'  
quod I. 50

'And thou,' quod she, 'in al the plantee  
of thy richesnes haddest thilke lakke of  
suffisaunce?' 'What elles?' quod I.

'Thanne may nat richesnes maken that  
a man nis nedy, ne that he be suffisaunt 55  
to him-self; and that was it that they  
bi-higten, as it semeth. And eek certes  
I trowe, that this be gretly to considere,  
that moneye ne hath nat in his owne  
kinde that it ne may ben bi-nomen of 60



hem that han it, maugre hem?' 'I bi-  
knowe it wel,' quod I.

'Why sholdest thou nat bi-knowen it,'  
quod she, 'whan every day the strengre  
65 folk bi-nemen it fro the febler, maugre  
hem? For whennes comen elles alle thise  
foreyne compleyntes or querales of plet-  
inges, but for that men axen ayein here  
moneye that hath ben bi-nomen hem by  
70 force or by gyle, and alwey maugre  
hem?' 'Right so is it,' quod I.

'Than,' quod she, 'hath a man nede  
to seken him foreyne helpe by whiche he  
may defende his moneye?' 'Who may  
75 sey nay?' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she; 'and him nedede  
non help, yif he ne hadde no moneye that  
he mighte lese?' 'That is douteles,'  
quod I.

80 'Than is this thinge turned in-to the  
contrarye,' quod she. 'For richesces,  
that men wenen sholde make suffisaunce,  
they maken a man rather han nede of  
foreyne help! Which is the manere or  
85 the gyse,' quod she, 'that richesce may  
dryve away nede? Riche folk, may they  
neither han hunger ne thurst? Thise  
riche men, may they fele no cold on hir  
limes on winter? But thou wolt answeren,  
90 that riche men han y-now wher-with they  
may staunchen hir hunger, slaken hir  
thurst, and don a-wey cold. In this wyse  
may nede be counforted by richesces;  
but certes, nede ne may nat al outrelly  
95 ben don a-wey. For though this nede,  
that is alwey gapinge and gredy, be ful-  
fild with richesces, and axe any thing,  
yit dwelleth thanne a nede that mighte  
be fulfild. I holde me stille, and telle  
100 nat how that litel thing suffieth to  
nature; but certes to avarice y-nough  
ne suffieth no-thing. For sin that rich-  
esses ne may nat al don away nede, but  
richesses maken nede, what may it thanne  
105 be, that ye wenen that richesces mowen  
yeven you suffisaunce?

METRE III. *Quamvis fluente diues auri  
gurgite.*

Al were it so that a riche covetous  
man hadde a river fletinge al of gold, yit

sholde it never staunchen his covetise;  
and though he hadde his nekke y-  
charged with precious stones of the rede 5  
see, and though he do ere his feldeis plen-  
tious with an hundred oxen, never ne  
shal his bytinge businesse for-leten him  
whyl he liveth, ne the lighte richesces ne  
sholle nat beren him companye whan he 10  
is deed.

PROSE IV. *Set dignitates.*

But dignitees, to whom they ben comen,  
maken they him honorable and reverent?  
Han they nat so gret strengthe, that they  
may putte vertues in the hertes of folk  
that usen the lordshipes of hem? Or 5  
elles may they don a-wey the vyces?  
Certes, they ne be nat wont to don away  
wikkednesse, but they ben wont rather  
to shewen wikkednesse. And ther-of  
comth it that I have right grete deedeyn, 10  
that dignitees ben yeven ofte to wikked  
men; for which thing Catullus cleped  
a *consul of Rome*, that *highte* Nonius,  
"postum" or "boch"; as *who sayth*, he  
cleped him a *congregacioun of vyces in his* 15  
*brest*, as a *postum* is ful of *corruptioun*,  
al were this Nonius set in a chayre of  
dignitee. Seest thou nat thanne how  
gret vilenye dignitees don to wikked  
men? Certes, unworthinesse of wikked 20  
men sholde be the lasse y-sene, yif they  
nere renommed of none honours. Certes,  
thou thyself ne mightest nat ben brought  
with as manye perils as thou mightest  
suffren that thou woldest beren the 25  
magistrat with Decorat; that is to seyn,  
that for no peril that mighte befallen thee  
by offence of the king Theodorike, thou  
noldest nat be felaw in governaunce with  
Decorat; whan thou saye that he hadde 30  
wikked corage of a likerous shrewe and  
of an accuser. Ne I ne may nat, for  
swiche honours, jugen hem worthy of  
reverence, that I deme and holde un-  
worthy to han thilke same honours. Now 35  
yif thou saye a man that were fulfild of  
wisdom, certes, thou ne mightest nat  
deme that he were unworthy to the  
honour, or alles to the wisdom of which

40 he is fulfilled?—'No,' quod I.—'Certes,  
 dignitees,' quod she, 'apertienen proprely  
 to vertu; and vertu transporteth dignitee  
 anon to thilke man to which she hir-self  
 is conjoined. And for as moche as  
 45 honours of poeple ne may nat maken folk  
 digne of honour, it is wel seyn clearly  
 that they ne han no propre beautes of  
 dignitee. And yit men oughten taken  
 more heed in this. For yif it so be that  
 50 a wikked wight be so mochel the foulere  
 and the more out-cast, that he is despyed  
 of most folk, so as dignitee ne may nat  
 maken shrewes digne of reverence, the  
 which shrewes dignitee sheweth to moche  
 55 folk, thanne maketh dignitee shrewes  
 rather so moche more despyed than  
 preyed; and forsothe nat unpunished:  
*that is for to seyn, that shrewes revengen  
 hem agensward up-on dignitees*; for they  
 60 yilden ayein to dignitees as gret guer-  
 down, whan they bi-spotten and defoulen  
 dignitees with hir vilanye. And for as  
 mochel as thou mowe knowe that thilke  
 verray reverence ne may nat comen by  
 65 this shadewy transitorie dignitees, un-  
 derstonde how thus: yif that a man hadde  
 used and had many maner dignitees of  
 consules, and were comen paraventure  
 amonge straunge naciouns, shoulde thilke  
 70 honour maken him worshipful and re-  
 douted of straunge folk? Certes, yif  
 that honour of poeple were a natural  
 yift to dignitees, it ne mighte never  
 cesen nowher amonges no maner folk to  
 75 don his office, right as fyr in every con-  
 tree ne stinteth nat to eschaufen and  
 to ben hoot. But for as moche as for  
 to ben holden honourable or reverent  
 ne cometh nat to folk of hir propre  
 80 strengthe of nature, but only of the false  
 opinioun of folk, *that is to seyn, that seemen  
 that dignitees maken folk digne of honour*;  
 anon therfore whan that they comen  
 ther-as folk ne knowen nat thilke digni-  
 85 tees, hir honours vanisshen away, and  
 that anon. But that is amonges straunge  
 folk, mayst thou seyn; but amonges hem  
 ther they weren born, ne duren nat  
 thilke dignitees alwey? Certes, the dig-  
 90 nitee of the provostrie of Rome was

whylom a gret power; now is it nothing  
 but an ydel name, and the rente of the  
 senatorie a gret charge. And yif a wight  
 whylom hadde the office to taken hede to  
 the vitailles of the poeple, as of corn and 95  
 other thinges, he was holden amonges  
 grete; but what thing is now more out-  
 cast thanne thilke provostrie? And, as  
 I have seyd a lital her-bifore, that thilke  
 thing that hath no propre beautes of 100  
 him-self receiveth som-tyme prys and  
 shyninge, and som-tyme leseth it by the  
 opinioun of assumces. Now yif that dig-  
 nitees thanne ne mowen nat maken folk  
 digne of reverence, and yif that dignitees 105  
 wexen foule of hir wille by the filthe of  
 shrewes, and yif that dignitees lessen hir  
 shyninge by chaunginge of tymes, and  
 yif they wexen foule by estimacioun of  
 poeple: what is it that they han in hem- 110  
 self of beautes that oughte ben desired?  
*as who seyth, non*; thanne ne mowen  
 they yeven no beautes of dignitee to non  
 other.

METRE IV. *Quamvis se, Tyrrio asperbus  
 oestro.*

Al be it so that the proude Nero, with  
 alle his wode luxurie, kembde him and  
 aparailed him with faire purpres of  
 Tirie, and with whyte perles, algates yit  
 throf he hateful to alle folk: *this is to 5*  
*seyn, that al was he behated of alle folk.*  
 Yit this wikked Nero hadde gret lordship,  
 and yaf whylom to the reverents sena-  
 tours the unworshipful setes of dignitees.  
*Unworshipful setes he clepeth here, for that 10*  
*Nero, that was so wikked, yaf tho dignitees.*  
 Who-so wolde thanne reasonably wenen,  
 that blisfulnesse were in swiche honours  
 as ben yeven by vicious shrewes?

PROSE V. *An uero regna regumque  
 familiaritas.*

But regnes and familiaritees of kinges,  
 may they maken a man to ben mighty?  
 How elles, whan hir blisfulnesse dureth  
 perpetually? But certes, the olde age of  
 tyme passed, and eek of present tyme 5  
 now, is ful of ensamples how that

kinges ben changed in-to wrecchednesse  
 out of hir welefulness. O! a noble thing  
 and a cleer thing is power, that is nat  
 10 founden mighty to kepen it-self! And  
 yif that power of reaumes be auctour and  
 maker of blisfulness, yif thilke power  
 lakketh on any syde, amenuseth it nat  
 thilke blisfulness and bringeth in  
 15 wrecchednesse? But yit, al be it so  
 that the reaumes of mankinde strecchen  
 brode, yit mot ther nede ben moche folk,  
 over whiche that every king ne hath no  
 lordshipe ne comaundement. And certes,  
 20 up-on thilke syde that power failleth,  
 which that maketh folk blisful, right  
 on that same syde noun-power entreth  
 under-nethe, that maketh hem wrecches;  
 in this manere thanne moten kinges han  
 25 more porcioun of wrecchednesse than of  
 welefulness. A tyraunt, *that was king  
 of Sicile*, that hadde assayed the peril  
 of his estat, shewed by similitude the  
 dreses of reaumes by gastnesse of a sword  
 30 that heng over the heved of *his famillier*.  
 What thing is thanne this power, that  
 may nat don away the bytinges of bis-  
 nesse, ne eschewe the prikkes of drede?  
 And certes, yit wolden they live in  
 35 sikernes, but they may nat; and yit  
 they glorifye hem in hir power. Holdest  
 thou thanne that thilke man be mighty,  
 that thou seest that he wolde don that  
 he may nat don? And holdest thou  
 40 thanne him a mighty man, that hath  
 envirownde his sydes with men of armes  
 or serjaunts, and dredeth more hem that  
 he maketh agast than they dreden him,  
 and that is put in the handes of his  
 45 servaunts for he sholde seme mighty?  
 But of famillieres or servaunts of kinges  
 what sholde I telle thee anything, sin  
 that I myself have shewed thee that  
 reaumes hem-self ben ful of gret feblesse?  
 50 The whiche famillieres, certes, the ryal  
 power of kinges, in hool estat and in  
 estat abated, ful ofte throweth adown.  
 Nero constreynede Senek, his famillier  
 and his mayster, to chesen on what deeth  
 55 he wolde deyen. Antonius comaundede  
 that knightes slown with hir swardes  
 Papinian *his famillier*, which Papinian

hadde ben longe tyme ful mighty  
 amonges hem of the court. And yit,  
 certes, they wolden bothe han renounced  
 60 hir power; of whiche two Senek en-  
 forcede him to yeven to Nero his rich-  
 esses, and also to han gon in-to solitarie  
 exil. But whan the grete weichte, *that  
 is to seyn, of lordes power or of fortune*, 65  
 draweth hem that shullen falle, neither  
 of hem ne mighte do that he wolde.  
 What thing is thanne thilke power, that  
 though men han it, yit they ben agast;  
 and whanne thou woldest han it, thou 70  
 nart nat siker; and yif thou woldest  
 forleten it, thou mayst nat eschuen it?  
 But whether swiche men ben frendes  
 at nede, as ben conseyled by fortune and  
 nat by vertu? Certes, swiche folk as 75  
 weleful fortune maketh frendes, con-  
 trarious fortune maketh hem enemys.  
 And what pestilence is more mighty for  
 to anoye a wight than a famillier enemy?

#### METRE V. *Qui se uolet esse potentem.*

Who-so wol be mighty, he mot daunten  
 his cruel corage, ne putte nat his nekke,  
 overcomen, under the foule reynes of  
 lecherye. For al-be-it so that thy lord-  
 shipe strecche so fer, that the contree 5  
 of Inde quaketh at thy comaundements  
 or at thy lawes, and that the last *ile in  
 the see*, that *hight Tyle*, be thral to thee,  
 yit, yif thou mayst nat putten away thy  
 foule derke desyre, and dryven out fro 10  
 thee wrecched complaintes, certes, it nis  
 no power that thou hast.

#### PROSE VI. *Gloria uero quam fallax saepe.*

But glorie, how deceivable and how  
 foul is it ofte! For which thing nat  
 unskilfully a tragedien, *that is to seyn,*  
*a maker of dittes that highten tragedies*,  
 cryde and seide: "O glorie, glorie," quod 5  
 he, "thou art nothing elles to thousandes  
 of folkes but a greet sweller of eres!"  
 For manye han had ful greet renoun by  
 the false opinioun of the poeple, and what  
 thing may ben thought fouler than swiche 10  
 praynsinge? For thilke folk that ben  
 preyssed falsly, they moten nedes han

shame of hir preysinges. And yif that  
 folk han geten hem thonk or preysinge  
 15 by hir desertes, what thing hath thilke  
 prys eched or encreased to the conscience  
 of wyse folk, that mesuren hir good,  
 nat by the rumour of the poeple, but  
 by the soothfastnesse of conscience? And  
 20 yif it seme a fair thing, a man to han  
 encreased and spred his name, than fol-  
 weth it that it is demed to ben a foul  
 thing, yif it ne be y-sprad and encreased.  
 But, as I seyde a lital her-biforn that, sin  
 25 ther mot nedes ben many folk, to whiche  
 folk the renoun of a man ne may nat  
 comen, it befallerth that he, that thou  
 wenest be glorious and renommed, semeth  
 in the nexte partie of the erthes to ben  
 30 with-oute glorie and with-oute renoun.

And certes, amonges thise thinges I ne  
 trowe nat that the prys and grace of the  
 poeple nis neither worthy to ben re-  
 membered, ne cometh of wyse judgement,  
 35 ne is ferme perdurably. But now, of this  
 name of gentilesse, what man is it that  
 ne may wel seen how veyn and how  
 fittinge a thing it is? For yif the name  
 of gentilesse be referred to renoun and  
 40 cleer nesse of linage, thanne is gentil name  
 but a foreine thing, *that is to seyn, to hem  
 that glorifyen hem of hir linage.* For it  
 semeth that gentilesse be a maner prey-  
 singe that cometh of the deserte of an-  
 45 cestres. And yif preysinge maketh  
 gentilesse, thanne moten they nedes be  
 gentil that ben preysed. For which thing  
 it folweth, that yif thou ne have no  
 gentilesse of thy-self, *that is to seyn, preyes*  
 50 *that cometh of thy deserte,* foreine gentilesse  
 ne maketh thee nat gentil. But certes,  
 yif ther be any good in gentilesse, I trowe  
 it be al-only this, that it semeth as that  
 a maner necessitee be imposed to gentil  
 55 men, for that they ne sholden nat out-  
 rayen or forliven fro the virtues of hir  
 noble kinrede.

METRE VI. *Omne hominum genus in  
 terra.*

Al the linage of men that ben in erthe  
 ben of semblable birthe. On allone is  
 fader of thinges. On allone ministrerth

alle thinges. He yaf to the sonne hise  
 bemes; he yaf to the mone hir hornes. 5  
 He yaf the men to the erthe; he yaf the  
 sterres to the hevne. He encloseth with  
 membres the soules that comen fro his  
 hye sete. Thanne comen alle mortal folk  
 of noble sede; why noisen ye or bosten of 10  
 youre eldres? For yif thou loke your  
 biginninge, and god your auctor and your  
 maker, thanne nis ther no forlived wight,  
 but-yif he norisshe his courage un-to vyces,  
 and forlete his propre burthe. 15

PROSE VII. *Quid autem de corporis  
 voluptatibus.*

But what shal I seye of delices of body,  
 of whiche delices the desiringes ben ful  
 of anguisshe, and the fulfillinges of hem  
 ben ful of penaunce? How greet syk-  
 nesse and how grete sorwes unsufferable, 5  
 right as a maner fruit of wikkednesse,  
 ben thilke delices wont to bringen to the  
 bodies of folk that usen hem! Of whiche  
 delices I not what joye may ben had of  
 hir moevinge. But this wot I wel, that 10  
 who-so-ever wole remembre him of hise  
 luxures, he shal wel understonde that  
 the issues of delices ben sorrowful and  
 sorye. And yif thilke delices mowen  
 maken folk blisful, than by the same 15  
 cause moten thise bestes ben cleped blis-  
 ful; of whiche bestes al the entencioun  
 hasteth to fulfille hir bodily jolitee. And  
 the gladnesse of wyf and children were  
 an honest thing, but it hath ben seyde 20  
 that it is over muchel ayeins kinde, that  
 children han ben founden tormentours to  
 hir fadres, I not how manye: of whiche  
 children how bytinge is every condicioun,  
 it nedeth nat to tellen it thee, that hast 25  
 or this tyme assayed it, and art yit now  
 anguissous. In this approve I the sen-  
 tence of my disciple Euripidis, that seyde,  
 that "he that hath no children is welesful  
 by infortune." 30

METRE VII. *Habet omnis hoc voluptas.*

Everydelythath this, that it anguisseth  
 hem with prikkes that usen it. It re-  
 sembleth to thise flyng flyes that we

clepen been, that, after that he hath shad  
5 hise agreable honies, he fleeth away, and  
stingeth the hertes, of hem that ben  
y-smite, with bytinge overlonge holdinge.

PROSE VIII. *Nihil igitur dubium est.*

Now is it no doute thanne that thise  
weyes ne ben a maner misledinges to  
blisfulnesse, ne that they ne mowe nat  
leden folk thider as they biheten to leden  
5 hem. But with how grete harmes thise  
forseyde weyes ben enlaced, I shal shewe  
thee shortly. For-why yif thou enforcest  
thee to assemble moneye, thou most bi-  
reuen him his moneye that hath it. And  
10 yif thou wolt shyne with dignitees, thou  
most bisechen and supplien hem that  
yeven tho dignitees. And yif thou covei-  
test by honour to gon biforn other folk,  
thou shalt defoule thy-self thorough hum-  
15 blesse of axinge. Yif thou desirest power,  
thou shalt by awaytes of thy subgits  
anoyously ben cast under manye periles.  
Awest thou glorie? Thou shalt ben so  
destrat by aspre thinges that thou shalt  
20 forgoon sikernessee. And yif thou wolt  
leden thy lyf in delices, every wight shal  
despisen thee and foreleten thee, as thou  
that art thral to thing that is right foul  
and brotel; that is to seyn, servaunt to  
25 thy body. Now is it thanne wel seen,  
how lital and how brotel possessionn they  
coveiten, that putten the goodes of the  
body aboven hir owne resoun. For mayst  
thou sormounten thise olifaunts in gret-  
30 nesse or weight of body? Or mayst thou  
ben stronger than the bole? Mayst thou  
ben swifter than the tygre? Bihold the  
spaces and the stablenesse and the swift  
cours of the hevene, and stint som-tyme  
35 to wondren on foule thinges; the which  
hevene, certes, nis nat rather for thise  
thinges to ben wondred up-on, than for  
the resoun by which it is governed. But  
the shyning of thy forme, *that is to seyn,*  
40 *the beautee of thy body,* how swiftly pass-  
inge is it, and how transitorie; certes, it  
is more flittinge than the mutabilitee of  
flowers of the somer-seson. For so Aris-  
totle telleth, that yif that men hadden

eyen of a beest that highte lynx, so that 45  
the lokinge of folk mighte perceren thorough  
the thinges that with-stonden it, who-so  
loked thanne in the entrailes of the body  
of Alcibiades, that was ful fayr in the  
superfice with-oute, it shold seme right 50  
foul. And forthy, yif thou semeest fayr,  
thy nature maketh nat that, but the  
desceivaunce of the feblesse of the eyen  
that loken. But preyse the goodes of the  
body as mochel as ever thees list; so that 55  
thou knowe algates that, what-so it be,  
*that is to seyn, of the goodes of thy body,*  
which that thou wondrest up-on, may  
ben destroyed or dissolved by the hete of  
a fereve of three dayes. Of alle whiche 60  
forseyde thinges I may reducen this  
shortly in a somme, that thise worldly  
goodes, whiche that ne mowen nat yeven  
that they biheten, ne ben nat parfit by  
the congregacioun of alle goodes; that 65  
they ne ben nat weyes ne pathes that  
bringen men to blisfulnesse, ne maken  
men to ben blisful.

METRE VIII. *Eheu! quas miseros  
tramite deutos.*

Allas! which folye and which igno-  
raunce misledeth wandringe wrecches  
fro the path of verray goode! Certes,  
ye ne seken no gold in grene trees, ne ye  
ne gaderen nat precious stones in the 5  
vynes, ne ye ne hyden nat your ginnes  
in the hye mountaignes to cacchen fish  
of whiche ye may maken riche festes.  
And yif yow lyketh to hunte to roes, ye  
ne gon nat to the fordes of the water that 10  
highte Tyrena. And over this, men  
known wel the crykes and the cavernes  
of the see y-hid in the fiodes, and known  
eek which water is most plentivous of  
whyte perles, and known which water 15  
haboundeth most of rede purple, *that is to*  
*seyn, of a maner shelle-fish with which men*  
*dyeen purple;* and known which strondes  
habunden most with tendre flashees, or of  
sharpe fishes that highten echines. But 20  
folk suffren hem-self to ben so blinde,  
that hem ne recootheth nat to knowe where  
thilke goodes ben y-hid whiche that they

coveiten, but ploungen hem in erthe and  
 25 *seken* there thilke good that sormounteth  
 the hevene that bereth the sterres. What  
 preyere may I maken that be digne to  
 the nyce thoughtes of men? But I preyre  
 that they coveiten richesse and honours,  
 30 so that, when they han geten the false  
 goodes with greet travaile, that ther-by  
 they mowe knowen the verray goodes.

PROSE IX. *Hactenus mendacis formam.*

It suffyseth that I haveshewed hider-to  
 the forme of false welefulnessse, so that,  
 yif thou loke now cleerly, the order of  
 myn entencioun requireth from hennes-  
 5 forth to shewen thee the verray weleful-  
 nesse.' 'For sothe,' quod I, 'I see wel  
 now that suffisaunce may nat comen by  
 richesse, ne power by reames, ne rever-  
 ence by dignitees, ne gentillesse by glorie,  
 10 ne joye by delices.'

'And hast thou wel knowen the causes,'  
 quod she, 'why it is?' 'Certes, me  
 semeth,' quod I, 'that I see hem right as  
 though it were thorough a litel clifte; but  
 15 me were lever knowen hem more openly  
 of thee.'

'Certes,' quod she, 'the resoun is al  
 redy. For thilke thing that simply is  
 20 o thing, with-outen any devisioun, the  
 errour and folye of mankinde departeth  
 and devydeh it, and misledeth it and  
 transporteth from verray and parfit good  
 to goodes that ben false and unparfit.  
 But sey me this. Wenest thou that he,  
 25 that hath nede of power, that him ne  
 lakketh no-thing?' 'Nay,' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she, 'thou seyst a-right.  
 For yif so be that ther is a thing, that in  
 any partye be febler of power, certes, as  
 30 in that, it mot nedes ben nedy of foreine  
 help.' 'Right so is it,' quod I.

'Suffisaunce and power ben thanne of  
 o kinde?' 'So semeth it,' quod I.

'And demest thou,' quod she, 'that  
 35 a thing that is of this manere, *that is to*  
*seyn, suffisaunt and mighty*, oughte ben  
 despyred, or elles that it be right digne of  
 reverence aboven alle thinges?' 'Certes,'

quod I, 'it nis no doute, that it is right  
 worthy to ben revered.'

'Lat us,' quod she, 'adden thanne  
 reverence to suffisaunce and to power, so  
 that we demen that thise three thinges  
 ben al o thing.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'lat us  
 adden it, yif we wolen graunten the sothe.' 45

'What demest thou thanne?' quod  
 she; 'is that a derk thing and nat noble,  
*that is suffisaunt, reverent, and mighty*, or  
 elles that it is right noble and right  
 cleer by celebritee of renoun? Consider 50  
 thanne,' quod she, 'as we han graunten  
 her-biforn, that he that ne hath nede of  
 no-thing, and is most mighty and most  
 digne of honour, yif him nedeth any  
 cleernesse of renoun, which cleernesse he 55  
 mighte nat graunten of him-self, so that,  
 for lakke of thilke cleernesse, he mighte  
 seme the febler on any syde or the more  
 out-cast?' Glose. *This is to seyn, nay; for who-so that is suffisaunt, mighty, and 60*  
*reverent, cleernesse of renoun foloweth of the*  
*forseyde thinges; he hath it al redy of his*  
*suffisaunce.* Boeca. 'I may nat,' quod  
 I, 'denye it; but I mot graunte as it is,  
 that this thing be right celebrable by 65  
 cleernesse of renoun and noblesse.'

'Thanne folweh it,' quod she, 'that we  
 adden cleernesse of renoun to the three  
 forseyde thinges, so that ther ne be  
 amonges hem no difference?' 'This is 70  
 a consequence,' quod I.

'This thing thanne,' quod she, 'that ne  
 hath nede of no foreine thing, and that  
 may don alle thinges by hise strengthes,  
 and that is noble and honourable, nis nat 75  
 that a mery thing and a joyful?' 'But  
 whennes,' quod I, 'that any sorwe mighte  
 comen to this thing that is swiche, certes,  
 I may nat thinke.'

'Thanne moten we graunte,' quod she, 80  
 'that this thing be ful of gladnesse, yif  
 the forseyde thinges ben sothe; and  
 certes, also mote we graunten that suffi-  
 saunce, power, noblesse, reverence, and  
 gladnesse ben only dyverse by names, but 85  
 hir substaunce hath no diversitee.' 'It  
 mot needly been so,' quod I.

'Thilke thing thanne,' quod she, 'that  
 is oon and simple in his nature, the

90 wikkednesse of men departeth it and  
devydeth it; and whan they enforcen  
hem to geten partye of a thing that ne  
hath no part, they ne geten hem neither  
thilke partye that nis non, ne the thing  
95 al hool that they ne desire nat.' 'In  
which manere?' quod I.

'Thilke man,' quod she, 'that secheth  
richesses to fleen povertie, he ne tra-  
vaileth him nat for to gete power; for he  
100 hath lever ben derk and vyl; and eek  
withdraweth from him-self many naturel  
delyts, for he nolde lese the moneye that  
he hath assembled. But certes, in this  
manere he ne geteth him nat suffisaunce  
105 that power forleteth, and that molestie  
prikketh, and that filthe maketh out-cast,  
and that derkenesse hydeth. And certes,  
he that desireth only power, he wasteth  
and scatereth richesse, and despyseth  
110 delyts, and eek honour that is with-oute  
power, ne he ne preyseth glorie no-thing.  
Certes, thus seest thou wel, that manye  
thinges faylen to him; for he hath som-  
tyme defaute of many necessitees, and  
115 many anguissches byten him; and whan  
he ne may nat don tho defautes a-vey, he  
forleteth to ben mighty, and that is the  
thing that he most desireth. And right  
thus may I maken semblable resouns of  
120 honours, and of glorie, and of delyts.  
For so as every of thise forseide thinges  
is the same that thise other thinges ben,  
*that is to seyn, al oon thing*, who-so that  
ever seketh to geten that oon of thise,  
125 and nat that other, he ne geteth nat that  
he desireth.' *Boece*. 'What seyst thou  
thanne, yif that a man covseiteth to geten  
alle thise thinges to-gider?'

*Philosophie*. 'Certes,' quod she, 'I  
130 wolde seye, that he wolde geten him  
sovereyn blisfulnesse; but that shal he  
nat finde in the thinges that I have  
shewed, that ne mowen nat yeven that  
they beheten.' 'Certes, no,' quod I.

135 'Thanne,' quod she, 'ne sholden men  
nat by no wey seken blisfulnesse in swiche  
thinges as men wene that they ne mowen  
yeven but o thing senglely of alle that  
men seken.' 'I graunte wel,' quod I;  
140 'ne no sother thing ne may ben sayd.'

'Now hast thou thanne,' quod she, 'the  
forme and the causes of false weleful-  
nesse. Now torne and fitte the eyen  
of thy thought; for ther shalt thou  
seen anon thilke verray blisfulnesse that  
145 I have bihight thee.' 'Certes,' quod I,  
'it is clear and open, thogh it were to  
a blinde man; and that shewedest thou  
me ful wel a litel her-biforn, whan thou  
enforcedest thee to shewe me the causes  
150 of the false blisfulnesse. For but-yif I  
be bigyled, thanne is thilke the verray  
blisfulnesse parfit, that parfitly maketh  
a man suffisaunt, mighty, honourable,  
noble, and ful of gladnesse. And, for  
155 thou shalt wel knowe that I have wel  
understonden thise thinges with-in my  
herte, I knowe wel that thilke blisful-  
nesse, that may verrayly yeven oon of  
the forseide thinges, sin they ben al oon,  
160 I knowe, douteles, that thilke thing is  
the fulle blisfulnesse.'

'O my norie,' quod she, 'by this  
opinioun I seye that thou art blisful, yif  
thou putte this ther-to that I shal seyn.'  
165 'What is that?' quod I.

'Trowest thou that ther be any thing  
in thise erthely mortal tounbling thinges  
that may bringen this estat?' 'Certes,'  
quod I, 'I trowe it naught; and thou  
170 hast shewed me wel that over thilke good  
ther nis no-thing more to ben desired.'

'Thise thinges thanne,' quod she, '*that  
is to sey, erthely suffisaunce and power and  
swiche thinges*, either they semen lyke-  
175 nesses of verray good, or elles it semeth  
that they yeve to mortal folk a maner of  
goodes that ne ben nat parfit; but thilke  
good that is verray and parfit, that may  
they nat yeven.' 'I aorde me wel,'  
180 quod I.

'Thanne,' quod she, 'for as mochel as  
thou hast knowen which is thilke verray  
blisfulnesse, and eek whiche thilke  
thinges ben that lyen falsly blisfulnesse,  
185 *that is to seyn, that by decette semen verray  
goodes*, now behoveth thee to knowe  
whennes and where thou mowe seke  
thilke verray blisfulnesse.' 'Certes,'  
quod I, 'that desire I greetly, and have  
190 abiden longe tyme to herknen it.'

'But for as moche,' quod she, 'as it lyketh to my disciple Plato, in his book of "in Timeo," that in right lital thinges  
 15 men sholden bisechen the help of god, what jugest thou that be now to done, so that we may deserve to finde the sete of thilke verray good?' 'Certes,' quod I, 'I deme that he shollen clegen the fader  
 20 of alle goodes; for with-outen him nis ther no-thing founden a-right.'

'Thou seyst a-right,' quod she; and bigan anon to singen right thus:—

METRE IX. *O qui perpetua mundum ratione gubernas.*

'O thou fader, creator of hevene and of erthes, that governest this world by perdurable resoun, that comaundest the tymes to gon from sin that age hadde  
 5 beginnunge; thou that dwellest thy-self ay stedefast and stable, and yevest alle othere thinges to ben moeved; ne foreine causes necesseden thee never to compounne werk of floteringe matere, but only the  
 10 forme of sovereign good y-set with-in thee with-oute envye, *that moeved thee freely.* Thou that art alder-fayrest, beringe the faire world in thy thought, formedest this world to the lyknesse semblable of  
 15 that faire world in thy thought. Thou drawest al thing of thy sovereign ensaumplar, and comaundest that this world, parfitliche y-maked, have freely and absolut his parfit parties. Thou  
 20 bindest the elements by noumbres porcionables, that the colde thinges mowen acorden with the hote thinges, and the drye thinges with the moiste thinges; that the fyr, that is purest, ne  
 25 flee nat over hye, ne that the hevinesse ne drawe nat adoun over-lowe the erthes that ben plounded in the wateres. Thou knittest to-gider the mene sowle of treble kinde, moevinge alle thinges, and devydest it by membres acordinge; and  
 30 when it is thus devyded, it hath assembled a moevinge in-to two roundes; it goth to torne ayein to him-self, and envirouneth a ful deep thought, and torneth the

hevene by semblable image. Thou by 35 evene-lyke causes enhansest the sowles and the lasse lyves, and, ablinge hem heye by lighte cartes, thou sowest hem in-to hevene and in-to erthe; and whan they ben converted to thee by thy be- 40 nigne lawe, thou makest hem retorne ayein to thee by ayein-ledinge fyr. O fader, yive thou to the thought to styen up in-to thy streite sete, and graunte him to enviroune the welle of good; and, the 45 lighte y-founde, graunte him to fichen the clere sightes of his corage in thee. And scaterthou and to-brake thou the weightes and the cloudes of erthely hevinesse, and shyne thou by thy brightnessse. For thou 50 art cleernesse; thou art peysible reste to debonaire folk; thou thy-self art biginninge, berer, leder, path, and terme; to loke on thee, that is our ende.

PROSE X. *Quoniam igitur quae sit imperfecti.*

For as moche thanne as thou hast seyn, which is the forme of good that nis nat parfit, and which is the forme of good that is parfit, now trowe I that it were good to shewe in what this perfeccioun of blisful- 5 nesse is set. And in this thing, I trowe that we sholden first enquire for to witen, yif that any swiche maner good as thilke good that thou hast diffinissed a lital heer-biforn, *that is to seyn, sovereign good,* 10 may ben founde in the nature of thinges; for that veyn imaginacioun of thought ne deceyve us nat, and putte us out of the sothfastnesse of thilke thing that is sum- 15 mitted unto us. But it may nat ben denyed that thilke good ne is, and that it nis right as welle of alle goodes. For al thing that is cleped inparfit is prooved inparfit by the amenuinge of perfeccioun or of thing that is parfit. And ther-of 20 comth it, that in every thing general, yif that men seen any-thing that is inparfit, certes, in thilke general ther mot ben som-thing that is parfit; for yif so be that perfeccioun is don away, men may nat 25 thinke ne seye fro whennes thilke thing is that is cleped inparfit. For the nature



of thinges ne took nat hir beginnunge of  
 thinges amenused and inparfit, but it  
 30 procedeth of thinges that ben al hoole  
 and absolut, and descendeth so doun in-to  
 outterest thinges, and in-to thinges empty  
 and with-outen frut. But, as I have  
 y-shewed a lital her-biforn, that yif ther  
 35 be a blisfulnesse that be freele and veyn  
 and inparfit, ther may no man doute that  
 ther nis som blisfulnesse that is sad,  
 stedefast, and parfit.' Boece. 'This is  
 concluded,' quod I, 'fermely and soth-  
 40 fastly.'

*Philosophie.* 'But considere also,' quod  
 she, 'in wham this blisfulnesse en-  
 habiteth. The comune acordance and  
 conceite of the corages of men proeveth  
 45 and graunteth, that god, prince of alle  
 thinges, is good. For, so as nothing ne  
 may ben thought better than god, it may  
 nat ben doubted thanne that he, that  
 nothing nis better, that he nis good.  
 50 Certes, resoun sheweth that god is so  
 good, that it proveth by verray force that  
 parfit good is in him. For yif god ne is  
 swich, he ne may nat ben prince of alle  
 thinges; for certes som-thing possessing  
 55 in-itself parfit good, sholde ben more  
 worthy than god, and it sholde semen that  
 thilke thing were first, and elder than  
 god. For we han shewed apertly that  
 alle thinges that ben parfit ben first or  
 60 thinges that ben unparfit; and for-thy,  
 for as moche as that my resoun or my  
 proces ne go nat a-way with-oute an ende,  
 we owen to graunten that the sovereign  
 god is right ful of sovereign parfit good.  
 65 And we han establisshed that the sovereign  
 good is verray blisfulnesse: thanne mot it  
 nedes be, that verray blisfulnesse is set in  
 sovereign god.' 'This take I wel,' quod  
 I, 'ne this ne may nat ben withsaid in no  
 70 manere.'

'But I preya,' quod she, 'see now how  
 thou mayst proeven, holly and with-oute  
 corupecioun, this that I have seyde, that  
 the sovereign god is right ful of sovereign  
 75 good.' 'In which manere?' quod I.

'Wenest thou aught,' quod she, 'that  
 this prince of alle thinges have y-take  
 thilke sovereign good any-wher out of him-

self, of which sovereign good men proveth  
 that he is ful, right as thou mightest so  
 thinke that god, that hath blisfulnesse  
 in him-self, and thilke blisfulnesse that  
 is in him, weren dyvers in substaunce?  
 For yif thou wene that god have received  
 thilke good out of him-self, thou mayst 85  
 wene that he that yaf thilke good to god  
 be more worthy than is god. But I am  
 bi-knowen and confesse, and that right  
 dignely, that god is right worthy aboven  
 alle thinges; and, yif so be that this good 90  
 be in him by nature, but that it is dyvers  
 fro him by waninge resoun, sin we speke  
 of god prince of alle thinges: feigne who-  
 so feigne may, who was he that hath  
 conjoined thise dyverse thinges to-gider? 95  
 And eek, at the laste, see wel that a thing  
 that is dyvers from any thing, that thilke  
 thing nis nat that same thing fro which  
 it is understonden to ben dyvers. Thanne  
 folweth it, that thilke thing that by his 100  
 nature is dyvers fro sovereign good, that  
 that thing nis nat sovereign good; but  
 certes, that were a felonous coarsednesse  
 to thinke that of him that nothing nis  
 more worth. For alwey, of alle thinges, 105  
 the nature of hem ne may nat ben better  
 than his beginning; for which I may  
 concluden, by right verray resoun, that  
 thilke that is beginning of alle thinges,  
 thilke same thing is sovereign good in his 110  
 substaunce.' 'Thou hast seyde right-  
 fully,' quod I.

'But we han graunted,' quod she, 'that  
 the sovereign good is blisfulnesse.' 'And  
 that is sooth,' quod I. 115

'Thanne,' quod she, 'moten we nedes  
 graunten and confessen that thilke same  
 sovereign good be god.' 'Certes,' quod  
 I, 'I ne may nat denye ne withtonde  
 the resouns purposed; and I see wel that 120  
 it folweth by strengthe of the premisses.'

'Loke now,' quod she, 'yif this be  
 proved yit more fermly thus: that ther  
 ne mowen nat ben two sovereign goodes  
 that ben dyverse amonge hem-self. For 125  
 certes, the goodes that ben dyverse  
 amonges hem-self, that oon nis nat that  
 that other is; thanne ne may neither of  
 hem ben parfit, so as either of hem lak-

130 keth to other. But that that nis nat parfit, men may seen apertly that it nis nat sovereign. The thinges, thanne, that ben sovereignly goode, ne mowen by no way ben dyverse. But I have wel con-  
 135 cluded that blisfulnesse and god ben the sovereign good; for whiche it mot nedes ben, that sovereign blisfulnesse is sovereign divinitee. 'Nothing,' quod I, 'nis more soothfast than this, ne more ferme  
 140 by resoun; ne a more worthy thing than god may nat ben concludid.'

'Up-on thise thinges thanne,' quod she, 'right as thise geometriens, whan they han shewed hir proposiciouns, ben wont  
 145 to bringen in thinges that they clepen porismes, or declaraciouns of *forseide thinges*, right so wole I yeve thee heer as a corollarie, or a *mede of coroune*. For- why, for as moche as by the getinge of  
 150 blisfulnesse men ben makid blisful, and blisfulnesse is divinitee: thanne is it manifest and open, that by the getinge of divinitee men ben makid blisful. Right as by the getinge of justice [they ben  
 155 makid just], and by the getinge of sapience they ben makid wyse: right so, nedes, by the semblable resoun, whan they han geten divinitee, they ben makid goddes. Thanne is every blisful man  
 160 god; but certes, by nature, ther nis but o god; but, by the participacioun of divinitee, ther ne let ne desturbeth nothing that ther ne ben manye goddes.' 'This is,' quod I, 'a fair thing and  
 165 a precious, clepe it as thou wolt; be it porisme or corollarie, or *mede of coroune* or *declaringes*.

'Certes,' quod she, 'nothing nis fayrer than is the thing that by resoun sholde  
 170 han added to thise forseide thinges.' 'What thing?' quod I.

'So,' quod she, 'as it semeth that blisfulnesse conteneth many thinges, it were for to witen whether that alle thise  
 175 thinges maken or conjoignen as a maner body of blisfulnesse, by dyversitee of parties or of membres; or elles, yif that any of alle thilke thinges be swich that it accomlishe by him-self the substance of  
 180 blisfulnesse, so that alle thise othere thinges

ben referred and brought to blisfulnesse,' *that is to seyn, as to the cheef of hem*. 'I wolde,' quod I, 'that thou makdest me cleerly to understonde what thou seyst, and that thou recordedest me the  
 185 forseide thinges.'

'Have I nat juged,' quod she, 'that blisfulnesse is good?' 'Yis, forsothe,' quod I; 'and that sovereign good.'

'Adde thanne,' quod she, 'thilke good, *that is makid blisfulnesse*, to alle the forseide thinges; for thilke same blisfulnesse that is demed to ben sovereign suffisaunce, thilke selve is sovereign power, sovereign reverence, sovereign cleernesce or  
 195 noblesse, and sovereign delyt. Conclusio. What seyst thou thanne of alle thise thinges, that is to seyn, suffisaunce, power, and this othere thinges; ben they thanne as membres of blisfulnesse, or ben  
 200 they referred and brought to sovereign good, right as alle thinges that ben brought to the chief of hem?' 'I understonde wel;' quod I, 'what thou purposest to seke; but I desire for to harkne  
 205 that thou shewe it me.'

'Tak now thus the discrecioun of this question,' quod she. 'Yif alle thise thinges,' quod she, 'weren membres to felicitie, than weren they dyverse that  
 210 oon from that other; and swich is the nature of parties or of membres, that dyverse membres compounen a body.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'it hath wol ben shewed heer-biforn, that alle thise thinges ben  
 215 alle o thing.'

'Thanne ben they none membres,' quod she; 'for elles it sholde seme that blisfulnesse were conioigned al of on membre allone; but that is a thing that may  
 220 nat be don.' 'This thing,' quod I, 'nis nat doutous; but I abyde to herken the remnaunt of thy questioun.'

'This is open and cleer,' quod she, 'that alle othere thinges ben referred and  
 225 brought to good. For therefore is suffisaunce requered, for it is demed to ben good; and forthy is power requered, for men trowen also that it be good; and this same thing mowen we thinken and con-  
 230 jecten of reverence, and of noblesse, and

of delyt. Thanne is soverain good the  
 somme and the cause of al that aughte  
 ben desired; for-why thilke thing that  
 235 with-holdeth no good in it-self, ne sem-  
 blaunce of good, it ne may nat wel in no  
 manere be desired ne requered. And the  
 contrarie: for thogh that thinges by hir  
 nature ne ben nat goode, algates, yif men  
 240 wene that ben goode, yit ben they desired  
 as though that they weren verrayliche  
 goode. And therfor is it that men  
 oughten to wene by right, that bountee  
 be the soverain fyn, and the cause of alle  
 245 the thinges that ben to requeren. But  
 certes, thilke that is cause for which men  
 requeren any thing, it semeth that thilke  
 same thing be most desired. As thus: yif  
 that a wight wolde ryden for cause of  
 250 hele, he ne desireth nat so mochel the  
 moevinge to ryden, as the effect of his  
 hele. Now thanne, sin that alle thinges  
 ben requered for the grace of good, they  
 ne ben nat desired of alle folk more  
 255 thanne the same good. But we han  
 graunted that blisfulnesse is that thing,  
 for whiche that alle thise othre thinges  
 ben desired; thanne is it thus: that,  
 certes, only blisfulnesse is requered and  
 260 desired. By whiche thing it sheweth  
 cleerly, that of good and of blisfulnesse is  
 al oon and the same substaunce.' 'I see  
 nat,' quod I, 'wherfore that men mighten  
 discorden in this.'  
 265 'And we han shewed that god and  
 verray blisfulnesse is al oo thing.' 'That  
 is sooth,' quod I.

'Thanne mowen we concludre sikerly,  
 that the substaunce of god is set in thilke  
 270 same good, and in non other place.

**METRE X.** *Huc omnes pariter uenite capti.*

O cometh alle to-gider now, ye that ben  
 y-caught and y-bounde with wikkede  
 cheynes, by the deceivable delyt of erthely  
 thinges enhabitinge in your thought!  
 5 Heer shal ben the reste of your labours,  
 heer is the havene stable in peysible  
 quiete; this allone is the open refut to  
 wrecches. Glosa. *This is to seyn, that*  
*ye that ben combred and deceived with*

*worldely affeccions, cometh now to this* 10  
*soverain good, that is god, that is refut to*  
*hem that wolen comen to him. Textus.*  
 Alle the thinges that the river Tagus  
 yeveth yow with his goldene gravailes, or  
 elles alle the thinges that the river 15  
 Hermus yeveth with his rede brinke, or  
 that Indus yeveth, that is next the hote  
 party of the world, that medleth the  
 grene stones with the whyte, ne sholde  
 nat cleeren the lookinge of your thought, 20  
 but hyden rather your blinde corages  
 with-in hir derknesse. Al that lyketh  
 yow heer, and excyteth and moeveth your  
 thoughtes, the erthe hath norished it in  
 hise lowe caves. But the shyninge, by 25  
 whiche the hevene is governed and  
 whennes he hath his strengthe, that  
 eschueth the derke overthrowinge of the  
 sowle; and who-so may knowen thilke  
 light of blisfulnesse, he shal wel seyn, 30  
 that the whyte bemes of the sonne ne ben  
 nat cleer.'

**PROSE XI.** *Assentior, inquam.*

*Boece.* 'I assente me,' quod I; 'for  
 alle these thinges ben strongly bounden  
 with right ferme resouns.'

*Philosophie.* 'How mochel wilt thou  
 preysen it,' quod she, 'yif that thou 5  
 knowe what thilke good is?' 'I wol  
 preysen it,' quod I, 'by prys with-uten  
 ende, yif it shal bityde me to knowe also  
 to-gider god that is good.'

'Certes,' quod she, 'that shal I do thee 10  
 by verray resoun, yif that tho thinges  
 that I have concluded a litel her-biforn  
 dwellen only in hir first graunting.'  
 'They dwellen graunted to thee,' quod I;  
 15 *this is to seyn, as who seith: I graunte thy*  
*forseide conclusiouns.*

'Have I nat shewed thee,' quod she,  
 'that the thinges that ben requered of  
 many folkes ne ben nat verray goodes ne  
 parfite, for they ben dyverse that oon fro 20  
 that othre; and so as ech of hem is lak-  
 kinge to other, they ne han no power to  
 bringen a good that is ful and absolut?  
 But thanne at erst ben they verray good,  
 whanne they ben gadered to-gider alle 25

in-to o forme and in-to oon wirkinge, so  
that thilke thing that is suffisaunce,  
thilke same be power, and reverence, and  
noblesse, and mirthe; and forsothe, but-  
yif alle thise thinges ben alle oon same  
thing, they ne han nat wherby that they  
mowen ben put in the noumber of thinges  
that oughten ben required or desired.  
'It is shewed,' quod I; 'ne her-of may  
ther no man douten.'

'The thinges thanne,' quod she, 'that  
ne ben no goodes whanne they ben dy-  
verse, and whan they begynnen to ben  
alle oon thing thanne ben they goodes,  
ne comth it hem nat thanne by the  
getinge of unitee, that they ben maked  
goodes?' 'So it semeth,' quod I.

'But al thing that is good,' quod she,  
'grauntest thou that it be good by the  
participacioun of good, or no?' 'I  
graunte it,' quod I.

'Thanne most thou graunten,' quod  
she, 'by semblable resoun, that oon and  
good be oo same thing. For of thinges,  
of whiche that the effect nis nat naturelly  
diverse, nedes the substance mot be oo  
same thing.' 'I ne may nat denye  
that,' quod I.

'Hast thou nat knowen wel,' quod she,  
'that al thing that is hath so longe his  
dwellinge and his substaunce as longe as  
it is oon; but whan it forleteth to ben  
oon, it mot nedes dyen and corumpen to-  
gider?' 'In whiche manere?' quod I.

'Right as in bestes,' quod she, 'whan  
the sowle and the body ben conjoined  
in oon and dwellen to-gider, it is cleped  
a beest. And whan hir unitee is destroyed  
by the disseverance of that oon from  
that other, than sheweth it wel that it is  
a ded thing, and that it nis no lenger  
no beest. And the body of a wight, whyl  
it dwelleth in oo forme by conjuncioun  
of membres, it is wel seyn that it is  
a figure of man-kinda. And yif the  
parties of the body ben so devyded and  
dissevered, *that oon fro that other*, that  
they destroyen unitee, the body forleteth  
to ben that it was biforn. And, who-so  
wolde renne in the same manere by alle  
thinges, he sholde seen that, with-oute

doute, every thing is in his substaunce as  
longe as it is oon; and whan it forleteth  
to ben oon, it dyeth and periasheth.'  
'Whan I considere,' quod I, 'manye 80  
thinges, I see non other.'

'Is ther any-thing thanne,' quod she,  
'that, in as moche as it liveth naturelly,  
that forleteth the talent or appetyt of his  
beinge, and desireth to come to deeth and  
to corrupcioun?' 'Yif I considere,'  
quod I, 'the beestes that han any maner  
nature of wilninge and of nillinge, I ne  
finde no beest, but-yif it be constrained  
fro with-oute forth, that forleteth or  
despyseth the entencioun to liven and  
to duren, or that wole, his thankes,  
hasten him to dyen. For every beest  
travailleth him to defende and kepe the  
savacioun of his lyf, and eschneth deeth  
and destrucioun. But certes, I doute  
me of herbes and of trees, *that is to seyn,*  
*that I am in a doute of swiche thinges as*  
*herbes or trees*, that ne han no felinge  
sowles, *ne no naturel wirkinges servinge to*  
*appetytes as bestes han, whether they han*  
*appetyt to dwellen and to duren.'*

'Certes,' quod she, 'ne ther-of thar  
thee nat doute. Now loke up-on thise  
herbes and thise trees; they waxen first  
in swiche places as ben covenable to hem,  
in whiche places they ne mowen nat some  
dyen ne dryen, as longe as hir nature  
may defenden hem. For som of hem  
waxen in feeldes, and som in moun-  
taines, and othre waxen in mareys, and  
othre claven on roches, and somme waxen  
plentivous in sondes; and yif that any  
wight enforce him to beren hem in-to  
othre places, they waxen drye. For  
nature yeveth to every thing that that  
is convenient to him, and travailleth that  
they ne dye nat, as longe as they han  
power to dwellen and to liven. What  
woltow seyn of this, that they drawen  
alle hir norishinges by hir rotes, right  
as they hadden hir mouthes y-ploughed  
with-in the erthes, and shaden by hir  
maryes hir wode and hir bark? And  
what woltow seyn of this, that thilke  
thing that is right softe, as the marye is,  
that is alwey hid in the sete, al with-

inne, and that is defended fro with-oute by the stedfastnesse of wode; and that  
 130 the uttereste bark is put ayeins the destemperaunce of the hevene, as a defendour mighty to suffren harm? And thus, certes, maystow wel seen how greet is the diligence of nature; for alle thinges  
 135 renovelten and puplisschen hem with seed y-multiplied; ne ther nis no man that ne wot wel that they ne ben right as a foundement and edifice, for to duren nat only for a tyme, but right as for  
 140 to duren perdurably by generacioun. And the thinges eek that men wenen ne haven none sowles, ne desire they nat ech of hem by semblable resoun to kepen that is hirs, *that is to seyn, that is acordinge to*  
 145 *hir nature in conservacioun of hir beinge and enduringe?* For wher-for elles bereth lightnesse the flaumes up, and the weichte presseth the erthe a-doun, but for as moche as thilke places and thilke  
 150 moevinges ben covenable to everich of hem? And forsothe every thing kepeth thilke that is acordinge and propre to him, right as thinges that ben contraries and enemys corompen hem. And yit the  
 155 harde thinges, as stones, olyven and holden hir parties to-gider right faste and harde, and defenden hem in withstandinge that they ne departe nat lightly a-twinne. And the thinges that ben  
 160 softe and fletinges, as is water and eyr, they departen lightly, and yeven place to hem that breken or devyden hem; but natheles, they retornen some ayein in-to the same thinges fro whennes they  
 165 ben arraced. But fyr fleeth and refuseth al devisioun. Ne I ne trete nat heer now of wilful moevinges of the sowle that is knowinge, but of the natural entencioun of thinges, as thus: right as  
 170 we swolwe the mete that we receiven and no thinken nat on it, and as we drawen our breeth in slepinge that we wite it nat while we slegen. For certes, in the beestes, the love of hir livinges ne of hir  
 175 beinges ne comth nat of the wilninges of the sowle, but of the beginninges of nature. For certes, thorough constraininge causes, wil desireth and embraceth

ful ofte tyme the deeth that nature dredeth; *that is to seyn as thus: that* 180  
*a man may ben constreyned so, by som cause, that his wil desireth and taketh the deeth which that nature hateh and dredeth ful sore.* And somtyme we seeth the contrarye, as thus: that the wil of 185  
 a wight destorbeth and constreyneth that that nature desireth and requereth alway, *that is to seyn,* the werk of generacioun, by the whiche generacioun only dwelleth and is sustened the long durabete of mortal thinges. And thus this charitee and this love, that every thing hath to him-self, ne comth nat of the moevinge of the sowle, but of the entencioun of nature. For the purviance 195  
 of god hath yeven to thinges that ben creat of him this, that is a ful gret cause to liven and to duren; for which they desiren naturally hir lyf as longe as ever they mowen. For which thou mayst nat drede, by no manere, that alle the thinges that ben anywhere, that they ne requeren naturally the ferme stablesnesse of perdurable dwellinge, and eek the eschuinge of destruccioun.' 'Now con- 205  
 fesse I wel,' quod I, 'that I see now wel certainly, with-oute doutes, the thinges that whylom semeden uncertain to me.'

'But,' quod she, 'thilke thing that desireth to be and to dwellen perdurably, 210  
 he desireth to ben oon; for yif that that oon were destroyed, certes, beinge ne shulde ther non dwellen to no wight.' 'That is sooth,' quod I.

'Thanne,' quod she, 'desiren alle 215  
 thinges oon?' 'I assente,' quod I.

'And I have shewed,' quod she, 'that thilke same oon is thilke that is good?' 'Ye, for sothe,' quod I.

'Alle thinges thanne,' quod she, 're- 220  
 quiren good; and thilke good thanne mayst thou descryven right thus: good is thilke thing that every wight desireth.' 'Ther ne may be thought,' quod I, 'no more verray thing. For either alle 225  
 thinges ben referred and brought to nought, and floteren with-oute governour, despoiled of oon as of hir propre heved; or elles, yif ther be any thing to which

30 that alle thinges tenden and hyen, that thing moeste ben the sovereign good of alle goodes.'

Thanne seyde she thus: 'O my nory,' quod she, 'I have gret gladnesse of thee; for thou hast fecched in thyn herte the middel soothfastnesse, *that is to seyn*, the prikke; but this thing hath ben discovered to thee, in that thou seydest that thou wistest nat a lital her-biforn.'

40 'What was that?' quod I.

'That thou ne wistest nat,' quod she, 'which was the ende of thinges; and certes, that is the thing that every wight desireth; and for as mochel as we han 45 gadered and comprehended that good is thilke thing that is desired of alle, thanne moten we nedes confessen, that good is the fyn of alle thinges.

METRE XI. *Quisquis profunda mente uestigat uerum.*

Who-so that seketh sooth by a deep thought, and coveiteth nat to ben deceived by no mis-weyes, lat him rollen and treden with-inne him-self the light of 5 his inward sighte; and lat him gadere ayein, enclyninge in-to a compas, the longe moevinges of his thoughtes; and lat him techen his corage that he hath enclosed and hid in his tresors, al that 10 he compasseth or seketh fro with-oute. And thanne thilke thinges, that the blake cloude of errour whylom hadde y-covered, shal lighten more cleerly thanne Phebus him-self ne shyneth. Glosa. Who-so

15 wole seken the deep grounde of sooth in his thought, and wol nat be deceived by false proposicions that goon amis fro the trouthe, lat him wel examine and rolls with-inne himself the nature and the propretees of the 20 thing; and lat him yit aftones examine and rollen his thoughtes by good deliberacioun, or that he deme; and lat him techen his soule that it hath, by natural principles kindeliche y-hid with-in it-self, alle the 25 trouthe the whiche he imagineth to ben in thinges with-oute. And thanne alle the derknesse of his misknowinge shal seme more evidently to sighte of his understandinge

thanne the sonne ne semeth to sighte with-oute-forth. For certes the body, bring- 30 inge the waigite of forgetinge, ne hath nat chased out of your thoughte al the cleernesse of your knowinge; for certainly the seed of sooth haldeth and clyveth with-in your corage, and it is awaked 35 and excyted by the winde and by the blastes of doctrine. For wherfor elles demen ye of your owne wil the rightes, whan ye ben axed, but-yif so were that the norrishinge of resoun ne livede y- 40 plounged in the depthe of your herte? *this is to seyn*, how sholden men demen the sooth of any thing that were axed, yif ther nere a rote of soothfastnesse that were y-plounged and hid in naturel principles, the 45 whiche soothfastnesse lived with-in the deepnesse of the thought. And yif so be that the Muse and the doctrine of Plato singeth sooth, al that every wight lerneth, he ne doth no-thing elles thanne but 50 recordeth, as men recorden thinges that ben foryeten.'

PROSE XII. *Tum ego, Platoni, inquam.*

Thanne seide I thus: 'I acorde me gretly to Plato, for thou remembrest and recordest me thise thinges yit the secounde tyme; *that is to seyn*, first whan I loste my memorie by the contagious 5 conjuncioun of the body with the sowle; and aftones afterward, whan I loste it, confounded by the charge and by the burdene of my sorwe.'

And thanne seide she thus: 'yif thou 10 loke,' quod she, 'first the thinges that thou hast graunted, it ne shal nat ben right fer that thou ne shalt remembren thilke thing that thou seydest that thou nistest nat.' 'What thing?' quod I. 15

'By whiche governement,' quod she, 'that this world is governed.' 'Me remembreth it wel,' quod I; 'and I confesse wel that I ne wiste it naught. But al-be-it so that I see now from a-fer what 20 thou purposeth, algates, I desire yit to herkene it of thee more pleylny.'

'Thou ne wendest nat,' quod she, 'a lital her-biforn, that men sholden

25 doute that this world nis governed by  
god.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'ne yit ne doute  
I it naught, ne I nel never wene that  
it were to doute; *as who seith, but I wot*  
30 *wel that god governeth this world*; and  
I shal shortly answeren thee by what  
resouns I am brought to this. This  
world,' quod I, 'of so manye dyverse and  
contrarious parties, ne mighte never han  
ben assembled in o forme, but-yif ther  
35 nere oon that conjoinede so manye dy-  
verse thinges; and the same dyversitee  
of hir natures, that so discorden that  
oon fro that other, moste departen and  
unjoignen the thinges that ben con-  
40 joined, yif ther ne were oon that con-  
tenede that he hath conjoined and y-  
bounde. Ne the certain ordre of nature  
ne sholde nat bringe forth so ordenee  
moevinges, by places, by tymes, by  
45 doinges, by spaces, by qualitees, yif ther  
ne were oon that were ay stedefast  
dwellinge, that ordeynede and disponede  
thise dyversitees of moevinges. And  
thilke thing, what-so-ever it be, by which  
50 that alle thinges ben y-maked and y-lad,  
I clepe him "god"; that is a word that  
is used to alle folk.'

Thanne seyde she: 'sin thou felest  
thus these thinges,' quod she, 'I trowe  
55 that I have litel more to done that thou,  
mighty of wefulnessesse, hool and sounde,  
ne see eftsones thy contree. But lat us  
loken the thinges that we han purposed  
her-biforn. Have I nat noubred and  
60 seyde,' quod she, 'that suffisaunce is in  
blisfulnessesse, and we han acorded that  
god is thilke same blisfulnessesse?' 'Yis,  
forsothe,' quod I.

'And that, to governe this world,'  
65 quod she, 'ne shal he never han nede  
of non help fro with-oute? For elles,  
yif he hadde nede of any help, he ne  
sholde nat have no ful suffisaunce?'  
'Yis, thus it mot nedes be,' quod I.  
70 'Thanne ordeineth he by him-self al-  
one alle thinges?' quod she. 'That  
may nat be denyed,' quod I.

'And I have shewed that god is the  
same good?' 'It remembreth me wel,'  
75 quod I.

'Thanne ordeineth he alle thinges by  
thilke good,' quod she; 'sin he, which  
that we han acorded to be good, governeth  
alle thinges by him-self; and he is as  
a keye and a stere by which that the 80  
edifice of this world is y-kept stable  
and with-oute coroumpinge.' 'I acorde  
me greetly,' quod I; 'and I aperceivede  
a litel her-biforn that thou woldest seye  
thus; al-be-it so that it were by a thinne 85  
suspecioun.'

'I trowe it wel,' quod she; 'for, as  
I trowe, thou ledest now more ententify  
thyne eyeen to loken the verray goodes.  
But natheles the thing that I shal telle 90  
thee yit ne sheweth nat lasse to loken.'  
'What is that?' quod I.

'So as men trowen,' quod she, 'and  
that rightfully, that god governeth alle  
thinges by the keye of his goodnesse, 95  
and alle these same thinges, as I have  
taught thee, hasten hem by natural en-  
tencioun to comen to good: they may no  
man douten that they ne be governed  
voluntariely, and that they ne converten 100  
hem of hir owne wil to the wil of hir  
ordenour, as they that ben acordeinge and  
enclyninge to hir governour and hir  
king.' 'It mot nedes be so,' quod I;  
'for the resume ne sholde nat semen 105  
blisful yif ther were a yok of mis-  
drawinges in dyverse parties; ne the  
savage of obedient thinges ne sholde nat  
be.'

'Thanne is ther nothing,' quod she, 110  
'that kepeth his nature, that anforceth  
him to goon ayein god?' 'No,' quod I.

'And yif that any-thing enforcede him  
to with-stonde god, mighte it availen at  
the laste ayeins him, that we han 115  
graunted to ben almighty by the right  
of blisfulnessesse?' 'Certes,' quod I, 'al-  
outrely it ne mighte nat availen him.'

'Thanne is ther no-thing,' quod she,  
'that either wole or may with-stonden 120  
to this sovereign good?' 'I trowe nat,'  
quod I.

'Thanne is thilke the sovereign good,'  
quod she, 'that alle thinges governeth  
strongly, and ordeyneth hem softly.' 125  
Thanne seyde I thus: 'I delyte me,'

quod I, 'nat only in the endes or in the  
somme of the resouns that thou hast  
concluded and proeved, but thilke wordes  
130 that thou usest delyten me moche more;  
so, at the laste, fooles that sumtyme  
renden grete thinges oughten ben a-  
shamed of hem-self;' *that is to seyn, that*  
*we fooles that reprehenden wilkedly the*  
135 *things that touchen goddes governaunce,*  
*we oughten ben ashamed of our-self: as*  
*I. that seyde that god refuseth only the*  
*werkis of men, and ne extremeteth nat of*  
*hem.*

140 'Thou hast wel herd,' quod she, 'the  
fables of the poetes, how the giaunts  
assaileden the hevne *with the goddes*;  
but forsothe, 'the debonair force of god  
deposede hem, as it was worthy; *that is*  
145 *to seyn, destroyede the giaunts, as it was*  
*worthy.* But wilt thou that we joignen  
to-gider thilke same resouns? For per-  
aventure, of swich conjuncioun may  
sterten up som fair sparkle of sooth.'

150 'Do,' quod I, 'as thee liste.'  
'Wenest thou,' quod she, 'that god ne  
be almighty? No man is in doute of it.'  
'Certes,' quod I, 'no wight ne douteth  
it, yif he be in his minde.'

155 'But he,' quod she, 'that is almighty,  
ther nis nothing that he ne may?'  
'That is sooth,' quod I.

'May god don yvel?' quod she. 'Nay,  
forsothe,' quod I.

160 'Thanne is yvel nothing,' quod she,  
'sin that he ne may nat don yvel that  
may don alle thinges.' 'Scornest thou  
me?' quod I; '*or elles pleyest thou or*

*deceivest thou me,* that hast so woven me  
165 with thy resouns the hous of Dedalus,  
so entrelaced that it is unable to be un-  
laced; thou that other-while entrest  
ther thou issest, and other-while issest  
ther thou entrest, ne foldest thou nat

170 to-gider, *by replicacioun of wordes,* a maner  
wonderful cercle or environinge of the  
simplicitee devyne? For certes, a litel  
her-biforn, whan thou bigunne at blisful-  
nesse, thou seydest that it is sovereign  
175 good; and seydest that it is set in sovereign  
god; and seydest that god him-self is  
soverein good; and that god is the fulle

blisfulnesse; for which thou yave me as  
a covenable yift, *that is to seyn,* that no  
wight nis blisful but-yif he be god also 160  
ther-with. And seidest eek, that the  
forme of good is the substaunce of god  
and of blisfulnesse; and seidest, that  
thilke same oon is thilke same good,  
that is requered and desired of alle the 185  
kinde of thinges. And thou proovedest,  
in disputinge, that god governeth all the  
thinges of the world by the governements  
of bountee, and seydest, that alle thinges  
wolen obeyen to him; and seydest, that 190  
the nature of yvel nis no-thing. And  
these thinges ne shewedest thou nat with  
none resouns y-taken fro with-oute, but  
by prooves *in cercles* and hoomlich knowen;  
the whiche prooves drawn to hem-self 195  
hir feith and hir acord, everich of hem  
of other.'

Thanne seyde she thus: 'I ne scoorne  
thee nat, *ne pleye, ne deceive thee*; but  
I have shewed thee the thing that is 200  
greatest over alle thinges by the yift of  
god, that we whylom preyeden. For this  
is the forme of the devyne substaunce,  
that is swich that it ne slydeth nat in-to  
outterest forseine thinges, ne ne receiveth 205  
no straunge thinges in him; but right  
as Parmenides seyde *in Greek* of thilke  
devyne substaunce; he seyde thus: that  
"thilke devyne substaunce torneth the  
world and the moevable cercle of thinges, 210  
whyl thilke devyne substaunce kepeth  
it-self with-oute moevinge;" *that is to*  
*seyn, that it ne moeveth never-mo, and yit it*  
*moeveth alle othre thinges.* But natheles,  
yif I have stired resouns that ne ben nat 215  
taken fro with-oute the compas of thing  
of which we treten, but resouns that ben  
bistowed with-in that compas, ther nis  
nat why that thou sholdest mervellen;  
sin thou hast lerned by the sentence of 220  
Plato, that "nedes the wordes moten be  
cosines to the thinges of which they  
speken."

METRE XII. *Felix, qui potuit boni.*

Blisful is that man that may seen the  
clere welle of good; blisful is he that



may unbinden him fro the bondes of the  
 hevy erthe. The poete of Trace, *Orpheus*,  
 5 that whylom hadde right grest sorwe  
 for the deeth of his wyf, after that he  
 hadde maked, by his weeply songes, the  
 wodes, moevable, to rennen; and hadde  
 maked the riveres to stonden stille; and  
 10 hadde maked the hertes and the hundes  
 to joignen, dredeles, hir sydes to cruel  
 lyouns, *for to herkennen his songe*; and  
 hadde maked that the hare was nat agast  
 of the hounde, which that was plesed by  
 15 his songe: so, whan the moste ardaunt  
 love of his wif brende the entrailes of his  
 brest, ne the songes that hadden over-  
 comen alle thinges ne mighten nat as-  
 swagen hir lord *Orpheus*, he playnede  
 20 him of the hevne goddes that weren  
 cruel to him; he wente him to the houses  
 of helle. And there he temprede hise  
 blaundisshinge songes by resowninge  
 strenges, and spak and song in wepinge  
 25 al that ever he hadde received and laved  
 out of the noble welles of his moder  
*Calliope* the goddesse; and he song with  
 as mochel as he mighte of wepinge, and  
 with as moche as love, that doubled his  
 30 sorwe, mighte yeve him and techen him;  
 and he commoevede the helle, and re-  
 querede and bisoughte by swete prayere  
 the lordes of sowles in helle, of relesing;  
*that is to seyn, to yilden him his wyf.*  
 35 *Cerberus*, the porter of helle, with his  
 three hevedes, was caught and al abayst  
 for the newe song; and the three god-  
 desses, *Furies*, and vengeresses of felonyes,  
 that tormenten and agasten the sowles  
 40 by any, woxen sorwful and sory, and

wepen teres for pitea. Tho ne was nat  
 the heved of Ixion y-tormented by the  
 overthrowinge wheel; and Tantalus, that  
 was destroyed by the woodnesse of longe  
 thurst, despyseth the fiodes to drinke; 45  
 the fowl that highte voltor, that eteth  
 the stomak or the giser of Tityus, is so  
 fulfild of his song that it nil eten ne  
 tyren no more. At the laste the lord  
 and juge of sowles was moeved to miseri- 50  
 cordes and cryde, "we ben overcomen,"  
 quod he; "yive we to *Orpheus* his wyf  
 to bere him companye; he hath wel y-  
 bought hir by his song and his ditee;  
 but we wol putte a lawe in this, and 55  
 covenaut in the yifte: *that is to seyn*,  
 that, til he be out of helle, yif he loke  
 behinde him, that his wyf shal comen  
 ayein unto us." But what is he that  
 may yive a lawe to loveres? Love is 60  
 a gretter lawe and a strengre to him-self  
*than any lawe that men may yeven.* Allas!  
 whan *Orpheus* and his wyf weren almost  
 at the termes of the night, *that is to seyn*,  
*at the laste boundes of helle*, *Orpheus* 65  
 lokede abakward on *Eurydice* his wyf,  
 and loste hir, and was deed.

This fable apertaineth to yow alle, who-  
 so-ever desireth or seketh to lede his  
 thought in-to the sovereign day, *that is to* 70  
*seyn, to cleernesse of sovereign good.* For  
 who-so that ever be so overcomen that  
 he fleche his eyen into the putte of helle,  
*that is to seyn, who-so sette his thoughtes in*  
*erthely thinges*, al that ever he hath 75  
 drawn of the noble good celestial, he  
 leseth it whan he loketh the helles, *that*  
*is to seyn, in-to love thinges of the erthe*

Explicit Liber tercius.

## BOOK IV.

PROSE I. *Hec cum Philosophia, dignitate  
 uultus.*

WHAN Philosophy hadde songen softly  
 and delitably the forseide thinges, kepinge  
 the dignitee of hir chere and the weighte  
 of hir wordes, I thanne, that ne hadde

nat al-outerly foryeten the wepinge and 5  
 the mourninge that was set in myn  
 herte, forbrak the entencioun of hir that  
 entendede yit to seyn some othere thinges.  
 'O,' quod I, 'thou that art gyderesse of  
 verrey light; the thinges that thou hast 10  
 seid me hider-to ben so clere to me and

so shewing by the devyne lookinge of  
 hem, and by thy resouns, that they ne  
 mowen ben overcomen. And thilke  
 15 things that thou toldest me, al-be-it so  
 that I hadde whylom foryeten hem, for  
 the sorwe of the wrong that hath ben  
 don to me, yit natheles they ne weren  
 nat al-outrely unknowen to me. But this  
 20 same is, namely, a right greet cause of  
 my sorwe, so as the gouvour of thinges  
 is good, yif that yveles mowen ben by  
 any weyes; or elles yif that yveles passen  
 with-oute punisshinge. The whiche thing  
 25 only, how worthy it is to ben wondred  
 up-on, thou considerest it wel thy-self  
 certainly. But yit to this thing ther is  
 yit another thing y-joigned, more to ben  
 wondred up-on. For felonye is emperasse,  
 30 and flourerth *ful of richesses*; and vertu  
 nis nat al-only with-oute medes, but it  
 is cast under and fortroden under the  
 feet of felonous folk; and it abyeth the  
 torments in stede of wikkede felonounes.  
 35 Of alle whiche thinges ther nis no wight  
 that may merveylen y-nough, ne com-  
 pleine, that swiche thinges ben doon in  
 the regne of god, that alle thinges woot  
 and alle thinges may, and ne wole nat  
 40 but only gode thinges.'

Thanne seyde she thus: 'Certes,' quod  
 she, 'that were a greet merveyle, and an  
 enbasshinge with-uten ende, and wel  
 more horrible than alle monstres, yif it  
 45 were as thou wenest; *that is to seyn*, that  
 in the right ordene hous of so mochel  
 a fader and an ordenour of meynes, that  
 the vesseles that ben foule and vyle  
 sholden ben honoured and heried, and  
 50 the precious vesseles sholden ben de-  
 fouled and vyle; but it nis nat so. For  
 yif tho thinges that I have concluded  
 a litel her-biforn ben kept hole and un-  
 raced, thou shalt wel knowe by the  
 55 autoritee of god, of the whos regne  
 I speke, that certes the gode folk ben  
 alwey mighty, and shrewes ben alwey  
 out-cast and feble; ne the vyces ne ben  
 never-mo with-oute payne, ne the vertues  
 60 ne ben nat with-oute mede; and that  
 blisfulneses comen alwey to goode folk,  
 and infortune comth alwey to wikked

folk. And thou shalt wel knowe many  
 thinges of this kinde, that shollen cesen  
 thy pleintes, and strengthen thee with  
 65 stedefast sadnesse. And for thou hast  
 seyn the forme of the verray blisfulnesse  
 by me, that have whylom shewed it thee,  
 and thou hast knowen in whom blisful-  
 nesse is y-set, alle thinges y-treted that  
 70 I trowe ben necessarie to putten forth,  
 I shal shewe thee the way that shal  
 bringen thee ayein un-to thyn hous.  
 And I shal flechen fetheres in thy thought,  
 by whiche it may aysen in heighte, so  
 75 that, alle tribulacioun y-don away, thou,  
 by my gydinge and by my path and by  
 my slades, shalt mowe retorne hool and  
 sound in-to thy contree.

METRE I. *Sunt etenim pennae uolucres  
 mihi.*

I have, forsothe, swifte fetheres that  
 surmounten the heighte of hevене. Whan  
 the swifte thought hath clothed it-self in  
 tho fetheres, it despyseth the hateful  
 5 erthes, and surmounteth the roundnesse  
 of the grete ayr; and it seeth the cloudes  
 behinde his bak; and passeth the heighte  
 of the region of the fyr, that eschaufeth  
 by the swifte moevinge of the firmament,  
 til that he areyseth him in-to the houses  
 10 that beren the sterres, and joyneth his  
 weyes with the sonne Phebus, and felaw-  
 shipeth the way of the olde colde Satur-  
 nus; and he y-maked a knight of the  
 clere sterre; *that is to seyn, that the*  
 15 *thought is maked goddes knight by the*  
*seekinge of trouthe to comen to the verray*  
*knowleche of god.* And thilke thoght  
 renneth by the carole of the sterres, in  
 alle places ther-as the shyninge night is  
 20 painted; *that is to seyn, the night that is*  
*cloudeles; for on nightes that ben cloudeles*  
*it semeth as the hevене were painted with*  
*dyverse images of sterres.* And whanne  
 he hath y-doon ther y-nough, he shal  
 25 forleten the laste hevене, and he shal  
 pressen and wenden on the bak of the  
 swifte firmament, and he shal ben maked  
 parfit of the worshipful light of god.  
 Ther halt the lord of kinges the ceptre 30

of his might, and atempreth the governe-  
ments of the world, and the shyninge  
juge of thinges, stable in him-self, gover-  
neth the swifte cart or wayn, *that is to*  
35 *seyn, the circular moevings of the sonne.*  
And yif thy wey ledeth thee ayein so  
that thou be brought thider, thanne  
wolt thou seye now that that is the  
contree that thou requerest, of which  
40 thou ne haddest no minde: "but now it  
remembreth me wel, heer was I born,  
heer wol I fastne my degree, heer wole  
I dwelle." But yif thee lyketh thanne  
to loken on the derknesse of the erthe  
45 that thou hast forleten, thanne shalt  
thou seen that thise felonous tyrants,  
that the wrecchede peple dredeth, now  
shollen ben exyled fro thilke fayre con-  
tree.'

PROSE II. *Tum ego, Papas, inquam.*

Than seyde I thus: 'owh! I wondre me  
that thou bihestest me so grete thinges;  
ne I ne doute nat that thou ne mayst  
wel performe that thou bihestest. But  
5 I preye thee only this, that thou ne  
tarye nat to telle me thilke thinges that  
thou hast moeved.'

'First,' quod she, 'thou most nedes  
knownen, that goode folk ben alwey  
10 stronge and mighty, and the shrewes  
ben feble and desert and naked of alle  
strengthes. And of this thinges, certes,  
everich of hem is declared and shewed  
by other. For so as good and yvel ben  
15 two contraries, yif so be that good be  
stedefast, than sheweth the feblesse of  
yvel al openly; and yif thou knowe  
clearly the frelenesse of yvel, the stede-  
fastnesse of good is knownen. But for as  
20 moche as the fey of my sentence shal  
be the more ferme and haboundant,  
I will gon by that oo wey and by that  
other; and I wole conferme the thinges  
that ben purposed, now on this syde and  
25 now on that syde. Two thinges ther ben  
in whiche the effect of alle the dedes of  
mankinde standeth, that is to seyn, wil  
and power; and yif that oon of thise two  
fayleth, ther nis nothing that may be

don. For yif that wil lakketh, ther nis 30  
no wight that undertaketh to don that  
he wol nat don; and yif power fayleth,  
the wil nis but in ydel and stant for  
naught. And ther-of cometh it, that yif  
thou see a wight that wolde geten that 35  
he may nat geten, thou mayst nat douter  
that power ne fayleth him to haven that  
he wolde.' 'This is open and cleer,'  
quod I; 'ne it may nat ben denyed in  
no manere.'

'And yif thou see a wight,' quod she, 40  
'that hath doon that he wolde doon,  
thou nilt nat douter that he ne hath  
had power to don it?' 'No,' quod I.

'And in that that every wight may, 45  
in that men may holden him mighty;  
*as who seyth, in so moche as man is mighty*  
*to don a thing, in so mochel men halt him*  
*mighty;* and in that that he ne may, in  
that men demen him to be feble.' 'I 50  
confesse it wel,' quod I.

'Remembreth thee,' quod she, 'that  
I have gadered and shewed by forseide  
resouns that al the entencoun of the wil  
of mankinde, which that is lad by dyverse 55  
studies, hasteth to comen to blisfulnesse?'  
'It remembreth me wel,' quod I, 'that it  
hath ben shewed.'

'And recordeth thee nat thanne,' quod  
she, 'that blisfulnesse is thilke same good 60  
that men requeren; so that, whan that  
blisfulnesse is requered of alle, that good  
also is requered and desired of alle?'  
'It ne recordeth me nat,' quod I; 'for  
I have it gretly alwey floched in my 65  
memorie.'

'Alle folk thanne,' quod she, 'goode  
and eek badde, enforcen hem with-oute  
difference of entencoun to comen to  
good?' 'This is a verray conse- 70  
quence,' quod I.

'And certain is,' quod she, 'that by the  
getinge of good ben men y-maked goode?'  
'This is certain,' quod I.

'Thanne geten goode men that they 75  
desiren?' 'So semeth it,' quod I.

'But wikkede folk,' quod she, 'yif they  
geten the good that they desiren, they ne  
mowe nat be wikkede?' 'So is it,' 80  
quod I.

'Thanne, so as that oon and that other,' quod she, 'desiren good; and the goode folk geten good, and nat the wikke folk; thanne nis it no doute that the goode folk ne ben mighty and the wikkede folk ben feble?' 'Who-so that ever,' quod I, 'douteth of this, he ne may nat considere the nature of thinges ne the consequence of resouns.'

'And over this quod she, 'Yif that ther be two thinges that han oo same purpose by kinde, and that oon of hem pursueth and parformeth thilke same thing by naturel office, and that other ne may nat doon thilke naturel office, but folweth, by other manere thanne is convenable to nature, him that accomplissheth his purpos kindly, and yit he ne accomplissheth nat his owne purpos: whether of thise two demestow for more mighty?' 'Yif that I conjecte,' quod I, 'that thou wolt seye, algates yit I desire to herkne it more playnly of thee.'

'Thou wilt nat thanne deneye,' quod she, 'that the moevement of goinge nis in men by kinde?' 'No, forsothe,' quod I.

'Ne thou ne doutest nat,' quod she, 'that thilke naturel office of goinge ne be the office of feet?' 'I ne doute it nat,' quod I.

'Thanne,' quod she, 'yif that a wight be mighty to moeve and goth upon his feet, and another, to whom thilke naturel office of feet lakketh, enforceth him to gon crepinge up-on his handes: whiche of thise two oughte to ben holden the more mighty by right?' 'Knit forth the remenaunt,' quod I; 'for no wight ne douteth that he that may gon by naturel office of feet ne be more mighty than he that ne may nat.'

'But the sovereign good,' quod she, 'that is eveneliche purposed to the gode folk and to badde, the gode folk seken it by naturel office of vertues, and the shrewes enforcen hem to geten it by dyverse coveityse of *erthely thinges*, which that nis no naturel office to geten thilke same sovereign good. Trowestow that it be any other wyse?' 'Nay,' quod I; 'for the consequence is open and shew-

inge of thinges that I have graunted; that nedes gode folk moten ben mighty, and shrewes feeble and unmighty.'

'Thou rennest a-right biforn me,' quod she, 'and this is the jugement; that is to seyn, I *juge of thee* right as thise leches ben wont to hopen of *syke folk*, when they *aperceyven* that nature is redressed and withstondeth to the maladye. But, for I see thee now al redy to the understondinge, I shal shewe thee more thikke and continual resouns. For loke now how greetly sheweth the feblesse and infirmitees of wikkede folk, that ne mowen nat comen to that hir naturel entencioun ledeth hem, and yit almost thilke naturel entencioun constreineth hem. And what were to *demen thanne of shrewes*, yif thilke naturel help hadde forleten hem, the which naturel help of *intencioun* goth away biforn hem, and is so greet that unneth it may ben overcome? Consider thanne how greet defeaute of power and how greet feblesse ther is in wikkede felonous folk; as *who seyth*, the *gretter thing* that is *coveited* and the *desire* nat *accomplished*, of the *lasse* might is he that *coveiteth* it and may nat *accomplishe*. And *forthy Philosophie seyth thus by sovereign good*: Ne shrewes ne requeren nat lighte medes ne veyne games, whiche they ne may folwen ne holden; but they failen of thilke somme and of the heighte of thinges, that is to seyn, *soverein good*; ne thise wrecches ne comen nat to the effect of *soverein good*, the which they enforcen hem only to geten, by nightes and by dayes; in the getinge of which good the strengthe of good folk is ful wel y-sene. For right so as thou mightest *demen* him mighty of goinge, that gooth on his feet til he mighte come to thilke place, fro the whiche place ther ne laye no wey forth to ben gon; right so most thou nedes *demen* him for right mighty, that geteth and ateyneth to the ende of alle thinges that ben to desire, *byonde* the whiche ende ther nis nothing to desire. Of the which *power of good folk* men may conclude, that the wikked men semen to be bareine and naked of alle strengthe. For-why for-

leten they vertues and folwen vyces?  
 Nis it nat for that they ne knowen nat  
 185 the goodes? But what thing is more feble  
 and more caitif thanne is the blindnesse  
 of ignorance? Or elles they knowen ful  
 wel whiche thinges that they oughten  
 folwe, but lecherye and coveityse over-  
 190 throweth hem mistorned; and certes, so  
 doth distemperaunce to feble men, that  
 ne mowen nat wrastlen ayeins the vyces.  
 Ne knowen they nat thanne wel that they  
 forleten the good wilfully, and tornen  
 195 hem wilfully to vyces? And in this wyse  
 they ne forleten nat only to ben mighty,  
 but they forleten al-outrely in any wyse  
 for to ben. For they that forleten the  
 comune fyn of alle thinges that ben, they  
 200 forleten also therwith-al for to ben. And  
 per-aventure it sholde semen to som folk  
 that this were a mervaille to seyen: that  
 shrewes, whiche that contienen the more  
 partye of men, ne ben nat ne han no  
 205 beinge; but natheles, it is so, and thus  
 stant this thing. For they that ben  
 shrewes, I deneye nat that they ben  
 shrewes; but I deneye, and seye simplye  
 and plainly, that they ne ben nat, ne han  
 210 no beinge. For right as thou mightest  
 seyen of the carayne of a man, that it  
 were a deed man, but thou ne mightest  
 nat simplye callen it a man; so graunte  
 I wel forsothe, that vicious folk ben wick-  
 215 ked, but I ne may nat graunten absolutly  
 and simplye that they ben. For thilke  
 thing that with-holdeth ordre and kepeth  
 nature, thilke thing is and hath beinge;  
 but what thing that failleth of that, *that*  
 220 *is to seyn, that he forleteth naturel ordre*,  
 he forleteth thilke thing that is set in his  
 nature. But thou wolt seyn, that shrewes  
 mowen. Certes, that ne deneye I nat;  
 but certes, hir power ne descendeth nat  
 225 of strengthe, but of foblesse. For they  
 mowen don wikkednesses; the whiche  
 they ne mighte nat don, yif they mighten  
 dwellen in the forme and in the doinge of  
 good folk. And thilke power sheweth ful  
 230 evidently that they ne mowen right  
 naught. For so as I have gadered and  
 proved a litel her-biforn, that yvel is  
 naught; and so as shrewes mowen only

but shrewednesses, this conclusioun is  
 al cleer, that shrewes ne mowen right  
 235 naught, ne han no power. And for as  
 moche as thou understonde which is the  
 strengthe of this power of shrewes, I have  
 definissed a litel her-biforn, that nothing  
 is so mighty as sovereign good. 'That  
 240 is sooth,' quod I.

'And thilke same sovereign good may  
 don non yvel?' 'Certes, no,' quod I.

'Is ther any wight thanne,' quod she,  
 'that weneth that men mowen doon alle  
 245 thinges?' 'No man,' quod I, 'but-yif  
 he be out of his witte.'

'But, certes, shrewes mowen don yvel,'  
 quod she. 'Ye, wolde god,' quod I,  
 'that they mighten don non!' 250

'Thanne,' quod she, 'so as he that is  
 mighty to doon only but goode thinges  
 may don alle thinges; and they that ben  
 mighty to don yvele thinges ne mowen  
 nat alle thinges: thanne is it open thing  
 255 and manifest, that they that mowen don  
 yvel ben of lasse power. And yit, to *proere*  
*this conclusioun*, ther helpeth me this, that  
 I have y-shewed her-biforn, that alle  
 power is to be noumbred among thinges 260  
 that men oughten requere. And I have  
 shewed that alle thinges, that oughten  
 ben desired, ben referred to good, right as  
 to a maner heighte of hir nature. But for  
 to mowen don yvel and felonye ne may  
 265 nat ben referred to good. Thanne nis nat  
 yvel of the noumbir of thinges that  
 oughte ben desired. But alle power  
 oughte ben desired and required. Than  
 is it open and cleer that the power ne the  
 270 mowinge of shrewes nis no power; and of  
 alle thise thinges it sheweth wel, that the  
 goode folke ben certainly mighty, and the  
 shrewes douteles ben unmighty. And it  
 is cleer and open that thilke opinioun of 275  
 Plato is verray and sooth, that seith, that  
 only wyse men may doon that they  
 desiren; and shrewes mowen haunten  
 that hem lyketh, but that they desiren,  
*that is to seyn, to comen to sovereign good*, 280  
 they ne han no power to accomplisshen  
 that. For shrewes don that hem list,  
 whan, by the thinges in which they  
 delyten, they wenen to steine to thilke

85 good that they desiren ; but they ne geten  
ne steinen nat ther-to, for vyces ne comen  
nat to blisfulnesse.

METRE II. *Quos uidet sedere celos.*

Who-so that the covertoures of hir  
veyne aparailles mighte strepen of thise  
proude kinges, that thou seest sitten on  
heigh in hir chaires glitteringe in shyninge  
5 purple, envircoued with sorwful armures,  
manasinge with cruel mouth, blowinge  
by woodnesse of herte, he shulde seen  
thanne that thilke lordes beren with-inne  
hir corages ful streite cheines. For  
10 lecherye tormenteth hem in that oon  
syde with gredy venims ; and troublable  
ire, that araiseth in him the flodes of  
troublinges, tormenteth up-on that other  
syde hir thought ; or sorwe halt hem wery  
15 and y-caught ; or slydinge and deceivinge  
hope tormenteth hem. And therefore, sen  
thou seest oon heed, *that is to seyn, oon*  
*tyraunt*, beren so manye tyrannyes,  
thanne ne doth thilke tyraunt nat that  
20 he desireth, sin he is cast down with so  
manye wikkede lordes ; *that is to seyn,*  
*with so manye vyces, that han so wikkedly*  
*lordshipes over him.*

PROSE III. *Videme igitur quanto in  
ceno.*

Seestow nat thanne in how grete filthe  
thise shrewes ben y-wrapped, and with  
which cleernesse thise good folk shynen ?  
In this sheweth it wel, that to goode folk  
5 ne lakketh never-mo hir medes, ne  
shrewes lakken never-mo torments. For  
of alle thinges that ben y-doone, thilke  
thing, for which any-thing is don, it  
semeth as by right that thilke thing be  
the mede of that ; as thus : yif a man  
10 renneth in the stadie, or in the forlong,  
for the corone, thanne lyth the mede in  
the corone for which he renneth. And  
I have shewed that blisfulnesse is thilke  
15 same good for which that alle thinges  
ben doon. Thanne is thilke same good  
purposed to the workes of mankinde  
right as a comune mede ; which mede ne  
may ben dissevered fro good folk. For no

wight as by right, fro thennes-forth that 20  
him lakketh goodnesse, ne shal ben  
cleped good. For which thing, folk of  
goode maneres, hir medes ne forsaken hem  
never-mo. For al-be-it so that shrewes  
wexen as wode as hem list *ayens goode* 25  
*folk*, yit never-the-lesse the corone of  
wysse men shal nat fallen ne faden. For  
foreine shrewednesse ne binimeth nat fro  
the corages of goode folk hir propre  
honour. But yif that any wight rejoyse 30  
him of goodnesse that he hadde take fro  
with-oute (*as who seith, yif that any wight*  
*hadde his goodnesse of any other man than*  
*of him-self*), certes, he that yaf him thilke  
goodnesse, or elles som other wight, 35  
mighte binime it him. But for as moche  
as to every wight his owne propre bountee  
yeveth him his mede, thanne at erst shal  
he failen of mede whan he forleteth to  
ben good. And at the laste, so as alle 40  
medes ben requered for men wonen that  
they ben goode, who is he that wolde  
deme, that he that is right mighty of good  
were part-les of mede ? And of what  
mede shal he be guerdoned ? Certes, of 45  
right faire mede and right grete aboven  
alle medes. Remembre thee of thilke  
noble corolarie that I yaf thee a litel  
her-biforn ; and gader it to-gider in this  
manere :—so as good him-self is blisful- 50  
nesse, thanne is it cleer and certain, that  
alle good folk ben made blisful for they  
ben goode ; and thilke folk that ben blis-  
ful, it acordeth and is covenable to ben  
goddes. Thanne is the mede of goode 55  
folk swich that no day shal enpeiren it,  
ne no wikkednesse ne shal derken it, ne  
power of no wight ne shal nat amenusen  
it, *that is to seyn*, to ben made goddes.  
And sin it is thus, *that goode men ne failen* 60  
*never-mo of hir mede*, certes, no wys man  
ne may doute of undepartable payne of  
the shrewes ; *that is to seyn, that the payne*  
*of shrewes ne departeth nat from hem-self*  
*never-mo*. For so as goode and yvel, and 65  
payne and medes ben contrarye, it mot  
nedes ben, that right as we seen bityden  
in guerdoun of goode, that also mot the  
payne of yvel answeri, by the contrarye  
party, to shrewes. Now thanne, so as 70

bountee and prowesse ben the mede to goode folk, al-so is shrewednesse it-self torment to shrewes. Thanne, who-so that ever is enteched and defouled with  
 75 peyne, he ne douteth nat, that he is enteched and defouled with yvel. Yif shrewes thanne wolen preysen hem-self, may it semen to hem that they ben withouten party of torment, sin they ben  
 80 swiche that the uttereste wikkednesse (*that is to seyn, wikkede thewes, which that is the uttereste and the worste kinde of shrewednesse*) ne defouleth ne entecheth nat hem only, but infecteth and en-  
 85 venimeth hem gretly? And also look on shrewes, that ben the contraria party of goode men, how greet peyne felawshipeth and folweth hem! For thou hast lerned a litel her-bisorn, that al thing that is  
 90 and hath beinge is oon, and thilke same oon is good; thanne is this the consequence, that it semeth wel, that al that is and hath beinge is good; *this is to seyn, as who seyth, that beinge and unites and*  
 95 *goodnesse is al oon.* And in this manere it folweth thanne, that al thing that failleth to ben good, it stinteth for to be and for to han any beinge: wherfore it is, that shrewes stinten for to ben that  
 100 they weren. But thilke other forme of mankinde, that is to seyn, the forme of the body with-out, sheweth yit that thise shrewes weren whylom men; wher-for,  
 105 malice, certes, than han they forlorn the nature of mankinde. But so as only bountee and prowesse may enhaunsen every man over other men; thanne mot it nedes be that shrewes, which that  
 110 shrewednesse hath cast out of the condicioun of mankinde, ben put under the merite and the desert of men. Thanne bitydeth it, that yif thou seest a wight that be transformed into vyces, thou ne  
 115 mayst nat wene that he be a man. For yif he be ardaunt in avaryce, and that he be a ravinour by violence of foreine richesse, thou shalt seyn that he is lyke to the wolf. And yif he be felonous and  
 120 with-oute reste, and exercyse his tonge to chydinges, thou shalt lykne him to the

hound. And yif he be a prevey awaitour y-hid, and rejoyseth him to ravishe by wyles, thou shalt seyn him lyke to the fox-whelpes. And yif he be distempere  
 125 and quaketh for ire, men shal wene that he bereth the corage of a lyoun. And yif he be dredful and feinge, and dredeth thinges that ne oughten nat to ben dred, men shal holden him lyk to the hert.  
 130 And yif he be slow and astoned and lache, he liveth as an asse. And yif he be light and unstedefast of corage, and chaungeth ay his studies, he is lykned to briddes. And if he be plounged in foule  
 135 and unclene luxuries, he is with-holden in the foule deluces of the foule sowe. Thanne folweth it, that he that forleteth bountee and prowesse, he forleteth to ben a man; sin he may nat passen in-to the  
 140 condicioun of god, he is torned in-to a beest.

#### METRE III. *Vela Neritii dulcia.*

Eurus the wind aryvede the sailles of *Ulixes*, duk of the contree of Narice, and his wandringe shippes by the see, in-to the ile ther-as *Circes*, the faire goddessse, doughter of the sonne, dwelleth; that  
 5 medleth to hir newe gestes drinks that ben touched and maketh with enchaunte-ments. And after that hir hand, mighty over the herbes, hadde chaunged hir  
 10 gestes in-to dyverse maneres; that oon of 10 hem, is covered his face with forme of a boor; that other is chaunged in-to a lyoun of the contree of Marmorike, and his nayles and his teeth waxen; that  
 15 other of hem is neweliche chaunged in-to 15 a wolf, and howleth whan he wolde wepe; that other goth debonairely in the hous as a tygre of Inde. But al-be-it so that the godhed of *Mercuria*, that is cleped the  
 20 brid of Arcadie, hath had mercy of the 20 duke *Ulixes*, biseged with dyverse yveles, and hath unbounen him fro the pestilence of his oostesse, algates the roweres and the marineros haddn by this y-  
 25 drawn in-to hir mouthes and dronken 25 the wikkede drinkes. They that weren woxen swyn haddn by this y-chaunged

hir mete of breed, for to eten akornes of okes. Non of hir limes ne dwalleth with hem hole, but they han lost the voice and the body; only hir thought dwelleth with hem stable, that wepeth and biweileth the monstuous chaunginge that they suffren. O overlight hand (as who seyth, *O! feble and light is the hand of Circes the enchaunteresse, that chaungeth the bodies of folkes in-to bestes, to regard and to comparisoun of mutacioun that is maked by vyces*); ne the herbes of Circes ne ben nat mighty. For al-be-it so that they may chaungen the limes of the body, algates yit they may nat chaunge the hertes; for with-inne is y-hid the strengthe and vigor of men, in the secrete tour of hir hertes; *that is to seyn, the strengthe of resoun.* But thilke venims of vyces to-drawen a man to hem more mightily than the venom of Circes; for vyces ben so cruel that they percen and thorough-passen the corage with-inne; and, thogh they ne anoye nat the body, yit vyces wooden to destroye men by wounde of thought.'

PROSE IV. *Turn ego, Fateor, inquam.*

Than seyde I thus: 'I confesse and am a-knowe it,' quod I; 'ne I ne see nat that men may sayn, as by right, that shrewes ne ben chaunged in-to bestes by the qualitee of hir soules, al-be-it so that they kepen yit the forme of the body of mankind. But I nolde nat of shrewes, of which the thought cruel woodeth al-vey in-to destruccioun of goode men, *that it were lefevel to hem to don that.*'

'Certes,' quod she, 'ne is nis nat lefevel to hem, as I shal wel shewe thee in covenable place; but natheles, yif so were that thilke that men wenen be lefevel to shrewes were binomen hem, *so that they ne mighte nat anoyen or doon harm to goode men,* certes, a greet partye of the payne to shrewes sholde ben alleged and releved. For al-be-it so that this ne seme nat credible thing, per-aventure, to some folk, yit moot it nedes be, that shrewes ben more wrecches and unsely when they may doon and performe that they co-

veiten, than yif they mighte nat complisschen that they coveiten. For yif so be that it be wrecchednesse to wilne to don yvel, than is more wrecchednesse to mowen don yvel; with-oute whiche mowing the wrecched wil sholde languishe with-oute effect. Than, sin that everiche of these thinges hath his wrecchednesse, *that is to seyn, wil to don yvel and mowinge to don yvel,* it moot nedes be that they ben constreyned by three unselinesses, that wolen and mowen and performen felonies and shrewednesses.' 'I acorde me,' quod I; 'but I desire gretly that shrewes losten sone thilke unseliness, *that is to seyn,* that shrewes weren despoyled of mowinge to don yvel.'

'So shullen they,' quod she, 'soner, per-aventure, than thou woldest; or soner than they hem-self wene to lakken mowinge to don yvel. For ther nis no-thing so late in so shorte boundes of this lyf, that is long to abyde, namelihe, to a corage inmortal; of whiche shrewes the grete hope, and the hye compassinges of shrewednesses, is ofte destroyed by a sodeyn ende, or they ben war; and that thing establieth to shrewes the ende of hir shrewednesse. For yif that shrewednesse maketh wrecches, than mot he nedes ben most wrecched that lengest is a shrew; the whiche wikked shrewes wolde I demen aldermost unsely and caitif, yif that hir shrewednesse ne were finished, at the leste wey, by the outtereste deeth. For yif I have concluded sooth of the unseliness of shrewednesse, than sheweth it clearly that thilke wrecchednesse is withouten ende, the whiche is certain to ben perdurable.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'this conclusioun is hard and wonderful to graunte; but I knowe wel that it acordeth moche to the thinges that I have graunted her-biforen.'

'Thou hast,' quod she, 'the right estimacioun of this; but who-so-ever wene that it be a hard thing to acorde him to a conclusioun, it is right that he shewe that some of the premisses ben false; or elles he moot shewe that the collacioun of proposiciouns nis nat speedful to a



75 necessarie conclusioun. And yif it be nat  
so, but that the premisses ben y-graunted,  
ther is not why he sholde blame the  
argument. For this thing that I shal  
80 telle thee now ne shal nat seme lasse  
wonderful; but of the thinges that ben  
taken also it is necessarie; *as who seyth,*  
*it foloweth of that which that is purposed*  
*biforn.* 'What is that?' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she, 'that is, that thise  
85 wikked shrewes ben more blisful, *or elles*  
*lasse wrecches*, that abyen the tormentes  
that they han deserved, than yif no payne  
of justice ne chastysede hem. Ne this ne  
seye I nat now, for that any man mighte  
90 thenke, that the maners of shrewes ben  
coriged and chastysed by veniaunce, and  
that they ben brought to the right way by  
the drede of the torment, ne for that they  
yeven to other folk ensauple to fleen  
95 fro vyces; but I understande yit in  
another manere, that shrewes ben more  
unsely when they ne ben nat punisshed,  
al-be-it so that ther ne be had no resoun  
or lawe of correccioun, ne non ensauple  
100 of lokinge.' 'And what manere shal  
that ben,' quod I, 'other than hath be  
told her-biforn?'

'Have we nat thanne graunted,' quod  
she, 'that goode folk ben blisful, and  
105 shrewes ben wrecches?' 'Yis,' quod I.

'Thanne,' quod she, 'yif that any good  
were added to the wrecchednesse of any  
wight, nis he nat more weleful than he  
that ne hath no medlinge of good in his  
110 solitarie wrecchednesse?' 'So semeth it,'  
quod I.

'And what seystow thanne,' quod she,  
'of thilke wrecche that lakketh alle  
goodes, *so that no good nis medled in his*  
115 *wrecchednesse*, and yit, over al his wikked-  
nesse for which he is a wrecche, that ther  
be yit another yvel anexed and knit to  
him, shal nat men demen him more  
unsely than thilke wrecche of whiche the  
120 unselinesse is releved by the participa-  
cioun of som good?' 'Why sholde he  
nat?' quod I.

'Thanne, certes,' quod she, 'han  
shrewes, when they ben punisshed, som-  
125 what of good anexed to hir wrecched-

nesse, that is to seyn, the same payne  
that they suffren, which that is good by  
the resoun of justice; and whan thilke  
same shrewes escapen with-oute torment,  
than han they som-what more of yvel yit  
130 over the wikkednesse that they han don,  
*that is to seyn*, defaute of payne; which  
defaute of payne, thou hast graunted, is  
yvel for the deserte of felonye.' 'I ne may  
nat denye it,' quod I. 135

'Moche more thanne,' quod she, 'ben  
shrewes unsely, whan they ben wrong-  
fully delivered fro payne, than whan  
they ben punisshed by rightful ven-  
jaunce. But this is open thing and cleer,  
140 that it is right that shrewes ben pun-  
ished, and it is wikkednesse and wrong  
that they escapen unpunished.' 'Who  
mighte deneye that?' quod I.

'But,' quod she, 'may any man denye  
145 that al that is right nis good; and also  
the contrarie, that al that is wrong is  
wikke?' 'Certes,' quod I, 'these  
thinges ben clere y-nough; and that we  
han concluded a litel her-biforn. But  
150 I praye thee that thou telle me, yif thou  
acordest to leten no torment to sowles,  
after that the body is ended by the  
deeth; *this is to seyn, understandestow*  
*aught that sowles han any torment after the*  
155 *deeth of the body?*

'Certes,' quod she, 'ye; and that right  
greet; of which sowles,' quod she, 'I  
trowe that some ben tormented by aspre-  
nesse of payne; and some sowles, I trowe,  
160 ben exercised by a purginge mekenesse.  
But my consell nis nat to determinye of  
these peynes. But I have travailed and  
told yit hiderto, for thou sholdest knowe  
that the mowinge of shrewes, which  
165 mowinge thee semeth to ben unworthy,  
nis no mowinge; and eek of shrewes, of  
which thou pleinedest that they ne were  
nat punisshed, that thou woldest seen  
that they ne weren never-mo with-outen  
170 the tormentes of hir wikkednesse; and of  
the licence *of the mowinge to don yvel*, that  
thou preydest that it mighte sone ben  
ended, and that thou woldest fayn lerne  
that it ne sholde nat longe dure: and  
175 that shrewes ben more unsely yif they

were of lenger duringe, and most unsely  
yif they weren perdurable. And after  
this, I have shewed thee that more unsely  
ben shrewes, whan they escapen with-  
oute hir rightful payne, than whan they  
ben punisshed by rightful venjaunce.  
And of this sentence folweth it, that  
thanne ben shrewes constrained at the  
laste with most grevous torment, whan  
men wene that they ne be nat punisshed.  
'Whan I consider thy resouns,' quod I,  
'I ne trowe nat that men seyn any-thing  
more verayly. And yif I torne ayein to  
the studies of men, who is he to whom it  
sholde seme that he ne sholde nat only  
leven thise thinges, but eek gladly herkne  
hem?'

'Certes,' quod she, 'so it is; but men  
may nat. For they han hir eyen so wont  
to the darknesse of *erthely thinges*, that  
they ne may nat liften hem up to the  
light of cleer sothfastnesse; but they ben  
lyke to briddes, of which the night light-  
neth hir lokinge, and the day blindeth  
hem. For whan men loken nat the ordre  
of thinges, but hir lustes and talents, they  
wene that either the leve or the mowinge  
to don wikkednesse, or elles the scapinge  
with-outte payne, be welesful. But con-  
sider the jugement of the perdurable lawe.  
For yif thou conferme, thy corage to the  
beste thinges, thou ne hast no nede of no  
juge to yeven thee prys or mede; for  
thou hast joyned thy-self to the most  
excellent thing. And yif thou have en-  
clyned thy studies to the wikked thinges,  
ne seek no foreyne wreker out of thy-  
self; for thou thy-self hast thrist thy-self  
in-to wikke thinges: right as thou  
mightest loken by dyverse tymes the  
foule erthe and the hevене, and that alle  
other thinges stinten fro with-outte,  
*so that thou nere neither in hevene ne in erthe,*  
*ne saye no-thing more;* than it sholde  
semen to thee, as by only resoun of  
lokinge, that thou were now in the sterres  
and now in the erthe. But the poeple ne  
loketh nat on thise thinges. What  
thanne? Shal we thanne aprochen us to  
hem that I have shewed that they ben lyk  
to bestes? And what woltow seyn of

this: yif that a man hadde al forlorn his  
sighte and hadde foryeten that he ever  
saugh, and wende that no-thing ne fayl-  
ede him of perfeccioun of mankinde, now  
we that mighten seen the same thinges,  
wolde we nat wene that he were blinde?  
Ne also ne acordeth nat the poeple to  
that I shal seyn, the which thing is sus-  
tened by a stronge foundement of resouns,  
*that is to seyn*, that more unsely ben they  
that don wrong to othre folk than they  
that the wrong suffren.' 'I wolde  
heren thilke same resouns,' quod I.  
'Denyestow,' quod she, 'that alle  
shrewes ne ben worthy to han torment?'  
'Nay,' quod I.

'But,' quod she, 'I am certain, by  
many resouns, that shrewes ben unsely.'  
'It acordeth,' quod I.

'Thanne ne doutestow nat,' quod she,  
'that thilke folk that ben worthy of tor-  
ment, that they ne ben wrecches?' 'It  
acordeth wel,' quod I.

'Yif thou were thanne,' quod she,  
'y-set a juge or a knower of thinges,  
whether, trowestow, that men sholden  
tormenten him that hath don the wrong,  
or elles him that hath suffred the wrong?'  
'I ne doute nat,' quod I, 'that I nolde  
don suffisaunt satisfaccioun to him that  
hadde suffred the wrong by the sorwe of  
him that hadde don the wrong.'

'Thanne semeth it,' quod she, 'that the  
doere of wrong is more wrecche than he  
that suffred wrong?' 'That folweth  
wel,' quod I.

'Than,' quod she, 'by these causes and  
by othre causes that ben enforced by the  
same rote, filthe or sinne, by the propre  
nature of it, maketh men wrecches; and  
it sheweth wel, that the wrong that men  
don nis nat the wrecchednesse of him  
that receyveth the wrong, but the  
wrecchednesse of him that doth the  
wrong. But certes,' quod she, 'thise  
orateurs or advocats don al the con-  
trarye: for they enforen hem to com-  
moeve the juges to han pitee of hem that  
han suffred and receyved the thinges that  
ben grevous and aspre, and yit men  
sholden more rightfully han pitee of hem

that don the grevaunces and the wronges;  
 280 the whiche shrewes, it were a more  
 covenable thing, that the accusours or  
 advocats, nat wroth but pitous and de-  
 bonair, ledden tho shrewes that han don  
 wrong to the judgement, right as men  
 285 leden syke folk to the leche, for that they  
 sholde seken out the maladyes of sinne  
 by torment. And by this covenaut,  
 either the entente of deffendours or advo-  
 cats sholde faylen and cesen in al, or  
 290 elles, yif the office of advocats wolde  
 better profiten to men, it sholde ben  
 torned in-to the habite of accusacioun;  
*that is to seyn, they sholden accuse shrewes,*  
*and nat excuse hem.* And eek the shrewes  
 295 hem-self, yif hit were lefel to hem to  
 seen at any clifte the vertu that they han  
 forleten, and sawen that they sholden  
 putten adoun the filthes of hir vyces by  
 the torments of peynes, they ne oughte  
 300 nat, right for the recompensacioun for to  
 geten hem bountee and prowesse which  
 that they han lost, demen ne holden that  
 thilke peynes weren torments to hem;  
 and eek they wolden refuse the attend-  
 305 aunce of hir advocats, and taken hem-self  
 to hir juges and to hir accusors. For  
 which it bitydeth that, as to the wyse  
 folk, ther nis no place y-leten to hate;  
*that is to seyn, that he hate hath no place*  
 310 *amonges wyse men.* For no wight nil  
 haten goode men, but-yif he were over-  
 mochel a fool; and for to haten shrewes,  
 it nis no resoun. For right so as lan-  
 guissinge is maladye of body, right so ben  
 315 vyces and sinne maladye of corage. And  
 so as we ne deme nat, that they that ben  
 syke of hir body ben worthy to ben hated,  
 but rather worthy of pitee: wel more  
 worthy, nat to ben hated, but for to ben  
 320 had in pitee, ben they of whiche the  
 thoughtes ben constrained by felonous  
 wikkednesse, that is more cruel than any  
 languissinge of body.

METRE IV. *Quid tantos tuuat excitare  
 motus.*

What delyteth you to excyten so grete  
 moevinges of *hateredes*, and to hasten and

bisien the fatal disposicioun of your deeth  
 with your propre handes? *that is to seyn,*  
*by batailles or by contek.* For yif ye axen 5  
 the deeth, it hasteth him of his owne wil;  
 ne deeth ne tarieth nat his swifte hors.  
 And the men that the serpent and the  
 lyoun and the tygre and the bere and the  
 boor seken to sleen with hir teeth, yit 10  
 thilke same men seked to sleen everich of  
 hem othere with sward. Lo! for hir  
 maneres ben dyverse and descordant,  
 they moeven unrightful ostes and cruel  
 batailles, and wilnen to perisha by entre- 15  
 chaunginge of dartes. But the resoun of  
 crueltee nis naty-nough rightful. Wiltow  
 thanne yelden a covenable guardoun to  
 the desertes of men? Love rightfully  
 goode folk, and have pitee on shrewes.' 20

PROSE V. *Hic ego uideo inquam.*

'Thus see I wel,' quod I, 'either what  
 blisfulnesse or elles what unselinesse is  
 established in the desertes of goode men  
 and of shrewes. But in this ilke fortune  
 of poeple I see somewhat of good and som- 5  
 what of yvel. For no wysè man hath  
 lever ben exyled, poore and nedy, and  
 nameles, than for to dwellen in his citee  
 and flouren of riches, and be redoutable  
 by honour, and strong of power. For in 10  
 this wyse more clearly and more witnes-  
 fully is the office of wyse men y-treted,  
 whan the blisfulnesse and the poustee of  
 governours is, as it were, y-shad amonges  
 poeples that be neighbours *and subgits*; 15  
 sin that, namely, prisoun, lawe, and thise  
 othere torments of laweful peynes ben  
 rather owed to felonous citezeins, for the  
 whiche felonous citezeins tho peynes ben  
 established, *than for good folk.* Thanne 20  
 I mervaille me greetly,' quod I, 'why that  
 the thinges ben so mis entrechaunged,  
 that torments of felonyes pressen and  
 confounden goode folk, and shrewes  
 ravishen medes of vertu, *and ben in* 25  
*honours and in gret estate.* And I desyre  
 eek for to witen of thee, what semeth thee  
 to ben the resoun of this so wrongful  
 a conclusioun? For I wolde wondre wel  
 the lasse, yif I trowede that al thise 30

things weren medled by fortunous happe; but now hepeth and encreseth myn astonyinge god, governour of thinges, that, so as god yeveth ofte tymes to gode men  
 15 godes and mirthes, and to shrewes yveles and aspre thinges; and yeveth ayeinward to gode folk hardnesses, and to shrewes he graunteth hem hir wil and that they desyren: what difference thanne  
 20 may ther be bitwixen that that god doth, and the happe of fortune, yif men ne knowe nat the cause why that it is?

'Ne it nis no mervaille,' quod she, though that men wenen that ther be  
 25 somewhat foliash and confuse, whan the resoun of the ordre is unknowe. But al-though that thou ne knowe nat the cause of so greet a disposicioun, natheles, for as moche as god, the gode governour,  
 30 atempreth and governeth the world, ne doute thee nat that alle thinges ben doon a-right.

METRE V. *Si quis Arcturi sidera nescit.*

Who-so that ne knowe nat the sterres of Arcture, y-torned neigh to the sovereign countree or point, *that is to seyn, y-torned*  
 5 *neigh to the sovereign pool of the firmament,* and wot nat why the sterre Bootes passeth or gadereth his weynes, and drencheth his late flambe in the see, and why that Bootes the sterre unfoldeth his over-swifte  
 10 arysinges, thanne shal he wondren of the lawe of the heye eyr. And eek, yif that he ne knowe nat why that the hornes of the fulle mone waxen pale and infect by the boundes of the derke night; and how the mone, derk and confuse, discovereth the  
 15 sterres that she hadde y-covered by hir clere visage. The comune errour moeveth folk, and maketh wery hir basins of bras by thikke strokes; *that is to seyn, that*  
 20 *ther is a maner of poeple that highte Coribantes, that wenen that, whan the mone is in the eclipses, that it be enchanted; and therefore, for to rescowe the mone, they beten hir basins with thikke strokes.* Ne no man ne wondreth whan the blastes of the  
 25 wind Chorus beten the strondes of the see by quakinge flodes; ne no man ne

wondreth whan the weighte of the snowe, y-harded by the colde, is resolved by the brenninge hete of Phebus the sonne; for  
 30 heer seen men redely the causes. But the causes y-hid, *that is to seyn, in hevone,* troublen the brestes of men; the moveable poeple is astoned of alle thinges that comen selde and sodeinly in our age. But yif the troublous errour of our igno-  
 35 raunce departed fro us, *so that we wisten the causes why that swiche thinges bi-tyden,* certes, they sholden cese to seme wondres.

PROSE VI. *Ita est, inquam.*

'Thus is it,' quod I. 'But so as thou hast yeven or bi-hight me to unwrappen the hid causes of thinges, and to discovere me the resouns covered with derknesses, I prey thee that thou devyse and  
 5 jure me of this matere, and that thou do me to understonden it; for this miracle or this wonder troubleth me right gretly.'

And thanne she, a litel what smylinge, seyde: 'thou clepest me,' quod she, 'to  
 10 telle thing that is grettest of alle thinges that mowen ben axed, and to the whiche question unnethe is ther aught y-nough to laven it; *as who seyth, unnethe is ther suffeicantly anything to answer partlylly*  
 15 *thy question.* For the matere of it is swich, that whan o doute is determined and cut away, ther waxen other doutes with-oute number; right as the hevedes waxen of Ydre, *the serpent that Ercules*  
 20 *slough.* Ne ther ne were no manere ne non ende, but-yif that a wight constrainede tho doutes by a right lyf and quik fyr of thought; *that is to seyn, by*  
 25 *vigour and strengthe of wit.* For in this manere men weren wont to maken questions of the simplicitee of the purviaunce of god, and of the order of destinee, and of sodein happe, and of the knowinge and predestinacioun divyne, and of the libertee  
 30 of free wille; the whiche thinges thou thy-self aperceyvest wel, of what weight they ben. But for as mochel as the knowinge of these thinges is a maner porcioun of the medicine of thee, al-be-it 35

so that I have litel tyme to don it, yit  
 natholes I wol enforcen me to shewe  
 somewhat of it. But al-thogh the no-  
 rishinges of ditee of musike delyteth  
 40 thee, thou most suffren and forberen  
 a litel of thilke delyte, whyle that I weve  
 to thee resouns y-knit by ordre.' 'As  
 it lyketh to thee,' quod I, 'so do.'

Tho spak she right as by another  
 45 biginninge, and seyde thus. 'The en-  
 gendringe of alle thinges,' quod she, 'and  
 alle the progressiouns of muable nature,  
 and al that moeveth in any manere,  
 taketh his causes, his ordre, and his  
 50 formes, of the stablenesse of the divyne  
 thought; and thilke divyne thought, that  
 is y-set and put in the tour, *that is to seyn,*  
*in the heighte,* of the simplicitee of god,  
 stablisseth many maner gyses to thinges  
 55 that ben to done; the whiche maner,  
 whan that men loken it in thilke pure  
 clenness of the divyne intelligence, it is  
 y-cleped purviaunce; but whan thilke  
 maner is referred by men to thinges that  
 60 it moveth and disponeth, thanne, of olde  
 men it was cleped destinee. The whiche  
 thinges, yif that any wight loketh wel in  
 his thought the strengthe of that oon and  
 of that other, he shal lightly mowen seen,  
 65 that thise two thinges ben dyverse. For  
 purviaunce is thilke divyne reson that is  
 established in the sovereign prince of  
 thinges; the whiche purviaunce dis-  
 poneth alle thinges. But destinee is the  
 70 disposicioun and ordinaunce clyvinge to  
 moevable thinges, by the whiche dispo-  
 sicioun the purviaunce knitteth alle  
 thinges in hir ordres; for purviaunce  
 embraceth alle thinges to-hepe, al-thogh  
 75 that they ben dyverse, and al-thogh they  
 ben infinite; but destinee departeth and  
 ordeineth alle thinges singularly, and  
 divyded in moevinges, in places, in  
 formes, in tymes, as thus: lat the un-  
 80 foldinge of temporel ordinaunce, assem-  
 bled and ooned in the lokinge of the  
 divyne thought, be cleped purviaunce;  
 and thilke same assemblinge and oon-  
 inge, divyded and unfolden by tymes, lat  
 85 that ben called destinee. And al-be-it so  
 that thise thinges ben dyverse, yit natho-

les hangeth that oon on that other; for-  
 why the order destinal procedeth of the  
 simplicitee of purviaunce. For right as  
 a werkman, that aperceyveth in his  
 90 thought the forme of the thing that he  
 wol make, and moeveth the effect of the  
 werk, and ledeth that he hadde loked  
 biforn in his thought simply and pre-  
 sently, by temporel ordinaunce: certes,  
 95 right so god disponeth in his purviaunce,  
 singularly and stably, the thinges that  
 ben to done, but he aministreth in many  
 maneres and in dyverse tymes, by des-  
 tinee, thilke same thinges that he hath  
 100 disposed. Thanne, whether that des-  
 tinee be exercysed outhur by some divyne  
 spirits, servaunts to the divyne pur-  
 viaunce, or elles by som sowle, or elles by  
 alle nature servinge to god, or elles by  
 105 the celestial moevinges of sterres, or elles  
 by the vertu of angeles, or elles by the  
 dyverse subtilitee of develes, or elles by  
 any of hem, or elles by hem alle, the  
 destinal ordinaunce is y-woven and acom-  
 110 plished. Certes, it is open thing, that  
 the purviaunce is an unmoevable and  
 simple forme of thinges to done; and the  
 moveable bond and the temporel ordi-  
 naunce of thinges, whiche that the  
 115 divyne simplicitee of purviaunce hath  
 ordeyned to done, that is destinee. For  
 which it is, that alle thinges that ben  
 put under destinee ben, certes, subgits to  
 purviaunce, to whiche purviaunce des-  
 120 tinee itself is subgit and under. But  
 some thinges ben put under purviaunce,  
 that surmounten the ordinaunce of des-  
 tinee; and tho ben thilke that stably ben  
 y-ficched negh to the firste godhed: they  
 125 surmounten the ordre of destinal moev-  
 abletee. For right as of cerles that  
 tornen a-boute a same centre or a-boute  
 a poynt, thilke cerle that is innerest or  
 moest with-inne joyneth to the simplesse  
 130 of the middel, and is, as it were, a centre  
 or a poynt to that other cerles that  
 tornen a-bouten him; and thilke that is  
 outterest, compassed by larger envyr-  
 135 ninge, is unfolden by larger spaces, in so  
 moche as it is forthest fro the middel  
 simplicitee of the poynt; and yif ther be

any-thing that knitteth and felawship-  
 peth him-self to thilke middel poynt, it  
 140 is constrained in-to simplicitee, *that is to*  
*seyn, in-to unmoevablete,* and it ceseth to  
 be shad and to fleten dyversely: right so,  
 by semblable rescoun, thilke thing that  
 departeth fortheft fro the first thought of  
 145 god, it is unfolden and summitted to  
 gretter bondes of destinee: and in so  
 moche is the thing more free and laus  
 fro destinee, as it axeth and holdeth him  
 ner to thilke centre of thinges, *that is to*  
 150 *seyn, god* And yif the thing clyveth to  
 the stedefastnesse of the thought of god,  
 and be with-oute moevinge, certes, it sor-  
 mounteth the necessitee of destinee.  
 Thanne right swich comparisoun as it is  
 155 of skilings to understandings, and of  
 thing that is engendred to thing that is,  
 and of tyme to eternitee, and of the carole  
 to the centre, right so is the ordre of  
 moevable destinee to the stable sim-  
 160 plicitee of purviaunce. Thilke ordi-  
 nauce moeveth the hevене and the  
 sterres, and attempeth the elements to-  
 gider amonges hem-self, and transformeth  
 hem by entrechangeable mutacioun;  
 165 and thilke same ordre neweth ayein alle  
 thinges growinge and fallinge a-down, by  
 semblable progressiouns of sedes and of  
 sexes, *that is to seyn, male and femela.*  
 And this ilke ordre constraineth the for-  
 170 tunes and the dedes of men by a bond of  
 causes, nat able to ben unbounde; the  
 whiche destinal causes, whan they passen  
 out fro the biginnings of the unmoevable  
 purviaunce, it mot nedes be that they ne  
 175 be nat mutable. And thus ben the  
 thinges ful wel y-governed, yif that the  
 simplicitee dwellinge in the divyne thought  
 sheweth forth the ordre of causes, unable  
 to ben y-bowed; and this ordre con-  
 180 straineth by his propre stablete the  
 moevable thinges, or elles they sholden  
 fleten folily. For which it is, that alle  
 thinges semen to ben confus and trouble  
 to us men, for we ne mowen nat considere  
 185 thilke ordinaunce; natheles, the propre  
 maner of every thinge, dressinge hem to  
 goode, disponeth hem alle.

For ther nis no-thing don for cause of

yvel; ne thilke thing that is don by wik-  
 kede folk *is nat don for yvel.* The whiche 190  
 shrewes, as I have shewed ful plenti-  
 vously, seken good, but wikked errour  
 mistorneth hem, ne the ordre cominge  
 fro the poynt of sovereign good ne de-  
 clyneth nat fro his biginninge. But thou 195  
 mayst seyn, what unreste may ben a  
 worse confusioun than that gode men han  
 somtyme adversitee and somtyme pros-  
 peritee, and shrewes also now han  
 thinges that they desiren, and now 200  
 thinges that they haten? Whether men  
 liven now in swich hoolnesse of thought,  
 (as *who seyth, ben men now so wyse*), that  
 swiche folk as they demen to ben gode  
 folk or shrewes, that it moste nedes ben 205  
 that folk ben swiche as they wenen?  
 But in this manere the domes of men  
 discorden, that thilke men that some  
 folk demen worthy of mede, other folk  
 demen hem worthy of torment. But lat 210  
 us graunte, I pose that som man may wel  
 demen or knowen the gode folk and the  
 badde; may he thanne knowen and seen  
 thilke innereste atempaunce of corages,  
 as it hath ben wont to be seyed of bodies; 215  
 as *who seyth, may a man speken and deter-*  
*minen of atempaunces in corages, as men*  
*were wont to demen or speken of com-*  
*plexiouns and atempaunces of bodies?* Ne  
 it ne is nat an unlyk miracle, to hem 220  
 that ne knowen it nat, (as *who seith, but*  
*it is lyke a merveil or a miracle to hem that*  
*ne knowen it nat*), why that swete thinges  
 ben covenable to some bodies that ben  
 hole, and to some bodies bittere thinges 225  
 ben covenable; and also, why that some  
 syke folk ben holpen with lighte medi-  
 cynes, and some folk ben holpen with  
 sharpe medicynes. But natheles, the  
 leche that knoweth the manere and the 230  
 atempaunce of hele and of maladye, ne  
 merveileth of it no-thing. But what  
 other thing semeth hele of corages but  
 bountee and prowess? And what other  
 thing semeth maladye *of corages* but 235  
 vyces? Who is elles kepere of good or  
 dryver away of yvel, but god, governour  
 and lecher of thoughtes? The whiche god,  
 whan he hath biholden from the heye

240 tour of his purveaunce, he knoweth what  
 is covenable to every wight, and leneth  
 hem that he wot that is covenable to  
 hem. Lo, her-of comth and her-of is don  
 this noble miracle of the ordre destinal,  
 245 whan god, that al knoweth, doth swiche  
 thing, of which thing that unknowinge  
 folk ben astoned. But for to constreine,  
*as who seyth, but for to comprehendre and*  
*telle a fewe thinges of the divyne deep-*  
 250 *nesse, the whiche that mannes resoun*  
*may understonde, thilke man that thou*  
*wenest to ben right juste and right kep-*  
*inge of equites, the contrarie of that*  
*semeth to the divyne purveaunce, that al*  
 255 *wot. And Lucan, my familer, telleth*  
*that "the victorious cause lykede to the*  
*goddes, and the cause overcomen lykede*  
*to Catoun."* Thanne, what-so-ever thou  
 mayst seen that is don in this world  
 260 unhoped or unwened, certes, it is the  
 right ordre of thinges; but, as to thy  
 wikkede opinioun, it is a confusioun. But  
 I suppose that som man be so wel  
 y-thewed, that the divyne jugement and  
 265 the jugement of mankinde acorden hem  
 to-gider of him; but he is so unstedefast  
 of corage, that, yif any adversitee come  
 to him, he wol forleten, par-aventure, to  
 continue innocence, by the whiche he ne  
 270 may nat with-holden fortune. Thanne  
 the wyse dispensacioun of god spareth  
 him, the whiche man adversitee mighte  
 enpeyren; for that god wol nat suffren  
 him to travaile, to whom that travaile  
 275 nis nat covenable. Another man is parfit  
 in alle vertues, and is an holy man, and  
 negh to god, so that the purviaunce of  
 god wolde demen, that it were a felonye  
 that he were touched with any adver-  
 280 sitees; so that he wol nat suffre that  
 swich a man be moeved with any bodily  
 maladye. But so as seyde a philosophre,  
 the more excellent by me: *he seyde in*  
*Grek, that "vertues han edified the body*  
 285 *of the holy man."* And ofte tyme it  
 bitydeh, that the somme of thinges that  
 ben to done is taken to governe to gode  
 folk, for that the malice haboundant of  
 shrewes sholde ben abated. And god  
 290 yeveth and departeth to othre folk pros-

peritees and adversitees y-medled to-  
 hepe, after the qualitee of hir corages, and  
 remordeth som folk *by adversitee*, for they  
 ne sholde nat waxen proude by longe  
 welefulnesse. And other folk he suffreth  
 295 to ben travailed with harde thinges, for  
 that they sholden confermen the vertues  
 of corage by the usage and exercitacioun  
 of pacience. And other folk dreden more  
 than they oughten †that whiche they  
 300 mighten wel beren; and somme dispysse  
 that they mowe nat beren; and thilke  
 folk god ledeth in-to experience of him-  
 self by aspre and sorwful thinges. And  
 many othre folk han bought honourable  
 305 renoun of this world by the prys of  
 glorious deeth. And som men, that ne  
 mowen nat ben overcomen by tormentes,  
 have yeven ensaumple to othre folk, that  
 vertu may nat ben overcomen by adver-  
 310 sitees; and of alle thinges ther nis no  
 doute, that they ne ben don rightlly  
 and ordenely, to the profit of hem to  
 whom we seen thise thinges bityde. For  
 certes, that adversitee comth somtyme  
 315 to shrewes, and somtyme that that they  
 desiren, it comth of thise forside causes.  
 And of sorwful thinges *that bityden to*  
*shrewes*, certes, no man ne wondreth; for  
 alle men wenen that they han wel de-  
 320 served it, and that they ben of wikkede  
 merite; of whiche shrewes the torment  
 somtyme agasteth othre to don felonyes,  
 and somtyme it amendeth hem that  
 suffren the tormentes. And the pros-  
 325 peritee *that is yeven to shrewes* sheweth  
 a greet argument to gode folk, what thing  
 they sholde demen of thilke welefulnesse,  
 the whiche prosperitee men seen ofte  
 330 serven to shrewes. In the which thing  
 I trowe that god dispenseth; for, per-  
 aventure, the nature of som man is so  
 overthrowinge to *yuel*, and so unconv-  
 335 able, that the nedy povertie of his  
 household mighte rather egren him to don  
 felonyes. And to the maladye of him god  
 putteth remedie, to yeven him richesces.  
 And som other man biholdeth his con-  
 340 science defouled with sinnes, and maketh  
 comparisoun of his fortune and of him-  
 self; and dredeth, per-aventure, that his

blisfulnesse, of which the usage is joyeful  
to him, that the lesinge of thilke blisful-  
nesse ne be nat sorwful to him; and  
445 therfor he wol change his maneres, and,  
for he dredeth to lese his fortune, he for-  
leteth his wikkednesse. To othere folk is  
welefulnesse y-yevon unworthily, the  
whiche overthroweth hem in-to destruc-  
450 tion that they han deserved. And to som  
othre folk is yeven power to punisshen,  
for that it shal be cause of *continua-*  
*cious* and exercysinge to gode folk and  
cause of torment to shrewes. For so as  
455 ther nis non alyauce by-twixe gode folk  
and shrewes, ne shrewes ne mowen nat  
acorden amonges hem-self. And why  
nat? For shrewes discorden of hem-self  
by hir vyces, the whiche vyces al to-  
460 renden hir consciences; and don ofte  
tyme thinges, the whiche thinges, whan  
they han don hem, they demen that tho  
thinges ne sholden nat han ben don. For  
which thing thilke soverain purveaunce  
465 hath maketh ofte tyme fair miracle; so  
that shrewes han maketh shrewes to ben  
gode men. For whan that som shrewes  
seen that they suffren wrongfully felonyes  
of othere shrewes, they wexen eschaufed  
470 in-to hate of hem that annoyen hem, and  
retornen to the frut of vertu, whan they  
studien to ben unlyk to hem that they  
han hated. Certes, only this is the divyne  
might, to the whiche might yveles ben  
475 thanne gode, whan it useth the yveles  
covenably, and draweth out the effect of  
any gode; *as who seyth, that yvel is good  
only to the might of god, for the might of god  
ordeyneth thilke yvel to good.* For oon  
480 ordre embraseth alle thinges, so that  
what wight that departeth fro the resoun  
of thilke ordre which that is assigned to  
him, algates yit he slydeth in-to another  
ordre, so that no-thing nis leveful to folye  
485 in the reame of the divyne purveaunce;  
*as who seyth, nothing nis with-outen ordi-*  
*nauce in the reame of the divyne pur-*  
*veaunce*; sin that the right stronge god  
governeth alle thinges in this world. For  
490 it nis nat leveful to man to compre-  
henden by wit, ne unfolden by word, alle  
the subtil ordinaunces and disposiciouns

of the divyne entente. For only it oughte  
suffise to han loked, that god him-self,  
maker of alle natures, ordeineth and 395  
dresseth alle thinges to gode; whyl that  
he hasteth to with-holden the thinges  
that he hath maketh in-to his semblance,  
*that is to seyn, for to with-holden thinges  
in-to good, for he him-self is good,* he 400  
chaseth out al yvel fro the boundes of his  
comunalitye by the ordre of necessitee  
destinable. For which it folweth, that  
yif thou loke the purveaunce ordeininge  
the thinges that men wenen ben out- 405  
rageous or haboundant in erthes, thou ne  
shalt not seen in no place no-thing of  
yvel. But I see now that thou art  
charged with the weighte of the ques-  
tion, and very with the lengthe of my 410  
resoun; and that thou abydest som sweet-  
nesse of songe. Tak thanne this draught;  
and whan thou art wel refreshed and  
refect, thou shal be more stedefast to styte  
in-to heyere questionna. 415

METRE VI. *Si vis celest iura tonantis.*

If thou, wys, wilt demen in thy pure  
thought the rightes or the lawes of the  
heye thonderer, *that is to seyn, of god,* loke  
thou and bihold the heightes of the  
soverain hevane. There kepen the sterres, 5  
by rightful alliaunce of thinges, hir olde  
pees. The sonne, y-mooved by his rody  
fyr, ne distorbeth nat the colde cercle of  
the mone. Ne the sterre y-cleped 'the  
Bere,' that enclyneth his ravishinge 10  
courses abouten the soverain heighte  
of the worlde, ne the same sterre Urza nis  
never-mo wasshen in the depe westrene  
see, ne coveiteth nat to deyen his flaumes  
in the see of the occian, al-though he see 15  
othre sterres y-ploughed in the see. And  
Hesperus the sterre bodeth and telleth  
alwey the late nightes; and Lucifer the  
sterre bringeth ayein the clere day. And  
thus maketh Love entrechaungeable the 20  
perdurable courses; and thus is discord-  
able bataille y-put out of the contree of  
the sterres. This accordaunce atempreth  
by evenlylk maneres the elements, that  
the moiste thinges, stryvings with the 25



drye thinges, yeven place by stoundes; and the colde thinges joynen hem by feyth to the hote thinges; and that the lighte fyr aryseth in-to heichte; and the  
 30 hevy erthes avalen by hir weightes. By thise same causes the floury yeer yildeth swote smelles in the firste somer-sesoun warminge; and the hote somer dryeth the cornes; and autumpne comth ayein,  
 35 hevy of apples; and the fletinge reyn bideweth the winter. This atemprance norissheth and bringeth forth al thing that þ bretheth lyf in this world; and thilke same atemprance, ravissinge,  
 40 hydeth and binimeth, and drencheth under the laste deeth, alle thinges y-born. Amonges these thinges sitteth the heyne maker, king and lord, welles and beginninge, lawe and wys juge, to don equitee;  
 45 and governeth and enclyneth the bryddles of thinges. And the thinges that he stereth to gon by moevinge, he with-draweth and arresteth; and affermeth the moevable or wandringe thinges. For yif  
 50 that he ne clepede ayein the right goinge of thinges, and yif that he ne constreinede hem nat eft-sones in-to roundnesses enclynede, the thinges that ben now continued by stable ordinaunce, they  
 55 sholden departen from hir welle, *that is to seyn, from hir biginninge*, and faylen, *that is to seyn, torne in-to nought*. This is the comune Love to alle thinges; and alle thinges axen to ben holden by the fyn of  
 60 good. For elles ne mighten they nat lasten; yif they ne come nat eft-sones ayein, by Love returned, to the cause that hath yeven hem beinge, *that is to seyn, to god*.

PROSE VII. *Iamne igitur uidet.*

Seestow nat thanne what thing folweth alle the thinges that I have seyde? 'Boece, 'What thing?' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she, 'al-outrely, that alle  
 5 fortune is good.' 'And how may that be?' quod I.

'Now understand,' quod she, 'so as alle fortune, whether so it be joyeful fortune or aspre fortune, is yeven either by cause

of guerdoning or elles of exercysinge of good folk, or elles by cause to punisshen or elles chastyen shrewes; thanne is alle fortune good, the whiche fortune is certain that it be either rightful or elles profitable.' 'Forsothe, this is a ful  
 15 verray resoun,' quod I; 'and yif I consider the purviaunce and the destinee that thou taughtest me a litel her-biforn, this sentence is sustened by stedefast resouns. But yif it lyke unto thee, lat us  
 20 noumbren hem amonges thilke thinges, of whiche thou seydest a litel her-biforn, that they ne were nat able to ben wened to the poeple.'

'Why so?' quod she. 'For that the  
 25 comune word of men,' quod I, 'misuseth this *maner speche of fortune*, and seyn ofte tymes that the fortune of som wight is wikkede.'

'Wiltow thanne,' quod she, 'that I  
 30 aproche a litel to the wordes of the poeple, so that it seme nat to hem that I be over-moche departed as fro the usage of man-kinde?' 'As thou wilt,' quod I.

'Demestow nat,' quod she, 'that al  
 35 thing that profiteth is good?' 'Yis,' quod I.

'And certes, thilke thing that exercyseth or corigeth, profiteth?' 'I confesse it wel,' quod I.

'Thanne is it good?' quod she. 'Why nat?' quod I.

'But this is the fortune,' quod she, 'of hem that either ben put in vertu and bataillen ayeins aspre thinges, or elles  
 45 hem that eschuen and declynen fro vyces and taken the wey of vertu.' 'This ne may I nat denye,' quod I.

'But what seystow of the mery fortune that is yeven to good folk in guerdoun?'  
 50 'Demeth aught the poeple that it is wikked?' 'Nay, forsothe,' quod I; 'but they demen, as it sooth is, that it is right good.'

'And what seystow of that other for-  
 55 tune,' quod she, 'that, al-thogh that it be aspre, and restraineth the shrewes by rightful torment, weneth aught the poeple that it be good?' 'Nay,' quod I, 'but the poeple demeth that it is most

wreched of alle thinges that may ben thought.'

'War now, and loke wol,' quod she, 'lest that we, in folwinge the opinioun of the poeple, have confessed and concluded thing that is unable to be wened to the poeple.' 'What is that,' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she, 'it folweth or comth of thinges that ben graunted, that alle fortune, what-so-ever it be, of hem that ben either in possessioun of vertu, or in the eneres of vertu, or elles in the purchasing of vertu, that thilke fortune is good; and that alle fortune is right wicked to hem that dwellen in shrewednesse;' *as who seyth, and thus weneth nat the poeple.* 'That is sooth,' quod I, 'al-be-it so that no man dar confesse it ne biknowen it.'

'Why so?' quod she; 'for right as the stronge man ne semeth nat to abaissen or disdaignen as ofte tyme as he hereth the noise of the bataille, ne also it ne semeth nat, to the wyse man, to beren it greuously, as ofte as he is lad in-to the stryf of fortune. For bothe to that oon man and eek to that other thilke difficultee is the matere; to that oon man, of eneres of his glorious renoun, and to that other man, to confirme his sapience, *that is to seyn, to the asprenesse of his estat.* For therfore is it called "vertu," for that it susteneth and enforseth, by hise strengthes, that it nis nat overcomen by adversitees. Ne certes, thou that art put in the eneres or in the heighte of vertu, ne hast nat comen to fleten with delices, and for to welken in bodily luste; thou sowest or plauntest a ful egre bataille *in thy corage* ayeins every fortune: for that the sorwful fortune ne confounde thee nat, ne that the merye fortune ne corumpe thee nat, occupye the mene by stelefast strengthes. For al that ever is under the mene, or elles al that overpasseth the mene, despyseth welefulnesse *as who seyth, it is vicious,* and ne hath no mede of his travaille. For it is set in your hand; *as who seyth, it lyth in your power* what fortune yow is levest, *that is to seyn, good or greel.* For alle fortune that semeth

sharp or aspre, yif it ne exercyse nat the gode folk ne chastyseth the wicked folk, it punissheth.

METRE VII. *Bella bis quintis operatus annis.*

The wreker Attrides, *that is to seyn, Agamenon*, that wroughte and continuede the batailles by ten yer, recovered and purgede *in wrekinge*, by the destruccioun of Troye, the loste chaumbres of mariage of his brother; *this is to seyn, that he, Agamenon, wan ayein Eleyne, that was Menelaus wyf his brother.* In the mene whyle that thilke Agamenon desirede to yeven sayles to the Grekissh navye, and boughte ayein the windes by blood, he unclothede him of pitee of fader; and the sory preest yiveth in sacrificyng the wreched cuttinge of throte of the doughter; *that is to seyn, that Agamenon let cutten the throte of his doughter by the preest, to maken allyaunce with his goddes, and for to han wind with whiche he mighte wenden to Troye.* Itacus, *that is to seyn, Ulixes*, biwepte his felawes y-lorn, the whiche felawes the ferse Poliphemus, ligginge in his grete cave, hadde freten and dreynt in his empty wombe. But natheles Poliphemus, wood for his blinde visage, yald to Ulixes joye by his sorwful teres; *that is to seyn, that Ulixes smoot out the eye of Poliphemus that stood in his forehead, for which Ulixes hadde joye, whan he saw Poliphemus wepinge and blinde.* Hercules is celebrable for his harde travailes; he dauntede the proude Centaures, *half hors, half man*; and he birafte the dispoylinge fro the cruel lyoun, *that is to seyn, he slough the lyoun and rafte him his skin.* He smoot the briddes that highten *Arpyes* with certain arwes. He ravissode apples fro the wakinge dragoun, and his hand was the more hevvy for the goldene metal. He drow Cerberus, the hound of helle, by his treble cheyne. He, overcomer, as it is seyde, hath put an unmeke lord foddre to his cruel hors; *this is to seyn, that Hercules slough Diomedes, and made his hors to freten him.* And he,

45 Hercules, slowh Ydra the serpent, and  
 brande the venom. And Achelous the  
 flood, defouled in his forhed, dreynte his  
 shamefast visage in his strondes; *this is*  
*to seyn, that Achelous coude transfigure*  
 50 *him-self in-to dyverse lyknesses; and, as he*  
*faught with Hercules, at the laste he tornede*  
*him in-to a bole; and Hercules brak of oon*  
*of his hornes, and he, for shame, hidde him*  
*in his river. And he, Hercules, caste*  
 55 *adoun Antheus the gyaunt in the*  
*strondes of Libie; and Cacus apaysede*  
*the wratthes of Evander; this is to seyn,*  
*that Hercules slowh the monstre Cacus, and*  
*apaysede with that deeth the wratthe of*  
 60 *Evander. And the bristled boor marked*  
 with soomes the shuldres of Hercules, the

whiche shuldres the heye carcle of hevene  
 sholde thriste. And the laste of his la-  
 bours was, that he sustoned the hevene  
 up-on his nekke unbowed; and he de-  
 servede eft-sones the hevene, to ben the  
 prys of his laste travaile. Goth now  
 thanne, ye stronge men, ther-as the heye  
 wey of the grete ensauple ledeth yow.  
 O nyce men, why nake ye youre bakkes?  
 As who seyth: O ye slowe and delicat men.  
 why flee ye adversitees, and ne fighten nat  
 ayeins hem by vertu, to winnen the made of  
 the hevene? For the erthe, overcomen,  
 yeveth the sterres; this is to seyn, that,  
 when that erthely lust is overcomen, a man  
 is makid worthy to the hevene.

## BOOK V.

PROSE I. *Dixerat, orationisque  
cursum.*

She hadde seyde, and torned the cours  
 of hir resoun to some othere thinges to  
 treted and to ben y-sped. Thanne seyde  
 I, 'Certes, rightful is thyn amonestinge  
 5 and ful digne by auctoritee. But that  
 thou seidest whylom, that the questioun  
 of the divyne purviaunce is enlaced with  
 many other questionns, I understonde  
 wel and provee it by the same thing. But  
 10 I axe yif that thou wenest that hap be  
 any thing in any weys; and, yif thou  
 wenest that hap be anything, what is  
 it?'

Thanne quod she, 'I haste me to yilden  
 15 and assoilen to thee the dette of my  
 bihest, and to shouwen and open the wey,  
 by which wey thou mayst come ayein to  
 thy contree. But al-be-it so that the  
 thinges which that thou axest ben right  
 20 profitable to knowe, yit ben they diverse  
 somewhat fro the path of my purpos; and  
 it is to douten that thou ne be makid  
 wery by mis-weyes, so that thou ne mayst  
 nat suffyce to mesuren the right wey.'  
 25 'Ne doute thee ther-of nothing,' quod I.

'For, for to knowen thilke thinges to-  
 gedere, in the whiche thinges I delyte me  
 greetly, that shal ben to me in stede of  
 reste; sin it is nat to douten of the  
 thinges folwinge, whan every syde of thy  
 disputacioun shal han be stedefast to me  
 by undoutous feith.'

Thanne seyde she, 'That manere wol  
 I don thee'; and bigan to spoken right  
 thus. 'Certes,' quod she, 'yif any wight  
 35 diffinisshap in this manere, that is to  
 seyn, that "hap is bitydinge y-brought  
 forth by foolish moevinge and by no  
 knettinge of causes," I conforme that hap  
 nis right naught in no wyse; and I deme  
 40 al-outrely that hap nis, ne dwelleth but  
 a voice, as who seith, but an ydel word,  
 with-outen any significacioun of thing  
 submitted to that vois. For what place  
 mighte ben left, or dwellinge, to folye  
 45 and to disordenance, sin that god ledeth  
 and constreinet alle thinges by ordre?  
 For this sentence is verray and sooth.  
 that "nothing ne hath his beinge of  
 naught"; to the whiche sentence none  
 50 of these olde folk ne withseyde never;  
 al-be-it so that they ne understoden ne  
 meneden it naught by god, prince and

beginners of werkings, but they casten  
 55 [it] as a manere foundement of subject  
 material, that is to seyn, of the nature of  
 alle resoun. And yif that any thing is  
 woxen or comen of no causes, than shal it  
 seme that thilke thing is comen or woxen  
 60 of naught; but yif this ne may nat ben  
 don, thanne is it nat possible, that hap  
 be any swich thing as I have diffinissed  
 a litel heer-biforn.' 'How shal it  
 thanne be?' quod I. 'Nis ther thanne  
 65 no-thing that by right may be cleped  
 either "hap" or elles "aventure of for-  
 tune"; or is ther aught, al-be-it so that  
 it is hid fro the peple, to which these  
 wordes ben covenable?'

70 'Myn Aristotulia,' quod she, 'in the  
 book of his Phisik, diffinisseth this thing  
 by short resoun, and neigh to the sothe.'  
 'In which manere?' quod I.

'As ofte,' quod she, 'as men doon any  
 75 thing for grace of any other thing, and  
 an-other thing than thilke thing that  
 men entenden to don bitydeth by some  
 causes, it is cleped "hap." Right as  
 a man dalf the erthe by cause of tilyinge  
 80 of the feeld, and founde ther a gobet of  
 gold bidolven, thanne wenen folk that it  
 is bifalle by fortynous bitydinge. But,  
 for sothe, it nis nat of naught, for it hath  
 his propre causes; of whiche causes the  
 85 cours unforeseyn and unwar semeth to  
 han makid hap. For yif the tilyere of  
 the feld ne dolve nat in the erthe, and yif  
 the hyder of the gold ne hadde hid the  
 gold in thilke place, the gold ne hadde  
 90 nat been founde. Thise ben thanne the  
 causes of the abregginge of fortuit hap,  
 the which abregginge of fortuit hap  
 comth of causes encountringe and flow-  
 inge to-gidere to hem-self, and nat by the  
 95 entencion of the doer. For neither the  
 hyder of the gold ne the delver of the  
 feld ne understoden nat that the gold  
 sholde han ben founde; but, as I sayde,  
 it bitidde and ran to-gidere that he dalf  
 100 ther-as that other hadde hid the gold.  
 Now may I thus diffinishe "hap." Hap  
 is an unwar bitydinge of causes assem-  
 bled in thinges that ben don for som  
 other thing. But thilke ordre, procedinge

by an uneschuable bindinge to-gidere, 105  
 which that descendeth fro the welle of  
 purviaunce that ordeineth alle thinges in  
 hir places and in hir tymes, maketh that  
 the causes rennen and assemblen to-  
 gidere. 110

METRE I. *Rupis Achemenie scopulis,  
 ubi uersa sequentum.*

Tigris and Eufrates. resolven and  
 springen of oo welle, in the craggess of the  
 roche of the contree of Achemenie, ther-as  
 the fleinge bataille fleeth hir darteres,  
 returned in the brestes of hem that fol- 5  
 wen hem. And sone after the same  
 riveres, Tigris and Eufrates, unjoinen and  
 departen hir wateres. And yif they  
 comen to-gidere, and ben assembled and  
 cleped to-gidere into o cours, thanne 10  
 moten thilke thinges fleten to-gidere  
 which that the water of the entro-  
 chaunginge flood bringeth. The shippes  
 and the stokkes arraced with the flood  
 moten assemblen; and the wateres y- 15  
 medled wrappeth or implyeth many for-  
 tunel happes or maneres; the whiche  
 wandringe happes, natheles, thilke de-  
 clynyng lownesse of the erthe and the  
 flowinge ordre of the slydinge water 20  
 governeth. Right so Fortune, that semeth  
 as that it fleteth with slaked or un-  
 governede brydles, it suffereth brydles,  
 that is to seyn, to be governed, and passeth  
 by thilke laws, that is to seyn, by thilke 25  
 divyne ordenaunce.'

PROSE II. *Animaduerto, inquam.*

'This understonde I wel,' quod I, 'and  
 I acorde wel that it is right as thou  
 seyst. But I axe yif ther be any libertee  
 of free wil in this ordre of causes that  
 clyven thus to-gidere in hem-self; or 5  
 elles I wolde witen yif that the destinal  
 cheyne constreineth the movings of the  
 corages of men?'

'Yis,' quod she; 'ther is libertee of  
 free wil. Ne ther ne was nevere no 10  
 nature of resoun that it ne hadde libertee

of free wil. For every thing that may naturally usen resoun, it hath doom by which it discerneth and demeth every  
 15 thing; thanne knoweth it, by it-self, thinges that ben to fleen and thinges that ben to desiren. And thilke thing that any wight demeth to ben desired, that axeth or desireth he; and fleeth  
 20 thilke thing that he troweth ben to fleen. Wherefore in alle thinges that resoun is, in hem also is libertee of willinge and of nillinge. But I ne ordeyne nat, *as who seyth, I ne graunte nat*, that this libertee  
 25 be evene-lyk in alle thinges. Forwhy in the soveraines devynes substaunces, *that is to seyn, in spirite*, jugement is more cleer, and wil nat y-corrupted, and might redy to speden thinges that ben desired.  
 30 But the soules of men moten nedes be more free whan they loken hem in the speculacioun or lokinge of the devyne thought, and lasse free whan they alayden in-to the bodies; and yit lasse free whan  
 35 they ben gadared to-gidere and comprehended in erthely membres. But the laste servage is whan that they ben yeven to vyces, and han y-falle from the possession of hir propre resoun. For after  
 40 that they han cast away hir eyen from the light of the sovereyn soothfastnesse to lowe thinges and derke, anon they derken by the cloude of ignorance and ben troubled by felonous talents; to the  
 45 whiche talents whan they aprochen and asenten, they hepen and encreasen the servage which they han joyned to hemself; and in this manere they ben caitifs fro hir propre libertee. The whiche  
 50 thinges, nathelesse, the lokinge of the devyne purviaunce seeth, that alle thinges biholdeth and seeth fro eterne, and ordeineth hem everich in hir merites as they ben predestinat: *and it is seyd in*  
 55 *Greek, that* "alle thinges he seeth and alle thinges he hereth."

METRE II. *Puro clarum lumine Phœbum.*

Homer with the hony mouth, *that is to seyn, Homer with the sweets dilectes*, singeth, that the sonne is cleer by pure light;

natheles yit ne may it nat, by the infirme light of his bemes, broken or pecten the 5 inwarde entrailles of the erthe, or elles of the sea. So ne seeth nat god, maker of the grete world: to him, that loketh alle thinges from an heigh, ne withstondeth nat no thinges by hevynesse of erthe; ne 10 the night ne withstondeth nat to him by the blake cloudeas. *Thilke god seeth*, in oo strok of thought, alle thinges that ben, or weren, or sholle comen; and *thilke god*, for he loketh and seeth alle thinges 15 alone, thou mayst seyn that he is the verray sonne.'

PROSE III. *Tum ego, en, inquam.*

Thanne seyde I, 'now am I confounded by a more hard doute than I was.'

'What doute is that?' quod she. 'For certes, I conjecte now by whiche thinges thou art troubled.'

'It seemeth,' quod I, 'to repugnen and to contrarien greetly, that god knoweth biforn alle thinges, and that ther is any freedom of libertee. For yif so be that god loketh alle thinges biforn, ne god ne 10 may nat ben deceiver in no manere, than mot it nedes been, that alle thinges bityden the whiche that the purviaunce of god hath seyn biforn to comen. For which, yif that god knoweth biforn nat 15 only the werkes of men, but also hir conseilles and hir willes, thanne ne shal ther be no libertee of arbitre; ne, certes, ther ne may be noon othere dede, ne no wil, but thilke which that the divyne 20 purviaunce, that may nat ben deceiver, hath feled biforn. For yif that they mighten wrythen away in othere manere than they ben purveyed, than sholde ther be no stedefast prescience of thing to 25 comen, but rather an uncertein opinioun; the whiche thing to trowen of god, I deme it felonye and unleveful. Ne I ne provee nat thilke same resoun, *as who seyth, I ne alowes nat, or I ne prayes nat, thilke same* 30 *resoun*, by which that som men wenen that they mowen asspilen and unknitten the knotte of this question. For, certes,

they seyn that thing nis nat to comen  
 35 for that the purviaunce of god hath seyn  
 it biforn that is to comen, but rather the  
 contrarye, *and that is this*: that, for that  
 the thing is to comen, therefore ne may it  
 nat ben hid fro the purviaunce of god;  
 40 and in this manere this necessitee slydeth  
 ayen in-to the contrarye partye: ne it  
 ne bihoveth nat, nedes, that thinges bi-  
 tyden that ben purveyed, but it bihoveth,  
 nedes, that thinges that ben to comen  
 45 ben y-purveyed: but as it were y-travelled,  
*as who seyth, that thilke answers procedeth  
 right as thogh men travelleden, or weren  
 bly to esqueren*, the whiche thing is cause  
 of the whiche thing:—as, whether the  
 50 prescience is cause of the necessitee of  
 thinges to comen, or elles that the  
 necessitee of thinges to comen is cause  
 of the purviaunce. But I ne enforce me  
 nat now to shewen it, that the bitydinge  
 55 of thinges y-wist biforn is necessarie, how  
 so or in what manere that the ordre of  
 causes hath it-self; al-though that it ne  
 seme nat that the prescience bringe in  
 necessitee of bitydinge to thinges to  
 60 comen. For certes, yif that any wight  
 sitteth, it bihoveth by necessitee that the  
 opinioun be sooth of him that coniecteth  
 that he sitteth; and ayenward also is it  
 of the contrarye: yif the opinioun be  
 65 sooth of any wight for that he sitteth,  
 it bihoveth by necessitee that he sitte.  
 Thanne is heer necessitee in that oon  
 and in that other: for in that oon is  
 necessitee of sittinge, and, certes, in that  
 70 other is necessitee of sooth. But therefore  
 ne sitteth nat a wight, for that the  
 opinioun of the sittinge is sooth; but the  
 opinioun is rather sooth, for that a wight  
 sitteth biforn. And thus, al-though that  
 75 the cause of the sooth cometh of that  
 other syde (*as who seyth, that al-though the  
 cause of sooth cometh of the sitting, and nat  
 of the true opinioun*), algates yit is ther  
 comune necessitee in that oon and in  
 80 that other. Thus sheweth it, that I may  
 make semblable skiles of the purviaunce  
 of god and of thinges to comen. For  
 although that, for that thinges ben to  
 comen, therfore ben they purveyed, nat,

certes, for that they ben purveyed, ther- 85  
 fore ne bityde they nat. Yit natheles,  
 bihoveth it by necessitee, that either the  
 thinges to comen ben y-purveyed of god,  
 or elles that the thinges that ben pur-  
 veyed of god bityden. And this thing 90  
 only suffiseth y-nough to destroyen the  
 freedom of oure arbitre, *that is to seyn, of  
 oure free will*. But now, certes, *sheweth it  
 wel, how far fro the sothe* and how up-  
 down is this thing that we seyn, that the 95  
 bitydinge of temporel thinges is cause of  
 the eterne prescience. But for to wemen  
 that god purvyeth the thinges to comen  
 for they ben to comen, what other thing  
 is it but for to wene that thilke thinges 100  
 that bitidden whylom ben causes of thilke  
 sovereign purviaunce *that is in god*? And  
 her-to I adde yit *this thing* that, right  
 as whan that I wot that a thing is, it  
 bihoveth by necessitee that thilke selve 105  
 thing be; and eek, whan I have knowe  
 that any thing shal bityden, so byhoveth  
 it by necessitee that thilke thing bityde:  
 —so folweth it thanne, that the bitydinge  
 of the thing y-wist biforn ne may nat 110  
 ben eschued. And at the laste, yif that  
 any wight wene a thing to ben other  
 wayes thanne it is, it is nat only un-  
 science, but it is deceivable opinioun ful  
 diverse and fer fro the sothe of science. 115  
 Wherefore, yif any thing be so to comen,  
 that the bitydinge of hit ne be nat cer-  
 tein ne necessarie, who may weten biforn  
 that thilke thing is to comen? For right  
 as science ne may nat ben medled with 120  
 falsnesse (*as who seyth, that yif I wot  
 a thing, it ne may nat be false that I ne wot  
 it*), right so thilke thing that is conceived  
 by science ne may nat ben non other  
 weys than as it is conceived. For that is 125  
 the cause why that science wanteth lesing  
 (*as who seyth, why that witting ne receiveth  
 nat lesinge of that it wot*); for it bihoveth,  
 by necessitee, that every thing be right  
 as science comprehendeth it to be. What 130  
 shal I thanne seyn? In whiche manere  
 knoweth god biforn the thinges to comen,  
 yif they ne be nat certain? For yif that  
 he deme that they ben to comen un-  
 eschewably, and so may be that it is 135

possible that they ne shollen nat comen, god is deceived. But nat only to trowen that god is deceived, but for to speke it with mouth, it is a felonous sinne. But  
 140 yif that god wot that, right so as thinges ben to comen, so shullen they comen—so that he wite egaly, *as who seyth, indifferently*, that thinges mowen ben doon or elles naty-doon—what is thilke prescience  
 145 that ne comprehendeth no certain thing ne stable? Or elles what difference is ther bitwixe the prescience and thilke jape-worthy divyninge of Tiresie the divynour, *that seyde*: “Al that I seye,”  
 150 quod he, “either it shal be, or elles it ne shal nat be?” Or elles how mochel is worth the devyne prescience more than the opinioun of mankinde, yif so be that it demeth the thinges uncertein, as  
 155 men doon; of the whiche domes of men the bitydinge nis nat certain? But yif so be that non uncertein thing ne may ben in him that is right certain welle of alle thinges, thanne is the bitydinge  
 160 certain of thilke thinges whiche he hath wist biforn fermely to comen. For which it folweth, that the freedom of the con- seiles and of the werkes of mankind nis non, sin that the thought of god, that  
 165 seeth alle thinges without error of fals- nesse, bindeth and constreineth hem to a bitydinge *by necessitee*. And yif this thing be ones y-graunted and received, *that is to seyn, that ther nis no free wille*,  
 170 than sheweth it wel, how greet destruc- cioun and how grete damages ther folwen of thinges of mankinde. For in ydel ben ther thanne purposed and bihight medes to gode folk, and peynes to badde folk,  
 175 sin that no moevinge of free corage voluntarie ne hath nat deserved hem, *that is to seyn, neither mede ne peyne*; and it sholde seme thanne, that thilke thing is alderworst, which that is now demed  
 180 for aldermost just and most rightful, *that is to seyn*, that shrewes ben punished, or elles that gode folk ben y-gerdoned: the whiche folk, sin that hir propre wil ne sent hem nat to that oon ne to that  
 185 other, *that is to seyn, neither to gode ne to harm*, but constreineth hem certain

necessitee of thinges to comen: thanne ne shollen ther nevere ben, ne nevere weren, vyce ne vertu, but it sholde rather ben confusioun of alle desertes medled  
 190 with-outen discrecioun. And yit *ther folweth an-other inconvenient*, †than whiche ther ne may ben thought no more felonous ne more wikke; *and that is this*: that, so as the ordre of thinges is y-led and comth  
 195 of the purviaunce of god, ne that no-thing nis lefeul to the conseiles of mankinde (*as who seyth, that men han no power to doon no-thing, ne wille no-thing*), than fol- weth it, that oure vyces ben referred to  
 200 the maker of alle good (*as who seyth, than folweth it, that god oughte han the blame of oure vyces, sin he constreinet us by neces- sities to doon vyces*). Thanne is ther no resoun to hopen *in god*, ne for to preyen  
 205 to god; for what sholde any wight hopen to god, or why sholde he preyen to god, sin that the ordenaunce of destinee, which that ne may nat ben inlyned, knitteth and streineth alle thinges that men may  
 210 desiren? Thanne sholde ther be doon away thilke only allysaunce bitwixen god and men, that is to seyn, to hopen and to preyen. But by the prys of rightwisnesse and of verray mekenesse we deserwen  
 215 gerdoun of the divyne grace, which that is inestimable, *that is to seyn, that it is so greet, that it ne may nat ben ful y-preyed*. And this is only the manere, *that is to seyn, hope and preyes*, for which it  
 220 semeth that men mowen speke with god, and by resoun of supplicacioun be con- joined to thilke cleernesse, that nis nat aproched no rather or that men beseken it and impetren it. And yif men wene  
 225 nat that hope ne preyes ne han no strengthes, by the necessitee of thinges to comen y-received, what thing is ther thanne by whiche we mowen ben con- joined and olyven to thilke sovereign  
 230 prince of thinges? For which it bihoveth, by necessitee, that the linage of man- kinde, as thou songe a litel her-biforn, be departed and unjoined from his welle, and failen of his beginninge, *that is to*  
 235 *seyn, god*.

METRE III. *Quenam discors federa rerum.*

What discordable cause hath to-rent  
and unjoined the bindinge, or the alliaunce,  
of thinges, *that is to seyn, the conjunctione*  
of god and man? Whiche god hath  
5 established so greet bataile bitwixen  
thise two soothfast or verray thinges,  
*that is to seyn, bitwixen the purvaunce of*  
*god and fressch will,* that they ben singular  
and devyded, ne that they ne wolen nat  
10 be medeled ne coupled to-gidere? But  
ther nis no discord to the verray thinges,  
but they clyven, certain, alway to hem-  
self. But the thought of man, confounded  
and overthrowen by the dirke membres  
15 of the body, ne may nat, by fyr of his  
derked looking, *that is to seyn, by the*  
*vigour of his insighte, whyl the soule is in*  
*the body,* knowe the thinne subtil knitt-  
inges of thinges. But wherfore enchaufeth  
20 it so, by so greet love, to finden thilke  
notes of sooth y-covered; *that is to seyn,*  
*wherfore enchaufeth the thocht of man by*  
*so greet desyr to knowen thilke notificacions*  
*that ben y-hid under the covertours of*  
25 *sooth?* Wot it aught thilke thing that it,  
anguinous, desireth to knowe? *As who*  
*seith, nay; for no man travaileth for to*  
*witen thinges that he wot. And therefore*  
*the texte seith thus:* but who travaileth to  
30 witen thinges y-knowe? And yif that he  
ne knoweth hem nat, what seketh thilke  
blinde thought? What is he that desireth  
any thing of which he wot right naught?  
*As who seith, who so desireth any thing,*  
35 *medes, somewhat he knoweth of it; or elles,*  
*he ne coude nat desire it.* Or who may  
folwen thinges that ne ben nat y-wist?  
*And thogh that he seke the thinges,* wher  
shal he finde hem? What wight, that is  
40 al unconninge and ignoraunt, may  
knowen the forme that is y-founde? But  
whan the soule biholdeth and seeth the  
heye thocht, *that is to seyn, god,* than  
knoweth it to-gidere the somme and the  
45 singularitees, *that is to seyn, the principles*  
*and everich by him-self.* But now, whyl  
the soule is hid in the cloude and in the  
derkenesse of the membres of the body,  
it ne hath nat al for-yeten it-self, but

it with-holdeth the somme of thinges, 50  
and leseth the singularitees. Thanne,  
who-so that seeketh soothnesse, he nis in  
neither nother habite; for he noot nat al,  
ne he ne hath nat al foryeten: but yit  
him remembreth the somme of thinges 55  
that he with-holdeth, and axeth conseil,  
and retreteth deepliche thinges y-seyn  
biforn, *that is to seyn, the grete somme in*  
*his minde:* so that he mowe adden the  
parties that he hath for-yeten to thilke 60  
that he hath with-holden.'

PROSE IV. *Tum illa: Vetus, inquit, hec est.*

Thanne seide she: 'this is,' quod she,  
'the olde question of the purvaunce of  
god; and Marcus Tullius, whan he de-  
vyded the divynaciouns, *that is to seyn, in*  
*his book that he wroot of divynaciouns,* he 5  
moevede gretly this questioun; and thou  
thy-self has y-sought it mochel, and  
outrely, and longe; but yit ne hath it  
nat ben determined ne y-sped fermely  
and diligently of any of yow. And the 10  
cause of this derkenesse and of this diffi-  
cultee is, for that the moevinge of the  
resoun of mankinde ne may nat moeven  
to (*that is to seyn, applyen or joinen to*) the  
simplicitee of the devyne prescience; the 15  
whiche *simplicitee of the devyne prescience,*  
yif that men mighten thinken it in any  
maner, *that is to seyn, that yif men mighten*  
*thinken and comprehend the thinges as*  
*god seeth hem,* thanne ne sholde ther  
20 dwellen outrely no doute: the whiche  
*resoun and cause of difficultes* I shal assaye  
at the laste to shewe and to speden,  
whan I have first y-spended and answered  
to the resouns by which thou art y- 25  
moeved. For I axe why thou weneest that  
thilke resouns of hem that assoilen this  
questioun ne ben nat speedful y-nough  
ne suffioient: the whiche *solucioun, or*  
*the whiche resoun,* for that it demeth that 30  
the prescience nis nat cause of necessitee  
to thinges to comen, than ne weneth it  
nat that freedom of wil be destorbed or  
y-let by prescience. For ne drawestow  
nat arguments from elles-where of the 35  
necessitee of thinges to-comen (*as who*



*seith, any other way than thus*) but that  
 thilke thinges that the prescience wot  
 biforn ne mowen nat unbityde? *That is*  
 40 *to seyn, that they moten bityde.* But  
 thanne, yif that prescience ne putteth  
 no necessitee to thinges to comen, as  
 thou thy-self hast confessed it and bi-  
 knownen a litel her-biforn, what cause or  
 45 what is it (*as who seith, ther may no cause*  
*be*) by which that the endes voluntarie of  
 thinges mighten be constrained to certain  
 bitydinge? For by grace of positionn, so  
 that thou mowe the betere understonde  
 50 this that solweth, I pose, *per impossibile*,  
 that ther be no prescience. Thanne axe  
 I, quod she, 'in as mochel as apertieneth  
 to that, sholden thanne thinges that  
 comen of free wil ben constrained to bi-  
 55 tyden by necessitee?' Boece. 'Nay,'  
 quod I.

'Thanne ayeinward,' quod she, 'I sup-  
 pose that ther be prescience, but that it  
 ne putteth no necessitee to thinges;  
 60 thanne trowe I, that thilke selve freedom  
 of wil shal dwellen al hool and absolut  
 and unbounden. But thou wolt seyn  
 that, al-be-it so that prescience nis nat  
 cause of the necessitee of bitydinge to  
 65 thinges to comen, algates yit it is a signe  
 that the thinges ben to bityden by  
 necessitee. By this manere thanne, al-  
 though the prescience ne hadde never  
 y-ben, yit *algate or at the leeste weye* it  
 70 is certain thing, that the endes and  
 bitydinges of thinges to comen sholden  
 ben necessari. For every signe sheweth  
 and signifyeth only what the thing is,  
 but it ne maketh nat the thing that it  
 75 signifyeth. For which it bihoveth first  
 to shewen, that no-thing ne bitydeth  
 that it ne bitydeth by necessitee, so that  
 it may appere that the prescience is signe  
 of this necessitee; or elles, yif ther nere  
 80 no necessitee, certes, thilke prescience  
 ne mighte nat be signe of thing that nis  
 nat. But certes, it is now certain that  
 the proeve of this, y-sustened by stidefast  
 resoun, ne shal nat ben lad ne proved  
 85 by signes ne by arguments y-taken for  
 with-oute, but by causes covenable and  
 necessaria. But thou mayst seyn, how

may it be that the thinges ne bityden  
 nat that ben y-purveyed to comen? But,  
 certes, right as we trowen that tho 90  
 thinges which that the purviance wot  
 biforn to comen ne ben nat to bityden;  
 but that ne sholden we nat demen; but  
 rather, al-though that they shal bityden,  
 yit ne have they no necessitee of hir 95  
 kinde to bityden. And this maystow  
 lightly aperceiven by this that I shal  
 seyn. For we seen many thinges whan  
 they ben don biforn oure eyen, right as  
 men seen the carters worken in the 100  
 torninge or atempringe or adressinge of  
 hise cartes or charietes. And by this  
 manere (*as who seith, maystow understonde*)  
 of alle othere workmen. Is ther thanne  
 any necessitee, *as who seith, in oure* 105  
*lokings*, that constraineth or compelleth  
 any of thilke thinges to ben don so?'  
 Boece. 'Nay,' quod I; 'for in ydel and  
 in veyn were al the effect of craft, yif  
 that alle thinges weren mooved by con- 110  
 straininge;' *that is to seyn, by constraininge*  
*of oure eyen or of oure sight.*

'The thinges thanne,' quod she, 'that,  
 whan men doon hem, ne han no neces- 115  
 sitee that men doon hem, eek the same  
 thinges, first or they ben doon, they ben  
 to comen with-oute necessitee. For-why  
 ther ben somme thinges to bityden, of  
 which the endes and the bitydinges of  
 hem ben absolut and quit of alle neces- 120  
 sitee. For certes, I ne trowe nat that  
 any man wolde seyn this: that the  
 thinges that men doon now, that they  
 ne weren to bityden first or they weren  
 y-doon; and thilke same thinges, al- 125  
 though that men had y-wist hem biforn,  
 yit they han free bitydinges. For right  
 as science of thinges present ne bringeth  
 in no necessitee to thinges that men  
 doon, right so the prescience of thinges 130  
 to comen ne bringeth in no necessitee to  
 thinges to bityden. But thou mayst seyn,  
 that of thilke same it is y-douted, as  
 whether that of thilke thinges that ne  
 han non issues and bitydinges necessaries, 135  
 yif ther-of may ben any prescience; for  
 certes, they semen to discorden. For  
 thou wenest that, yif that thinges ben

y-seyn biforn, that necessitees folweth  
 140 hem; and yif necessitees failleth hem,  
 they ne mighten nat ben wist biforn,  
 and that no-thing ne may ben compre-  
 hended by science but certain; and yif  
 145 the thinges that ne han no certein bi-  
 tydinges ben purveyed as certein, it  
 sholde ben dirknesse of opinioun, nat  
 soothfastnesse of science. And thou  
 wenest that it be diverse fro the hool-  
 nesse of science that any man sholde  
 150 deme a thing to ben other-ways thanne  
 it is it-self. And the cause of this erreure  
 is, that of alle the thinges that every  
 wight hath y-knowe, they wenen that  
 the thinges been y-knowe al-only by the  
 155 strengthe and by the nature of the  
 thinges that ben y-wist or y-knowe; and  
 it is al the contraria. For al that ever  
 is y-knowe, it is rather comprehended  
 and knownen, nat after his strengthe and  
 160 his nature, but after the facultee, *that*  
*is to seyn, the power and the nature*, of hem  
 that knownen. And, for that this thing  
 shal mowen shewen by a short ensample:  
 the same roundnesse of a body, other-  
 165 weys the sighte of the eye knoweth it,  
 and other-weyes the touchinge. The  
 lokinge, by castinge of his bemes, waiteth  
 and seeth from afer al the body to-gidere,  
 with-oute moevinge of it-self; but the  
 170 touchinge clyveth and conjoineth to the  
 rounde body, and moeveth aboute the  
 environinge, and comprehendeth by  
 parties the roundnesse. And the man  
 him-self, other-ways wit biholdeth him,  
 175 and other-ways imaginacioun, and other-  
 weys resoun, and other-ways intelligence.  
 For the wit comprehendeth withoute-  
 forth the figure of the body of the man  
 that is established in the matere subject;  
 180 but the imaginacioun comprehendeth  
 only the figure withoute the matere.  
 Resoun surmounteth imaginacioun, and  
 comprehendeth by universal lokinge the  
 comune spece that is in the singular  
 185 peeces. But the eye of intelligence is  
 heyere; for it surmounteth the environ-  
 inge of the universitee, and looketh, over  
 that, by pure subtilitee of thought, thilke  
 same simple forme *of man that is per-*

*durably in the detyne thought.* In whiche 190  
 this oughte greetly to ben considered,  
 that the heyeste strengthe to compre-  
 henden thinges enbraseth and contieneth  
 the lowere strengthe; but the lowere  
 195 strengthe ne aryseth nat in no manere  
 to heyere strengthe. For wit ne may  
 no-thing comprehend out of matere, ne  
 the imaginacioun ne loketh nat the uni-  
 versels speces, ne resoun taketh nat the  
 simple forme *so as intelligence taketh it*; 200  
 but intelligence, that looketh al aboven,  
 when it hath comprehended the forme,  
 it knoweth and demeth alle the thinges  
 that ben under that forme. But *she*  
 205 *knoweth hem* in thilke manere in the  
 whiche it comprehendeth thilke same  
 simple forme that ne may never ben  
 knownen to none of that other; *that is to*  
*seyn, to none of the thre forside thinges*  
*of the soule.* For it knoweth the univer- 210  
 sitee of resoun, and the figure of the  
 imaginacioun, and the sensible material  
*conceived by wit*; ne it ne useth nat nor  
 of resoun ne of imaginacioun ne of wit  
 withoute-forth; but it biholdeth alle 215  
 thinges, so as I shal seye, by a strok of  
 thought formely, *withoute discours or col-*  
*lacioun.* Certes resoun, when it looketh  
 any-thing universal, it ne useth nat of  
 imaginacioun, nor of witte, and algaes 220  
 yit it comprehendeth the thinges imagin-  
 able and sensible; for resoun is she that  
 diffiniseth the universal of hir conseyte  
 right thus:—man is a resonable two-  
 225 foted beest. And how so that this  
 knowinge is universal, yet nis ther no  
 wight that ne woot wel that a man is  
 a thing imaginable and sensible; and  
 this same considereth wel resoun; but  
 that nis nat by imaginacioun nor by wit, 230  
 but it looketh it by a resonable concep-  
 cioun. Also imaginacioun, al-be-it so that  
 it taketh of wit the beginninges to seen  
 and to formen the figures, algaes, al-  
 though that wit ne were nat present, yit 235  
 it environeth and comprehendeth alle  
 thinges sensible; nat by resoun sensible  
 of deminge, but by resoun imaginatif.  
 Seestow nat thanne that alle the thinges,  
 in knowinge, usen more of hir facultee 240

or of hir power than *they doon of the facultee or power* of thinges that ben y-knowe? Ne that nis nat wrong; for so as every judgement is the dede or doinge  
 245 of him that demeth, it bihoveth that every wight performe the werk and his entencioun, nat of foreine power, but of his propre power.

METRE IV. *Quondam porticus attulit.*

The Porche, *that is to seyn, a gate of the town of Athenes ther-as philosophres hadden hir congregacioun to disputen*, thilke Porche broughte som-tyme olde  
 5 men, ful derke in hir sentences, *that is to seyn, philosophres that righten Stoiciens*, that wenden that images and sensibilittees, *that is to seyn, sensible imaginaciouns, or elles imaginaciouns of sensible*  
 10 *thinges*, weren empreinted in-to sowles fro bodies withoute-forth; as who seith, that thilke Stoiciens wenden that the soule hadde ben naked of it-self, as a mirour or a clene parchemin, so that alle figures  
 15 *mosten first comen fro thinges fro withoute-forth in-to sowles*, and ben empreinted in-to sowles: Text: right as we ben wont som-tyme, by a swifte pointel, to flochen lettres empreinted in the smothernesse or  
 20 in the plainnesse of the table of wax or in parchemin that ne hath no figure ne note in it. Glose. But now argueth Doece ayeins that opinoun, and seith thus: But yif the thyrvinge soule ne un-  
 25 pleyteth no-thing, *that is to seyn, ne doth no-thing*, by his propre moevinges, but suffreth and lyth subgit to the figures and to the notes of bodies withoute-forth, and yildeth images ydel and veyn in the  
 30 manere of a mirour, whennes thyrveth thanne or whennes comth thilke knowinge in our soule, that discerneth and biholdeth alle thinges? And whennes is thilke strengthe that biholdeth the singu-  
 35 ler thinges; or whennes is the strengthe that devyde thinges y-knowe; and thilke strengthe that gadereth to-gidere the thinges devyded; and the strengthe that cheseth his entrechauung wey?

For som-tyme it heveth up the heved, *that is to seyn, that it heveth up the entencioun to right heve thinges*; and som-tyme it descendeth in-to right lowe thinges. And whan it retorneth in-to him-self, it repreoveth and destroyeth the false  
 45 thinges by the trewe thinges. Certes, this strengthe is cause more efficient, and mochel more mighty to *seen and to knowe thinges*, than thilke cause that suffreth and receiveth the notes and the  
 50 figures impressed in maner of matere. Algates the passioun, *that is to seyn, the suffraunce or the wit*, in the quike body, goth biforn, excitinge and moevinge the strengthes of the thought. Right so as  
 55 whan that cleernesse smyteth the eyen and moeveth hem to *seen*, or right so as vois or soun hurteleth to the eres and commooveth hem to *herkne*, than is the strengthe of the thought y-mooved and  
 60 excited, and clepeth forth, to semblable moevinges, the spesces that it halt withinne it-self; and addeth the spesces to the notes and to the thinges withoute-forth, and medleth the images of thinges  
 65 withoute-forth to the formes y-hidde withinne him-self.

PROSE V. *Quod si in corporibus sentiendis.*

But what yif that in bodies to ben feled, *that is to seyn, in the takings of knowelechings of bodily thinges*, and al-be it so that the qualitees of bodies, that ben objects fro withoute-forth, moeven  
 5 and entalenten the instruments of the wittes; and al-be it so that the passioun of the body, *that is to seyn, the wit or the suffraunce*, goth to-forne the strengthe of the workinge corage, the which passioun  
 10 or suffraunce clepeth forth the dede of the thocht in him-self, and moeveth and exciteth in this mene whyle the formes that resten withinne-forth; and yif that, in sensible bodies, as I have seyde, our  
 15 corage nis nat y-taught or empreinted by passioun to *knowe this thinges*, but demeth and knoweth, of his owne strengthe, the passioun or suffraunce

subject to the body: moche more thanne  
the thinges that ben absolut and quite  
fro alle talents or affectiones of bodies,  
*as god or his aungeles*, ne folwen nat in  
discerninge thinges object fro withoute-  
15 forth, but they accomplisshen and speden  
the dede of hir thought. By this resoun  
thanne ther comen many maner know-  
inges 'to dyverse and differinge sub-  
staunces. For the wit of the body, the  
20 whiche wit is naked and despoiled of  
alle other knowinges, thilke wit comth  
to beestes that ne mowen nat moeven  
hem-self her and ther, as *oystres and*  
*muscules, and other swiche shelle-fish* of  
35 the see, that clyven and ben norished  
to roches. But the imaginacioun comth  
to remuable beestes, that semen to han  
talent to fleen or to desiren any thing.  
But resoun is al-only to the linage of  
40 mankinde, right as intelligence is only  
[to] the devyne nature: of which it fol-  
weth, that thilke knowinge is more worth  
than thise othere, sin it knoweth by his  
propre nature nat only his subject, as  
45 *who seith, it ne knoweth nat al-only that*  
*apertieneth properly to his knowinge*, but  
it knoweth the subjects of alle other  
knowinges. But how shal it thanne be,  
yif that wit and imaginacioun stryven  
50 ayein resoninge, and seyn, that of thilke  
universel thing that resoun weneth to  
seen, that it nis right naught? *For seith*  
*and imaginacioun seyn that that, that is*  
*sensible or imaginable*, it ne may nat be  
55 universal. Thanne is either the juge-  
ment of resoun sooth, ne that ther nis  
nothing sensible; or elles, for that resoun  
wot wel that many thinges ben subject  
to wit and to imaginacioun, thanne is  
60 the concepcioun of resoun veyn and false,  
whiche that loketh and comprehendeth  
that that is sensible and singuler as  
universal. And yif that resoun wolde  
answeren ayein to thise two, *that is to*  
65 *seyn, to witte and to imaginacioun*, and  
*seyn, that soothly she hir-self, that is to*  
*seyn, resoun*, loketh and comprehendeth,  
by resoun of universalitee, bothe that  
that is sensible and that that is imagin-  
70 able; and that thilke two, *that is to seyn*.

*wit and imaginacioun*, ne mowen nat  
strecchen ne enhansen hem-self to the  
knowinge of universalitee, for that the  
knowinge of hem ne may exceden ne  
surmounte the bodily figures: certes, of 75  
the knowinge of thinges, men oughten  
rather yeven credence to the more stede-  
fast and to the more parfyt jugement.  
In this maner stryvinge thanne, we  
that han strengthe of resoninge and of 80  
imagininge and of wit, *that is to seyn,*  
*by resoun and by imaginacioun and by wit*,  
we sholde rather preyse the cause of  
resoun; *as who seith, than the cause of*  
*wit and of imaginacioun.* 85

Semblable thing is it, that the resoun  
of mankinde ne weneth nat that the  
devyne intelligence bi-holdeth or know-  
eth thinges to comen, but right as the  
resoun of mankinde knoweth hem. For 90  
thou arguest and seyst thus: that yif  
it ne seme nat to men that some thinges  
han certain and necessarie bitydinges,  
they ne mowen nat ben wist biforn cer-  
teinly to bityden. And thanne nis ther 95  
no prescience of thilke thinges; and yif  
we trowe that prescience be in thise  
thinges, thanne is ther no-thing that it  
ne bitydeth by necessitee. But certes,  
yif we mighten han the jugement of the 100  
devyne thought, as we ben parsoneres of  
resoun, right so as we han demed that  
it behoveth that imaginacioun and wit  
be binethe resoun, right so wolde we  
demen that it were rightful thing, that 105  
mannes resoun oughte to submitten it-  
self and to ben binethe the divyne  
thought. For which, yif that we mowen,  
*as who seith, that, yif that we mowen,*  
*I counseyle, that we enhance us in-to the* 110  
heighte of thilke sovereyn intelligence;  
for ther shal resoun wel seen that, that  
it ne may nat biholden in it-self. And  
certes that is this, in what maner the  
prescience of god seeth alle thinges cer- 115  
teins and diffinished, al-though they ne  
han no certain issues or bitydinges; ne  
this is non opinioun, but it is rather the  
simplicitee of the sovereyn science, that  
nis nat enclosed nor y-shet within none 120  
boundes.

METRE V. *Quam uariis terris animalia permeant figura.*

The beestes passen by the erthes by ful diverse figures. For som of hem han hir bodies straught and oopen in the dust, and drawn after hem a tras or a foruh  
 5 y-continued; *that is to seyn, as nadres or snakes.* And other beestes, by the wandringe lightnesse of hir wings, beten the windes, and over-swimmen the spaces of the longe eyr by moist fleeing. And other  
 10 beestes gladen hem-self to diggen hir tras or hir stepes in the erthe with hir goings or with hir feet, and to goon either by the grene felde, or elles to walken under the wodes. And al-be-it so that thou  
 15 seest that they alle discorden by diverse formes, algates hir faces, enclined, hevieth hir dulle wittes. Only the linage of man heveth heyeste his heye heved, and stondeth light with his up-right body,  
 20 and biholdeth the erthes under him. And, but-yif thou, erthely man, wexest yvel out of thy wit, this figure amonesteth thee, that axeth the hevене with thy righte visage, and hast areysed thy fore-  
 25 heved, to beren up a-heigh thy corage; so that thy thought ne be nat y-hevied ne put lowe under fote, sin that thy body is so heye areysed.

PROSE VI. *Quoniam igitur, uti paullo ante,*

Therfor thanne, as I have shewed a litel her-biforn, that al thing that is y-wist nis nat. known by his nature propre, but by the nature of hem that  
 5 comprehenden it, lat us loke now, in as mochel as it is leveful to us, *as who seith, lat us loke now as we mowen,* which that the estat is of the devyne substaunce; so that we mowen eek known what his  
 10 science is. The commune jugement of alle creatures resonables thanne is this: that god is eterne. Lat us considere thanne what is eternitee; for certes that shal shewen us to-gidere the devyne  
 15 nature and the devyne science. Eternitee, thanne, is parfit possesioun and al-

togidere of lyf interminable; and that sheweth more cleerly by the comparisoun or the collacioun of temporel thinges. For al thing that liveth in tyme it is present, and procedeth fro preterits in-to  
 20 futures, *that is to seyn, fro tyme passed in-to tyme cominge;* ne ther nis no-thing established in tyme that may embracen to-gider al the space of his lyf. For certes, yit ne hath it taken the tyme of  
 25 to-morwe, and it hath lost the tyme of ysterday. And certes, in the lyf of this day, ye ne liven no more but right as in the moevable and transitorie moment. Thanne thilke thing that suffreth tem-  
 30 porel condicioun, al-thogh that it never bigan to be, ne thogh it never cese for to be, as Aristotle demed of the world, and al-thogh that the lyf of it be streched with infinites of tyme, yit algates nis  
 35 it no swich thing that men mighten trowen by right that it is eterne. For al-thogh that it comprehende and embrace the space of lyf infinit, yit algates ne embraceth it nat the space of the lyf  
 40 al-togider; for it ne hath nat the futures that ne ben nat yit, *ne it ne hath no longer the preterits that ben y-doon or y-passed.* But thilke thing thanne, that hath and comprehendeth to-gider al the plente of  
 45 the lyf interminable, to whom ther ne failleth naught of the future, and to whom ther nis naught of the preterit escaped nor y-passed, thilke same is y-witnessed and y-prooved by right to be eterne. And  
 50 it bihoveth by necessitee that thilke thing be al-wey present to him-self, and compotent; *as who seith, al-wey present to him-self, and so mighty that al be right at his pleasaunce;* and that he have al present  
 55 the infinites of the moevable tyme. Wher-for som men trowen wrongfully that, whan they heren that it semede to Plato that this world ne hadde never beginninge of tyme, ne that it never  
 60 shal han failinge, they wenen in this maner that this world be makid coeterne with his maker; *as who seith, they wene that this world and god ben makid togider eterne, and that is a wrongful weninge.*  
 65 For other thing is it to ben y-led by lyf

interminable, as Plato graunted to the world, and other thing is it to embrace to-gider al the present of the lyf interminable, the whiche thing it is cleer and manifest that it is propre to the devyne thought.

Ne it ne sholde nat semen to us, that god is elder thanne thinges that ben y-maked by quantitee of tyme, but rather by the propretee of his simple natura. For this ilke infinit moevinge of temporel thinges folweth this presentarie estat of lyf unmoevable; and so as it ne may nat countrefeten it ne feynen it ne be evenlyke to it for the inmoevabletee, *that is to seyn, that is in the eternitee of god*, it faileth and falleth in-to moevinge fro the simplicitee of the presence of god, and disencreseth in-to the infinit quantitee of future and of preterit: and so as it ne may nat han to-gider al the plentee of the lyf, algates yit, for as moche as it ne causeth never for to ben in som maner, it semeth som-del to us, that it folweth and resembleth thilke thing that it ne may nat atayne to ne fulfillen, and bindeth it-self to som maner presence of this litel and swifte moment: the which presence of this litel and swifte moment, for that it bereth a maner image or lyknesse of the ay-dwellinge presence of god, it graunteth, to swiche maner thinges as it bitydeth to, that it semeth hem as thise thinges *ben y-ben, and ben*.

And, for that the presence of swich litel moment ne may nat dwelle, ther-for it ravished and took the infinit wey of tyme, *that is to seyn, by successioun*; and by this maner is it y-doon, for that it sholde continue the lyf in goinge, of the whiche lyf it ne mighte nat embrace the plantee in dwellings. And for-ty, yif we wollen putten worthy names to thinges, and folwen Plato, lat us seye thanne soothly, that god is eterne, and the world is perpetual. Thanne, sin that every judgement knoweth and comprehendeth by his owne nature thinges that ben subject un-to him, ther is soothly to god, al-ways, an eterne and presentarie estat; and the science of him, that over-passeth

al temporel moevement, dwelleth in the simplicitee of his presence, and embraceth and considereth alle the infinit spaces of tymes, preterits and futures, and loketh, in his simple knowinge, alle thinges of preterit right as they weren y-doon presently right now. Yif thou wolt thanne thenken and avyse the prescience, by which it knoweth alle thinges, thou ne shal nat demen it as prescience of thinges to comen, but thou shalt demen it more rightfully that it is science of presence or of instance, that never ne faileth. For which it nis nat y-cleped "providence," but it sholde rather ben cleped "purviance," that is establiished ful fer fro right lowe thinges, and biholdeth from a-fer alle thinges, right as it were fro heye heichte of thinges. Why axestow thanne, or why disputestow thanne, that thilke thinges ben doon by necessitee whiche that ben y-seyn and knownen by the devyne sighte, sin that, forsothe, men ne maken nat thilke thinges necessarie which that they seen ben y-doon in hir sighte? For addeth thy biholdings any necessitee to thilke thinges that thou biholdest presente? 'Nay,' quod I.

*Philosophie.* 'Certes, thanne, if men mighte maken any digne comparisoun or collacioun of the presence devyne and of the presence of mankinde, right so as ye seen some thinges in this temporel present, right so seeth god alle thinges by his eterne present. Wherfore this devyne prescience ne chaungeth nat the nature ne the propretee of thinges, but biholdeth swiche thinges present to him-ward as they shullen bityde to yow-ward in tyme to comen. Ne it confoundeth nat the judgement of thinges; but by o sighte of his thought, he knoweth the thinges to comen, as wel necessarie as nat necessarie. Right so as whan ye seen to-gider a man walken on the erthe and the sonne aysen in the hevene, al-be-it so that ye seen and biholden that oon and that other to-gider, yit natheles ye demen and discernen that that oon is voluntarie and that other necessarie. Right so thanne the devyne lookinge, biholdinge

alle things under him, ne troubleth nat  
 170 the qualitee of things that ben certainly  
 present to him-ward; but, as to the con-  
 dicionn of tyme, forsothe, they ben  
 future. For which it folweth, that this  
 nis noon opinioun, but rather a stedefast  
 175 knowinge, y-strengthened by soothnesse,  
 that, whanne that god knoweth anything  
 to be, he ne unwot nat that thilke thing  
 wanteth necessitee to be; *this is to seyn,*  
*that, whan that god knoweth any thing to*  
 180 *bityde, he wot wel that it ne hath no neces-*  
*sites to bityde.* And yif thou seyst heer,  
 that thilke thing that god seeth to  
 bityde, it ne may nat unbityde (*as who*  
*seeth, it mot bityde*), and thilke thing that  
 185 ne may nat unbityde it mot bityde by  
 necessitee, and that thou streyne me by  
 this name of necessitee: certes, I wol wel  
 confessen and biknowe a thing of ful sad  
 trouthe, but unnethe shal ther any wight  
 190 mowe *seen it or come ther-to*, but-yif that  
 he be biholder of the devyne thought. For  
 I wol answeren thee thus: that thilke  
 thing that is future, whan it is referred  
 to the devyne knowinge, thanne is it  
 195 necessarie; but certes, whan it is under-  
 stonden in his owne kinde, men seen  
 it is outrelly free, and absolut *fro alle*  
*necessites.*

For certes, ther ben two maneres of  
 200 necessitee. That oon necessitee is simple,  
 as thus: that it bihoveth by necessitee,  
 that alle men be mortal *or deedly*.  
 Another necessitee is conditionel, as thus:  
 yif thou wost that a man walketh, it  
 205 bihoveth by necessitee that he walke.  
 Thilke thing thanne that any wight hath  
 y-knowe to be, it ne may ben non other  
 weyes thanne he knoweth it to be. But  
 this condicionn ne draweth nat with hir  
 210 thilke necessitee simple. For certes, this  
 necessitee *conditionel*, the propre nature  
 of it ne maketh it nat, but the adjeccioun  
 of the condicionn *maketh it*. For no ne-  
 cessitee ne constreyneth a man to gon,  
 215 that goth by his propre wil; al-be-it so  
 that, whan he goth, that it is necessarie  
 that he goth. Right on this same maner  
 thanne, yif that the purviaunce of god  
 seeth any thing present, than mot thilke

thing ben by necessitee, al-though that it 220  
 ne have no necessitee of his owne nature.  
 But certes, the futures that bityden by free-  
 dom of arbitre, god seeth hem alle to-gider  
 present. Thise things thanne, yif they  
 ben referred to the devyne sighte, thanne 225  
 ben they makid necessarie by the con-  
 dicionn of the devyne knowinge. But  
 certes, yif thilke things be considered by  
 hem-self, they ben absolut *of necessitee*,  
 and ne forleten nat ne oosen nat of the 230  
 libertee of hir owne nature. Thanne,  
 certes, with-oute doute, alle the thinges  
 shollen ben doon which that god wot  
 biforn that they ben to comen. But som  
 of hem comen and bityden of free arbitre 235  
*or of fress will*, that, al-be-it so that they  
 bityden, yit algates ne less they nat hir  
 propre nature in beinge; by the which  
 first, or that they weren y-doon, they  
 hadden power nat to han bitid.' Boece. 240  
 'What is this to seyn thanne,' quod I,  
 'that thinges ne ben nat necessarie *by hir*  
*propre nature*, so as they comen in alle  
 maneres in the lyknesse of necessitee by  
 the condicionn of the devyne science?' 245

'This is the difference,' quod she; 'that  
 tho thinges that I purposesd thee a lital  
 heer-biforn, that is to seyn, the sonne  
 arysinge and the man walkinge, that,  
 ther-whyles that thilke thinges been y- 250  
 doon, they ne mighte nat ben undoon;  
 natheles, that oon of hem, or it was  
 y-doon, it bihoveth by necessitee that it  
 was y-doon, but nat that other. Right so  
 255 *is it here*, that the thinges that god hath  
 present, with-oute doute they shollen  
 been. But som of hem descendeth of the  
 nature of thinges, *as the sonne arysinge*;  
 and som descendeth of the power of the  
 doeres, *as the man walkinge*. Thanne 260  
 seide I no wrong, that yif these thinges  
 ben referred to the devyne knowinge,  
 thanne ben they necessarie; and yif they  
 ben considered by hem-self, thanne ben  
 they absolut fro the bond of necessitee. 265  
 Right so as alle thinges that apereth or  
 sheweth to the wittes, yif thou referre it  
 to rescoun, it is universel; and yif thou  
 referre it or loke it to it-self, than is it  
 singular. But now, yif thou seyst thus, 270

that yif it be in my power to chaunge my purpos, than shal I voide the purviance of god, whan that, peraventure, I shal han chaunged the thinges that he know-

eth biforn, thanne shal I answer theese thus. Certes, thou mayst wel chaunge thy purpos; but, for as mochel as the present soothnesse of the devyne purviance biholdeth that thou mayst chaunge thy purpos, and whether thou wilt chaunge it or no, and whiderward that thou torne it, thou ne mayst nat eschuen the devyne prescience; right as thou ne mayst nat fleen the sighte of the presente eye, al-though that thou torne thy-self by thy free wil in-to dyverse acciouns. But thou mayst seyn ayein: "How shal it thanne be? Shal nat the devyne science be chaunged by my disposicioun, whan that I wol o thing now, and now another? And thilke prescience, ne semeth it nat to entrechaunge stoundes of knowinge;" *as who seith, ne shal it nat seme to us, that the devyne prescience entre-*  
*chaungeth his dyverse stoundes of know-*  
*inge, so that it knowe sum-tyms o thing and*  
*sum-tyme the contrarie of that thing?*  
*'No, forsothe,' quod I.*

*Philosophie.* 'For the devyne sighte renneth to-forn and seeth alle futures, and clepeth hem ayein, and retorneth hem to the presence of his propre knowinge; ne he ne entrechaungeth nat, so as thou wenest, the stoundes of forknowinge, as now this, now that; but he aydwellinge comth biforn, and embraceth at o strook alle thy mutaciouns. And this presence to comprehend and to seen alle thinges, god ne hath nat taken it of the bitydinge of thinges to come, but of his

propre simplicitee. And her-by is assoiled thilke thing that thou puttest a lital her-biforn, *that is to seyn*, that it is unworthy thing to seyn, that our futures yeven cause of the science of god. For certes, this strengthe of the devyne science, which that embraceth alle thinges by his presentarie knowinge, establissheth maner to alle thinges, and it ne oweth naught to latter thinges; and sin that these thinges ben thus, *that is to seyn, sin that necessitee nis nat in thinges by the devyne prescience*, than is ther freedom of arbitre, that dwelleth hool and unwemmed to mortal men. Ne the lawes ne purposen nat wikkedly medes and peynes to the willinges of men that ben unbounden and quite of alle necessitees. And god, biholder and for-witer of alle thinges, dwelleth above; and the present eternitee of his sighte renneth alwey with the dyverse qualitee of oure dedes, dispensinge and ordeyninge medes to goode men, and torments to wikked men. Ne in ydel ne in veyn ne ben ther nat put in god hope and preyeres, that ne mowen nat ben unspeful ne with-oute effect, whan they ben rightful. Withstond thanne and eschue thou vyces; worshipec and love thou virtues; areys thy corage to right-ful hopes; yilde thou humble preyeres a-heigh. Gret necessitee of prowesse and vertu is encharged and commaunded to yow, yif ye nil nat dissimulen; sin that ye worken and doon, *that is to seyn, your dedes or your workes*, biforn the eyen of the juge that seeth and demeth alle thinges.' *To whom be glorye and worshipec by infinit tymes. Amen.*



# TROILUS AND CRISEYDE.

## BOOK I.

1. THE double sorwe of Troilus to tellen,  
That was the king Priamus sone of  
Troye,  
In lovinge, how his adventures fallen  
Fro wo to wale, and after out of joye,  
My purpos is, er that I parte fro ye. 5  
Thesiphone, thou help me for t'endyte  
Thise woful vers, that wepen as I wryte!
2. To thee clepe I, thou goddesse of torment,  
Thou cruel Furie, sorwing ever in payne;  
Help me, that am the sorwful instrument  
That helpeth lovers, as I can, to playne!  
For wel sit it, the sothe for to seyne, 12  
A woful wight to han a drery fere,  
And, to a sorwful tale, a sory chere.
3. For I, that god of Loves servaunts serve,  
Ne dar to Love, for myn unlyklinesse, 16  
Preyen for speed, al sholde I therfor  
sterve,  
So fer am I fro his help in derknesse;  
But nathelees, if this may doon gladnesse  
To any lover, and his cause awayle, 20  
Have he my thank, and myn be this tra-  
wayle!
4. But ye loveres, that bathen in glad-  
nesse,  
If any drope of pitee in yow be,  
Remembreth yow on passed hevinesse  
That ye han felt, and on the adversitee 25  
Of othere folk, and thanketh how that ye  
Han felt that Love dorste yow displese;  
Or ye han wonne him with to greet an ese.
5. And preyeth for hem that ben in the cas  
Of Troilus, as ye may after here, 30  
That love hem bringe in hevne to solas,  
And eek for me preyeth to god so dere,  
That I have might to shewa, in som  
manere,  
Swich payne and wo as Loves folk endure,  
In Troilus unsely aventure. 35
6. And biddeth eek for hem that been  
despayred  
in love, that never nil recovered be,  
And eek for hem that falsly been aplayed  
Thorugh wikked tonges, be it he or she;  
Thus biddeth god, for his benignitee, 40  
To graunte hem sone out of this world to  
pace,  
That been despayred out of Loves grace.
7. And biddeth eek for hem that been at  
ese,  
That god ham graunte ay good perseve-  
raunce,  
And sende hem might hir ladies so to  
plese, 45  
That it to Love be worship and plessaunce.  
For so hope I my soule best avaunce,  
To preye for hem that Loves servaunts be,  
And wryte hir wo, and live in charitee.
8. And for to have of hem compassioun go  
As though I were hir owene brother dera.  
Now herkeneth with a gode entencioun,  
For now wol I gon straight to my matere,  
In whiche ye may the double sorwes here

Of Troilus, in loving of Criseyde, 55  
And how that she forsook him er she  
deyde.



9. It is wel wist, how that the Grekes  
stronge

In armes with a thousand shippes wente  
To Troye-wardes, and the citee longe  
Assageden neigh ten yerer they stente, 60  
And, in diverse wyse and oon entente,  
The ravishing to wroken of Eleyne,  
By Paris doon, they wroughten al hir  
peyne.

10. Now fil it so, that in the toun ther was  
Dwellinge a lord of greet auctoritee, 65  
A gret devyn that cleped was Calkas,  
That in science so expert was, that he  
Knew wel that Troye sholde destroyed be,  
By answer of his god, that highte thus,  
Daun Phebus or Apollo Delphicus. 70

11. So whan this Calkas knew by calcu-  
linge,  
And eek by answer of this Appollo,  
That Grekes sholden swich a peple bringe,  
Thorough which that Troye mooste been  
for-do,  
He caste anon out of the toun to go; 75  
For wel wiste he, by sort, that Troye  
sholde  
Destroyed been, ye, wolde who-so nolde.

12. For which, for to departen softly  
Took purpos ful this forknowinge wyse,  
And to the Grekes ost ful prively 80  
He stal anon; and they, in curteys wyse,  
Him deden bothe worship and servyse,  
In trust that he hath conning hem to rede  
In every peril which that is to drede

13. The noyse up roos, whan it was first  
aspyed, 85  
Thorough al the toun, and generally was  
spoken,  
That Calkas traytor fied was, and allyed  
With hem of Grece; and oosten to ben  
wroken  
On him that falsly hadde his feith so  
broken;  
And seyden, he and al his kin at ones 90  
Ben worthy for to brennen, fel and bones.

14. Now hadde Calkas left, in this mes-  
channee,  
Al unwist of this false and wikked dede,  
His daughter, which that was in gret  
penaunce,  
For of hir lyf she was ful sore in drede, 95  
As she that niste what was best to rede;  
For bothe a widowe was she, and allone  
Of any freend, to whom she dorste hir  
mone.

15. Criseyde was this lady name a-right;  
As to my dome, in al Troyes citee 100  
Nas noon so fair, for passing every wight  
So aungellyk was hir natyf beautee,  
That lyk a thing immortal samed she,  
As doth an hevenish parfit creature,  
That doun were sent in scorning of  
nature. 105

16. This lady, which that al-day herde at  
ere  
Hir fadres shame, his falsnesse and  
tresoun,  
Wel nigh out of hir wit for sorwe and fere,  
In widewes habit large of samit broun,  
On knees she fil biforn Ector a-doun; 110  
With pitous voys, and tendrely wepinge,  
His mercy bad, hir-selven excusinge.

17. Now was this Ector pitous of nature,  
And saw that she was sorwfully bigoon,  
And that she was so fair a creature; 115  
Of his goodnesse he gladed hir anon,  
And seyde, 'lat your fadres treson goon  
Forth with mischaunce, and ye your-self,  
in joye,  
Dwellethe with us, whyl you good list, in  
Troye.

18. And al th'onour that men may doon  
yow have, 120  
As ferforth as your fader dwelled here,  
Ye shul han, and your body shal men save,  
As fer as I may ought enquire or here.'  
And she him thonked with ful humble  
chere,  
And offer wolde, and it hadde ben his  
wille, 125  
And took hir leve, and hoom, and held  
hir stille.

19. And in hir hous she abood with swich  
meynee

As to hir honour nede was to holde;  
And whyl she was dwellinge in that citee,  
Kepte hir estat, and bothe of yonge and  
olde 130

Ful wel beloved, and wel man of hir tolde.  
But whether that she children hadde or  
noon,

I rede it nought; therfore I lete it goon.

20. The thinges fallen, as they doon of  
verre,

Bitwixen hem of Troye and Grekes  
ofte; 135

For som day boughten they of Troye it  
derre,

And eft the Grekes founden no thing softe  
The folk of Troye; and thus fortune on-  
lofte,

And under eft, gan hem to wheelen bothe  
After hir cours, ay whyl they were wrothe.

21. But how this toun com to destruc-  
cioun 141

Ne falleth nought to purpos me to telle;  
For it were here a long disgressioun  
Fro my matere, and yow to longe dwelle.  
But the Troyane gastes, as they felle, 145  
In Omer, or in Dares, or in Dyte,  
Who-so that can, may rede hem as they  
wryte.

22. But though that Grekes hem of Troye  
shetten,

And hir citee bisegede al a-boute,  
Hir olde usage wolde they not letten, 150  
As for to honour hir goddes ful devoute;  
But aldermost in honour, out of doute,  
They hadde a relik hight Palladion,  
That was hir trist a-boven everichon.

23. And so bifel, whan comen was the  
tyme 155

Of Aperil, whan clothed is the mede  
With newe grene, of lusty Ver the pryme,  
And swote smellen floures whyte and rede,  
In sondry wyse shewed, as I rede,  
The folk of Troye hir observaunces olde,  
Palladiones feste for to holde. 161

24. And to the temple, in al hir beste wyse,  
In general, ther wente many a wight,

To herkennen of Palladion the servyse;  
And namely, so many a lusty knight, 165  
So many a lady fresh and mayden bright,  
Ful wel arrayed, bothe moste and leste,  
Ye, bothe for the secon and the feste.

25. Among thise othere folk was Criseyde,  
In widewes habite blak; but natheless,  
Right as our firste lettre is now an A, 171  
In beautes first so stood she, makeless;  
Hir godly looking gladdede al the prees.  
Nas never seyn thing to ben preyssed derre,  
Nor under cloude blak so bright a sterre

26. As was Criseyde, as folk seyde everich-  
oon 176

That hir bihelden in hir blake wede;  
And yet she stood ful lowe and stille  
aloon,

Bihinden othere folk, in lital brede,  
And neigh the dore, ay under shames  
drede, 180

Simple of a-tyr, and debonaire of chere,  
With ful assured loking and manere.

27. This Troilus, as he was wont to gyde  
His yonge knyghtes, ladde hem up and  
down

In thiike large temple on every syde, 185  
Biholding ay the ladyes of the toun,  
Now here, now there, for no devocioun  
Hadde he to noon, to revan him his resta,  
But gan to preyse and lakken whom him  
leste.

28. And in his walk ful fast he gan to  
wayten 190

If knight or squyer of his companye  
Gan for to syke, or lete his eyen bayten  
On any woman that he coude aspye;  
He wolde smyle, and holden it folye,  
And seye him thus, 'god wot, she slepeth  
softe 195  
For love of thee, whan thou tornest ful  
ofte!

29. 'I have herd told, pardieu, of your  
livinge,  
Ye lovers, and your lewede observaunces,  
And which a labour folk han in winninge  
Of love, and, in the keping, which dou-  
taunces; 200

And whan your preye is lost, wo and  
penaunces ;  
O verrey foles ! nyce and blinde be ye ;  
Ther nis not oon can war by other be.'

90. And with that word he gan cast up  
the browe,  
Ascaunces, 'lo ! is this nought wysly  
spoken ?' 205

At which the god of love gan loken rowe  
Right for despyt, and shoop for to ben  
wroken ;

He kидde anon his bowe nas not broken ;  
For sodeynly he hit him at the fulle ;  
And yet as proud a pekok can he pulla. 210

91. O blinde world, O blinde entencoun !  
How ofte falleth al th'effect contraire  
Of surquidrye and foul presumpcioun ;  
For caught is proud, and caught is de-  
bonaire.

This Troilus is olomben on the staire, 215  
And litel weneth that he moot descenden.  
But al-day fayleth thing that foles  
wenden.

92. As proude Bayard ginneth for to  
skippe

Out of the way, so priketh him his corn,  
Til he a lash have of the longe whippe, 220  
Than thenketh he, 'though I prounce al  
biforn

First in the trays, ful fat and newe shorn,  
Yet am I but an hors, and horses lawe  
I moot endure, and with my feres drawe.'

93. So ferde it by this fers and proude  
knight ; 225

Though he a worthy kinges sone were,  
And wende no-thing hadde had swiche  
might

Ayens his wil that sholde his herte stere,  
Yet with a look his herte wax a-ferre,  
That he, that now was most in pryde  
above, 230

Wax sodeynly most subget un-to love.

94. For-thy ensample taketh of this man,  
Ye wyse, proude, and worthy folkes alle,  
To scornen Love, which that so sone can  
The freedom of your hertes to him thralle ;  
For ever it was, and ever it shal bifalle,

That Love is he that alle thing may  
binde ;

For may no man for-do the lawe of kinde.

85. That this be sooth, hath preved and  
doth yit ; 239

For this trowe I ye knowen, alle or some,  
Men reden not that folk han gretter wit  
Than they that han be most with love  
y-nome ;

And strengest folk ben therwith overcome,  
The worthiest and grettest of degree ; 244  
This was, and is, and yet men shal it see.

86. And trowelich it sit wel to be so ;  
For alderwysest han ther-with ben plesed ;  
And they that han ben aldermost in wo,  
With love han been confortd most and  
esed ; 249

And ofte it hath the cruel herte apesed,  
And worthy folk maad worthier of name,  
And causeth most to dreden vyce and  
shame.

87. Now sith it may not goodly be with-  
stonde,

And is a thing so vertuous in kinde,  
Refuseth not to Love for to be bonde, 255  
Sin, as him-selven list, he may yow binde.  
The yerde is bet that bowen wole and  
winde

Than that that brest ; and therfor I yow  
rede

To folwen him that so wel can yow lede.

88. But for to tallen forth in special 260  
As of this kinges sone of which I tolde,  
And leten other thing collateral,  
Of him thanke I my tale for to holde,  
Bothe of his joye, and of his cares colde ;  
And al his werk, as touching this matere,  
For I it gan, I wil ther-to refere. 266

89. With-inne the temple he wente him  
forth playinge,

This Troilus, of every wight aboute,  
On this lady and now on that lokinge,  
Wher-so she were of toun, or of with-  
oute : 270

And up-on cas bifel, that thorough a route  
His eye perced, and so depe it wente,  
Til on Criseyde it smoot, and ther it  
stente.

40. And sodeynly he wex ther-with  
astoned,

And gan hire bet biholde in thrifty wyse :  
'O mercy, god!' thoughte he, 'wher  
hastow woned, 276

That art so fair and goodly to devyse?'  
Ther-with his herte gan to sprede and

ryse,  
And softe sighed, lest men mighte him

here,  
And caughte a-yain his firste pleynges

chere. 280

41. She nas not with the leste of hir  
stature,

But alle hir limes so wel answeringe  
Weren to womanhode, that creature  
Was never lasse mannish in seminge. 284

And eek the pure wyse of here maninge  
Shewede wel, that men might in hir gesse  
Honour, estat, and wommanly noblesse.

42. To Troilus right wonder wel with-alle  
Gan for to lyke hir mening and hir  
chere,

Which somdel deynous was, for she leet  
falle 290

Hir look a lite a-side, in swich manere,  
Ascaunces, 'what! may I not stonden  
here?'

And after that hir loking gan she lighte,  
That never thoughte him seen so good  
a sighte.

43. And of hir look in him ther gan to  
quiken 295

So greet desir, and swich affeccioun,  
That in his hertes botme gan to stiken  
Of hir his fixe and depe impressioun :

And though he erst hadde poured up  
and down, 299

He was tho glad his hornes in to shrinke ;  
Unnethes wiste he how to loke or winka.

44. Lo, he that leet him-selven so kon-  
ninge,

And scorned hem that loves paynes dryen,  
Was ful unwar that love hadde his  
dwellinge

With-inne the subtille stremes of hir yē ;  
That sodeynly him thoughte he felte  
dyen, 306

Right with hir look, the spirit in his  
herte;

Blessed be love, that thus can folk con-  
verte!

45. She, this in blak, lykinge to Troilus—

Over alle thinge he stood for to biholde ;  
Ne his desir, ne wherfor he stood thus,  
He neither chere made, ne worde tolde ;  
But from a-fer, his maner for to holde,  
On other thing his look som-tyme he caste,  
And eft on hir, whyl that servyse laste. 315

46. And after this, not fullliche al a-  
whaped,

Out of the temple al esliche he wente,  
Repenting him that he hadde ever y-  
japed

Of loves folk, lest fully the descende  
Of scorn fille on him-self ; but, what he  
mente, 320

Lest it were wist on any maner syde,  
His wo he gan dissimulen and hyde.

47. When he was fro the temple thus  
departed,

Hestreyght anon un-to his paleys torneth,  
Right with hir look thurgh-shoten and  
thurgh-darted, 325

Al feyneth he in lust that he sojorneth ;  
And al his chere and speche also he  
borneth ;

And ay, of loves servants every while,  
Him-self to wrye, at hem he gan to smyle.

48. And seyde, 'lord, so ye live al in lest,  
Ye lovers! for the conningest of yow, 331

That serveth most ententiflich and best,  
Him tit as often harm ther-of as prow ;  
Your hyre is quit a-yain, y3, god wot how!

Nought wel for wel, but scorn for good  
servyse ; 335

In faith, your ordre is ruled in good wyse!

49. In noun-certeyn ben alle your ob-  
servaunces,

But it a sely fewe poyntes be ;  
Ne no-thing asketh so grete attendaunces  
As doth your lay, and that knowe alle ye ;  
But that is not the worste, as mote I thee ;  
But, tolde I yow the worste poynt, I leve,  
Al seyde I sooth, ye wolden at me greve!

50. But tak this, that ye lovers ofte  
 eschuwe,  
 Or elles doon of good entencioun, 345  
 Ful ofte thy lady wole it misconstrue,  
 And deme it harm in hir opinioun;  
 And yet if she, for other enchesoun,  
 Be wrooth, than shalt thou han a groyn  
 anon:  
 Lord! wel is him that may be of yow oon!

51. But for al this, whan that he say his  
 tyme, 351  
 He held his pees, non other bote him  
 gayned;  
 For love bigan his fetheres so to lyme,  
 That wel unnethe un-to his folk he feyned  
 That othere besye nedes him destrayned;  
 For wo was him, that what to doon he  
 niste, 356  
 But bad his folk to goon wher that hem  
 liste.

52. And whan that he in chaumbre was  
 allone,  
 He doun up-on his beddes feet him sette,  
 And first he gan to syke, and eft to  
 grone, 360  
 And thoughte ay on hir so, with-outen  
 lette,  
 That, as he sat and wook, his spirit mette  
 That he hir saw a temple, and al the wyse  
 Right of hir loke, and gan it newe avyse.

53. Thus gan he make a mirour of his  
 minde, 365  
 In which he saugh al hoolly hir figure,  
 And that he wel coude in his herte finde,  
 It was to him a right good aventure  
 To love swich oon, and if he dide his cure  
 To serven hir, yet mighte he falle in  
 grace, 370  
 Or elles, for oon of hir servaunts pace.

54. Imagininge that travaille nor grame  
 Ne mighte, for so goodly oon, be lorn  
 As she, ne him for his desir ne shame,  
 Al were it wist, but in prys and up-born  
 Of alle lovers wel more than biforn; 376  
 Thus argumented he in his ginninge,  
 Ful unavyssed of his wo cominge.

55. Thus took he purpos loves craft to  
 suwe,  
 And thoughte he wolde werken prively,

First, to hyden his desir in muwe 381  
 From every wight y-born, al-outraly,  
 But he mighte ought recovered be therby;  
 Remembering him, that love to wyde y-  
 blowe  
 Yelt bitter fruyt, though swete seed be  
 sowe. 385

56. And over al this, yet muchel more he  
 thoughte  
 What for to speke, and what to holden  
 inne,  
 And what to arten hir to love he soughte,  
 And on a song anon-right to biginne, 389  
 And gan loude on his sorwe for to winne;  
 For with good hope he gan fully assente  
 Criseyde for to love, and nought repente.

57. And of his song nought only the  
 sentence,  
 As writ myn autour called Lollius,  
 But playnly, save our tonges difference,  
 I dar wel sayn, in al that Troilus 396  
 Seyde in his song; lo! every word right  
 thus  
 As I shal seyn; and who-so list it here,  
 Lo! next this vers, he may it finden here.

#### Cantus Troili.

58. 'If no love is, O god, what felo I so?  
 And if love is, what thing and whiche  
 is he? 401  
 If love be good, from whennes comth my  
 wo?

If it be wikke, a wonder thinketh me,  
 When every torment and adversitee  
 That cometh of him, may to me savory  
 thinke; 405  
 For ay thurst I, the more that I it drinke.

59. And if that at myn owene lust I  
 brenne,  
 Fro whennes cometh my wailing and my  
 playnte?

If harme agree me, wher-to playne I  
 thenne?

I noot, ne why unwery that I feynthe. 410  
 O quike deeth, o swete harm so queynte.  
 How may of thee in me swich quantitee,  
 But-if that I consente that it be?

60. And if that I consente, I wrongfully  
 Complayne, y-wis; thus possed to and fro,

Al stereles with-inne a boot am I 416  
 A-mid the see, by-twixen windes two,  
 That in contrarie stonden ever-mo.  
 Allas! what is this wonder maladye? 419  
 For hete of cold, for cold of hete, I dye.'

61. And to the god of love thus seyde he  
 With pitous voys, 'O lord, now youre is  
 My spirit, which that oughte youre be.  
 Yow thanke I, lord, that han me brought  
 to this;

But whether goddesse or womman, y-wis,  
 She be, I noot, which that ye do me  
 serve; 426

But as hir man I wole ay live and sterve.

62. Ye stonden in hire eyen mightily,  
 As in a place un-to your vertu digne;  
 Wherefore, lord, if my servyse or I 430  
 May lyke yow, so beth to me benigne;  
 For myn estat royal here I resigne  
 In-to hir hond, and with ful humble chere  
 Biocome hir man, as to my lady dere.' 434

63. In him ne deynd sparen blood royal  
 The fyr of love, wher-fro god me blesse,  
 Ne him forbar in no degree, for al  
 His vertu or his excellent prowess;  
 But held him as his thral lowe in distresse,  
 And brende him so in sondry wyse ay  
 newe, 440  
 That sixty tyme a day he loste his hewe.

64. So muche, day by day, his owene  
 thought,  
 For lust to hir, gan quiken and encrease,  
 That every othere charge he sette at nought;  
 For-thy ful ofte, his hote fyr to cease, 445  
 To seen hir goodly look he gan to prese;  
 For ther-by to ben esed wel he wende,  
 And ay the neer he was, the more he  
 brende.

65. For ay the neer the fyr, the hotter is,  
 This, trowe I, knoweth al this companye.  
 But were he fer or neer, I dar seye this,  
 By night or day, for wysdom or folye, 452  
 His herte, which that is his brestes y8,  
 Was ay on hir, that fairer was to sene  
 Than ever was Eleyne or Polixene. 455

66. Eek of the day ther passed nought an  
 houre  
 That to him-self a thousand tyme he seyde,

'Good goodly, to whom serve I and la-  
 boure, 458

As I best can, now wolde god, Criseyde,  
 Ye wolden on me rewe er that I dayde!  
 My dere herte, allas! myn hele and hewe  
 And lyf is lost, but ye wole on me rewa.'

67. Alle othere dredes waren from him  
 fledde,  
 Bothe of th'assege and his savacioun;  
 Ne in him desyr noon othere fownes  
 bredde 465

But arguments to this conclusioun,  
 That she on him wolde han compassioun,  
 And he to be hir man, why! he may dure;  
 Lo, here his lyf, and from the deeth his  
 cure! 469

68. The sharpe shoures felle of armes preve,  
 That Ector or his othere bretheren diden,  
 Ne made him only ther-fore ones meve;  
 And yet was he, wher-so men wente or  
 riden,

Founde on the best, and lengest tyme  
 abiden 474  
 Ther peril was, and dide eek such travayle  
 In armes, that to thenke it was mervayle.

69. But for non hate he to the Grekes  
 hadde,

Ne also for the rescous of the toun,  
 Ne made him thus in armes for to madde,  
 But only, lo, for this conclusioun, 480  
 To lyken hir the bet for his renoun;  
 Fro day to day in armes so he spedde,  
 That alle the Grekes as the deeth him  
 dredde.

70. And fro this forth tho refte him love  
 his sleep,  
 And made his mete his foo; and eek his  
 sorwe 485

Gan multiplies, that, who-so toke keep,  
 It shewed in his hewe, bothe eve and  
 morwe;  
 Therfor a tittle he gan him for to borwe  
 Of other syknesse, lest of him men wende  
 That the hote fyr of love him brende. 490

71. And seyde, he hadde a fever and ferde  
 amis;  
 But how it was, certayn, can I not seye,

If that his lady understood not this,  
Or feyned hir she niste, oon of the tweye;  
But wel I rede that, by no maner weye,  
Ne semed it [as] that she of him roughste,  
Nor of his payne, or what-so-ever he  
thoughte.

72. But than fel to this Troilus such wo,  
That he was wel neigh wood; for ay his  
drede 499  
Was this, that she som wight had loved so,  
That never of him she wolde have taken  
hede;  
For whiche him thoughte he felte his  
herte blede.  
Ne of his wo ne dorste he not biginne  
To tellen it, for al this world to winne.

73. But whanne he hadde a space fro his  
care, 505  
Thus to him-self ful ofte he gan to pleyne;  
He sayde, 'O fool, now art thou in the  
snare,  
That whilom japedest at loves payne;  
Now artow hent, now gnaw thyn owene  
cheyne;  
Thou were ay wonteche lovere reprehende  
Of thing fro which thou canst thee nat  
defende. 511

74. What wole now every lover seyn of  
thee,  
If this be wist, but ever in thyn absence  
Laughen in scorn, and seyn, "lo, ther  
gooth he,  
That is the man of so gret sapience, 515  
That held us loveres leest in reverence!  
Now, thanked be god, he may goon in the  
dannece  
Of hem that Love list feblly for to avaunce!

75. But, O thou woful Troilus, god wolde,  
Sin thou most loven thurgh thy destinee,  
That thou beset were on swich oon that  
sholde 521  
Knowe al thy wo, al lakkede hir pitee:  
But al so cold in love, towards thee,  
Thy lady is, as frost in winter mone, 524  
And thou fordoon, as snow in fyr is sone."

76. God wolde I were aryved in the port  
Of deeth, to which my sorwe wil me lede!

A, lord, to me it were a greet comfort;  
Then were I quit of languisshing in drede.  
For by myn hidde sorwe y-blowe on brede  
I shal bi-japed been a thousand tyme 531  
More than that fool of whos folye men  
ryme.

77. But now help god, and ye, swete, for  
whom  
I pleyne, y-caught, ye, never wight so  
faste! 534  
O mercy, dere herte, and help me from  
The deeth, for I, whyl that my lyf may  
laste,  
More than my-self wol love yow to my  
laste.  
And with som frendly look gladeth me,  
swete,  
Though never more thipg ye me bi-hete!

78. This wordes and ful manye an-other to  
He spak, and called ever in his com-  
pleynte 541  
Hir name, for to tellen hir his wo,  
Til neigh that he in salte teres dreynte.  
Al was for nought, she herde nought his  
pleynte;  
And whan that he bithoughte on that  
folye, 545  
A thousand fold his wo gan multiplie.

79. Bi-wayling in his chambre thusallone,  
A freend of his, that called was Pandare,  
Com ones in unwar, and herde him grone,  
And sey his freend in swich distresse and  
care: 550  
'Allas!' quod he, 'who causeth al this  
fare?  
O mercy, god! what unhap may this  
mene?  
Han now thus sone Grakes maad yow  
lene?

80. Or hastow som remors of conscience,  
And art now falle in som devocioun, 555  
And waylest for thy sinne and thyn  
offence,  
And hast for ferde caught attricioun?  
God save hem that bi-seged han our toun,  
And so can leye our jolytee on presse,  
And bring our lusty folk to holinesse!



81. These wordes sayde he for the nones alle, 561  
That with swich thing he mighte him  
angry maken,  
And with an angre don his sorwe falle,  
As for the tyme, and his corage awaken ;  
But wel he wiste, as fer as tonges spaken,  
Ther nas a man of gretter hardinesse 566  
Than he, ne more desired worthinesse.

82. 'What cas,' quod Troilus, 'or what  
aventure

Hath gyded thee to see my languishinge,  
That am refus of every creature? 570  
But for the love of god, at my preyinge,  
Go henne a-way, for certes, my deyinge  
Wol thee disece, and I mot nedes deye ;  
Ther-for go wey, ther is no more to seye.

83. But if thou wene I be thus syk for  
drede, 575

It is not so, and ther-for scorne nought ;  
Ther is a-nother thing I take of hede  
Wel more than ought the Grekes han  
y-wrought,  
Which cause is of my deeth, for sorwe  
and thought.

But though that I now telle thee it ne  
leste, 580  
Be thou nought wrooth, I hyde it for the  
beste.'

84. This Pandare, that neigh malt for wo  
and routhe,

Ful often seyde, 'allas ! what may this be?  
Now freend,' quod he, 'if ever love or  
trouthe

Hath been, or is, bi-twixen thee and me,  
Ne do thou never swiche a crueltee 586  
To hyde fro thy freend so greet a care ;  
Wostow nought wel that it am I, Pandare?

85. I wole parten with thee al thy payne,  
If it be so I do thee no comfort, 590

As it is freendes right, sooth for to seyne,  
To entreparten wo, as glad desport.

I have, and shal, for trewe or fals report,  
In wrong and right y-loved thee al my  
lyve ; 594

Hyd not thy wo fro me, but telle it blyve.'

86. Then gan this sorwful Troilus to syke,  
And seyde him thus, 'god leve it be my  
beste

To telle it theé ; for, sith it may thee  
lyke,

Yet wole I telle it, though myn herte  
breste ; 599

And wel wot I thou mayst do me no reste.  
But lest thow dame I truste not to thee,  
Now herkne, freend, for thus it stant with  
me.

87. Love, a-yeins the which who-so de-  
fendeth

Him-selven most, him alder-lest awayleth,  
With desespier so sorwfully me offendeth,  
That streyght un-to the deeth myn herte  
sayleth. 606

Ther-to desyr so breunningly me assayleth,  
That to ben slayn it were a gretter joye  
To me than king of Grece been and Troye !

88. Suffiseth this, my fulle freend Pandare,  
That I have seyde, for now wostow my wo ;  
And for the love of god, my colde care 612  
So hyd it wel, I telle it never to mo ;  
For harmes mighte folwen, mo than two,  
If it were wist ; but be thou in gladnesse,  
And lat me starve, unknowe, of my dis-  
tresse.' 616

89. 'How hastow thus unkindely and  
longe

Hid this fro me, thou fool?' quod Pan-  
darus ;

'Paraunter thou might after swich oon  
longe,

That myn avys anon may helpen us.' 620

'This were a wonder thing,' quod Troilus,  
'Thou coudest never in love thy-selven  
wisse ;

How devel maystow bringen me to blisse?'

90. 'Ye, Troilus, now herke,' quod Pan-  
dare,

'Though I be nyce ; it happeth ofte so, 625  
That oon that exces doth ful yvele fare

By good counseyl can kepe his freend  
ther-fro.

I have my-self eek seyn a blind man go  
Ther-as he fel that coude loke wyde ;

A fool may eek a wys man ofte gyde. 630

91. A whetston is no kerving instrument,  
And yet it maketh sharpe kerving-tolis.

And ther thow woost that I have ought  
miswent,

Eachewe thou that, for swich thing to  
thee scole is ;

Thus ofte wyse men ben war by folis. 635  
If thou do so, thy wit is wel biwared ;  
By his contrarie is every thing declared.

92. For how might ever sweetnesse have  
be knowe

To him that never tasted bitternesse ?  
Ne no man may be inly glad, I trowe, 640  
That never was in sorwe or som distresse ;  
Eek whyt by blak, by shame eek worthi-  
nesse,

Ech set by other, more for other semeth ;  
As men may see ; and so the wyse it  
dameth.

93. Sith thus of two contraries is a lore,  
I, that have in love so ofte assayed 646  
Grevaunces, oughte conne, and wel the  
more

Counsayllen thee of that thou art amayed.  
Eek thee ne oughte nat ben yvel spayed,  
Though I desyre with thee for to bere 650  
Thyn hevvy charge ; it shal the lasse dere.

94. I woot wel that it fareth thus by me  
As to thy brother Parys an herdesse,  
Which that y-cleped was Oenone, 654  
Wroot in a compleynt of hir hevynesse :  
Ye sey the lettre that she wroot, y gesse ?  
'Nay, never yet, y-wis,' quod Troilus.  
'Now,' quod Pandare, 'herkneeth ; it was  
thus.—

95. "Phebus, that first fond art of medi-  
cyne,"

Quod she, "and coude in every wightes  
care 660

Remede and reed, by herbes he knew fyne,  
Yet to him-self his connynge was ful bare ;  
For love hadde him so bounden in a snare,  
Al for the doughter of the kinge Admete,  
That al his craft ne coude his sorwe  
bete."— 665

96. Right so fare I, unhappily for me ;  
I love oon best, and that me smerteth sore ;  
And yet, paraunter, can I rede thee,  
And not my-self ; reprove me no more. 669  
I have no cause, I woot wel, for to sore

As doth an hank that listeth for to  
pleye,

But to thyn help yet somewhat can I seye.

97. And of o thing right siker maystow be,  
That certayn, for to deyen in the payne,  
That I shal never-mo discoveren thee ; 675  
Ne, by my trouthe, I kepe nat restreyne  
Thee fro thy love, though that it were  
Eleyne,

That is thy brotheres wyf, if ich it wiste ;  
Be what she be, and love hir as thee liste.

98. Therefore, as freend fullich in me  
assure, 680

And tel me plat what is thyn anchesoun,  
And final cause of wo that ye endure ;  
For douteth no-thing, myn entencioun  
Nis nought to yow of reprehencioun,  
To speke as now, for no wight may  
hireve 685

A man to love, til that him list to leve.

99. And witeth wel, that bothe two ben  
vyces,

Mistrusten alle, or elles alle leve ;  
But wel I woot, the mene of it no vyce is,  
For for to trusten sum wight is a preve 690  
Of trouthe, and for-thy wolde I fayn re-  
meve

Thy wrong conceyte, and do thee som  
wight triste,

Thy wo to telle ; and tel me, if thee liste.

100. The wyse seyth, "wo him that is  
allone,

For, and he falle, he hath noon help to  
ryse ;" 695

And sith thou hast a felawe, tel thy mone ;  
For this nis not, certeyn, the nexte wyse  
To winnen love, as techen us the wyse,  
To walwe and wepe as Niobe the quene,  
Whos teres yet in marbel been y-sene. 700

101. Lat be thy weping and thy drerinesse,  
And lat us lissen wo with other speche ;  
So may thy woful tyme seme lesse.

Delyte not in wo thy wo to seche, 704  
As doon thise foles that hir sorwes eche  
With sorwe, whan they han misaventure,  
And listen nought to seche hem other  
cure.

102. Men seyn, "to wrecche is conso-  
lacioun

To have an-other felawe in his payne ;"  
That oughte wel ben our opinioun, 710  
For, bothe thou and I, of love we playne ;  
So ful of sorwe am I, soth for to seyne,  
That certeynly no more harde grace  
May sitte on me, for-why ther is no  
space.

103. If god wole thou art not agast of me,  
Lest I wolde of thy lady thes bigyle, 716  
Thow wost thy-self whom that I love,  
pardee,  
As I best can, gon sithen longe whyle.  
And sith thou wost I do it for no wyle, 719  
And sith I am he that thou tristest most,  
Tel me sumwhat, sin al my wo thou wost.'

104. Yet Troilus, for al this, no word  
seyde,  
But longe he lay as stille as he ded were ;  
And after this with sykinge he abreyde,  
And to Pandarus voyes he lente his ere, 725  
And up his eyen caste he, that in fere  
Was Pandarus, lest that in frenesye  
He sholde falle, or elles sone dye :

105. And cryde 'a-wake' ful wonderly  
and sharpe ;  
'What? slombrestow as in a lytargye ?  
Or artow lyk an asse to the harpe, 731  
That hereth soun, whan men the strenges  
plye,  
But in his minde of that no melodye  
May sinken, him to glade, for that he  
So dul is of his bestialitee ?' 735

106. And with that Pandare of his wordes  
stente ;  
But Troilus yet him no word answerde,  
For-why to telle nas not his entente  
To never no man, for whom that he so  
ferde. 739  
For it is seyde, 'man maketh ofte a yerde  
With which the maker is him-self y-beten  
In sondry maner,' as thise wyse treten,

107. And namely, in his counseyl tellinge  
That toucheth love that oughte be secree ;  
For of him-self it wolde y-nough out-  
springe, 745

But-if that it the bet governed be.  
Eek som-tyne it is craft to same flee  
Fro thing which in effect men hunte faste ;  
Al this gan Troilus in his herte caste.

108. But natheless, whan he had herd  
him crye 750  
'Awake!' he gan to syke wonder sore,  
And seyde, 'freend, though that I stille  
lye,  
I am not deaf; now pees, and cry no more ;  
For I have herd thy wordes and thy lore ;  
But suffre me my mischef to biwayle, 755  
For thy proverbes may me nought avayle.

109. Nor other cure canstow noon for me.  
Eek I nil not be cured, I wol deye ;  
What knows I of the quene Niobe ?  
Lat be thyne olde ensamples, I thee  
preye.' 760  
'No,' quod the Pandarus, 'therfor I seye,  
Swich is delyt of foles to biwepe  
Hir wo, but seken bote they ne kepe.

110. Now knows I that ther reson in thee  
fayleth.  
But tel me, if I wiste what she were 765  
For whom that thee al this misaunter  
ayleth ?  
Dorstestow that I tolde hir in hir ere  
Thy wo, with thou darst not thy-self for  
fere,  
And hir bisoughte on thee to han som  
routhe ?'  
'Why, nay,' quod he, 'by god and by my  
trouthe !' 770

111. 'What? not as bisily,' quod Pandarus,  
'As though myn owene lyf lay on this  
nede ?'  
'No, certes, brother,' quod this Troilus.  
'And why?'—'For that thou sholdest  
never speke.'  
'Wostow that wel?'—'Ye, that is out of  
drede,' 775  
Quod Troilus, 'for al that ever ye conne,  
She nil to noon swich wrecche as I be  
wonne.'

112. Quod Pandarus, 'allas! what may  
this be,  
That thou despayred art thus causeles ?

What? liveth not thy lady? *benedicite!* 780  
 How wostow so that thou art graceless?  
 Swich yvel is not alwey boteless.  
 Why, put not impossible thus thy cure,  
 Sin thing to come is ofte in aventure.

113. I graunte wel that thou endurest wo  
 As sharp as doth he, Ticius, in helle, 786  
 Whos stomak foules tyren ever-mo  
 That highte volturis, as bokes telle.  
 But I may not endure that thou dwelle  
 In so unskilful an opinioun 790  
 That of thy wo is no curacioun.

114. But ones niltow, for thy coward  
 herte,  
 And for thyn ire and folish wilfulnesse,  
 For wantrust, tellen of thy sorwes smerte,  
 Ne to thyn owene help do bisinesse 795  
 As muche as speke a resoun more or lesse,  
 But lyst as he that list of no-thing recche.  
 What womman coude love swich a  
 wrecche?

115. What may she demen other of thy  
 deeth,  
 If thou thus deye, and she not why it is, 800  
 But that for fere is yolden up thy breeth,  
 For Grekes han biseged us, y-wis?  
 Lord, which a thank than shaltow han of  
 this!  
 Thus wol she seyn, and al the toun at  
 ones,  
 "The wrecche is deed, the devel have his  
 bones!" 805

116. Thou mayst allone here wepe and  
 crye and knele;  
 But, love a woman that she woot it  
 nought,  
 And she wol quyte that thou shalt not  
 fele;  
 Unknowe, unkist, and lost that is un-  
 sought.  
 What! many a man hath love ful dere  
 y-bought 810  
 Twenty winter that his lady wiste,  
 That never yet his lady mouth he kiste.

117. What? shulde he therfor fallen in  
 despeyr,  
 Or be recresant for his owene tene,

Or sleen him-self, al be his lady fayr? 815  
 Nay, nay, but ever in oon be fresh and  
 grene

To serve and love his dere hertes quene,  
 And thenke it is a guerdoun hir to serve  
 A thousand-fold more than he can deserve.'

118. And of that word took hede Troilus,  
 And thoughte anon what folye he was  
 inne, 821

And how that sooth him seyde Pandarus,  
 That for to sleen him-self mighte he not  
 winne,

But bothe doon unmanhod and a sinne, 824  
 And of his deeth his lady nought to wyte;  
 For of his wo, god woot, she knew ful lyte.

119. And with that thought he gan ful  
 sore syke,

And seyde, 'allas! what is me best to do?'  
 To whom Pandarus answerde, 'if thee lyke,  
 The best is that thou telle me thy wo; 830  
 And have my trouthe, but thou it finde so,  
 I be thy bote, or that it be ful longe,  
 To peces do me drawe, and sithen honge!'

120. 'Ye, so thou seyst,' quod Troilus tho,  
 'allas!

But, god wot, it is not the rather so; 835  
 Ful hard were it to helpen in this cas,  
 For wel finde I that Fortune is my fo,  
 Ne alle the men that ryden conne or go  
 May of hir cruel wheel the harm with-  
 stonde;

For, as hir list, she playeth with free and  
 bonde.' 840

121. Quod Pandarus, 'than blamestow  
 Fortune

For thou art wrooth, ye, now at erst I see;  
 Wostow nat wel that Fortune is commune  
 To every maner wight in som degree? 844  
 And yet thou hast this comfort, lo, pardee!  
 That, as hir joyes moten over-goon,  
 So mote hir sorwes passen everichoon.

122. For if hir wheel stinte any-thing to  
 torne,

Than cessed she Fortune anon to be:  
 Now, sith hir wheel by no wey may  
 sojorne, 850

What wostow if hir mutabilitee  
 Right as thy-selven list, wol doon by thee,

Or that she be not fer fro thyn helpinge?  
Paraunter, thou hast cause for to singe!

123. And therfor wostow what I thee  
beseche? 855

Let be thy wo and turning to the groundes;  
For who-so list have helping of his leche,  
To him bihoveth first unwrye his wounde.  
To Cerberus in helle ay be I bounde,  
Were it for my suster, al thy sorwe, 860  
By my wil, she sholde al be thyn to-morwe.

124. Loke up, I seye, and tel me what she is  
Anoon, that I may goon aboute thy nede;  
Knowe ich hir ought? for my love, tel me  
this; 864

Than wolde I hopen rather for to spede.  
Tho gan the veyne of Troilus to blede,  
For he was hit, and wex al reed for shame;  
'A ha!' quod Pandare, 'here biginneth  
game!'

125. And with that word he gan him for  
to shake,  
And seyde, 'theef, thou shalt hir name  
telle.' 870

But tho gan sely Troilus for to quake  
As though man sholde han lad him in-to  
helle,  
And seyde, 'allas! of al my wo the welle,  
Than is my swete fo called Criseyde!'  
And wel nigh with the word for fere he  
deyde. 875

126. And whan that Pandare herde hir  
name nevene,  
Lord, he was glad, and seyde, 'freend so  
dere,  
Now fare a-right, for Joves name in hevene,  
Love hath biset thee wel, be of good chere;  
For of good name and wysdom and  
manere 880  
She hath y-nough, and eek of gentilesse;  
If she be fayr, thow wost thy-self, I gesse.

127. Ne I never saw a more bountevous  
Of hir estat, ne a gladder, ne of speche  
A freendlier, ne a more gracious 885  
For to do wel, ne lasse hadde nede to  
seche  
What for to doon; and al this bet to eche,  
In honour, to as fer as she may streche,  
A kinges herte semeth by hires a wrecche.

128. And for-thy loke of good comfort  
thou be; 890

For certainly, the firste poynt is this  
Of noble corage and wel ordeyné,  
A man to have pees with him-self, y-wis;  
So oughtest thou, for nought but good it is  
To loven wel, and in a worthy place; 895  
Thee oughte not to clepe it hap, but grace.

129. And also thank, and ther-with glade  
thee,

That sith thy lady vertuous is al,  
So folweth it that ther is som pitee  
Amonges alle thise othere in general; 900  
And for-thy see that thou, in special,  
Requere nought that is ayein hir name;  
For vertue streccheth not him-self to  
shame.

130. But wel is me that ever I was born,  
That thou biset art in so good a place; 905  
For by my trouthe, in love I dorste have  
sworn,  
Thee sholde never han tid thus fayr a  
grace;  
And wostow why? for thou were wont to  
chace  
At love in scorn, and for despyt him.  
calle  
"Seynt Idiot, lord of thise foles alle." 910

131. How often hastow maad thy nyce  
japes,  
And seyde, that loves servants everichone  
Of nycetes ben verray goddes apes;  
And some wolde monche hir mete alone,  
Ligging a-bedde, and make ham for to  
grone; 915  
And som, thou seydest, hadde a blaunche  
fevere,  
And preydest god he sholde never kevere!

132. And some of ham toke on ham, for  
the colde,  
More than y-nough, so seydestow ful ofte;  
And some han feyned ofte tyme, and tolde  
How that they wake, whan they slegen  
softe; 921  
And thus they wolde han brought hem-  
self a-lofte,  
And natheles were under at the laste;  
Thus seydestow, and japedest ful faste.

133. Yet seydestow, that, for the more  
part, 925

These lovers wolden speke in general,  
And thoughten that it was a siker art,  
For fayling, for to assayen over-al.  
Now may I jape of thee, if that I shal!  
But natheles, though that I sholde deye,  
That thou art noon of tho, that dorste I  
seye. 931

134. Now best thy brest, and sey to god  
of love,

"Thy grace, lord! for now I me repente  
If I mis spak, for now my-self I love:"  
Thus sey with al thyn herte in good en-  
tente.' 935

Quod Troilus, 'a! lord! I me consente,  
And pray to thee my japes thou foryive,  
And I shal never-more whyl I live.'

135. 'Thow seyst wel,' quod Pandare, 'and  
now I hope

That thou the goddess wratthe hast al  
aped; 940

And sithen thou hast wepen many a drope,  
And seyde swich thing wher-with thy god  
is plesed,

Now wolde never god but thou were esed;  
And think wel, she of whom rist al thy wo  
Here-after may thy comfort been al-so. 945

136. For thilke ground, that bereth the  
wedde wikke,

Bereth eek thise holsom herbes, as ful ofte  
Next the foule netle, rough and thikke,  
The rose waxeth swote and smothe and  
softe;

And next the valey is the hil a-lofte; 950  
And next the darke night the glade  
morwe;

And also joye is next the fyn of sorwe.

137. Now luke that atempre be thy brydel,  
And, for the beste, ay suffre to the tyde,  
Or elles al our labour is on ydel; 955

He hasteth wel that wyly can abyde;  
Be diligent, and trewe, and ay wel hyde.  
Be lusty, free, persevere in thy servyse,  
And al is wel, if thou werke in this wyse.

138. But he that parted is in every  
place 960

Is no-wher hool, as writen clerkes wyse;

What wonder is, though swich oon have  
no grace?

Eek wostow how it fareth of som servyse?  
As plaunte a tre or herbe, in sondry wyse,  
And on the morwe pulle it up as blyve, 965  
No wonder is, though it may never thryve.

139. And sith that god of love hath thee  
bistowed

In place digne un-to thy worthinesse,  
Stond faste, for to good port hastow rowed;  
And of thy-self, for any heviness, 970  
Hope alwey wel; for, but-if dreriness  
Or over-haste our bothe labour shende,  
I hope of this to maken a good ende.

140. And wostow why I am the lasse a-  
fered

Of this matere with my nece trete? 975  
For this have I herd seyde of wyse y-lared,  
"Was never man ne woman yet bigete  
That was unapt to suffren loves hete  
Celestial, or elles love of kinde;" 979  
For-thy som grace I hope in hir to finde.

141. And for to speke of hir in special,  
Hir beautes to bithinken and hir youthe,  
It sit hir nought to be celestial

As yet, though that hir liste bothe and  
couth; 984

But trewely, it sete hir wel right nouth  
A worthy knight to loven and cheryce,  
And but she do, I holde it for a vyce.

142. Wherefore I am, and wol be, ay redy  
To payne me to do yow this servyse;

For bothe yow to plesen thus hope I 990  
Her-afterward; for ye beth bothe wyse,  
And conne it counseyl kepe in swich a  
wyse,

That no man shal the wyser of it be;  
And so we may be gladed alle thre.

143. And, by my trouthe, I have right  
now of thee 995

A good conceyt in my wit, as I gesse,  
And what it is, I wol now that thou see.  
I thinke, sith that love, of his godnesse,  
Hath thee converted out of wikkednesse,  
That thou shalt be the beste post, I  
leve, 1000

Of al his lay, and most his foes to-greave.

144. Ensample why, see now these wyse  
clerkos,  
That erren aldermost a-yein a lawe,  
And ben converted from hir wikked  
werkes

Thorough grace of god, that list hem to  
him drawe, 1005  
Than arn they folk that han most god in  
awe,  
And strengest-feythed been, I under-  
stonde,  
And conne an errour alder-best with-  
stonde.'

145. Whan Troilus had herd Pandare  
assented

To been his help in loving of Criseyde, 1010  
Wex of his wo, as whoseyth, untormented,  
But hotter wex his love, and thus heseide,  
With sobre chere, al-though his herte  
pleyde,  
'Now blisful Venus helpe, er that I sterve,  
Of thee, Pandare, I may som thank de-  
serve. 1015

146. But, dere frend, how shal myn wo  
ben lesse

Til this be doon? and goode, eek tel me  
this,

How wiltow seyn of me and my destresse?  
Lest she be wrooth, this drede I most,  
y-wis,

Or nil not here or trowen how it is. 1020  
Al this drede I, and eek for the manere  
Of thee, hir eem, she nil no swich thing  
here.'

147. Quod Pandarus, 'thou hast a ful  
gret care

Lest that the cherl may falle out of the  
mone! 1024

Why, lord! I hate of thee thy nyce fare!  
Why, entremete of that thou hast to done!

For goddes love, I bidde thee a bone,  
So lat me alone, and it shal be thy beste.'

'Why, freend,' quod he, 'now do right as  
thee lesta.

148. But herke, Pandare, o word, for I  
nolde 1030

That thou in me wendest so greet folye,  
That to my lady I desiren sholde

That toucheth harm or any vilenye;  
For dredeless, me were lever dye 1034  
Than she of me ought elles understode  
But that, that mighte sounen in-to gode.'

149. Tho lough this Pandare, and anon  
answerde,

'And I thy borw? fy! no wight dooth  
but so;

I roughte nought though that she stode  
and herde 1039

How that thou seyst; but fare-wel, I wol go.  
A-dieu! be glad! god spede us bothe two!

Yif me this labour and this besinesse,  
And of my speed be thyn al that swetnesse.'

150. Tho Troilus gan down on knees to  
falle, 1044

And Pandare in his armes hente faste,  
And seyde, 'now, fy on the Grekes alle!

Yet, pardee, god shal helpe us at the laste;  
And dredeless, if that my lyf may laste,

And god to-form, lo, som of hem shal  
smerte;

And yet me athinketh that this avaunt  
me asterte! 1050

151. Now, Pandare, I can no more seye,  
But thou wys, thou wost, thou mayst,  
thou art al!

My lyf, my deeth, hool in thyn honde  
I laye;

Help now,' quod he. 'Yis, by my trouthe,  
I shal'

'God yelde thee, freend, and this in  
spesial,' 1055

Quod Troilus, 'that thou me recomaunde  
To hir that to the deeth me may  
comaunde.'

152. This Pandarus tho, desirous to serve  
His fulle freend, than seyde in this manere,

'Far-wel, and thanek I wol thy thank  
deserve; 1060

Have here my trouthe, and that thou  
shalt wel here.'

And wente his way, thinking on this  
mater,

And how he best mighte hir besech: of  
grace,

And finde a tyme ther-to, and a place.

153. For every wight that hath an hous  
to founde 1065  
Ne renneth nought the werk for to bi-  
ginne

With rakel hend, but he wol hyde a  
stounde,  
And sende his hertes lyne out fro with-inne  
Alderfirst his purpos for to winne. 1069  
Al this Pandare in his herte thoughte,  
And caste his werk ful wysly, or he  
wroughte.

154. But Troilus lay tho no lenger down,  
But up anon up-on his stede bay,  
And in the feld he pleyde the leoun;  
Wo was that Grek that with him mette  
that day. 1075

And in the toun his maner tho forth ay  
So goodly was, and gat him so in grace,  
That ech him lovede that loked on his face.

155. For he biioom the frendlyeste wight,  
The gentileste, and oek the moste free, 1080  
The thriftieste and oon the beste knight,  
That in his tyme was, or mighte be.  
Dede were his japes and his crueltee,  
His heighe port and his manere  
estrange,  
And ech of the gan for a vertu change.

156. Now lat us stinte of Troilus a  
stounde, 1086  
That fareth lyk a man that hurt is  
sore,  
And is somdel of akinge of his wounde  
Y-lissed wel, but heled no del more:  
And, as an esy pacient, the lore 1090  
Abit of him that gooth aboute his cure;  
And thus he dryveth forth his aventure.

Explicit Liber Primus.

## BOOK II.

### Incipit prohemium Secundi Libri.

1. Our of these blake wawes for to sayle,  
O wind, O wind, the weder ginneth clere;  
For in this see the boot hath swich tra-  
vayle,

Of my conning that unnethe I it stere:  
This see clepe I the tempestous matere 5  
Of desespere that Troilus was inne:  
But now of hope the calendes biginne.

2. O lady myn, that called art Cleo,  
Thou be my speed fro this forth, and my  
muse,

To ryme wel this book, til I have do; 10  
Me nedeth here noon other art to use.  
For why to every lovere I me excuse,  
That of no sentement I this endyte,  
But out of Latin in my tonge it wryte.

3. Wherefore I nil have neither thank ne  
blame 15

Of al this werk, but pray yow mekely,  
Diablameth me, if any word be lame,  
For as myn auctor seyde, so seye I.  
Eek though I speke of love-unfelingly,

No wonder is, for it no-thing of newe is; 20  
A blind man can nat juggen wel in hewis.

4. Ye knowe eek, that in forme of speche  
is change

With-inne a thousand yeer, and wordes  
tho

That hadden prys, now wonder nyce and  
straunge

Us thinketh hem; and yet they spake  
hem so, 25

And spedde as wel in love as men now do;  
Eek for to winne love in sondry ages,  
In sondry londes, sondry been usages.

5. And for-thy if it happe in any wyse,  
That here be any lovers in this place 30  
That herkeneth, as the story wol devyse,  
How Troilus com to his lady grace,  
And thenketh, so nolde I nat love pur-  
chace,

Or wondreth on his speche and his doinge,  
I noot; but it is me no wonderinge; 35

6. For every wight which that to Rome  
went,

Halt nat o path, or alway o manere;



Eek in som lond were al the gamen shent,  
 If that they ferde in love as men don here,  
 As thus, in open doing or in chere, 40  
 In visitinge, in forme, or seyde hir sawes;  
 For-thy men seyn, ech contree hath his  
 lawes.

7. Eek scarcely been ther in this place three  
 That han in love seyde lyk and doon in al;  
 For to thy purpos this may lyken thee, 45  
 And thee right nought, yet al is seyde or  
 shal;

Eek som men grave in tree, som in stoon  
 wal,  
 As it bitit; but sin I have begonne,  
 Myn auctor shal I folwen, if I conne.

Explicit prohemium Secundi Libri.

Incipit Liber Secundus.

8. In May, that moder is of monthes glade,  
 That freshe floures, blewe, and whyte,  
 and rede, 51

Ben quike agayn, that winter dede made,  
 And ful of bawme is fletinge every mede;  
 Whan Phebus doth his brighte bemes  
 sprede

Right in the whyte Bole, it so bitidde 55  
 As I shal singe, on Mayes day the thridde,

9. That Pandarus, for al his wyse speche,  
 Felte eek his part of loves shottes kene,  
 That, coude he never so wel of loving  
 preche,

It made his hewe a-day ful ofte grene; 60  
 So shoop it, that him fil that day a tene  
 In love, for which in wo to bedde he wente,  
 And made, er it was day, ful many a wente.

10. The swalwe Proigné, with a sorwfull lay,  
 Whan morwe com, gan make hir wey-  
 mentinge, 65

Why she forshapen was; and ever lay  
 Pandare a-bedde, half in a slomeringe,  
 Til she so neigh him made hir chiteringe  
 How Terens gan forth hir suster take,  
 That with the noyse of hir he gan a-wake;

11. And gan to calle, and dresse him up  
 to ryse, 71  
 Remembringe him his erand was to done  
 From Troilus, and eek his greet empyre;

And caste and knew in good plyt was the  
 mone

To doon viage, and took his way ful sone  
 Un-to his neeces paleys ther bi-syde; 76  
 Now Janus, god of entree, thou him gyde!

12. Whan he was come un-to his neeces  
 place,

'Wher is my lady?' to hir folk seyde he;  
 And they him tolde; and he forth in gan  
 pace, 80

And fond, two othere ladyes sete and she  
 With-inne a paved parlour; and they three  
 Herden a mayden reden hem the geste  
 Of the Sege of Thebes, whyl ham leste. 84

13. Quod Pandarus, 'ma dame, god yow see,  
 With al your book and al the companye!'

'Ey, uncle myn, welcome y-wis,' quod she,  
 And up she roos, and by the hond in hye  
 She took him faste, and seyde, 'this night  
 thrye,

To goode mote it turne, of yow I mette!'  
 And with that word she doun on bench  
 him sette. 91

14. 'Ye, nece, ye shal fare wel the bet,  
 If god wole, al this yeer,' quod Pandarus;  
 'But I am sory that I have yow let 94  
 To herknen of your book ye preysen thus;  
 For goddes love, what seith it? tel it us.  
 Is it of love? O, som good ye me lere!'

'Uncle,' quod she, 'your maistresse is not  
 here!'

15. With that they gonnen laughe, and  
 tho she seyde, 99

'This romaunce is of Thebes, that we rede;  
 And we han herd how that king Laius  
 deyde

Thurgh Edippus his sone, and al that dede;  
 And here we stenten at these lettres rede,  
 How the bisshop, as the book can telle,  
 Amphiorax, fil thurgh the ground to helle.'

16. Quod Pandarus, 'al this knowe I my-  
 selve, 106

And al th'assege of Thebes and the care;  
 For her-of been ther made bokestwelve—  
 But lat be this, and tel me how ye fare;  
 Do wey your barbe, and shew your face  
 bare; 110

Do wey your book, rys up, and lat us  
daunce,  
And lat us don to May som observaunce.'

17. 'A! god forbede!' quod she, 'be ye  
mad?

Is that a widewes lyf, so god you save?  
By god, ye maken me right sore a-drad, 115  
Ye ben so wilde, it semeth as ye rave!  
It sete me wel bet ay in a cave  
To bidde, and rede on holy seyntes lyves:  
Lat maydens gon to daunce, and yonge  
wyves.'

18. 'As ever thryve I,' quod this Pandarus,  
'Yet coude I telle a thing to doon you  
pleye.' 121

'Now uncle dere,' quod she, 'tel it us  
For goddes love; is than th'assege aweye?  
I am of Grekes so ferd that I daye.'  
'Nay, nay,' quod he, 'as ever mote I  
thryve! 125  
It is a thing wel bet than swiche fyve.'

19. 'Ye, holy god!' quod she, 'what thing  
is that?

What? bet than swiche fyve? ey, nay,  
y-wis!

For al this world ne can I reden what  
It sholde been; som jape, I trowe, is this;  
And but your-selven telle us what it is, 131  
My wit is for to arede it al to lone;  
As help me god, I noot nat what ye mene.'

20. 'And I your borow, ne never shal,  
for me,

This thing be told to yow, as mote I  
thryve!' 135

'And why so, uncle myn? why so?' quod  
she.

'By god,' quod he, 'that wole I telle as  
blyve;

For prouder womman were ther noon on-  
lyve,

And ye it wiste, in al the toun of Troye;  
I jape nought, as ever have I joye!' 140

21. Tho gan she wondren more than bi-  
form

A thousand fold, and doun hire eyen casto;  
For never, sith the tyme that she was born,  
To knowe thing desired she so faste; 144

And with a syk she seyde him at the laste,  
'Now, uncle myn, I nil yow nought dis-  
plese,  
Nor axen more, that may do yow disece.'

22. So after this, with many wordes glade,  
And frendly tales, and with mery chere,  
Of this and that they playde, and gunnen  
wade 150

In many an unkouth glad and deep  
matere,

As frendes doon, when they ben met  
y-fere;

Till she gan axen him how Ector ferde,  
That was the tounes wal and Grekes yerde.

23. 'Ful wel, I thanke it god,' quod Pan-  
darus, 155

'Save in his arm he hath a litel wounde;  
And eek his fresche brother Troilus,  
The wyse worthy Ector the secounde,  
In whom that every vertu list abounde,  
As alle trouthe and alle gentillesse, 160  
Wyedom, honour, fredom, and worthi-  
nesse.'

24. 'In good feith, eem,' quod she, 'that  
lyketh me;

They faren wel, god save hem bothe two!  
For trewely I holde it greet deyntee

A kinges sone in armes wel to do, 165  
And been of good condiciouns ther-to;

For greet power and moral vertu here  
Is selde y-seye in o persone y-fere.'

25. 'In good feith, that is sooth,' quod  
Pandarus;

'But, by my trouthe, the king hath sones  
tweye, 170

That is to mene, Ector and Troilus,  
That certainly, though that I sholde deye,

They been as voyde of vyces, dar I seye,  
As any men that liveth under the sonne,

Hir might is wyde y-knowe, and what  
they conne. 175

26. Of Ector nedeth it nought for to telle;  
In al this world ther nis a better knight

Than he, that is of worthinesse welle;  
And he wel more vertu hath than might.

This knoweth many a wys and worthy  
wight. 180

The same prys of Troilus I seye,  
God help me so, I knowe not swiche  
tweye.'

27. 'By god,' quod she, 'of Ector that is  
sooth;

Of Troilus the same thing trowe I;  
For dredelees, men tellen that he dooth  
In armes day by day so worthily, 186  
And bereth him here at hoom so gentilly  
To every wight, that al the prys hath he  
Of hem that me were levest preyssed be.'

28. 'Ye sey right sooth, y-wis,' quod Pan-  
darus; 190

'For yesterday, who-so hadde with him  
been,

He might have wondred up-on Troilus;  
For never yet so thikke a swarm of been  
Ne fleigh, as Grekes fro him gonna fleen;  
And thornugh the feld, in every wightes  
ere, 195

Ther nas no cry but "Troilus is there!"

29. Now here, now there, he hunted hem  
so faste,

Ther nas but Grekes blood; and Troilus,  
Now hem he hurte, and hem alle down he  
caste;

Ay where he wente it was arayed thus: 200  
He was hir deeth, and sheld and lyf for us;  
That as that day ther dorste noon with-  
stonde,

Whyl that he held his bloody sward in  
honde.

30. Therto he is the freendlieste man  
Of grete estat, that ever I saw my lyve;  
And wher him list, best felawshiipe can 206  
To suche as him thinketh able for to  
thryve.'

And with that word tho Pandarus, as  
blyve,

He took his leve, and seyde, 'I wol go  
henne:'

'Nay, blame have I, myn uncle,' quod she  
thenne. 210

31. 'What eyleth yow to be thus wery  
sone,

And namelich of wommen? wol ye so?  
Nay, sitteth down; by god, I have to done

With yow, to speke of wisdom er ye go.'  
And every wight that was a-boute hem  
tho, 215

That herde that, gan fer a-way to stonde,  
Whyl they two hadde al that hem liste  
in honde.

32. Whan that hir tale al brought was to  
an ende

Of hire estat and of hir governaunce, 219  
Quod Pandarus, 'now is it tyme I wende;  
But yet, I seye, aryseth, lat us daunce,  
And cast your widwes habit to mis-  
chance:

What list yow thus your-self to disfigure,  
Sith yow is tid thus fair an aventure?'

33. 'A! wel bithought! for love of god,'  
quod she, 225

'Shal I not witen what ye mene of this?'  
'No, this thing axeth layser,' tho quod he,  
'And eek me wolde muche greve, y-wis,  
If I it tolde, and ye it toke amia.

Yet were it bet my tonge for to stille 230  
Than seye a sooth that were ayeins your  
willa.

34. For, nece, by the goddesse Minerve,  
And Juppiter, that maketh the thonder  
ringe,

And by the blisful Venus that I serve,  
Ye been the womman in this world  
livinge, 235

With-oute paramours, to my witinge,  
That I best love, and lothest am to greve,  
And that ye witen wel your-self, I leve.'

35. 'Y-wis, myn uncle,' quod she, 'grant  
mercy;

Your freendship have I founden ever yit;  
I am to no man holden trewely 241  
So muche as yow, and have so litel  
quit;

And, with the grace of god, emforth my  
wit,

As in my gilt I shal you never offende;  
And if I have er this, I wol amende. 245

36. But, for the love of god, I yow be-  
seche,

As ye ben he that I most love and triste,  
Lat be to me your fremde maner speche,

And sey to me, your nece, what yow liste :'  
And with that word hir uncle anoon hir  
kiste, 250

And seyde, 'gladly, leve nece dere,  
Tak it for good that I shal seye yow here.'

37. With that she gan hir eyen doun to  
caste,

And Pandarus to coghe gan a lyte, 254  
And seyde, 'nece, alwey, lo! to the laste,  
How-so it be that som men hem delyte  
With subtil art hir tales for to endyte,  
Yet for al that, in hir entencioun,  
Hir tale is al for som conclusioun.

38. And sithen th'ende is every tales  
strengthe, 260

And this matere is so bihovely,  
What sholde I paynte or drawn it on  
lengthe

To yow, that been my freend so feithfully?'  
And with that word he gan right inwardly  
Biholden hir, and loken on hir face, 265  
And seyde, 'on suche a mirour goode  
grace!'

39. Than thoughte he thus, 'if I my tale  
endyte

Ought hard, or make a proces any whyle,  
She shal no savour han ther-in but lyte,  
And trowe I wolde hir in my wil bigyle.  
For tendre wittes wenen al be wyle 271  
Ther-as they can nat pleylnly understonde;  
For-thy hir wit to serven wol I fonde'—

40. And loked on hir in a besy wyse, 274  
And she was war that he byheld hir so,  
And seyde, 'lord! so faste ye me avyse!  
Seyye me never er now? what seyye, no?'  
'Yes, yes,' quod he, 'and bet wole er I go;  
But, by my trouthe, I thoughte now  
if ye

Be fortunat, for now men shal it see. 280

41. For to every wight som goodly aventure

Som tyme is shape, if he it can receyven;  
And if that he wol take of it no cure,  
Whan that it cometh, but wilfully it  
weyven,

Lo, neither cas nor fortune him deceyven,

But right his verray slouthe and wrecched-  
nesse; 286

And swich a wight is for to blame, I gesse.

42. Good aventure, O bele nece, have ye  
Ful lightly founden, and ye conne it take;  
And, for the love of god, and eek of me,  
Cacche it anoon, lest aventure slake. 291  
What sholde I langer proces of it make?  
Yif me your hond, for in this world is  
noon,

If that you list, a wight so wel begoon. 294

43. And sith I speke of good entencioun,  
As I to yow have told wel here-biforn,  
And love as wel your honour and renoun  
As creature in al this world y-born;  
By alle the othes that I have yow sworn,  
And ye be wrooth therfore, or wene I lye,  
Ne shal I never seen yow eft with yē. 301

44. Beth nought agast, ne quaketh nat;  
wher-to?

Ne chaungeth nat for fere so your hewe;  
For hardely, the werste of this is do;  
And though my tale as now be to yow  
newe, 305

Yet rist alwey, ye shal me finde trewe;  
And were it thing that me thoughte  
unsittinge,  
To yow nolde I no swiche tales bringe.'

45. 'Now, my good eem, for goddes love,  
I preye,' 309

Quod she, 'com of, and tel me what it is;  
For bothe I am agast what ye wol seye,  
And eek me longeth it to wite, y-wis.  
For whether it be wel or be amis,  
Sey on, lat me not in this fere dwelle.'  
'So wol I doon, now herkneth, I shal  
telle: 315

46. Now, nece myn, the kinges dere sone,  
The goode, wyse, worthy, fresshe, and free,  
Which alwey for to do wel is his wone,  
The noble Troilus, so loveth thee,  
That, bot ye helpe, it wol his bane be. 320  
Lo, here is al, what sholde I more seye?  
Doth what yow list, to make him live or  
deye.

47. But if ye lete him deye, I wol starve;  
Have her my trouthe, nece, I nil not lyen;

Al sholde I with this knyf my throte  
kerve'— 325

With that the teres braste out of his yān,  
And seyde, 'if that ye doon us bothe  
dyen,

Thus giltelees, than have ye fished faire;  
What mende ye, though that we bothe  
apeyre?

48. Allas! he which that is my lord so  
dere, 330

That trewe man, that noble gentil knight,  
That nought desireth but your freendly  
chere,

I see him daye, ther he goth up-right,  
And hasteth him, with al his fulle might,  
For to be slayn, if fortune wol assente; 335  
Allas! that god yow swich a beautee  
sente!

49. If it be so that ye so cruel be,  
That of his deeth yow liste nought to  
recoche,

That is so trewe and worthy, as ye see,  
No more than of a japere or a wrecche, 340  
If ye be swich, your beautee may not  
strecche

To make amendes of so cruel a dede;  
Ayvsement is good bifore the nede.

50. Wo worth the faire gemme vertulees!  
Wo worth that herbe also that dooth no  
bote! 345

Wo worth that beautee that is routheless!  
Wo worth that wight that tret ech under  
fote!

And 'ye, that been of beautee crop and  
rote,

If therwith-al in you ther be no routhe,  
Than is it harm ye liven, by my trouthe!

51. And also think wel, that this is no  
gaude; 351

For me were lever, thou and I and he  
Were hanged, than I sholde been his  
baude,

As heye, as men mighte on us alle y-see:  
I am thyn eem, the shame were to me, 355  
As wel as thee, if that I sholde assente,  
Thorough myn abet, that he thyn honour  
shente.

52. Now understond, for I yow nought  
requere,

To binde yow to him thorough no behestes,  
But only that ye make him bettre chere 360  
Than ye han doon er this, and more feste,  
So that his lyf be saved, at the leste.

This al and som, and playnly our entente;  
God helpe me so, I never other mente. 364

53. Lo, this request is not but skile, y-wis,  
Ne doute of reson, pardee, is ther noon.

I sette the worste that ye dredden this,  
Men wolden wondren seen him come or  
goon:

Ther-ayens answer I thus a-noon, 369  
That every wight, but he be fool of kinde,  
Wol dame it love of freendship in his  
minde.

54. What? who wol dame, though he see  
a man

To temple go, that he the images eteth?  
Think eek how wel and wysly that he can  
Governe him-self, that he no-thing for-  
yeteth, 375

That, wher he cometh, he prys and thank  
him geteth;

And, eek ther-to, he shal come here so  
selde,

What fors were it though al the toun  
behelde?

55. Swich love of freendes regneth al this  
toun;

And wrye yow in that mantel ever-mo;  
And, god so wis be my savacioun, 381

As I have seyde, your beste is to do so.  
But alwey, goode nece, to stinte his wo,

So lat your daunger sucred ben a lyte,  
That of his deeth ye be nought for to  
wyte.' 385

56. Criseyde, which that herde him in  
this wyse,

Thoughte, 'I shal felle what he meneth,  
y-wis.'

'Now, eem,' quod she, 'what wolde ye  
devyse,

What is your reed I sholde doon of this?'  
'That is wel seyde,' quod he, 'certayn,  
best is 390

That ye him love ayein for his lovinge,  
As love for love is skilful guerdoninge.

57. Thanke eek, how elde wasteth every  
houre

In eche of yow a party of beautees;  
And therfore, er that age thee devoure, 395  
Go love, for, olde, ther wol no wight of  
thea.

Let this proverbe a lore un-to yow be;  
To late y-war, quod Beautees, whan it  
paste;"

And elde daunteth daunger at the laste.

58. The kinges fool is woned to cryen  
loude, 400

Whan that him thinketh a womman  
bereth hir hye,

"So longe mote ye live, and alle proude,  
Til crows feet be growe under your ye,  
And sende yow thanne a mirour in to  
prye 404

In whiche ye maysee your faces-morwe!"  
Neece, I bid wishe ye no more sorwe.'

59. With this he stente, and caste adoun  
the heed,

And she bigan to breste a-wepe anon.  
And seyde, 'allas, for wo! why nere I  
deed?

For of this world the feith is al agoon! 410  
Allas! whatsholden straunge to me doon,  
When he, that for my beste freend I  
wende,

Ret me to love, and sholde it me defende?

60. Allas! I wolde han trusted, douteles,  
That if that I, thurgh my disaventure, 415  
Had loved other him or Achilles,  
Ector, or any mannes creature,  
Ye nolde han had no mercy ne mesure  
On me, but alway had me in repreve;  
This false world, alas! who may it leve?

61. What? is this al the joye and al the  
feste? 421

Is this your reed, is this my blisful cas?  
Is this the verray mede of your behest?  
Is al this peynted proces seyde, alas! 424  
Right for this fyn? O lady myn, Pallas!  
Thou in this dredful cas for me purveye;  
For so astonied am I that I deye!

62. With that she gan ful sorrowfully to  
syke;

'A! may it be no bet?' quod Pandarus;  
'By god, I shal no-more come here this  
wyke, 430

And god to-forn, that am mistrusted thus;  
I see ful wel that ye sette lyte of us,  
Or of our deeth! Allas! I woful wrecche!  
Mighte he yet live, of me is nought to  
recche.

63. O cruel god, O dispitouse Marte, 435  
O Furies three of helle, on yow I crye!  
So lat me never out of this hous departe,  
If that I mente harm or vilanye!  
But sith I see my lord mot nedes dye,  
And I with him, here I me shryve, and  
seye 440  
That wikkedly ye doon us bothe deye.

64. But sith it lyketh yow that I be  
deed,

By Neptunus, that god is of the see,  
Fro this forth shal I never eten breed  
Til I myn owene herte blood may see; 445  
For certayn, I wole deye as sone as he'—  
And up he sterte, and on his way he  
raughte,  
Til she agayn him by the lappe caughte.

65. Criseyde, which that wel neigh starf  
for fere,

So as she was the ferfulleste wight 450  
That mighte be, and herde eek with hir  
ere,

And saw the sorwful earnest of the knight,  
And in his preyere eek saw noon unright,  
And for the harm that mighte eek fallen  
more,  
She gan to rewe, and dradde hir wonder  
sore; 455

66. And thoughte thus, 'unhappes fallen  
thikke

Alday for love, and in swich maner cas,  
As men ben cruel in hem-self and wikke;  
And if this man elee here him-self, alas!  
In my presence, it wol be no solas. 460  
What men wolde of hit deme I can nat  
seye;

It nedeth me ful sleyly for to pleye.'

67. And with a sorful syk she seyde  
thrye,

'A! lord! what me is tid a sory chauce!  
For myn estat now lyth in jupartye, 465  
And eek myn emes lyf lyth in balaunce;  
But natheles, with goddes governaunce,  
I shal so doon, myn honour shal I kepe,  
And eek his lyf;' and stinte for to wepe.

68. 'Of harmes two, the lesse is for to  
chese; 470

Yet have I lever maken him good chere  
In honour, than myn emes lyf to lese;  
Ye seyn, ye no-thing elles me requere?'  
'No, wis,' quod he, 'myn owene nece dere.'  
'Now wel,' quod she, 'and I wol doon my  
peyne; 475  
I shal myn herte ayeins my lust con-  
streyne,

69. But that I nil not holden him in  
honde,

Ne love a man, ne can I not, ne may  
Ayeins my wil; but elles wol I fonde,  
Myn honour sauf, plesse him fro day to  
day; 480

Ther-to nolde I nought ones have sayd nay,  
But that I dredde, as in my fantasye;  
But cesse cause, ay cesseth maladye.

70. And here I make a protestacioun,  
That in this proces if ye depper go, 485  
That certaynly, for no savacioun  
Of yow, though that ye starve bothe two,  
Though al the world on o day be my fo,  
Ne shal I never on him han other  
routhe.'—

'I graunte wel,' quod Pandare, 'by my  
trouthe. 490

71. But may I truste wel ther-to,' quod he,  
'That, of this thing that ye han hight me  
here,

Ye wol it holden trewly un-to me?'  
'Ye, douteles,' quod she, 'myn uncle  
dere.'

'Ne that I shal han cause in this matere,'  
Quod he, 'to playne, or after yow to  
preche?' 496

'Why, no, pardee; what nedeth more  
speche?'

72. The fillen they in othere tales glade,  
Til at the laste, 'O good eem,' quod she  
tho,

'For love of god, which that us bothe  
made, 500

Tel me how first ye wisten of his wo:  
Wot noon of hit but ye?' He seyde,  
'no.'

'Can he wel speake of love?' quod she,  
'I preye,

Tel me, for I the bet me shal purveye.'

73. The Pandarus a litel gan to smyle, .  
And seyde, 'by my trouthe, I shal yow  
telle. 506

This other day, nought gon ful longe  
whyte,

In-with the paleys-gardyn, by a welle,  
Gan he and I wel half a day to dwelle,  
Right for to speken of an ordenaunce, 510  
How we the Grekes mighte disavaunce.

74. Sone after that bigonne we to lepe,  
And casten with our dartes to and fro,  
Til at the laste he seyde, he wolde slepe,  
And on the gres a-down he leyde him tho;  
And I after gan rome to and fro 516  
Til that I herde, as that I welk allone,  
How he bigan ful wofully to grone.

75. Tho gan I stalke him softly bihinde,  
And sikerly, the sothe for to seyne, 520  
As I can clepe ayein now to my minde,  
Right thus to Love he gan him for to  
playne;  
He seyde, "lord! have routhe up-on my  
peyne,

Al have I been rebel in myn entente;  
Now, *mea culpa*, lord! I me repente. 525

76. O god, that at thy disposicioun  
Ledest the fyn, by juste purveyaunce,  
Of every wight, my lowe confessioun  
Accepte in gree, and send me swich  
penaunce 529

As lyketh thee, but from desesperaunce,  
That may my goost departe away fro thee,  
Thou be my sheld, for thy benignitee.

77. For certes, lord, so sore hath she me  
wounded

That stod in blak, with loking of hir yën,

That to myn hertes botme it is y-sounded,  
Thorough which I woot that I mot nedes  
dye; 536

This is the worst, I dar me not bi-wryen;  
And wel the hotter been the gledes rede,  
That men hem wryen with asshen pale  
and dede."

78. With that he smoot his heed adoun  
anoon, 540

And gan to motre, I noot what, trewely.  
And I with that gan stille away to goon,  
And leet ther-of as no-thing wist hadde I,  
And come ayein anoan and stood him by,  
And seyde, "a-wake, ye slepen al to  
longe; 545

It semeth nat that love dooth yow longe,

79. That slepen so that no man may yow  
wake.

Who sey ever or this so dul a man?"

"Ye, freend," quod he, "do ye your hedes  
ake

For love, and lat me liven as I can." 550  
But though that he for wo was pale and  
wan,

Yet made he tho as fresh a countenance  
As though he shulde have led the newe  
daunce.

80. This passed forth, til now, this other  
day,

It fel that I com roming al alone 555  
Into his chaumbre, and fond how that he  
lay"

Up-on his bed; but man so sore grone  
Ne herde I never, and what that was his  
mone,

Ne wiste I nought; for, as I was cominge,  
Also deyntly he lefte his compleyninge. 560

81. Of which I took somewhat suspicioun,  
And neer I com, and fond he wepte sore;  
And god so wis be my savacioun,  
As never of thing hadde I no rounthe more.  
For neither with engyn, ne with no lore,  
Unethes mighte I fro the deeth him  
kepe; 566

That yet fele I myn herte for him wepe.

82. And god wot, never, sith that I was  
born,

Was I so busy no man for to preche,

Ne never was to wight so depe y-sworn,  
Or he me tolde who mighte been his  
leche. 571

But now to yow rehersen al his speche,  
Or alle his woful wordes for to sounne,  
Ne bid me not, but ye wol see me swowne.

88. But for to save his lyf, and elles  
nought, 575

And to non harm of yow, thus am I  
driven;

And for the love of god that us hath  
wrought,

Swich chere him dooth, that he and I  
may liven.

Now have I plat to yow myn herte  
schryven; 579

And sin ye woot that myn entente is clene,  
Tak hede ther-of, for I non yvel mene.

84. And right good thrift, I pray to god,  
have ye,

That han swich oon y-caught with-oute  
net;

And be ye wys, as ye ben fair to see,  
Wel in the ring than is the ruby set. 585

Ther were never two so wel y-met,  
Whan ye ben his al hool, as he is youre:  
Ther mighty god yet graunte us see that  
houre!"

85. 'Nay, therof spak I not, a, ha!' quod  
she,

'As helpe me god, ye shenden every deel!'

'O mercy, dere nece,' anoan quod he, 591

'What-so I spak, I mente nought but  
weel,

By Mars the god, that helmed is of steel;  
Now beth nought wrooth, my blood, my  
nece dere.'

'Now wel,' quod she, 'foryeven be it here!'

86. With this he took his leve, and hoom  
he wente; 596

And lord, how he was glad and wel bi-  
goon!

Criseyde aroos, no lenger she ne stente,  
But straught in-to hir closet wante anoan,  
And sette here down as stille as any stoon,  
And every word gan up and down to  
winde, 601

That he hadde seyde, as it com hir to  
minde;



87. And wex somdel astonied in hir  
thought,  
Right for the newe cas; but whan that  
she  
Was ful avysed, tho fond she right nought  
Of peril, why she oughte afered be, 606  
For man may love, of possibilittee,  
A womman so, his herte may to-breste,  
And she nought love ayain, but-if hir leste.

88. But as she sat allone and thoughte  
thus, 610  
Th'asory aroos at skarmish al with-oute,  
And men cryde in the strete, 'see, Troilus  
Hath right now put to flight the Grekes  
route !'  
With that gan al hir meynsee for to shoute,  
'A ! go we see, caste up the latis wyde ;  
For thurgh this strete he moot to palays  
ryde ; 616

89. For other wey is fro the yate noon  
Of Dardanus, ther open is the cheyne.'  
With that com he and al his folk anon  
An esy pas rydinge, in routes tweyne, 620  
Right as his happy day was, sooth to seyne,  
For which, men say, may nought dis-  
turbed be  
That shal bitydan of necessitee.

90. This Troilus sat on his baye stede,  
Al armed, save his heed, ful richely, 625  
And wounded was his hors, and gan to  
blede,  
On whiche he rood a pas, ful softly ;  
But swich a knightly sighte, trewely,  
As was on him, was nought, with-oute  
faile, 629  
To loken on Mars, that god is of batayle.

91. So lyk a man of armes and a knight  
He was to seen, fulfild of heigh prowessse ;  
For bothe he hadde a body and a might  
To doon that thing, as wel as hardinesse ;  
And eek to seen him in his gere him  
dresse, 635  
So fresh, so yong, so weldy samed he,  
It was an heven up-on him for to see.

92. His helm to-hewen was in twenty  
places,  
That by a tissew heng, his bak bihinde,

His sheld to-dashed was with swerdes  
and maces, 640  
In which men mighte many an arwe  
finde  
That thirled hadde horn and nerf and  
rinde ;  
And ay the peple cryde, ' here cometh our  
joye,  
And, next his brother, holdere up of  
Troye !'

93. For which he wex a litel reed for  
shame, 645  
Whan he the peple up-on him herde  
cryen,  
That to biholde it was a noble game,  
How sobrelithe he caste down his yen.  
Cryseyda gan al his chere aspyen,  
And leet so softe it in hir herte sinke, 650  
That to hir-self she seyde, ' who yaf me  
drinke ?'

94. For of hir owene thought she wex al  
reed,  
Remembringe hir right thus, ' lo, this is  
he  
Which that myn uncle swereth he moot  
be deed,  
But I on him have mercy and pitee ;' 655  
And with that thought, for pure a-shamed,  
she  
Gan in hir heed to pulle, and that as  
faste,  
Whyl he and al the peple for-by paste,

95. And gan to caste and rollen up and  
down  
With-inne hir thought his excellent  
prowesse, 660  
And his estat, and also his renoun,  
His wit, his shap, and eek his gentilesse ;  
But most hir favour was, for his distresse  
Was al for hir, and thoughte it was a  
routhe  
To sleen swich oon; if that he mente  
trounthe. 665

96. Now mighte som envyyous jangle thus,  
' This was a sodeyn love, how mighte it be  
That she so lightly loved Troilus  
Right for the firste sighte; ye, pardee ?'

Now who-so seyth so, mote he never  
thee ! 670

For every thing, a ginning hath it nede  
Er al be wrought, with-outen any drede.

97. For I sey nought that she so sodeynly  
Yaf him hir love, but that she gan enolyne  
To lyke him first, and I have told yow  
why; 675

And after that, his manhod and his pyne  
Made love with-inne hir for to myne,  
For which, by prooes and by good servyse,  
He gat hir love, and in no sodeyn wyse.

98. And also blisful Venus, wel arayed, 680  
Sat in hir seven the hous of hevne tho,  
Disposed wel, and with aspectes payed,  
To halpen sely Troilus of his wo.  
And, sooth to sayn, she nas nat al a fo  
To Troilus in his nativitee; 685  
God woot that wel the soner spedde he.

99. Now lat us stinte of Troilus a throwe,  
That rydeth forth, and lat us tourne faste  
Un-to Criseyde, that hang hir heed ful  
lowe,

Ther-as she sat allone, and gan to caste 690  
Wher-on she wolde apoynte hir at the  
laste,

If it so were hir eem ne wolde cesse,  
For Troilus, up-on hir for to presse.

100. And, lord ! so she gan in hir thought  
argue

In this matere of which I have yow  
told, 695

And what to doon best were, and what  
eschue,

That plyted she ful ofte in many fold.

Now was hir herte warm, now was it cold,  
And what she thoughte somewhat shal I  
wryte,

As to myn auctor listeth for to endyte. 700

101. She thoughte wel, that Troilus per-  
sone

She knew by sighte and eek his gentil-  
lesse,

And thus she seyde, 'al were it nought to  
dōne,

To graunte him love, yet, for his worthi-  
nesse,

It were honour, with pley and with glad-  
nesse, 705

In honestee, with swich a lord to dele,  
For myn estat, and also for his hele.

102. Eek, wel wot I my kinges sone is he;  
And sith he hath to see me swich delyt,  
If I wolde utterly his sighte fle, 710  
Paraunter he mighte have me in dispyt,  
Thurgh which I mighte stonde in worse  
plyt;

Now were I wys, me hate to purchase,  
With-outen nede, ther I may stonde in  
grace?

103. In every thing, I woot, ther lyth  
mesure. 715

For though a man forbode dronkenesse,  
He nought for-bet that every creature  
Be drinkelees for alwey, as I gesse;  
Eek sith I woot for me is his distresse,  
I ne oughte not for that thing him des-  
pyse, 720

Sith it is so, he meneth in good wyse.

104. And eek I knowe, of longe tyme  
agoon,

His thewes goode, and that he is not nyce.  
Ne avauntour, seyth men, certain, is he  
noon;

To wys is he to do so gret a vyce; 725  
Ne als I nel him never so cheryce,  
That he may make avaunt, by juste cause;  
He shal me never binde in swiche a clause.

105. Now set a cas, the hardest is, y-wis,  
Men mighten deme that he loveth me: 730  
What dishonour were it un-to me, this?  
May I him lette of that? why nay, pardee!  
I knowe also, and alday here and see,  
Men loven women al this toun aboute;  
Be they the wers? why, nay, with-outen  
doute. 735

106. I think eek how he able is for to  
have

Of al this noble toun the thriftieste,  
To been his love, so she hir honour save;  
For out and out he is the worthieste, 739  
Save only Ector, which that is the beste.  
And yet his lyf al lyth now in my cure,  
But swich is love, and eek myn aventure.

107. Ne me to love, a wonder is it nought ;  
 For wel wot I my-self, so god me spede,  
 Al wolde I that noon wiste of this thought,  
 I am oon the fayreste, out of drede, 746  
 And goodlieste, who-so taketh hede;  
 And so men seyn in al the toun of Troye.  
 What wonder is it though he of me have  
 joye?

108. I am myn owene woman, wel at ese,  
 I thanke it god, as after myn estat ; 751  
 Right yong, and stonde unteyd in lusty  
 lese,  
 With-uten jalousye or swich debat;  
 Shal noon housbonde seyn to me "chek-  
 mat!"

For either they ben ful of jalousye, 755  
 Or maisterful, or loven novelrye.

109. What shal I doon? to what fyn live  
 I thus?

Shal I nat loven, in cas if that me leste?  
 What, *par dieux*! I am nought religious!  
 And though that I myn herte sette at  
 reste 760

Upon this knight, that is the worthieste,  
 And kepe alwey myn honour and my  
 name,  
 By alle right, it may do me no shame.'

110. But right as whan the sonne shyneth  
 brighte,

In March, that chaungeth ofte tyme his  
 face, 765

And that a cloud is put with wind to  
 fighthe

Which over-sprat the sonne as for a space,  
 A cloudy thought gan thorough hir soule  
 pace,

That over-spradde hir brighte thoughtes  
 alle,

So that for fere almost she gan to falle. 770

111. That thought was this, 'allas! sin  
 I am free,

Sholde I now love, and putte in jupartye  
 My sikernesse, and thrallen libertee?

Allas! how dorste I thenken that folye?  
 May I nought wel in other folk aspye 775  
 Hir dredful joye, hir constreynt, and hir  
 payne?

Ther loveth noon, that she nath why to  
 playne.

112. For love is yet the moste stormy lyf,  
 Right of him-self, that ever was bigonne;  
 For ever som mistrust, or nyce stryf, 780  
 Ther is in love, som cloud is over the  
 sonne:

Ther-to we wrecched wommen no-thing  
 conne,

Whan us is wo, but wepe and sitte and  
 thinke;

Our wreche is this, our owene wo to  
 drinke.

118. Also these wikked tonges been so  
 prest 785

To speke us harm, eek men be so untrewre,  
 That, right anon as cessed is hir lest,  
 So cesseth love, and forth to love a newe:  
 But harm y-doon, is doon, who-so it rewre.  
 For though these men for love hem first  
 to-rende, 790

Ful sharp biginning braketh ofte at ende.

114. How ofte tyme hath it y-knowen be,  
 The treason, that to womman hath be do?

To what fyn is swich love, I can nat see,  
 Or wher bicomth it, whan it is ago; 795  
 Ther is no wight that woot, I trowe so,  
 Wher it bycomth; lo, no wight on it  
 sporneth;

That erst was no-thing, in-to nought it  
 torneth.

115. How bisy, if I love, eek moste I be  
 To plesen hem that jangle of love, and  
 demen, 800

And cove hem, that they sey non harm of  
 me?

For though ther be no cause, yet hem  
 semen

Al be for harm that folk hir freendes  
 quemen;

And who may stoppen every wikked tonge,  
 Or soun of belles whyl that they be  
 ronge? 805

116. And after that, hir thought bigan to  
 clere,

And seyde, 'he which that no-thing  
 under-taketh,

No-thing ne acheveth, be him looth or  
 dera.'

And with an other thought hir herte  
quaketh;  
Than slepeth hope, and after dreed  
awaketh; 810  
Now hoot, now cold; but thus, bi-twixen  
tweye,  
She rist hir up, and went hir for to playe.

117. Adoun the steyre anoon-right tho  
she wente  
In-to the gardin, with hir neces three,  
And up and doun ther made many a  
wente, 815  
Flexippe, she, Tharbe, and Antigone,  
To playen, that it joye was to see;  
And othere of hir wommen, a gret route,  
Hir folwede in the gardin al aboute.

118. This yerd was large, and rayled alle  
the aleyes, 820  
And shadwed wel with blosmy bowes  
grene,  
And benched newe, and sonded alle the  
weyes,  
In which she walketh arm in arm bi-  
twene;  
Til at the laste Antigone the shene  
Gan on a Trojan song to singe clare, 825  
That it an heven was hir voys to here.—

119. She seyde, 'O love, to whom I have  
and shal  
Ben humble subgit, trewe in myn entente,  
As I best can, to yow, lord, yeve ich al  
Forever-more, myn hertes lust to rente. 830  
For never yet thy grace no wight sente  
So blisful cause as me, my lyf to lede  
In alle joye and seurttee, out of drede.

120. Ye, blisful god, han me so wel beset  
In love, y-wis, that al that bereth lyf 835  
Imaginen ne cowde how to ben bet;  
For, lord, with-outen jalouseye or stryf,  
I love oon which that is most ententyf  
To serven wel, unwery or unfeyned,  
That ever was, and leest with harm dis-  
treyned. 840

121. As he that is the welle of worthinesse,  
Of trouthe ground, mirour of goodliheed,  
Of wit Appollo, stoon of sikernessee,  
Of vertu rote, of lust findere and heed,

Thurgh which is alle sorwe fro me deed, 845  
Y-wis, I love him best, so doth he me;  
Now good thrift have he, wher-so that he  
be!

122. Whom sholde I thanke but yow, god  
of love,  
Of al this blisse, in which to bathe I  
ginne?  
And thanked be ye, lord, for that I love! 850  
This is the righte lyf that I am inne,  
To flemen alle manere vyce and sinne:  
This doth me so to vertu for to entende,  
That day by day I in my wil amende.

123. And who-so seyth that for to love is  
vyce, 855  
Or thraldom, though he fele in it dis-  
tresse,  
He outhir is envyous, or right nyce,  
Or is unmighty, for his shrewednesse,  
To loven; for swich maner folk, I gesse,  
Defamen love, as no-thing of him knowe;  
They spoken, but they bente never his  
bowe. 861

124. What is the sonne wers, of kinde  
righte,  
Though that a man, for feblesse of his  
yēn,  
May nought endure on it to see for  
bryghte?  
Or love the wers, though wrecches on it  
cryen? 865  
No wele is worth, that may no sorwe  
dryen.  
And for-ty, who that hath an heed of  
verre,  
Fro cast of stones war him in the werre!

125. But I with al myn herte and al my  
might, 869  
As I have seyde, wol love, un-to my laste,  
My dere herte, and al myn owene knight,  
In which myn herte grownen is so faste,  
And his in me, that it shal ever laste.  
Al dredde I first to love him to biginne,  
Now woot I wel, ther is no peril inne.' 875

126. And of hir song right with that word  
she stente,  
And therwith-al, 'now, nece,' quod Cri-  
seyde,

'Who made this song with so good entente?'

Antigone answerde anon, and seyde,  
'Ma dame, y-wis, the goodlieste mayde 880  
Of greet estat in al the toun of Troye;  
And let hir lyf in most honour and joye.'

127. 'Forsothe, so it semeth by hir song,'  
Quod tho Criseyde, and gan ther-with to syke,

And seyde, 'lord, is there swich blisse  
among 885

These lovers, as they conne faire andyte?'  
'Ye, wis,' quod fresh Antigone the whyte,  
'For alle the folk that han or been on lyve  
Ne conne wel the blisse of love discryve.

128. But wene ye that every wreoche  
woot 890

The parfit blisse of love? why, nay, y-wis;  
They wenen al be love, if oon be hoot;  
Do wey, do wey, they woot no-thing of  
this!

Men mosten axe at seyntes if it is  
Aught fair in hevene; why? for they  
conne telle; 895

And axen fendes, is it foul in halle.'

129. Criseyde un-to that purpos nought  
answerde,

But seyde, 'y-wis, it wol be night as  
faste.'

But every word which that she of hir  
herde,

She gan to prenten in hir herte faste; 900  
And ay gan love hir lasse for to agaste  
Than it dide erst, and sinken in hir herte,  
That she wax somewhat able to converte.

130. The dayes honour, and the hevenes y8,  
The nightes fo, al this clepe I the sonne, 905  
Gan westren faste, and downward for to  
wrye,

As he that hadde his dayes cours y-ronne;  
And whyte thinges wexen dimme and  
donne

For lak of light, and sterres for to appere,  
That she and al hir folk in wente y-fera.

131. So whan it lyked hir to goon to reste,  
And voyded weren they that voyden  
oughte, 912

She seyde, that to slepe wel hir leste.  
Hir wommen sone til hir bed hir broughte.  
Whan al was hust, than lay she stilla, and  
thoughte 915  
Of al this thing the manere and the wyse.  
Reherce it nedeth nought, for ye ben wyse.

132. A nightingale, upon a cedre grene,  
Under the chambre-wal ther as she lay,  
Ful loude sang ayein the mone shene, 920  
Paraunter, in his briddes wyse, a lay  
Of love, that made hir herte fresh and gay.  
That herkned she so longe in good entente.  
Til at the laste the dade sleep hir hante.

133. And, as she sleep, anon-right tho  
hir mette, 925

How that an egle, fethered whyt as boon,  
Under hir brest his longe clawes sette,  
And out hir herte he rente, and that  
a-noon,

And dide his herte in-to hir brest to goon,  
Of which she nought agroos ne no-thing  
smerte, 930

And forth he fleigh, with herte left for  
herte.

134. Now lat hir slepe, and we our tales  
holde

Of Troilus, that is to paleys riden,  
Fro the scarmuch, of the whiche I tolde,  
And in his chambre sit, and hath abiden  
Til two or thre of his messages yeden 936  
For Pandarus, and soughten him ful faste,  
Til they him founde, and broughte him at  
the laste.

135. This Pandarus oom leping in at ones  
And seide thus, 'who hath ben wel y-bete  
To-day with swerdes, and with alinge-  
stones, 941

But Troilus, that hath caught him an  
hete?'

And gan to jape, and seyde, 'lord, so ye  
swete!

But rys, and lat us soupe and go to reste;'  
And he answerde him, 'do we as thee  
leste.' 945

136. With al the haste goodly that they  
mighta,  
They spedde hem fro the souper un-to  
bedde;

And every wight out at the dore him  
dighte,  
And wher him list upon his way he  
spedde;  
But Troilus, that thoughte his herte  
bledde 950  
For wo, til that he herde som tydinge,  
He seyde, 'freend, shal I now wepe or  
singe?'

137. Quod Pandarus, 'ly stilla, and lat me  
alepe,  
And don thyn hood, thy nedes spedde be;  
And chese, if thou wolt singe or daunce or  
lepe; 955  
At shorte wordes, thou shalt trowe me.—  
Sire, my nece wol do wel by thee,  
And love thee best, by god and by my  
trouthe,  
But lak of pursuit make it in thy slouthe.

138. For thus ferforth I have thy work  
bigonne, 960  
Fro day to day, til this day, by the morwe,  
Hir love of freendship have I to thee  
wonne,  
And also hath she leyd hir feyth to borwe.  
Algate a foot is hameled of thy sorwe.'  
What sholde I lenger sermon of it holde?  
As ye han herd bifore, al he him tolde. 966

139. But right as floures, thorough the  
colde of night  
Y-closed, stoupen on hir stalkes lowe,  
Redressen hem a-yein the sonne bright,  
And spreden on hir kinde cours by rowe;  
Right so gan tho his eyen up to throwe 971  
This Troilus, and seyde, 'O Venus dære,  
Thy might, thy grace, y-heried be it here!'

140. And to Pandare he held up bothe his  
bondes,  
And seyde, 'lord, al thyn be that I have; 975  
For I am hool, al brosten been my bondes;  
A thousand Troians who so that me yave,  
Eche after other, god so wis me save,  
Ne mighte me so gladen; lo, myn herte,  
It spredeth so for joye, it wol to-sterle! 980

141. But lord, how shal I doon, how shal  
I liven?  
Whan shal I next my-dære herte see?

Howshal this longe tyme a-wey be driven,  
Til that thou be ayein at hir fro me?  
Thou mayst answer, "a-byd, a-byd," but  
he 985  
That hangeth by the nekke, sooth to seyne,  
In grete disese abyde the for the payne.'

142. 'Al eaily, now, for the love of Marte,'  
Quod Pandarus, 'for every thing hath  
tyme; 989  
So longe abyd til that the night departe;  
For al so siker as thou lyst here by me,  
And god toforn, I wol be there at pryme,  
And for thy werk somewhat as I shal seye,  
Or on som other wight this charge leye.

143. For pardee, god wot, I have ever  
yt 995  
Ben redy thee to serve, and to this night  
Have I nought fayned, but emforth my  
wit  
Don al thy lust, and shal with al my  
might.

Do now as I shal seye, and fare a-right;  
And if thou nilt, wyte al thy-self thy care,  
On me is nought along thyn yvel fare. 1001

144. I woot wel that thou wyser art than I  
A thousand fold, but if I were as thou,  
God helpe me so, as I wolde outrelly,  
Right of myn owene hond, wryte hir  
right now 1005  
A lettre, in which I wolde hir tellen how  
I ferde amis, and hir besече of routhe;  
Now help thy-self, and leve it not for  
slouthe.

145. And I my-self shal ther-with to hir  
goon;  
And whan thou wost that I am with hir  
there, 1010  
Worth thou up-on a courser right anon,  
Ye, hardily, right in thy beste gere,  
And ryd forth by the place, as nought ne  
were,  
And thou shalt finde us, if I may, sittinge  
At som windowe, in-to the strete lokinge.

146. And if thee list, than maystow us  
saluwe, 1016  
And up-on me make thy contenance;

But, by thy lyf, be war and faste eschuwe  
To tarien ought, god shilde us fro mis-  
chaunce!

Ryd forth thy way, and hold thy govern-  
aunce; 1030

And we shal speke of thee som-what, I  
trowe,

Whan thou art goon, to do thyne eres  
glowe!

147. Touching thy lettre, thou art wys  
y-nough, 1033

I woot thou nilt it dignaliche andyte;  
As make it with thise argumentes tough;  
Ne scrivenish or craftily thou it wryte;  
Beblotte it with thy teres eek a lyte;  
And if thou wryte a goodly word al softe,  
Though it be good, reherce it not to ofte.

148. For though the beste harpoun upon  
lyve 1030

Wolde on the beste souned joly harpe  
That ever was, with alle his fingres fyve,  
Touche ay o strang, or ay o werbul harpe,  
Were his nayles poynted never so sharpe,  
It shulde maken every wight to dulle, 1035  
To here his glee, and of his strokes fulle.

149. Ne jompre eek no discordaunt thing  
y-fere,

As thus, to usen termes of phisyk;  
In loves termes, hold of thy matere  
The forme alway, and do that it be  
lyk; 1040

For if a peyntour wolde peynte a pyk  
With asses feet, and hede it as an ape,  
It cordeth nought; so nere it but a jape.'

150. This counseyl lyked wel to Troilus;  
But, as a dreedful lover, he seyde this:—  
'Allas, my dere brother Pandarus, 1046  
I am ashamed for to wryte, y-wis,  
Lest of myn innocence I seyde a-mis,  
Or that she nolde it for despyt receyve;  
Thanne were I deed, ther mighte it no-  
thing weyve.' 1050

151. To that Pandare answerde, 'if thee  
lest,

Do that I seye, and lat me therwith goon;  
For by that lord that formed est and west,  
I hope of it to bringe answer anon

Right of hir hond, and if that thou nilt  
noon, 1055

Lat be; and sory mote he been his lyve,  
Ayeins thy lust that helpeth thee to  
thryve.'

152. Quod Troilus, '*Depardieuz*, I assente;  
Sin that thee list, I will aryse and wryte;  
And blisful god preye ich, with good  
entente, 1060

The vyage, and the lettre I shal endyte,  
So spede it; and thou, Minerva, the whyte,  
Yif thou me wit my lettre to devyse:—  
And sette him down, and wroot right in  
this wyse.—

153. First he gan hir his righte lady  
calle, 1065

His hertes lyf, his lust, his sorwes leche,  
His blisse, and eek this othere termes  
alle,

That in swich cas these loveres alle seche;  
And in ful humble wyse, as in his speche,  
He gan him recoomaunde un-to hir grace;  
To telle al how, it axeth muchel space. 1071

154. And after this, ful lowly he hir  
prayde

To be nought wrooth, though he, of his  
folye,

So hardy was to hir to wryte, and seyde,  
That love it made, or elles moste he dye,  
And pitously gan mercy for to crye; 1076  
And after that he seyde, and ley ful loude,  
Him-self was litel worth, and lesse he  
coude;

155. And that she sholde han his conning  
excused,

That litel was, and eek he dredde hir so,  
And his unworthinesse he ay accused; 1081  
And after that, than gan he telle his wo;  
But that was endeles, with-uten ho  
And seyde, he wolde in trouthe alway him  
holde;—

And radde it over, and gan the lettre  
folde. 1085

156. And with hissalte teres gan he bathe  
The ruby in his signet, and it sette  
Upon the wax deliverliche and rathe;  
Ther-with a thousand tymes, er he lette,

He kiste tho the lettre that he shette, 1090  
And seyde, 'lettre, a blisful destenece  
Thee shapen is, my lady shal thee see.'

157. This Pandare took the lettre, and  
that by tyme

A-morwe, and to his neces paleys starte,  
And faste he swoor, that it was passed  
pryme, 1095  
And gan to jape, and seyde, 'y-wis, myn  
herte,

So fresh it is, al-though it sore smerte,  
I may not slepe never a Mayes morwe;  
I have a joly wo, a lusty sorwe.'

158. Criseyde, whan that she hir uncle  
herde, 1100

With dredful herte, and desirous to here  
The cause of his cominge, thus answerde,  
'Now by your feyth, myn uncle,' quod  
she, 'dere,

What maner windes gydeth yow now  
here? 1104

Tel us your joly wo and your penaunce,  
How ferforth be ye put in loves daunce.'

159. 'By god,' quod he, 'I hoppe alwey  
bihinde!'

And she to-laugh, it thoughte hir herte  
breste.

Quod Pandarus, 'loke alwey that ye finde  
Game in myn hood, but herketh, if yow  
leste; 1110

Ther is right now come in-to toune a geste,  
A Greek espye, and telleth newe thinges,  
For which come I to telle yow tydinges.

160. Into the gardin go we, and we shal  
here,

Al prevely, of this a long sermoun.' 1115  
With that they wenten arm in arm y-fere  
In-to the gardin from the chaumbre down.  
And whan that he so fer was that the  
soun

Of that he speke, no man here mighte,  
He seyde hir thus, and out the lettre  
plighte, 1120

161. 'Lo, he that is al hoolly youre free  
Him recomaundeth lowly to your grace,  
And sent to you this lettre here by me;  
Arysseth you on it, whan ye han space,

And of som goodly answer yow purchase;  
Or, helpe me god, so pleyntly for to seyne,  
He may not longe liven for his payne.'

162. Ful dredfully tho gan she stonde  
stille,

And took it nought, but al hir humble  
chere

Gan for to chaunge, and seyde, 'scrit ne  
bille, 1130

For love of god, that toucheth swich  
matere,

Ne bring me noon; and also, uncle  
dere,

To myn estat have more reward, I preye,  
Than to his lust; what sholde I more  
seye?

163. And loketh now if this be reson-  
able, 1135

And letteth nought, for favour ne for  
slouthe,

To seyn a sooth; now were it covenable  
To myn estat, by god, and by your trouthe,

To taken it, or to han of him rounthe,  
In harming of my-self or in repreve? 1140

Ber it a-yein, for him that ye on leve!'

164. This Pandarus gan on hir for to  
stare,

And seyde, 'now is this the grettest  
wonder

That ever I sey! lat be this nyce fare!

To deethe mote I smiten be with thonder,  
If, for the citee which that stondeh

yonder, 1146  
Wolde I a lettre un-to yow bringe or take

To harm of yow; what list yow thus it  
make?

165. But thus ye faren, wel neigh alle and  
some, 1149

That he that most desireth yow to serve,  
Of him ye recche leest wher he bicom,

And whether that he live or elles sterve.  
But for al that that ever I may deserve,

Refuse it nought,' quod he, and hente hir  
faste,

And in hir bosom the lettre down he  
thraсте, 1155



166. And seyde hir, 'now cast it away  
anoon,  
That folk may seen and gauren on us  
tweye.'

Quod she, 'I can abyde til they be goon,'  
And gan to smyle, and seyde him, 'eem,  
I preye,

Swich answers as yow list your-self pur-  
veye, 1160

For trewely I nil no lettre wryte.'  
'No? than wol I,' quod he, 'so ye endyte.'

167. Therwith she lough, and seyde, 'go  
we dyne.'

And he gan at him-self to jape faste, 1164  
And seyde, 'nece, I have so greet a pyne  
For love, that every other day I faste'—  
And gan his beste japes forth to caste;  
And made hir so to laughe at his folye,  
That she for laughter wende for to dye.

168. And whan that she was comen in-to  
halle, 1170

'Now, eem,' quod she, 'we wol go dyne  
anoon;'

And gan some of hir women to hir calle,  
And streight in-to hir chaumbre gan she  
goon;

But of hir businesses, this was oon  
A-monges othere thinges, out of drede,  
Ful prively this lettre for to rede; 1176

169. Avysed word by word in every lyne,  
And fond no lak, she thoughte he coude  
good;

And up it putte, and went hir in to dyne.  
And Pandarus, that in a study stood, 1180

Er he was war, she took him by the  
hood,

And seyde, 'ye were caught er that ye  
wiste;'

'I vouche sauf,' quod he, 'do what yow  
liste.'

170. Tho wesshen they, and sette hem  
down and ete;

And after noon ful aleyly Pandarus 1185  
Gan drawe him to the window next the  
strete,

And seyde, 'nece, who hath arayed thus  
The yonder hous, that stant afor-yeyn us?'

'Which hous?' quod she, and gan fer to  
biholde,  
And knew it wel, and whos it was him  
tolde, 1190

171. And fillen forth in speche of thinges  
smale,

And seten in the window bothe tweye.  
Whan Pandarus saw tyme un-to his tale,  
And saw wel that hir folk were alle  
awaye,

'Now, nece myn, tel on,' quod he, 'I  
seye, 1195

How lyketh yow the lettre that ye woot?  
Can he ther-on? for, by my trouthe, I  
noot.'

172. Therwith al rosy hewed tho wax she,  
And gan to humme, and seyde, 'so I  
trowe.'

'Aqyte him wel, for goddes love,' quod  
he; 1200

'My-self to medes wol the lettre sowe,'  
And held his hondes up, and sat on  
knowe,

'Now, goode nece, be it never so lyte,  
Yif me the labour, it to sowe and plyte.'

173. 'Ye, for I can so wryte,' quod she  
tho; 1205

'And eek I noot what I sholde to him  
seye.'

'Nay, nece,' quod Pandarus, 'sey not so;  
Yet at the leste thanketh him, I preye,  
Of his good wil, and doth him not to deye.  
Now for the love of me, my nece dere, 1210  
Refuseth not at this tyme my preyere.'

174. '*Depar-dieu*,' quod she, 'god leve al  
be wel!

God helpe me so, this is the firste lettre  
That ever I wroot, ye, al or any dal.'  
And in-to a closet, for to avyse hir bettre,  
She wente allone, and gan hir herte un-  
fettere 1216

Out of disdaynes prison but a lyte;  
And sette hir down, and gan a lettre wryte,

175. Of which to telle in short is myn  
entente 1219

Th'effect, as fer as I can understonde:—  
She thonked him of al that he wel mente

Towards hir, but holden him in honde  
 She nolde nought, ne make hir-selven  
 bonde  
 In love, but as his suster, him to plesse,  
 She wolde fayn, to doon his herte an esse.

176. She shette it, and to Pandarus gan  
 goon, 1226

There as he sat and loked in-to strete,  
 And doun she sette hir by him on a stoon  
 Of jaspere, up-on a quisschin gold y-bete,  
 And seyde, 'as wisly helpe me god the  
 grete, 1230

I never dide a thing with more payne  
 Than wryte this, to which ye me con-  
 streyne;'

177. And took it him: he thonked hir  
 and seyde,

'God woot, of thing ful ofte looth bigonne  
 Cometh ende good; and nece myn, Cri-  
 seyde, 1235

That ye to him of hard now ben y-wonne  
 Oughte he be glad, by god and yonder  
 sonne!

For-why men seyth, "impressioun[es]  
 lighte

Ful lightly been ay redy to the flighte."

178. But ye han played tyraunt neigh to  
 longe, 1240

And hard was it your herte for to grave;  
 Now stint, that ye no longer on it honge,  
 Al wolde ye the forme of daunger save.

But hasteth yow to doon him joye have;  
 For trusteth wel, to longe y-doon hard-  
 nesse 1245

Causeth despyt ful often, for distresse.'

179. And right as they declamed this  
 matere,

Lo, Troilus, right at the stretes ende,  
 Com ryding with his tenthe some y-fere,  
 Al softly, and thiderward gan bende 1250

Ther-as they sete, as was his way to wende  
 To paleys-ward; and Pandare him aspyde,  
 And seyde, 'nece, y-see who cometh here  
 ryde!

180. O flee not in, he seeth us, I suppose;  
 Lest he may thinke that ye him eschuwe.'

'Nay, nay,' quod she, and wax as reed as  
 rose. 1256

With that he gan hir humbly to saluwe,  
 With dreedful chere, and ofte his hewes  
 muwe;

And up his look debonairly he caste,  
 And beked on Pandare, and forth he  
 paste. 1260

181. God woot if he sat on his hors a-right,  
 Or goodly was beseyn, that ilke day!  
 God woot wher he was lyk a manly  
 knight!

What sholde I drecche, or telle of his  
 aray?

Criseyde, which that alle these thinges  
 say, 1265

To telle in short, hir lyked al y-fere,  
 His persone, his aray, his look, his chere,

182. His goodly manere and his gentil-  
 lesse,

So wel, that never, sith that she was born,  
 Ne hadde she swich routhe of his dis-  
 tresse; 1270

And how-so she hath hard ben her-biforn,  
 To god hope I, she hath now caught a  
 thorn.

She shal not pulle it out this nexte wyke;  
 God sende me swich thornes on to pyke!

183. Pandare, which that stood hir faste  
 by, 1275

Felte iren hoot, and he bigan to smyte,  
 And seyde, 'nece, I pray yow hertely,  
 Tel me that I shal axen yow a lyte.

A womman, that were of his deeth to  
 wyte,

With-uten his gilt, but for hir lakked  
 routhe, 1280

Were it wel doon?' Quod she, 'nay, by  
 my trouthe!'

184. 'God helpe me so,' quod he, 'ye sey  
 me sooth.

Ye felen wel your-self that I not lye;  
 Lo, yond he rit!' Quod she, 'ye, so he  
 dooth.'

'Wel,' quod Pandare, 'as I have told yow  
 thrye, 1285

Lat be your nyce shame and your folye,  
 And spek with him in esing of his herte;  
 Lat nycestee not do yow bothe smarte.'

185. But ther-on was to heven and to  
done;  
Considered al thing, it may not be; 1290  
And why, for shame; and it were eek to  
sone

To graunten him so greet a libertee.  
'For playnly hir entente,' as seyde she,  
Was for to love him unwist, if she mighte,  
And guerdon him with no-thing but with  
sighte.' 1295

186. But Pandarus thoughte, 'it shal not  
be so,  
If that I may; this nyce opinioun  
Shal not be holden fully yeres two.'  
What sholde I make of this a long ser-  
moun?

He moste assente on that conclusioun 1300  
As for thetyme; and whan that it was eve,  
And al was wel, he roos and took his leve.

187. And on his way ful faste homward he  
spedde,  
And right for joye he felte his herte  
daunce;  
And Troilus he fond alone a-bedde, 1305  
That lay as dooth these loveres, in a  
traunce,  
Bitwixen hope and derk desespérance.  
But Pandarus, right at his in-cominge,  
He song, as who seyth, 'lo! sumwhat  
I bringe.'

188. And seyde, 'who is in his bed so  
sone 1310  
Y-buried thus?' 'It am I, freend,' quod  
he.

'Who, Troilus? nay helpe me so the  
mone,'  
Quod Pandarus, 'thou shalt aryse and see  
A charme that was sent right now to thee,  
The which can helen thee of thyn ac-  
cesse, 1315  
If thou do forth-with al thy besinesse.'

189. 'Ye, through the might of god!'  
quod Troilus.  
And Pandarus gan him the lettre take,  
And seyde, 'pardee, god hath holpen us;  
Have here a light, and loke on al this  
blake.' 1320  
But ofte gan the herte glade and quake

Of Troilus, whyl that he gan it rede,  
So as the wordes yave him hope or drede.

190. But fynally, he took al for the beste  
That she him wroot, for sumwhat he bi-  
held 1325  
On which, him thoughte, he mighte his  
herte reste,  
Al covered she the wordes under sheld.  
Thus to the more worthy part he held,  
That, what for hope and Pandarus bi-  
heste,  
His grete wo for-yede he at the leste. 1330

191. But as we may alday our-selven see,  
Through more wode or col, the more fyr;  
Right so encrees of hope, of what it be,  
Therwith ful ofte encreseth eek desyr;  
Or, as an oek cometh of a lital spyr, 1335  
So through this lettre, which that she  
him sente,  
Encreesen gan desyr, of which he brente.

192. Wherefore I seye alwey, that day and  
night  
This Troilus gan to desiren more  
Than he dide erst, thurgh hope, and dide  
his might 1340  
To pressen on, as by Pandarus lore,  
And wryten to hir of his sorwes sore  
Fro day to day; he leet it not refreyde,  
That by Pandare he wroot somwhat or  
seyde;

193. And dide also his othere obser-  
vaunces 1345  
That to a lover longeth in this cas;  
And, after that these dees turnede on  
chaunces,  
So was he outhur glad or seyde 'allas!'  
And held after his gestes ay his pas;  
And aftir swiche answeres as he hadde,  
So were his dayes sory outhur gladdes. 1351

194. But to Pandare alwey was his recour,.  
And pitously gan ay til him to pleyne,  
And him bisoughte of rede and som  
socoors;  
And Pandarus, that sey his wode payne,  
Wex wel neigh deed for routhes, sooth to  
seyne, 1356

And bisily with al his herte caste  
Som of his wo to sleen, and that as faste ;

195. And seyde, 'lord, and freend, and  
brother dere,  
God woot that thy disece doth me wo. 1360  
But woltow stinten al this woful chere,  
And, by my trouthe, or it be dayes two,  
And god to-forn, yet shal I shape it so,  
That thou shalt come in-to a certayn  
place,  
Ther-as thou mayst thy-self hir preye of  
grace. 1365

196. And certainly, I noot if thou it wost,  
But tho that been expert in love it seye,  
It is oon of the thinges that furthereth  
most,  
A man to have a leysse for to preye,  
And siker place his wo for to biwreie; 1370  
For in good herte it moot som rounthe  
imprese,  
To here and see the giltles in distresse.

197. Paraunter thenkestow : though it  
be so  
That kinde wolde doon hir to biginne  
To han a maner rounthe up-on my wo, 1375  
Seyth Daunger, "Nay, thou shalt me  
never winne;  
So renleth hir hir hertes goost with-inne,  
That, though she bende, yet she stant on  
rote;  
What in effect is this un-to my bote?"

198. Think here-ayeins, whan that the  
sturdy ook, 1380  
On which men hakketh ofte, for the  
nones,  
Receyved hath the happy falling strook,  
The grete sweigh doth it come al at ones,  
As doon these rokkes or these milne-stones.  
For swifter cours cometh thing that is of  
wighte, 1385  
Whan it descendeth, than don thinges  
lighte.

199. And reed that boweth down for every  
blast,  
Ful lightly, cesse wind, it wol aryse ;  
But so nil not an ook whan it is cast ;  
It nedeth me nought thee longe to forbyse.

Men shal rejoysen of a greet emprise 1391  
Acheved wel, and stant with-outen doute,  
Al han men been the longer ther-about.

200. But, Troilus, yet tel me, if thee lest,  
A thing now which that I shal axen  
thee; 1395  
Which is thy brother that thou lovest  
best  
As in thy verray hertes privetee ?'  
'Y-wis, my brother Deiphebus,' quod he.  
'Now,' quod Pandare, 'er houres twyes  
twelve,  
He shal thee ese, unwist of it him-selve.

201. Now lat me allone, and werken as  
I may, 1401  
Quod he; and to Deiphebus wente he tho  
Which hadde his lord and grete freend  
ben ay;  
Save Troilus, no man he lovede so.  
To telle in short, with-outen wordes mo,  
Quod Pandarus, 'I pray yow that ye be  
Freend to a cause which that toucheth  
me.' 1407

202. 'Yis, pardes,' quod Deiphebus, 'wel  
thow wost,  
In al that ever I may, and god to-fore,  
Al nere it but for man I love most, 1410  
My brother Troilus; but sey wherfore  
It is; for sith that day that I was bore,  
I nas, ne never-mo to been I think,  
Ayeins a thing that mighte thee for-  
thinke.'

203. Pandare gan him thonke, and to  
him seyde, 1415  
'Lo, sire, I have a lady in this toun,  
That is my nece, and called is Criseyde,  
Which sommen wolden doon oppressioun,  
And wrongfully have hir possessioun :  
Wherfor I of your lordship yow biseche  
To been our freend, with-oute more  
speche.' 1421

204. Deiphebus him answerde, 'O, is not  
this,  
That thow spekest of to me thus  
straungely,  
Criseyde, my freend ?' He seyde, 'Yis.'  
'Than nedeth,' quod Deiphebus hardly,

Na-more to speke, for trusteth wel, that I  
 Wol be hir champion with spore and  
 yerde; 1427  
 I roughed nought though alle hir foos it  
 herde.

205. But tel me, thou that woost al this  
 matere,  
 How I might best awaylen? now lat see.  
 Quod Pandarus, 'if ye, my lord so dere,  
 Wolden as now don this honour to me,  
 To prayen hir to-morwe, lo, that she  
 Com un-to yow hir pleyntes to devyse,  
 Hir adversaries wolde of hit agryse. 1435

206. And if I more dorste preye as now,  
 And chargen yow to have so greet tra-  
 vaille,  
 To han som of your bretheren here with  
 yow,  
 That mighten to hir cause bet awayle,  
 Than, woot I wel, she mighte never fayle  
 For to be holpen, what at your instance,  
 What with hir othere freendes govern-  
 aunce. 1442

207. Deiphebus, which that comen was,  
 of kinde,  
 To al honour and bountee to consente,  
 Answerde, 'it shal be doon; and I can  
 finde 1445  
 Yet gretter help to this in myn entente.  
 What wolt thou seyn, if I for Eleyne  
 sente  
 To speke of this? I trow it be the beste;  
 For she may leden Paris as hir leste.

208. Of Ector, which that is my lord, my  
 brother, 1450  
 It nedeth nought to preye him freend  
 to be;  
 For I have herd him, o tyme and eek other,  
 Speke of Criseyde swich honour, that he  
 May seyn no bet, swich hap to him hath  
 she.  
 It nedeth nought his helpes for to  
 crave; 1455  
 He shal be swich, right as we wole him  
 have.

209. Spek thou thy-self also to Troilus  
 On my bialve, and pray him with us  
 dyne.'

'Sire, al this shal be doon,' quod Pan-  
 darus;  
 And took his leve, and never gan to  
 fyne, 1460  
 But to his neces hous, as streight as lyne,  
 He com; and fond hir fro the mete aryse;  
 And sette him down, and spak right in  
 this wyse.

210. He seyde, 'O veray god, so have  
 I ronne!  
 Lo, nece myn, see ye nought how I swete?  
 I noot whether ye the more thank me  
 conne. 1466  
 Be ye nought war how that fals Poliphete  
 Is now aboute eft-sones for to plete,  
 And bringe on yow advocacys newe?'  
 'I? no,' quod she, and chaunged al hir  
 hewe. 1470

211. 'What is he more aboute, me to  
 dreche  
 And doon me wrong? what shal I do,  
 allas?  
 Yet of him-self no-thing ne wolde I recche,  
 Nere it for Antenor and Eneas,  
 That been his freendes in swich maner  
 cas; 1475  
 But, for the love of god, myn uncle dere,  
 No fors of that, lat him have al y-fere;

212. With-uten that, I have ynough for  
 us.  
 'Nay,' quod Pandare, 'it shal no-thing  
 be so. 1479  
 For I have been right now at Deiphebus,  
 And Ector, and myne othere lordes mo,  
 And shortly maked eche of hem his fo;  
 That, by my thrift, he shal it never winne  
 For ought he can, whan that so he bi-  
 ginne.'

213. And as they casten what was best to  
 done, 1485  
 Deiphebus, of his owene curtasye,  
 Com hir to preye, in his propre persone,  
 To holde him on the morwe companye  
 At diner, which she nolde not denye,  
 But goodly gan to his prayere obeye. 1490  
 He thonked hir, and wente up-on his  
 weye.

214. Whanne this was doon, this Pandare  
up a-noon,

To telle in short, and forth gan for to  
wende

To Troilus, as stille as any stoon,  
And al this thing he tolde him, word and  
ende; 1495

And how that he Deiphebus gan to blende;  
And seyde him, 'now is tyme, if that thou  
conne,

To here thee wel to-morwe, and al is  
wonne.

215. Now spek, now prey, now pitonaly  
compleyne;

Lat not for nyce shame, or drede, or  
slouth; 1500

Som-tyme a man mot telle his owene  
peyne;

Bileve it, and she shal han on thee routh;   
Thou shalt be saved by thy feyth, in  
troutha.

But wel wot I, thou art now in a drede;  
And what it is, I leye, I can arede. 1505

216. Thou thinkest now, "how sholde  
I doon al this?

For by my cheres mosten folk aspye,  
That for hir love is that I fare a-mis;  
Yet hadde I lever unwist for sorwe dya."  
Now thenk not so, for thou dost greet  
folya. 1510

For right now have I founden o manere  
Of sleighte, for to coveren al thy chere.

217. Thou shalt gon over night, and that  
as blyve,

Un-to Deiphebus hous, as thee to pleye,  
Thy maladye a-way the bet to dryve, 1515  
For-why thou semest syk, soth for to seye.  
Sone after that, down in thy bed thee leye,  
And sey, thou mayst no lenger up endure,  
And lye right there, and byde thyn avent-  
ture.

218. Sey that thy fever is wont thee for  
to take 1520

The same tyme, and lasten til a-morwe;  
And lat see now how wel thou canst  
it make,

For, par-dee, syk is he that is in sorwe.

Go now, farewell! and, Venus here to  
borwe, 1524

I hope, and thou this purpos holde ferme,  
Thy grace she shal fully ther conferme.'

219. Quod Troilus, 'y-wis, thou nedeless  
Counseylest me, that sykliche I me feyne!  
For I am syk in earnest, douteless,  
So that wel neigh I starve for the peyne.'  
Quod Pandarus, 'thou shalt the bettere  
pleyne, 1531

And hast the lasse nede to countrefete;  
For him men demen hoot that men seen  
swete.

220. Lo, holde thee at thy triste cloos,  
and I

Shal wel the deer un-to thy bowe dryve.'  
Therwith he took his leve al softly, 1536  
And Troilus to paleys wente blyve.

So glad ne was he never in al his lyve;  
And to Pandarus reed gan al assente,  
And to Deiphebus hous at night he  
wente. 1540

221. What nedeth yow to tallen al the  
chere

That Deiphebus un-to his brother made,  
Or his accesse, or his syklich manere,  
How men gan him with clothes for to  
lade,

When he was leyd, and how men wolde  
him glade? 1545

But al for nought, he held forth ay the  
wyse

That ye han herd Pandare er this devyse.

222. But certeyn is, er Troilus him leyde,  
Deiphebus had him prayed, over night,  
To been a freend and helping to Criseyde.  
God woot, that he it graunted anon-  
right, 1551

To been hir fulle freend with al his might.  
But swich a nede was to preye him  
thenne,

As for to bidde a wood man for to renne.

223. The morwen com, and neighen gan  
the tyme 1555

Of meel-tyd, that the faire quene Eleyne  
Shoop hir to been, an houre after the  
pryme,

With Deiphebus, to whom she nolde  
feyne;  
But as his suster, boonly, sooth to seyne,  
She com to diner in hir playn entente. 1560  
But god and Pandare wiste al what this  
mente.

224. Come eek Criseyde, al innocent of  
this,  
Antigone, hir sister Tarbe also;  
But fle we now prolixitee best is,  
For love of god, and lat us faste go 1565  
Right to the effect, with-oute tales mo,  
Why al this folk assembled in this place;  
And lat us of hir salunges pace.

225. Gret honour dide hem Deiphebus,  
certeyn,  
And fedde hem wel with al that mighte  
lyke. 1570  
But ever-more, 'allas!' was his refreyn,  
'My goode brother Troilus, the syke,  
Lyth yet'—and therwith-al he gan to  
syke;  
And after that, he peyned him to glade  
Hem as he mighte, and chere good he  
made. 1575

226. Complayned eek Eleyne of his syk-  
nesse  
So faithfully, that pitee was to here,  
And every wight gan waxen for accesse  
A leche anon, and seyde, 'in this manere  
Men curen folk; this charme I wol yow  
lere.' 1580  
But there sat oon, al list hir nought to  
teche,  
That thoughte, best coude I yet been his  
leche.

227. After complaynt, him gonnen they  
to preyse,  
As folk don yet, whan som wight hath  
bigonne  
To preyse a man, and up with prys him  
reyse 1585  
A thousand fold yet hyer than the sonne:—  
'He is, he can, that fewe lordes conne.'  
And Pandarus, of that they wolde afferme,  
He not for-gat hir preysing to conferme.

228. Herde al this thing Criseyde wel  
y-nough, 1590  
And every word gan for to notifie;  
For which with sobre chere hir herte  
lough;  
For who is that ne wolde hir glorifye,  
To mowen swich a knight don live or  
dye?  
But al pesse I, lest ye to longe dwelle; 1595  
For for o fyn is al that ever I telle.

229. The tyme com, fro diner for to ryse,  
And, as hem oughte, arisen everychoon,  
And gonne a whyl of this and that devyse.  
But Pandarus brak al this speche anon,  
And seyde to Deiphebus, 'wole ye goon,  
If your wille be, as I yow prayde, 1600  
To speke here of the nedes of Criseyde?'

230. Eleyne, which that by the hond hir  
held,  
Took first the tale, and seyde, 'go we  
blyve;' 1605  
And goodly on Criseyde she biheld,  
And seyde, 'Joves lat him never thryve,  
That dooth yow harm, and bringe him  
sone of lyve!  
And yewe me sorwe, but he shal it rewe,  
If that I may, and alle folk be trewe.' 1610

231. 'Tel thou thy neces cas,' quod Dei-  
phebus  
To Pandarus, 'for thou canst best it  
telle.'—  
'My lordes and my ladyes, it stant thus;  
What sholde I lenger,' quod he, 'do yow  
dwelle?'  
He rong hem out a proces lyk a belle, 1615  
Up-on hir fo, that highte Poliphete,  
So heynous, that men mighte on it spete.

232. Answerde of this ech worse of hem  
than other,  
And Poliphete they gonnen thus to  
warlen,  
'An-honged be swich oon, were he my  
brother; 1620  
And so he shal, for it ne may not varien.'  
What sholde I lenger in this tale tarien?  
Pleynly, alle at ones, they hir highten,  
To been hir helpe in al that ever they  
mighten.

233. Spak than Eleyne, and seyde, 'Pandar-  
 darus, 1625  
 Woot ought my lord, my brother, this  
 matere,  
 I mene, Ector? or woot it Troilus?'  
 He seyde, 'ye, but wole ye now me here?  
 Me thinketh this, sith Troilus is here,  
 It were good, if that ye wolde assente, 1630  
 She tolde hir-self himal this, er she wente.

234. For he wole have the more hir grief  
 at herte,  
 By cause, lo, that she a lady is;  
 And, by your leve, I wol but right in  
 sterte,  
 And do yow wite, and that anon, y-  
 wis, 1635  
 If that he slepe, or wole ought here of  
 this.'  
 And in he lepte, and seyde him in his  
 ere,  
 'God have thy soule, y-brought have I  
 thy here!'

235. To smylen of this gan the Troilus,  
 And Pandarus, with-oute rekeninge, 1640  
 Out wente anon t' Eleyne and Deiphebus,  
 And seyde hem, 'so there be no tarynge,  
 Ne more pres, he wol wel that ye bringe  
 Criseyde, my lady, that is here;  
 And as he may enduren, he wole here. 1645

236. But wel ye woot, the chaumbre is  
 but lyte,  
 And fewe folk may lightly make it warm;  
 Now loketh ye, (for I wol have no wyte,  
 To bringe in prees that mighte doon him  
 harm  
 Or him disesen, for my bettre arm), 1650  
 Wher it be bet she byde til eft-sones;  
 Now loketh ye, that knowen what to  
 doon is.

237. I sey for me, best is, as I can knowe,  
 That no wight in ne wente but ye tweye,  
 But it were I, for I can, in a throwe, 1655  
 Reherce hir cas, unlyk that she can seye;  
 And after this, she may him ones preye  
 To ben good lord, in short, and take hir  
 leve;  
 This may not muchel of his ese him reve.

238. And eek, for she is straunge, he wol  
 forbere 1660  
 His ese, which that him thar nought for  
 yow;  
 Eek other thing, that toucheth not to  
 here,  
 He wol me telle, I woot it wel right now,  
 That secret is, and for the tounes prow.'  
 And they, that no-thing knewe of this  
 entente, 1665  
 With-oute more, to Troilus in they wente.

239. Eleyne in al hir goodly softe wyse,  
 Gan him saluwe, and womanly to pleye,  
 And seyde, 'ywis, ye moste alweyes aryse!  
 Now fayre brother, beth al hool, I preye!'  
 And gan hir arm right over his sholder  
 leye, 1671  
 And him with al hir wit to recomforte;  
 As she best coude, she gan him to dis-  
 porte.

240. So after this quod she, 'we yow  
 biseke,  
 My dere brother, Deiphebus, and I, 1675  
 For love of god, and so doth Pandare eke,  
 To been good lord and freend, right  
 hertely,  
 Un-to Criseyde, which that certainly  
 Receyveth wrong, as woot wel here Pan-  
 darus,  
 That can hir cas wel bet than I declare.'

241. This Pandarus gan newe his tunge  
 affyle, 1681  
 And al hir cas reherce, and that anon;  
 Whan it was seyde, sone after, in a whyle,  
 Quod Troilus, 'as sone as I may goon,  
 I wol right fayn with al my might ben  
 oon, 1685  
 Have god my trouthe, hir cause to sustene.'  
 'Good thrift have ye,' quod Eleyne the  
 quene.

242. Quod Pandarus, 'and it your wille be,  
 That she may take hir leve, er that she  
 go?'  
 'Or elles god for-bede,' tho quod he, 1690  
 'If that she vouche sauf for to do so.'  
 And with that word quod Troilus, 'ye two,  
 Deiphebus, and my suster leef and dere,  
 To yow have I to speke of o matere,



243. To been avysed by your reed the  
better':— 1695

And fond, as hap was, at his beddes heed,  
The copie of a tretis and a lettre,  
That Ector hadde him sent to axen reed,  
If swich a man was worthy to ben deed,  
Woot I nought who; but in a grisly wyse  
He preyede hem anon on it avyse. 1701

244. Deiphebus gan this lettre to unfold  
In earnest greet; so dide Eleyne the quene;  
And rominge outward, fast it gan biholde,  
Downward a steyre, in-to an harber  
grena. 1705

This ilke thing they reddeden hem bi-twene;  
And largely, the mountaunce of an houre,  
They gonne on it to reden and to poure.

245. Now lat hem rede, and turne we  
anon

To Pandarus, that gan ful faste pryse 1710  
That al was wel, and out he gan to goon  
In-to the grete chambre, and that in hye,  
And seyde, 'god save al this companye!  
Com, nece myn; my lady quene Eleyne  
Abydeth yow, and eek my lordes tweyne.

246. Rys, take with yow your nece An-  
tigone, 1716

Or whom yow list, or no fors, hardily;  
The lasse prees, the bet; com forth with  
me,

And loke that ye thonke humbly 1719  
Hem alle three, and, whan ye may goodly  
Your tyme y-see, taketh of hem your leve,  
Lest we to longe his restes him bireve.'

247. Al innocent of Pandarus entente,  
Quod tho Criseyde, 'go we, uncle dere';  
And arm in arm inward with him she  
wente, 1725

Avysed wel hir wordes and hir chere;  
And Pandarus, in earnestful manere,  
Seyde, 'alle folk, for goddes love, I preye,  
Stinteth right here, and softly yow playe.

248. Aviseth yow what folk ben here  
with-inne, 1730

And in what plyt oon is, god him a-  
mende!

And inward thus ful softly biginne;  
Nece, I conjure and heighly yow defende,  
On his half, which that sowle us alle  
sende,

And in the vertue of corounes tweyne,  
Slee nought this man, that hath for yow  
this peyne! 1736

249. Fy on the deyl! thank which oon  
he is,

And in what plyt he lyth; com of anon;  
Thank al swich taried tyd, but lost it nis!  
That wol ye bothe seyn, whan ye ben con.  
Secoundelich, ther yet devyneth noon 1741  
Up-on yow two; com of now, if ye conne;  
Why! folk is blent, lo, al the tyme is  
wonne!

250. In titering, and pursuite, and de-  
layes,

The folk devyne at wagginge of a stree;  
And though ye wolde han after merye  
dayes, 1746

Than dar ye nought, and why? for she,  
and she

Spak swich a word; thus loked he, and he;  
Lest tyme I loste, I dar not with yow dele;  
Com of therfore, and bringeth him to helle.'

251. But now to yow, ye lovers that ben  
here, 1751

Was Troilus nought in a cankedort,  
That lay, and mighte whispringe of hem  
here,

And thoughte, 'O lord, right now renneth  
my sort

Fully to dye, or han anon comfort'; 1755  
And was the firste tyme he shulde hir  
preye

Of love; O mighty god, what shal he seye?

Explicit Secundus Liber.

## BOOK III.

## Incipit Prohemium Tercii Libri.

1. O BLISSFUL light, of whiche the bemes  
clere

Adorneth al the thriddle hevene faire!  
O sonnes leaf, O Joves daughter dere,  
Plesaunce of love, O goddly debonaire,  
In gentil hertes ay redy to repaire! 5  
O verray cause of hale and of gladnesse,  
Y-heried be thy might and thy goodnesse!

2. In hevene and helle, in erthe and  
salte see

Is felt thy might, if that I wel descerne;  
As man, brid, best, fish, herbe and grene 10  
tree

Thee felle in tymes with vapour eterne.  
God loveth, and to love wol nought werne;  
And in this world no lyves creature,  
With-uten love, is worth, or may endure.

3. Ye Joves first to thilke effectes glade, 15  
Thorough which that thinges liven alle  
and be,

Comeveden, and amorous þim made  
On mortal thing, and as yow list, ay ye  
Yeve him in love ese or adversaitee;  
And in a thousand formes down him sente  
For love in erthe, and whom yow liste,  
he hente. 21

4. Ye fierse Mars apeysen of his ire,  
And, as yow list, ye maken hertes digne;  
Algates, hem that ye wol sette a-fyre,  
They dreden aham, and vices they re-  
signe; 25

Ye do hem cortays be, freshe and benigne,  
And hye or lowe, after a wight entendeth;  
The joyes that he hath, your might him  
sendeth.

5. Ye holden regne and hous in unitee;  
Ye soothfast cause of frendship been also;  
Ye knowe al thilke covered qualitee 31  
Of thinges which that folk on wondren so,

Whan they can not construe how it may jo,  
She loveth him, or why he loveth here;  
As why this fish, and nought that, cometh  
to were. 35

6. Ye folk a lawe han set in universe,  
And this knowe I by hem that loves be,  
That who-so stryvet with yow hath the  
warse:

Now, lady bright, for thy benignitee,  
At reverence of hem that serven thee, 40  
Whos clerk I am, so techeth me devyse  
Som joye of that is felt in thy servyse.

7. Ye in my naked herte sentement  
Inheld, and do me shewe of thy sweet-  
nesse.—

Caliope, thy vois be now present, 45  
For now is nede; sestow not my destresse,  
How I mot telle anon-right the gladnesse  
Of Troilus, to Venus harynge?

To which gladnes, who nede hath, god  
him bringe!

## Explicit prohemium Tercii Libri.

## Incipit Liber Tercius.

8. LAY al this mene whyle Troilus, 50  
Recordinge his lessoun in this manere,  
'Ma fey!' thought he, 'thus wole I seye  
and thus;

Thus wole I pleyne un-to my lady dere;  
That word is good, and this shal be my  
chere;

This nil I not foryeten in no wyse.' 55  
God leve him werken as he gan devyse.

9. And lord, so that his herte gan to  
quappe,  
Heringe hir come, and shorte for to syke!  
And Pandarus, that ladde hir by the  
lappe,

Com neer, and gan in at the curtin pyke,  
And seyde, 'god do bote on alle syke! 61  
See, who is here yow comen to visyte;  
Lo, here is she that is your deeth to wyte.'

10. Ther-with it semed as he wepte al-  
most ;

'A ha,' quod Troilus so rewfully, 65  
'Wher me be wo, O mighty god, thou  
wost !

Who is al there ? I see nought trewely.  
'Sire,' quod Criseyde, 'it is Pandare and I.'  
'Ye, swete herte ? alas, I may nought ryse  
To knele, and do yow honour in som  
wysa.' 70

11 And dressede him upward, and she  
right tho

Gan bothe here hondes softe upon him  
leye,

'O, for the love of god, do ye not so  
To me,' quod she, 'ey ! what is this to  
seye ?

Sire, come am I to yow for causes tweye ;  
First, yow to thonke, and of your lord-  
shipe eke 76

Continuance I wolde yow biseke '

12. This Troilus, that herde his lady  
preye

Of lordship him, wex neither quik ne  
deed,

Ne mighte a word for shame to it seye, & 80  
Al-though men sholde smyten of his heed.  
But lord, so he wex sodeinliche reed,  
And sire, his lesson, that he wende conne,  
To preyen hir, is thurgh his wit y-ronne.

13. Criseyde al this aspyede wel y-nough,  
For she was wys, and lovede him never-  
the-lesse, 86

Al nere he malapert, or made it tough,  
Or was to bold, to singe a fool a masse.  
But whan his shame gan somewhat to  
passe,

His resons, as I may my rymes holde, 90  
I yow wol telle, as techen bokes olde.

14. In chaunged vois, right for his verrey  
drede,

Which vois eek quook, and ther-to his  
manere

Goodly abayst, and now his hewes rede,  
Now pale, un-to Criseyde, his lady dere, 95  
With look doun cast and humble yolden  
chere,

Lo, th'alderfirste word that him asterte  
Was, tweye, 'mercy, mercy, swete herte !'

15. And stinte a whyl, and whan he  
mighte out-bringe, 99

The nexte word was, 'god wot, for I have,  
As feythfully as I have had konninge,  
Ben yourres, also god my sowle save ;  
And shal, til that I, woful wight, be  
grave.

And though I dar ne can un-to yow  
pleyne,

Y-wis, I suffre nought the lasse peyne. 105

16. Thus muche as now, O wommanliche  
wyf,

I may out-bringe, and if this yow displese,  
That shal I wreke upon myn owne lyf

Right sone, I trowe, and doon your herte  
an ese, 109

If with my deeth your herte I may apese.  
But sin that ye han herd me som-what  
seye,

Now recche I never how sone that I deye.'

17 Ther-with his manly sorwe to biholde,  
It mighte han maad an herte of stoon to  
rewwe ; 114

And Pandare weep as he to watre wolde,  
And poked ever his nece newe and newe,  
And seyde, 'wo bigon ben hertes trewe !  
For love of god, make of this thing an  
ende,

Or alse us bothe at ones, er that ye wende.'

18. 'I ? what ?' quod she, 'by god and by  
my trouthe, 120

I noot nought what ye wilne that I seye.'

'I ? what ?' quod he, 'that ye han on him  
routhe,

For goddes love, and doth him nought to  
deye.'

'Now thanne thus,' quod she, 'I wolde  
him preye

To telle me the fyn of his entente ; 125  
Yet wiste I never wel what that he mente.'

19. 'What that I mene, O swete herte  
dere ?'

Quod Troilus, 'O goodly fresshe free !  
That, with the stremes of your eyen clere,  
Ye wolde som-tyme frendly on me see, 130

And thanne agreen that I may ben he,  
With-oute braunche of vyce in any wyse,  
In trouthe alwey to doon yow my servyse

20. As to my lady right and chief resort,  
With al my wit and al my diligence, 135  
And I to han, right as yow list, comfort,  
Under your yerde, egal to myn offence,  
As deeth, if that I breke your defence;  
And that ye deigne me so muche honour,  
Me to comaunden ought in any houre. 140

21. And I to been your verray humble  
trewe,  
Secret, and in my paynes pacient,  
And ever-mo desire freshly newe,  
To serven, and been þy-lyke ay diligent,  
And, with good herte, al holly your  
talent 145  
Receyven wel, how sore that me smerte,  
Lo, this mene I, myn owene swete herte.'

22. Quod Pandarus, 'lo, here an hard  
request,  
And resonable, a lady for to werne!  
Now, nece myn, by natal Joves fest, 150  
Were I a god, ye sholde starve as yerne,  
That heren wel, this man wol no-thing  
yerne  
But your honour, and seen him almost  
sterve,  
And been so looth to suffren him yow  
serve.'

23. With that she gan hir eyen on him  
caste 155  
Ful esily, and ful debonairly,  
Avysing hir, and hyed not to faste  
With never a word, but seyde him softly,  
'Myn honour sauf, I wol wel trewely,  
And in swich forme as he can now  
devyse, 160  
Receyven him fully to my servyse,

24. Biseching him, for goddes love, that  
he  
Wolde, in honour of trouthe and gentil-  
esse,  
As I wel mene, eek mene wel to me, 164  
And myn honour, with wit and besinesse,  
Ay kepe; and if I may don him gladnesse,

From hennes-forth, y-wis, I nil not feyne:  
Now beeth al hool, no lenger ye ne playne.

25. But nathelees, this warne I yow,'  
quod she,  
'A kinges sone al-though ye be, y-wis, 170  
Ye shul na-more have souverainetee  
Of me in love, than right in that cas is;  
Ne I nil forbere, if that ye doon a-mis,  
To wrathen yow; and whyl that ye me  
serve,  
Cherycen yow right after ye deserve. 175

26. And shortly, derȝ herte and al my  
knight,  
Beth glad, and draweth yow to lustinesse,  
And I shal trewely, with al my might,  
Your bittre tornen al in-to swetnesse; 179  
If I be she that may yow do gladnesse,  
For every wo ye shal recovere a blisse';  
And him in armes took, and gan him  
kisse.

27. Fil Pandarus on knees, and up his  
yȝn  
To hevене threw, and held his hondes  
bye,  
'Immortal god!' quod he, 'that mayst  
nought dyen, 185  
Cupide I mene, of this mayst glorifye;  
And Venus, thou mayst make melodye;  
With-outen hond, me semeth that in  
towne,  
For this merveyle, I here ech belle sowne.

28. But ho! no more as now of this  
matere, 190  
For-why this folk wol comen up anon,  
That han the lettre red: lo, I hem here.  
But I conjure thee, Criseyde, and oon,  
And two, thou Troilus, whan thou mayst  
goon,  
That at myn hous ye been at my warn-  
inge, 195  
For I ful wel shal shape your cominge;

29. And eseth ther your hertes right  
y-nough;  
And lat see which of yow shal bere the  
belle  
To speke of love a-right!' ther-with he  
lough,

'For ther have ye a layser for to telle.' 200  
 Quod Troilus, 'how longe shal I dwelle  
 Er this be doon?' Quod he, 'whan thou  
 mayst ryse,  
 This thing shal be right as I yow devyse.'

80. With that Eleyne and also Deiphebus  
 Tho comen upward, right at the steyres  
 ende; 205

And lord, so than gan grone Troilus,  
 His brother and his suster for to blende.  
 Quod Pandarus, 'it tyme is that we  
 wende;

Tak, nece myn, your leve at alle thre,  
 And lat hem speke, and cometh forth  
 with me.' 210

81. She took hir leve at hem ful thriftily,  
 As she wel coude, and they hir reverence  
 Un-to the fulle didnen hardely,  
 And spoken wonder wel, in hir absence,  
 Of hir, in preysing of hir excellence, 215  
 Hir governaunce, hir wit; and hir man-  
 ere  
 Commended, it joye was to here.

82. Now lat hir wende un-to hir owne  
 place,  
 And torne we to Troilus a-yein, 219  
 That gan ful lightly of the lettre passe  
 That Deiphebus hadde in the gardin seyn.  
 And of Eleyne and him he wolde fayn  
 Delivered been, and seyde, that him leste  
 To slepe, and after tales have reste.

83. Eleyne him kiste, and took hir leve  
 blyve, 225  
 Deiphebus eek, and hoom wente every  
 wight;  
 And Pandarus, as faste as he may dryve,  
 To Troilus tho com, as lyne right;  
 And on a paillet, al that glade night,  
 By Troilus he lay, with mery chere, 230  
 To tale; and wel was hem they were  
 y-fere.

84. Whan every wight was voided but  
 they two,  
 And alle the dores were faste y-ahette,  
 To telle in short, with-oute wordes mo,  
 This Pandarus, with-uten any lette, 235  
 Up roos, and on his beddes syde him sette,

And gan to speken in a sobre wyse  
 To Troilus, as I shal yow devyse.

85. 'Myn alderlevest lord, and brother  
 dere,  
 God woot, and thou, that it sat me so  
 sore, 240  
 When I thee saw so languissching to-yere,  
 For love, of which thy wo wex alwey  
 more;  
 That I, with al my might and al my lore,  
 Hath ever sithen doon my businesse  
 To bringe thee to joye out of distresse;

86. And have it brought to swich plyt as  
 thou wost, 246  
 So that, thorough me, thou stondest now  
 in weye  
 To fare wel, I seye it for no boest,  
 And wostow why? for shame it is to seye,  
 For thee have I bigonne a gamen pleye  
 Which that I never doon shal eft for  
 other, 251  
 Al-though he were a thousand fold my  
 brother.

87. That is to seye, for thee am I bi-comen,  
 Bitwixen game and ernest, swich a mene  
 As maken women un-to men to comen;  
 Al sey I nought, thou wost wel what I  
 mene. 256  
 For thee have I my nece, of vyces clene,  
 So fully maad thy gentillesse triste,  
 That al shal been right as thy-selve liste.

88. But god, that al wot, take I to wit-  
 nesse, 260  
 That never I this for coveltysse wroughte,  
 But only for to abregge that distresse,  
 For which wel nygh thou deydest, as me  
 thoughte.  
 But gode brother, do now as thee oughte,  
 For goddes love, and keep hir out of  
 blame, 265  
 Sin thou art wys, and save alwey hir  
 name.

89. For wel thou wost, the name as yet  
 of here  
 Among the peple, as who seyth, halwed is;  
 For that man is unbore, I dar wel swere,  
 That ever wiste that she dide amia. 270

But wo is me, that I, that cause al this,  
May thenken that she is my nece dere,  
And I hir eem, and traytor eek y-fere!

40. And were it wist that I, through myn  
engyn,  
Hadde in my nece y-put this fantasye, 275  
To do thy lust, and hoolly to be thyn,  
Why, al the world up-on it wolde crye,  
And seye, that I the worste trecherye  
Dide in this cas, that ever was bigonne,  
And she for-lost, and thou right nought  
y-wonne. 280

41. Wherefore, er I wol farther goon a  
pas,  
Yet eft I thee biseche and fully seye,  
That privetee go with us in this cas,  
That is to seye, that thou us never wreye;  
And be nought wrooth, though I thee  
ofte preye 285  
To holden secree swich an heigh matere;  
For skilful is, thou wost wel, my preyere.

42. And thenk what wo ther hath bitid  
er this,  
For makinge of avauntes, as men rede;  
And what mischaunce in this world yet  
ther is, 290  
Fro day to day, right for that wikked  
dede;  
For which these wyse clerkes that ben  
dede  
Han ever yet proverbed to us yonge,  
That "firste vertu is to kepe tonge."

43. And, nere it that I wilne as now  
t'abregge 295  
Diffusioun of speche, I coude almost  
A thousand olde stories thee alegge  
Of women lost, thorough fals and foles  
best;  
Proverbes canst thy-self y-nowe, and wost,  
Ayeins that vyce, for to been a labbe, 300  
Al seyde men sooth as often as they gabbe.

44. O tonge, alas! so often here-biforn  
Hastow made many a lady bright of hewe  
Seyd, "welaway! the day that I was born!"  
And many a maydes sorwes for to newe;  
And, for the more part, al is untrewes 306

That men of yelp, and it were brought  
to preve;  
Of kinde non avauntour is to leve.

45. Avauntour and a lyere, al is on; 309  
As thus: I pose, a womman graunte me  
Hir love, and seyth that other wol she non,  
And I am sworn to holden it secree,  
And after I go telle it two or three;  
Y-wis, I am avauntour at the leste,  
And lyere, for I breke my biheste. 315

46. Now loke thanne, if they be nought  
to blame,  
Swich maner folk; what shal I clepe  
hem, what,  
That hem avaunte of wommen, and by  
name,  
That never yet bihighte hem this ne that,  
Ne knewe hem more than myn olde hat?  
No wonder is, so god me sende hele, 321  
Though wommen drede with us men to  
dele.

47. I sey not this for no mistrust of yow,  
Ne for no wys man, but for foles nyce,  
And for the harm that in the world is  
now, 325  
As wel for foly ofte as for malyce;  
For wel wot I, in wyse folk, that vyce  
No womman drat, if she be wel avysed;  
For wyse ben by foles harm chastysed.

48. But now to purpos; leve brother dere,  
Have al this thing that I have seyde in  
minde, 331  
And keep thee clos, and be now of good  
chere,  
For at thy day thou shalt me trewe finde.  
I shal thy proces sette in swich a kinde,  
And god to-forn, that it shal thee suffyse,  
For it shal been right as thou wolt de-  
vyse. 336

49. For wel I woot, thou menest wel,  
parde;  
Therefore I dar this fully undertake.  
Thou wost eek what thy lady graunted  
thee,  
And day is set, the chartres up to make.  
Have now good night, I may no lenger  
wake; 341

And bid for me, sin thou art now in blisse,  
That god me sende deeth or sone lisse.'

50. Who mighte telle half the joye or feste  
Which that the sowle of Troilus tho felte,  
Heringe th'effect of Pandarus biheste? 346  
His olde wo, that made his herte swelte,  
Gan tho for joye wasten and to-melte,  
And al the richesse of his sykes sore  
At ones fledde, he felte of hem no more.

51. But right so as these holtes and these  
hayes, 351  
That han in winter dede been and dreye,  
Revesten hem in grene, whan that May is,  
Whan every lusty lyketh best to playe:  
Right in that selve wyse, sooth to seye, 355  
Wex sodeynliche his herte ful of joye,  
That gladder was ther never man in Troye.

52. And gan his look on Pandarus up  
caste  
Ful sobrelly, and frendly for to see, 359  
And seyde, 'freend, in Aprille the laste,  
As wel thou wost, if it remembre thee,  
How neigh the deeth for wo thou founde  
me;  
And how thou didest al thy bisinesse  
To knowe of me the cause of my distresse.

53. Thou wost how longe I it for-bar to  
seye 365  
To thee, that art the man that I best  
triste;  
And peril was it noon to thee by-wraye,  
That wiste I wel; but tel me, if thee liste,  
Sith I so looth was that thy-self it wiste,  
How dorste I mo tellen of this matere, 370  
That quake now, and no wight may us  
here?

54. But natheles, by that god I thee swere,  
That, as him list, may al this world  
governe,  
And, if I lye, Achilles with his spere  
Myn herte cleve, al were my lyf eterne,  
As I am mortal, if I late or yerne 376  
Wolde it biwreys, or dorste, or sholde  
conne,  
For al the good that god made under  
sonne;

55. That rather deye I wolde, and de-  
termyne,

As thinketh me, now stokked in presoun,  
In wretchednesse, in filthe, and in ver-  
myne, 381

Caytif to cruel king Agamenoun;  
And this, in alle the temples of this  
toun,

Upon the goddes alle, I wol thee swere,  
To-morwe day, if that thee lyketh here. 385

56. And that thou hast so muche y-doon  
for me,  
That I ne may it never-more deserve,  
This knowe I wel, al mighte I now for  
thee  
A thousand tymes on a morwen starve,  
I can no more, but that I wol thee serve  
Right as thy slave, whider-so thou  
wende, 391  
For ever-more, un-to my lyves ende!

57. But here, with al myn herte, I thee  
biseche,  
That never in me thou deme swich folye  
As I shal seyn; me thoughte, by thy  
speche, 395  
That this, which thou me dost for com-  
panye,  
I sholde wene it were a bauderye;  
I am nought wood, al-if I lewed be;  
It is not so, that woot I wel, pardee.

58. But he that goth, for gold or for  
richesse, 400  
On swich message, calle him what thee  
list;  
And this that thou dost, calle it gentillesse,  
Compassioun, and felawship, and trist;  
Depart it so, for wyde-where is wist  
How that there is dyversite requered. 405  
Bitwixen thinges lyke, as I have lered.

59. And, that thou knowe I thanke  
nought ne wene  
That this servyse a shame be or jape,  
I have my faire suster Polixene,  
Cassandre, Eleyne, or any of the frape;  
Be she never so faire or wel y-shape, 411  
Tel me, which thou wilt of everichone,  
To han for thyn, and let me thanne allone.

80. But sin that thou hast don me this  
servyse, 414

My lyf to save, and for noon hope of mede,  
So, for the love of god, this grete emprise  
Parforme it out; for now is moste nede.  
For high and low, with-uten any drede,  
I wol alwey thyne hestes alle kepe;  
Have now good night, and lat us bothe  
slepe.' 420

61. Thus held him ech with other wel  
apayed,  
That al the world ne mighte it bet  
amende;  
And, on the morwe, whan they were  
arayed,  
Ech to his owene nedes gan entende.  
But Troilus, though as the fyr he brande  
For sharp desyr of hope and of plesaunce,  
He not for-gat his gode governaunce. 427

62. But in him-self with manhod gan  
restreynen  
Ech rakel dede and ech unbrydled chere,  
That alle tho that liven, sooth to seyne,  
Ne sholde han wist, by word or by manere,  
What that he mente, as touching this  
matere. 432  
From every wight as fer as is the cloude  
He was, so wel dissimulen he coude.

63. And al the whyl which that I yow  
devyse, 435  
This was his lyf; with al his fulle might,  
By day he was in Martes high servyse,  
This is to seyn, in armes as a knight;  
And for the more part, the longe night  
He lay, and thoughte how that he mighte  
serve 440  
His lady best, hir thank for to deserve.

64. Nil I nought swere, al-though he lay  
softe,  
That in his thought he nas sumwhat  
diseed,  
Ne that he tornede on his pilwes ofte,  
And wolde of that him missed han ben  
sened; 445  
But in swich cas man is nought alwey  
plessed,  
For ought I wot, no more than was he;  
That can I deme of possibilitee.

65. But certeyn is, to purpos for to go,  
That in this whyle, as writen is in  
geste, 450  
He say his lady som-tyme; and also  
She with him spak, whan that she dorste  
or leste,  
And by hir bothe avys, as was the beste,  
Apoynteden ful warly in this nede,  
So as they dorste, how they wolde pro-  
cede. 455

66. But it was spoken in so short a wyse,  
In swich awayt alwey, and in swich fere,  
Lest any wyght divynen or devyse  
Wolde of hem two, or to it leye an ere,  
That al this world so leef to hem ne  
were 460  
As that Cupido wolde hem grace sende  
To maken of hir speche aright an ende.

67. But thilke litel that they speke or  
wroughte,  
His wyse goost took ay of al swich hede,  
It semed hir, he wiste that she thoughte  
With-uten word, so that it was no nede  
To bidde him ought to done, or ought  
forbede; 467  
For which she thoughte that love, al  
come it late,  
Of alle joye hadde opned hir the yate.

68. And shortly of this proces for to  
pace, 470  
So wel his werk and wordes he bisette,  
That he so ful stood in his lady grace,  
That twenty thousand tymes, or she lette,  
She thonked god she ever with him  
mette;  
So coude he him governe in swich ser-  
vyse, 475  
That al the world ne mighte it bet  
devyse.

69. For-why she fond him so discreet in al,  
So secret, and of swich obeisaunce,  
That wel she felte he was to hir a wal  
Of steel, and sheld from every disple-  
saunce; 480  
That, to ben in his gode governaunce,  
So wys he was, she was no more afered,  
I mene, as fer as oughte ben required.



70. And Pandarus, to quike alwey the fyr,  
Was ever y-lyke preest and diligent; 485  
To ese his frend was set al his desyr.  
He shoof ay on, he to and fro was sent;  
He lettres bar whan Troilus was absent.  
That never man, as in his freendes nede,  
Ne bar him bet than he, with-outen  
drede. 490

71. But now, paraunter, som man wayten  
wolde  
That every word, or sonde, or look, or  
chere  
Of Troilus that I rehersen sholde,  
In al this whyle, un-to his lady dere;  
I trowe it were a long thing for to  
here; 495  
Or of what wight that stant in swich dis-  
joynte,  
His wordes alle, or every look, to poynte.

72. For sothe, I have not herd it doon er  
this,  
In storye noon, ne no man here, I wene;  
And though I wolde I coude not, y-wis;  
For ther was som epistel hem bitwene, so  
That wolde, as seyth myn auctor, wel  
contene  
Neigh half this book, of which him list  
not wryte;  
How sholde I thanne a lyne of it endyte?

73. But to the grete effect: than sey I  
thus, 505  
That standing in concord and in quiete  
Thise ilke two, Criseyde and Troilus,  
As I have told, and in this tyme swete,  
Save only often mighte they not mete,  
Ne layser have hir speches to fulfelle, 510  
That it befel right as I shal yow telle,

74. That Pandarus, that ever dide his  
might  
Right for the fyn that I shal speke of  
here,  
As for to bringe to his hous som night  
His faire nece, and Troilus y-fere, 515  
Wher-as at layser al this heigh matere,  
Touching hir love, were at the fulle up-  
bounde,  
Hadde out of doute a tyme to it founde.

75. For he with gret deliberacioun  
Hadde every thing that her-to mighte  
awayle 520  
Forn-cast, and put in execucioun,  
And neither laft for cost ne for travayle;  
Come if hem lest, hem sholde no-thing  
fayle;  
And for to been in ought espyed there,  
That, wiste he wel, an impossible were.

76. Dredelees, it cleer was in the wind  
Of every pye and every lette-game; 527  
Now al is wel, for al the world is blind  
In this matere, bothe fremed and tame.  
This timber is al redy up to frame; 530  
Us lakketh nought but that we witen  
wolde  
A certain houre, in whiche she comen  
sholde.

77. And Troilus, that al this purveyaunce  
Knew at the fulle, and waytede on it ay,  
Hadde here-up-on eek made gret orde-  
naunce, 535  
And founde his cause, and thar-to his  
array,  
If that he were missed, night or day,  
Ther-whyle he was aboute this servyse,  
That he was goon to doon his sacrificye,

78. And moste at swich a temple alone  
wake, 540  
Answered of Appollo for to be;  
And first, to seen the holy laurer quake,  
Er that Appollo spak out of the tree,  
To telle him next whan Grekes sholden  
flee;  
And forthy lette him no man, god for-  
bede, 545  
But praye Appollo halpen in this nede.

79. Now is ther litel more for to done,  
But Pandare up, and shortly for to sayne,  
Right sone upon the chaunging of the  
mone,  
Whan lightles is the world a night or  
tweyne, 550  
And that the welken shoop him for to  
reynne,  
He streight a-morwe un-to his nece  
wente;  
Ye han wel herd the fyn of his entente.

80. Whan he was come, he gan anon to  
 pleye  
 As he was wont, and of him-self to jape ;  
 And fynally, he swor and gan hir seye, 556  
 By this and that, she sholde him not  
 escape,  
 Ne lenger doon him after hir to gape ;  
 But certeynly she moste, by hir leve,  
 Come soupen in his hous with him at  
 eve. 560

81. At whiche she lough, and gan hir  
 faste excuse,  
 And seyde, 'it rayneth ; lo, how sholde  
 I goon ?'  
 'Lat be,' quod he, 'ne stond not thus to  
 muse ;  
 This moot be doon, ye shal be ther anon.'  
 So at the laste her-of they falle at oon, 565  
 Or elles, softe he swor hir in hir ere,  
 He nolde never come ther she were.

82. Some after this, to him she gan to  
 rowne,  
 And asked him if Troilus were there ?  
 He swor hir, 'nay, for he was out of  
 towne,' 570  
 And seyde, 'nece, I pose that he were,  
 Yow þthurfte never have the more fere,  
 For rather than men mighte him ther  
 aspye,  
 Me were lever a thousand-fold to dye.'

83. Nought list myn auctor fully to  
 declare 575  
 What that she thoughte whan he seyde  
 so,  
 That Troilus was out of town y-fare,  
 As if he seyde ther-of sooth or no ;  
 But that, with-outeawayt, with him to go,  
 She graunted him, sith he hir that bi-  
 soughte, 580  
 And, as his nece, obeyed as hir oughte

84. But natheles, yet gan she him bi-  
 seche,  
 Al-though with him to goon it was no fere,  
 For to be war of goosish peples speche,  
 That dremen thinges whiche that never  
 were, 585  
 And wel avyse him whom he broughte  
 there ;

And seyde him, 'eem, sin I mot on yow  
 triste,  
 Loke al be wel, and do now as yow liste.'

85. He swor hir, 'yis, by stokkes and by  
 stones,  
 And by the goddes that in hevene dwelle,  
 Or elles were him lever, soule and bones,  
 With Pluto king as depe been in helle 592  
 As Tantalus !' What sholde I more telle ?  
 Whan al was wel, he roos and took his  
 leve,  
 And she to souper com, whan it was eve,

86. With a certayn of hir owane men, 596  
 And with hir faire nece Antigone,  
 And othere of hir wommen nyne or ten ;  
 But who was glad now, who, as trowe ye,  
 But Troilus, that stood and mighte it  
 see 600

Thurgh-out a lital windowe in a stewe,  
 Ther he bishet, sin midnight, was in  
 mewe,

87. Unwist of every wight but of Pandare ?  
 But to the poynt ; now whan she was  
 y-come  
 With alle joye, and alle frendes fare, 605  
 Hir eem anon in armes hath hir nome,  
 And after to the souper, alle and some,  
 Whan tyme was, ful softe they hem sette ;  
 God wot, ther was no dayntee for to fette.

88. And after souper gonnen they to  
 ryse, 610  
 At ese wel, with hertes fresshe and glade,  
 And wel was him that coude best devyse  
 To lyken hir, or that hir laughen made.  
 He song ; she pleyde ; he tolde tale of  
 Wade.  
 But at the laste, as every thing hath  
 ende, 615  
 She took hir leve, and nedes wolde wende.

89. But O, Fortune, executrice of wierdes,  
 O influences of thise hevenes hye !  
 Soth is, that, under god, ye ben our  
 hiardes,  
 Though to us bestes been the causes  
 wrye. 620  
 This mene I now, for she gan hoomward  
 hye,

But execut was al bisyde hir leve,  
At the goddes wil ; for which she moste  
bleve.

90. The bente mone with hir hornes pale,  
Saturne, and Jove, in Cancro joynd  
were, 625  
That swich a rayn from hevenc gan avale,  
That every maner womman that was there  
Hadde of that smoky reyn a verray fere ;  
At which Pandare tho lough, and seyde  
thenne,  
' Now were it tyme a lady to go henne ! 630

91. But goode nece, if I mighte ever plesse  
Yow any-thing, than prey I yow, ' quod he,  
' To doon myn herte as now so greet an  
ese  
As fer to dwelle here al this night with me,  
For-why this is your owene hous, pardee.  
For, by my trouthe, I sey it nought a-  
game, 636  
To wende as now, it were to me a shame.'

92. Criseyde, whiche that coude as muche  
good  
As half a world, tok hede of his prayere ;  
And sin it ron, and al was on a flood, 640  
She thoughte, as good chep may I dwellen  
here,  
And graunte it gladly with a freendes  
chere,  
And have a thank, as grucche and thanne  
abyde ;  
For hoorn to goon it may nought wel  
bityde.

93. ' I wol, ' quod she, ' myn uncle leef  
and dere, 645  
Sin that yow list, it skile is to be so ;  
I am right glad with yow to dwellen here ;  
I seyde but a-game, I wolde go.'  
' Y-wis, graunt mercy, nece ! ' quod he  
tho ; 649  
' Were it a game or no, soth for to telle,  
Now am I glad, sin that yow list to dwelle.'

94. Thus al is wel ; but tho bigan aright  
The newe joye, and al the feste agayn ;  
But Pandarus, if goodly hadde he might,  
He wolde han hyed hir to bedde fayn, 655  
And seyde, ' lord, this is an huge rayn !

This were a weder for to slepen inne ;  
And that I rede us sone to biginne.

95. And nece, woot ye wher I wol yow  
leye, 659  
For that we shul not ligen fer asonder,  
And for ye neither shullen, dar I seye,  
Heren noise of reynes nor of thonder ?  
By god, right in my lyte closet yonder.  
And I wol in that oute hous allone  
Be wardeyn of your wommen everichone.

96. And in this middel chaumbre that ye  
see 666  
Shul youre wommen slepen wel and softe ;  
And ther I seyde shal your-selve be ;  
And if ye ligen wel to-night, com ofte,  
And careth not what weder is on-lofte. 670  
The wyn anon, and whan so that yow  
leste,  
So go we slepe, I trowe it be the beste.'

97. Ther nis no more, but here-after sone,  
The voyde dronke, and travers drawe  
anon,  
Gan every wight, that hadde nought to  
done 675  
More in that place, out of the chaumber  
gon.  
And ever-mo so sternalich it ron,  
And blew ther-with so wonderliche loude,  
That wel neigh no man heren other coude.

98. Tho Pandarus, hir eem, right as him  
oughte, 680  
With women swiche as were hir most  
aboute,  
Ful glad un-to hir beddes ayde hir  
broughte,  
And took his leve, and gan ful lowe loute,  
And seyde, ' here at this closet-dore with-  
oute,  
Right over-thwart, your wommen ligen  
alle, 685  
That, whom yow liste of hem, ye may  
here calle.'

99. So whan that she was in the closet  
leyd,  
And alle hir wommen forth by orde-  
nauce  
A-bedde weren, ther as I have seyde,

There was no more to skippen nor to  
traunce, 690  
But boden go to bedde, with mischaunce,  
If any wight was steringe any-where,  
And late hem slepe that a-bedde were.

100. But Pandarus, that wel coude eche  
a del  
The olde daunce, and every poynt ther-  
inne, 695  
Whan that he sey that alle thing was wel,  
He thoughte he wolde up-on his werk  
beginne,  
And gan the stewe-dore al softe un-pinne,  
And stille as stoon, with-uten lenger  
lette,  
By Troilus a-down right he him sette. 700

101. And, shortly to the poynt right for  
to gon,  
Of al this werk he tolde him word and  
ende,  
And seyde, 'make thee redy right anon,  
For thou shalt in-to hevene blisse wende.'  
'Now blisful Venus, thou me grace  
sende,' 705  
Quod Troilus, 'for never yet no nede  
Hadde I er now, ne halvendel the drede.'

102. Quod Pandarus, 'ne drede thee never  
a del,  
For it shal been right as thou wilt desyre;  
So thryve I, this night shal I make it  
wel, 710  
Or casten al the gruwel in the fyre.'  
'Yit blisful Venus, this night thou me  
enspyre,'  
Quod Troilus, 'as wis as I thee serve,  
And ever bet and bet shal, til I starve.'

103. And if I hadde, O Venus ful of  
mirthe, 715  
Aspectes badde of Mars or of Saturne,  
Or thou combust or let were in my birthe,  
Thy fader pray al thilke harm disturne  
Of grace, and that I glad ayein may  
turne,  
For love of him thou lovedest in the  
shawe, 720  
I mene Adoon, that with the boor was  
slawe.

104. O Jove eek, for the love of faire  
Europe,  
The whiche in forme of bole away thou  
fette;  
Now help, O Mars, thou with thy bloody  
cope,  
For love of Cipria, thou me nought ne  
lette; 725  
O Phebus, thenk whan Dane hir-selven  
shette  
Under the bark, and laurer wax for drede,  
Yet for hir love, O help now at this nede!

105. Mercuria, for the love of Hiersé eke,  
For which Pallas was with Aglauros  
wrooth, 730  
Now help, and eek Diane, I thee biseke,  
That this viage be not to thee looth.  
O fatal sustren, which, er any clooth'  
Me shapen was, my destenē me sponne,  
So helpeth to this werk that is bi-gonne!'

106. Quod Pandarus, 'thou wrecched  
mouses herte, 736  
Art thou agast so that she wol thee byte?  
Why, don this furred cloke up-on thy  
sherte,  
And folowe me, for I wol han the wyte;  
But byd, and lat me go bifore a lyte.' 740  
And with that word he gan un-do a  
trappe,  
And Troilus he broughte in by the lappe.

107. The sterne wind so loude gan to  
route  
That no wight other noyse mighte here;  
And they that layen at the dore with-  
oute, 745  
Ful sikerly they slepten alle y-fere;  
And Pandarus, with a ful sobre chere,  
Goth to the dore anon with-uten lette,  
Ther-as they laye, and softly it shette.

108. And as he com ayeinward prively,  
His nece awook, and asked 'who goth  
there?' 751  
'My dere nece,' quod he, 'it am I;  
Ne wondreth not, ne have of it no fere;  
And ner he com, and seyde hir in hir ere,  
'No word, for love of god I yow biseche;  
Let no wight ryse and heren of our  
speche.' 756

109. 'What! which way be ye comen,  
benedicite?'

Quod she, 'and how thus unwist of hem  
alle?'

'Here at this secree trappe-dore,' quod he.  
Quod tho Criseyde, 'lat me som wight  
calle.' 760

'Ey! god forbode that it sholde falle,'  
Quod Pandarus, 'that ye swich foly  
wroughte!

They mighte deme thing they never er  
thoughte!

110. It is nought good a sleping hound to  
wake,

Ne yeve a wight a cause to devyne; 765  
Your wommen slepen alle, I under-take,  
So that, for hem, the hous men mighte  
myne;

And slepen wolen til the sonne shyne.  
And whan my tale al brought is to an  
ende,

Unwist, right as I com, so wol I wende.

111. Now nece myn, ye shul wel under-  
stonde,' 771

Quod he, 'so as ye wommen demen alle,  
That for to holde in love a man in honde,  
And him hir "leaf" and "dere herte"  
calle,

And maken him an howve above a calle,  
I mene, as love an other in this whyle, 776  
She doth hir-self a shame, and him a gyle.

112. Now wherby that I telle yow al this?  
Ye woot your-self, as wel as any wight,  
How that your love al fully graunted is  
To Troilus, the worthieste knight, 781

Oon of this world, and ther-to trouthe  
plyght,

That, but it were on him along, ye nolde  
Him never falsen, whyl ye liven sholde.

118. Now stant it thus, that sith I fro  
yow wente, 785

This Troilus, right platly for to seyn,  
Is thurgh a goter, by a privè wente,  
In-to my chaumbre come in al this reyn,  
Unwist of every maner wight, certeyn,  
Save of my-self, as wisely have I joye, 790  
And by that feith I shal Pryam of Troye!

114. And he is come in swich peyne and  
distresse

That, but he be al fully wood by this,  
He sodeynly mot falle in-to wodnesse,  
But-if god helpe; and cause why this is,  
He seyth him told is, of a freend of his,  
How that ye sholde love oon that hatte  
Horaste, 797  
For sorwe of which this night shalt been  
his laste.'

115. Criseyde, which that al this wonder  
herde,

Gan sodeynly aboute hir herte colde, 800  
And with a syk she sorwfully answerde,  
'Allas! I wende, who-so tales tolde,  
My dere herte wolde me not holde  
So lightly fals! alas! conceytes wronge,  
What harm they doon, for now live I to  
longe! 805

116. Horaste! alas! and falsen Troilus?  
I knowe him not, god helpe me so,' quod  
she;

'Allas! what wikked spirit tolde him  
thus?

Now certes, eem, to-morwe, and I him see,  
I shal ther-of as ful excusen me 810  
As ever dide womman, if him lyke';  
And with that word she gan ful sore syke.

117. 'O god!' quod she, 'so worldly seli-  
nesse,

Which clerkes callen fals felicitee,  
Y-medled is with many a bitternesse! 815  
Ful anguisshous than is, god woot,' quod  
she,

'Condicoun of veyn prosperitee;  
For either joyes comen nought y-fere,  
Or elles no wight hath hem alwey here.

118. O brotel wele of mannes joye un-  
stable! 820

With what wight so thou be, or how thou  
pleye,

Either he woot that thou, joye, art mu-  
able,

Or woot it not, it moot ben oon of tweye;  
Now if he woot it not, how may he seye  
That he hath verray joye and selinesse, 825  
That is of ignoraunce ay in darknesse?

119. Now if he woot that joye is transi-  
torie,  
As every joye of worldly thing mot flee,  
Than every tyme he that hath in me-  
morie,

The drede of lesing maketh him that he  
May in no parfit selinnesse be. 831  
And if to lese his joye he set a myte,  
Than semeth it that joye is worth ful  
lyte.

120. Wherefore I wol despyne in this  
matere,  
That trewely, for ought I can espye, 835  
Ther is no verray wele in this world here.  
But O, thou wikked serpent Jalousye,  
Thou misbeleved and envious folye,  
Why hastow Troilus me mad untriste,  
That never yet agilte him, that I wiste?'

121. Quod Pandarus, 'thus fallen is this  
caa.' 841

'Why, uncle myn,' quod she, 'who tolde  
him this?

Why doth my dere herte thus, allas?'  
'Ye woot, ye nece myn,' quod he, 'what is;  
I hope al shal be wel that is amis. 845  
For ye may quenche al this, if that yow  
leste,  
And doth right so, for I holde it the  
beste.'

122. 'So shal I do to-morwe, y-wis,' quod  
she,

'And god to-forn, so that it shal suffice.'  
'To-morwe? allas, that were a fayr,' quod  
he, 850

'Nay, nay, it may not stonden in this  
wyse;  
For, nece myn, thus wryten clerkes wyse,  
That peril is with drecching in y-drawe;  
Nay, swich abodes been nought worth an  
hawe.

123. Nece, al thing hath tyme, I dar  
avowe; 855

For whan a chaumber a-fyr is, or an halle,  
Wel more nede is, it sodeynly rescowe  
Than to dispute, and axe amonges alle  
How is this candel in the straw y-falle?  
A! *benedicite!* for al among that fare 860  
The harm is doon, and fare-wel feldesfare!

124. And, nece myn, ne take it not a-  
greef,

If that ye suffre him al night in this wo,  
God help me so, ye hadde him never leef,  
That dar I seyn, now there is but we  
two; 865  
But wel I woot, that ye wol not do so;  
Ye been to wys to do so gret folye,  
To putte his lyf al night in jupartye.'

125. 'Hadde I him never leef? By god,  
I wene

Ye hadde never thing so leef,' quod she.  
'Now hy my thrift,' quod he, 'that shal  
be sene; 871

For, sin ye make this ensample of me,  
If I al night wolde him in sorwe see  
For al the tresour in the toun of Troye,  
I bidde god, I never mote have joye! 875

126. Now loke thanne, if ye, that been  
his love,

Shul putte al night his lyf in jupartye  
For thing of nought! Now, by that god  
above,

Nought only this delay comth of folye,  
But of malyce, if that I shal nought lye.  
What, platly, and ye suffre him in dis-  
tresse, 881

Ye neither bountes doon ne gentillesse!'

127. Quod the Criseyde, 'wole ye doon  
o thing,

And ye therwith shal stinte al his disese;  
Have here, and bereth him this blewe  
ring, 885

For ther is no-thing mighte him bettre  
plese,

Save I my-self, ne more his herte apese;  
And sey my dere herte, that his sorwe  
Is causeles, that shal be seen to-morwe.'

128. 'A ring?' quod he, 'ye, hasel-wodes  
shaken! 890

Ye, nece myn, that ring moste han a stoon  
That mighte dede men alyve maken;  
And swich a ring, trowe I that ye have  
noon.

Discrecioun out of your heed is goon;  
That fele I now,' quod he, 'and that is  
routhe; 895

O tyme y-lost, wel maystow cursen  
slounthe!

129. Wot ye not wel that noble and heigh  
corage

Ne sorweth not, ne stinteth eek for lyte?  
But if a fool were in a jalous rage,  
I nolde setten at his sorwe a myte, 900  
But feffe him with a fewe wordes whyte  
Another day, whan that I mighte him  
finde :

But this thing stont al in another kinde.

130. This is so gentil and so tendre of  
herte,

That with his deeth he wol his sorwes  
wreke; 905  
For trusteth wel, how sore that him  
smerte,

He wol to yow no jalouse wordes speke.  
And for-thy, nece, er that his herte breke,  
So spek your-self to him of this matere ;  
For with o word ye may his herte stere.

131. Now have I told what peril he is  
inne, 911

And his coming unwist is t' every wight ;  
Ne, pardee, harm may ther be noon ne  
sinne ;

I wol my-self be with yow al this night.  
Ye knowe eek how it is your owne knight,  
And that, by right, ye moete upon him  
triste, 916

And I al prest to fecche him whan yow  
liste.'

132. This accident so pitous was to here,  
And eek so lyk a sooth, at prynte face,  
And Troilus hir knight to hir so dere, 920  
His prive coming, and the siker place,  
That, though that she dide him as  
thane a grace,  
Considered alle thinges as they stode,  
No wonder is, sin she dide al for gode.

133. Cryseyde answerde, 'as wisly god at  
reste 925

My sowle bringe, as me is for him wo !  
And eem, y-wis, fayn wolde I doon the  
beste,

If that I hadde grace to do so.

But whether that ye dwelle or for him go,  
I am, til god me bettre minde sende, 930  
At dulcarnon, right at my wittes ende.'

134. Quod Pandarus, 'ye, nece, wol ye  
here?

Dulcarnon called is "fleminge of  
wrecches";

It semeth hard, for wrecches wol not lere  
For verray slouthes or othere wilful  
tecches ; 935

This seyð by hem that be not worth two  
fecches.

But ye ben wys, and that we han on  
honde

Nis neither hard, ne skilful to withstonde.'

135. 'Thanne, eem,' quod she, 'doth her-  
of as yow list ;

But er he come I wil up first aryse ; 940

And, for the love of god, sin al my trist  
Is on yow two, and ye ben bothe wyse,  
So wirceth now in so discreet a wyse,  
That I honour may have, and he plea-  
saunce ;

For I am here al in your governaunce.'

136. 'That is wel seyð,' quod he, 'my  
nece dere, 946

Ther good thrift on that wyse gentil  
herte !

But liggeth stille, and taketh him right  
here,

It nedeth not no farther for him sterte ;  
And ech of yow ese othere sorwes smerte,  
For love of god ; and, Venus, I thee  
herie ; 951

For sone hope I we shulle ben alle merie.'

137. This Troilus ful sone on knees him  
sette

Ful sobrelly, right by hir beddes heed,  
And in his beste wyse his lady grette : 955

But lord, so she wex sodeynliche reed !  
Ne, though men sholden smyten of hir  
heed,

She coude nought a word a-right out-  
bringe

So sodeynly, for his sodeyn cominge.

138. But Pandarus, that so wel coude fele  
In every thing, to pleye anon bigan, 961

And seyde, 'nece, see how this lord can  
knele !

Now, for your trouthe, seeth this gentil  
man !'

And with that word he for a quissen  
 ran,  
 And seyde, 'kneleth now, whyl that yow  
 leste, 965  
 Ther god your hertes bringe sone at  
 reste!'

139. Can I not seyn, for she had him not  
 ryse,  
 If sorwe it putte out of hir remembraunce,  
 Or elles if she toke it in the wyse  
 Of dūste, as for his observaunce; 970  
 But wel finde I she dide him this  
 plesaunce,  
 That she him kiste, al-though she syked  
 sore;  
 And bad him sitte-a-donn-with-outen more.

140. Quod Pandarus, 'now wol ye wel  
 biginne;  
 Now doth him sitte, gode nece dere, 975  
 Upon your beddes syde al there with-  
 inne,  
 That ech of yow the bet may other here.'  
 And with that word he drow him to the  
 fere,  
 And took a light, and fond his conten-  
 aunce  
 As for to lōke up-on an old romaunce. 980

141. Criseyde, that was Troilus lady right,  
 And cleer stood on a ground of sikernesse,  
 Al thoughte she, hir servaunt and hir  
 knight  
 Ne sholdes of right non untrouthe in hir  
 geese, 984  
 Yet nathelless, considered his distresse,  
 And that love is in cause of swich folye,  
 Thus to him spak she of his jelousye:

142. 'Lo, herte myn, as wolde the excel-  
 lence  
 Of love, ayeins the which that no man  
 may,  
 Ne oughte eek goodly maken resistance;  
 And eek bycause I felte wel and say 991  
 Your gret trouthe, and servyse every day;  
 And that your herte al myn was, sooth to  
 seyne,  
 This droof me for to rewe up-on your  
 payne.

143. And your goodnesse have I founde  
 alwey yit, 995  
 Of whiche, my dere herte and al my  
 knight,  
 I thonke it yow, as far as I have wit,  
 Al can I nought as muche as it were right;  
 And I, emforth my conninge and my  
 might,  
 Have and ay shal, how sore that me  
 smerte, 1000  
 Ben to yow trewe and hool, with al myn  
 herte;

144. And dredeless, that shal be founde  
 at preve.—  
 But, herte myn, what al this is to seyne  
 Shal wel be told, so that ye nought yow  
 greve,  
 Though I to yow right on your-self com-  
 playne. 1005  
 For ther-with mene I fynally the payne,  
 That halt your herte and myn in hevi-  
 nesse,  
 Fully to alean, and every wrong redressa.

145. My goode, myn, not I for-why ne  
 how  
 That Jalousye, allas! that wikked wivere,  
 Thus causeless is crosen in-to yow; 1011  
 The harm of which I wolde fayn delivere!  
 Allas! that he, al hool, or of him slivere,  
 Shuld have his refut in so digne a place,  
 Ther Jove him sone out of your herte  
 arace! 1015

146. But O, thou Jove, O auctor of nature,  
 Is this an honour to thy deitee,  
 That folk ungiltif suffren here injure,  
 And who that giltif is, al quit goth he?  
 O were it leful for to playne on thee, 1020  
 That undeserved suffrest jalousye,  
 And that I wolde up-on thee playne and  
 crye!

147. Eek al my wo is this, that folk now  
 usen  
 To seyn right thus, "ye, Jalousye is  
 Love!" 1024  
 And wolde a busschel venim al excusen,  
 For that o greyn of love is on it shove!  
 But that wot heighe god that sit above,



If it be lyker love, or hate, or grame ;  
And after that, it oughte bere his name.

148. But certeyn is, som maner jalousye  
Is excusable more than som, y-wis. 1031  
As whan cause is, and som swich fantasye  
With pitee so wel repressed is,  
That it unnethe dooth or seyth amis,  
But goodly drinketh up al his distresse ;  
And that excuse I, for the gentillesse. 1036

149. And som so ful of furie is and despyt,  
That it sourmounteth his repressioun ;  
But herte myn, ye be not in that plyt,  
That thanke I god, for whiche your  
passioun 1040

I wol not calle it but illusioun,  
Of habundaunce of love and bisy cure,  
That dooth your herte this diseese endure.

150. Of which I am right sory, but not  
wrooth ; 1044

But, for my devoir and your hertes reste,  
Wher-so yow list, by ordal or by ooth,  
By sort, or in what wyse so yow leste,  
For love of god, lat preve it for the beste !  
And if that I be giltif, do me deye, 1049  
Allas ! what mighte I more doon or seye ?

151. With that a fewe brighte teres newe  
Out of hir eyen fille, and thus she seyde,  
' Now god, thou wost, in thought ne dede  
untrewe

To Troilus was never yet Criseyde.'  
With that hir heed down in the bed she  
leyde, 1055  
And with the shete it wreigh, and syghed  
sore,  
And held hir pees ; not o word spak she  
more.

152. But now help god to quenchen al  
this sorwe,

So hope I that he shal, for he best may ;  
For I have seyn, of a ful misty morwe 1060  
Folwen ful ofte a mery someres day ;  
And after winter folweth grene May.  
Men seen alday, and reden eek in stories,  
That after sharpe shoures been victories.

153. This Troilus, whan he hir wordes  
herde, 1065  
Have ye no care, him liste not to slepe ;

For it thoughte him no strokes of a yerde  
To here or seen Criseyde his lady wepe ;  
But wel he felte aboute his herte crepe,  
For every tear which that Criseyde a-  
sterte, 1070  
The crampe of deeth, to streyne him by  
the herte.

154. And in his minde he gan the tyme  
aourse

That he cam theré, and that he was born ;  
For now is wikke y-turned in-to worse,  
And al that labour he hath doon biforn,  
He wende it lost, he thoughte he nas but  
lorn. 1076

' O Pandarus,' thoughte he, ' alas ! thy  
wyle  
Serveth of nought, so weylaway the  
whyle !'

155. And therewithal he heng a-down the  
heed,

And fil on knees, and sorwfully he sighte ;  
What mighte he seyn ? he felte he nas  
but deed, 1081

For wrooth was she that shulde his sorwes  
lighte.

But nathelless, whan that he speken  
mighte,  
Than seyde he thus, ' god woot, that of  
this game,  
Whan al is wist, than am I not to blame !'

156. Ther-with the sorwe so his herte  
shette, 1086

That from his eyen fil ther not a tere,  
And every spirit his vigour in-knette,  
So they astoned and oppressed were.  
The faling of his sorwe, or of his fare, 1090  
Or of ought elles, fled was out of towne ;  
And down he fel al sodeynly a-swowne.

157. This was no litel sorwe for to see ;  
But al was hyst, and Pandarus up as faste,  
' O nece, pees, or we be lost,' quod he, 1095  
' Beth nought agast ;' but certeyn, at the  
laste,

For this or that, he in-to bedde him caste,  
And seyde, ' O theef, is this a mannes  
herte ?'

And of he rente al to his bare sherte ;

158. And seyde, 'nece, but ye helpe us  
now, 1100

Allas, your owne Troilus is lorn !'

'Y-wis, so wolde I, and I wiste how,  
Ful fayn,' quod she; 'allas! that I was  
born !'

'Ye, nece, wol ye pullen out the thorn  
That stiketh in his herte?' quod Pandare;  
'Sey "al foryeve," and stint is al this  
fare!' 1106

159. 'Ye, that to me,' quod she, 'ful  
lever were

Than al the good the sonne aboute gooth';  
And therwith-al she swoor him in his ere,  
'Y-wis, my dere herte, I am nought  
wrooth, 1110

Have here my trouthe and many another  
ooth;

Now speak to me, for it am I, Criseyde !'  
But al for nought; yet mighte he not  
a-breyde.

160. Therwith his pons and pawmes of  
his hondes

They gan to frote, and wete his temples  
tweyne, 1115

And, to deliveren him from bittre bondes,  
She ofte him kiste; and, shortly for to  
seyne,

Him to revoken she dide al hir payne.  
And at the laste, he gan his breeth to  
drawe,

And of his swough sone after that adawe,

161. And gan bet minde and reson to him  
take, 1121

But wonder sore he was abayst, y-wis.

And with a syk, whan he gan bet a-wake,  
He seyde, 'O mercy, god, what thing is  
this?'

'Why do ye with your-selven thus amis?'  
Quod the Criseyde, 'is this a mannes  
game? 1126

What, Troilus! wol ye do thus, for  
shame?'

162. And therwith-al hir arm over him  
she lode,

And al foryaf, and ofte tyme him keste.  
He thoked hir, and to hir spak, and  
seyde 1130

As fil to purpos for his herte resta.

And she to that answerde him as hir  
leste;

And with hir goodly wordes him disporte  
She gan, and ofte his sorwes to comforta.

163. Quod Pandarus, 'for ought I can  
espyen, 1135

This light nor I ne serven here of nought;  
Light is not good for syke folkes yē.

But for the love of god, sin ye be brought  
In thus good plyt, lat now non hevyn  
thought

Ben hanginge in the hertes of yow  
tweye:' 1140

And bar the candel to the chimeneye.

164. Sone after this, though it no nede  
were,

Whan she swich othes as hir list devyse  
Hadde of him take, hir thoughte tho no  
fare,

Ne cause eek non, to bidde him thennes  
ryse. 1145

Yet lesse thing than othes may suffyse  
In many a cas; for every wight, I gesse,  
That loveth wel meneth but gentillesse.

165. But in effect she wolde wite anon  
Of what man, and eek where, and also  
why 1150

He jelous was, sin ther was cause noon;  
And eek the signe, that he took it by,  
She bad him that to telle hir bisily,  
Or elles, certeyn, she bar him on honde,  
That this was doon of malis, hir to fonde.

166. With-uten more, shortly for to  
seyne, 1156

He moste obeie un-to his lady heste;  
And for the lasse harm, he moste feyne.  
He seyde hir, whan she was at swiche  
a feste

She mighte on him han loked at the  
leste; 1160

Not I not what, al dere y-nough a rishe,  
As he that nedes moste a cause flashe.

167. And she answerde, 'swete, al were  
it so,

What harm was that, sin I non yvel  
mene?

For, by that god that boughte us bothe  
two, 1165

In alle thinge is myn entente clene.  
Swich arguments ne been not worth a  
bene;

Wol ye the childish jealous contrefete?  
Now were it worthy that ye were y-bete.'

168. Tho Troilus gan sorwfully to syke,  
Lest she be wrooth, him thoughte his  
herte deyde; 1171

And seyde, 'allas! upon my sorwes syke  
Have mercy, swete herte myn, Criseyde!  
And if that, in the wordes that I seyde,  
Be any wrong, I wol no more trespase;  
Do what yow list, I am al in your grace.'

169. And she answerde, 'of gilt miseri-  
corde!

That is to seyn, that I foryeve al this;  
And ever-more on this night yow recorde,  
And beth wel war ye do no more amis.' 1180  
'Nay, dero herte myn,' quod he, 'y-wis.'  
'And now,' quod she, 'that I have do  
yow smerte,  
Foryeve it me, myn owene swete herte.'

170. This Troilus, with blisse of that sup-  
prysed, 1184

Put al in goddes hond, as he that mante  
No-thing but wel; and, sodeynly avysed,  
He hir in armes faste to him hente.  
And Pandarus, with a ful good entente,  
Leyde him to slepe, and seyde, 'if ye ben  
wyse,  
Swowneth not now, lest more folk aryse.'

171. What mighte or may the sely larke  
seye, 1191

Whan that the sparhawk hath it in his  
foot?

I can no more, but of thise ilke tweye,  
To whom this tale suere be or soot,  
Though that I tarie a yeer, som-tyme  
I moot, 1195

After myn auctor, tellen hir gladnesse,  
As wel as I have told hir hevynesse.

172. Criseyde, which that felte hir thus  
y-take,

As writen clerkes in hir bokes olde,

Right as an aspes leef she gan to quake,  
Whan she him felte hir in his armes  
folde. 1201

But Troilus, al hool of cares colde,  
Gan thanken tho the blisful guddes  
sevene;

Thus sondry paynes bringen folk to  
hevene.

173. This Troilus in armes gan hir  
streynne, 1205

And seyde, 'O swete, as ever mote I goon,  
Now be ye caught, now is ther but we  
tweyne;

Now yeldeth yow, for other boot is noon.'  
To that Criseyde answerde thus anon,  
'Ne hadde I er now, my swete herte  
dere, 1210

Ben yolde, y-wis, I were now not here!'

174. O! sooth is seyde, that heled for to be  
As of a fevre or others greet syknesse,  
Men moste drinke, as men may often see,  
Ful bitter drink; and for to han glad-  
nesse, 1215

Men drinken often payne and greet dis-  
tresse;

I mene it here, as for this aventure,  
That thourgh a payne hath founden al  
his cure.

175. And now swetnesse sameth more  
swete,

That bitternesse assayed was biforn; 1220  
For out of wo in blisse now thay flete.  
Non swich they felten, sith they were  
born;

Now is this bet, than bothe two be lorn!  
For love of god, take every womman  
hede

To werken thus, if it comth to the nede.

176. Criseyde, al quit from every drede  
and tene, 1226

As she that juste cause hadde him to triste,  
Made him swich feste, it joye was to sene,  
Whan she his trouthe and clene entente  
wiste. 1229

And as aboute a tree, with many a twist,  
Bitrent and wryth the sote wode-binde,  
Gan eche of hem in armes other winde.

177. And as the newe abayshed nightin-  
gale,  
That stineth first whan she biginneth  
singe,

Whan that she hereth any herde tale, 1235  
Or in the hegges any wight staringe,  
And after siker dooth hir voys out-ringe;  
Right so Criseyde, whan hir drede stente,  
Opned hir herte, and tolde him hir entente.

178. And right as he that seeth his deeth  
y-shapen, 1240

And deye moot, in ought that he may  
geese,

And sodeynly rescous doth him escapen,  
And from his deeth is brought in siker-  
nesse,

For al this world, in swich present glad-  
nesse 1244

Was Troilus, and hath his lady swete;  
With worse hap god lat us never mete!

179. Hir armes smale, hir streyghte bak  
and softe,

Hir sydes longe, fleschly, smothe, and  
whyte

He gan to stroke, and good thrift bad ful  
ofte

Hir snowish throte, hir brestes rounde and  
lyte; 1250

Thus in this hevene he gan him to delyte,  
And ther-with-al a thousand tyme hir  
kiste;

That, what to done, for joye unnethe he  
wiste.

180. Than seyde he thus, 'O, Love, O,  
Charitee,

Thy moder seek, Citherea the swete, 1255  
After thy-self next heried be she,

Venus mene I, the wal-willy planete;  
And next that, Imenüs, I thee grete;

For never man was to yow goddes holde  
As I, which ye han brought fro cares  
colde. 1260

181. Benigne Love, thou holy bond of  
thinges;

Who-so wol grace, and list thee nought  
honouren,

Lo, his desyr wol flec with-uten winges.

For, noldestow of bountes hem socouren  
That serven best and most alwey labouren,  
Yet were al lost, that dar I wel seyn,  
certes, 1266

But-if thy grace passed our desertes.

182. And for thou me, that coude leest  
deserve

Of hem that nombred been un-to thy  
grace,

Hast holpen, ther I lykly was to starve,  
And me bistowed in so heygh a place 1271

That thilke boundes may no blisse pace,  
I can no more, but laude and reverence

Be to thy bounte and thyn excellence!

183. And therwith-al Criseyde anon he  
kiste, 1275

Of which, certeyn, she felte no disese.

And thus seyde he, 'now wolde god I  
wiste,

Myn herte swete, how I yow mighte plesse!  
What man,' quod he, 'was ever thus at ese

As I, on whiche the faireste and the  
beste 1280

That ever I say, deyneth hir herte reste.

184. Here may men seen that mercy  
passeth right;

The experience of that is felt in me,  
That am unworthy to so swete a wight.

But herte myn, of your benignitee, 1285  
So thenketh, though that I unworthy be,

Yet mot I nede amenden in som wyse,  
Right thorough the vertu of your heyghe  
servyse.

185. And for the love of god, my lady  
ders,

Sin god hath wrought me for I shal yow  
serve, 1290

As thus I mene, that ye wol be my stere,  
To do me live, if that yow liste, or starve,

So techeth me how that I may deserve  
Your thank, so that I, thurgh myn

ignorance, 1294  
Ne do no-thing that yow be displeaunce.

186. For certes, fresche wommanliche wyf,  
This dar I seye, that trouthe and dili-

gence,  
That shal ye finden in me al my lyf,

Ne I wol not, certeyn, braken your defence;

And if I do, present or in absence, 1300  
For love of god, lat slee me with the dede,  
If that it lyke un-to your womanhede.'

187. 'Y-wis,' quod she, 'myn owne hertes list,

My ground of ese, and al myn herte dere,  
Graunt mercy, for on that is al my trist; 1305

But late us falle away fro this matere;  
For it suffyseth, this that seyde is here.  
And at o word, with-uten repentaunce,  
Wel-come, my knight, my pees, my suffisaunce!'

188. Of hir delyt, or joyes oon the leste  
Were impossible to my wit to seye; 1311  
But juggeth, ye that han ben at the feste  
Of swich gladnesse, if that hem liste pleye!  
I can no more, but thus thise ilke tweye  
That night, be-twixen dreed and siker-  
nesse, 1315

Felten in love the grete worthynesse.

189. O blisful night, of hem so longe  
y-sought,

How blithe un-to hem bothe two thou  
were!

Why ne hadde I swich on with my soule  
y-bought,

Ye, or the leeste joye that was there? 1320  
A-way, thou foule daunger and thou fere,  
And lat hem in this hevене blisse dwelle,  
That is so heigh, that al ne can I telle!

190. But sooth is, though I can not tellen al,  
As can myn auctor, of his excellence, 1325  
Yet have I seyde, and, god to-forn, I shal  
In every thing al hoolly his sentence.  
And if that I, at loves reverence,  
Have any word in eched for the beste,  
Doth therwith-al right as your-selven  
leste. 1330

191. For myne wordes, here and every  
part,

I speke hem alle under correccioun  
Of yow, that feling han in loves art,  
And putte it al in your discrecioun  
T' encrease or maken diminucioun 1335

Of my langage, and that I yow bi-seche;  
But now to purpos of my rather speche.

192. Thise ilke two, that ben in armes  
laft,

So looth to hem a-sonder goon it were,  
That ech from other wende been biraft,  
Or elles, lo, this was hir moste fere, 1341  
That al this thing but nyce dremes were;  
For which ful ofte ech of hem seyde, 'O  
swete,  
Clippe ich yow thus, or elles I it mete?'

193. And, lord! so he gan goodly on hir  
see, 1345  
That never his look ne bleynte from hir  
face,

And seyde, 'O dere herte, may it be  
That it be sooth, that ye ben in this  
place?'

'Ye, herte myn, god thank I of his grace!'  
Quod the Criseyde, and therwith-al him  
kiste; 1350  
That where his spirit was, for joye he niste.

194. This Troilus ful ofte hir eyen two  
Gan for to kisse, and seyde, 'O eyen clere,  
It were ye that wroughte me swich wo,  
Ye humble nettes of my lady dere! 1355  
Though ther be mercy written in your  
chere,  
God wot, the text ful hard is, sooth, to  
finde,  
How coude ye with-uten bond me binde?'

195. Therwith he gan hir faste in armes  
take, 1359  
And wel an hundred tymes gan he syke,  
Nought swiche sorwful sykes as men make  
For wo, or elles whan that folk ben syke,  
But esy sykes, swiche as been to lyke,  
That shewed his affeccioun with-inne;  
Of swiche sykes coude he nought bilinne.

196. Sone after this they speke of sondry  
things, 1366  
As fil to purpos of this aventure,  
And playinge entrechaunged on hir ringes,  
Of which I can nought tellen no scripture;  
But wel I woot a broche, gold and asure,  
In whiche a ruby set was lyk an herte, 1371  
Criseyde him yaf, and stak it on his  
sherte.

197. Lord! trowe ye, a coueitous, a wrecche,  
That blameth love and holt of it despyt,  
That, of the pens that he can moken and  
kcekche, 1375

Was ever yet y-yeve him swich delyt,  
As is in love, in oo poynt, in som plyt?  
Nay, douteless, for also god me save,  
So parfit joye may no nigard have!

198. They wol sey 'yis,' but lord! so  
that they lye, 1380

The bisy wrecches, ful of wo and drede!  
They callen love a woodnesse or folye,  
But it shal falle hem as I shal yow rede;  
They shul forgo the whyte and eke the  
rede,

And live in wo, ther god yeve hem mis-  
chaunce, 1385

And every lover in his trouthe avaunce!

199. As wolde god, tho wrecches, that  
dispyse

Servyse of love, hadde eres al-so longe  
As hadde Myda, ful of coveityse;  
And ther-to dronken hadde as hoot and  
stronge 1390

As Crassus dide for his affectis wronge,  
To techen hem that they ben in the vyce,  
And loveres nought, al-though they holde  
hem nyce!

200. Thise ilke two, of whom that I yow  
seye, 1394

Whan that hir hertes wel assured were,  
Tho gonne they to speken and to pleye,  
And eek rehercen how, and whanne, and  
where,

They knewe hem first, and every wo and  
fare

That passed was; but al swich hevynesse,  
I thanke it god, was tourned to gladnesse.

201. And ever-mo, whan that hem fel to  
speke 1401

Of any thing of swich a tyme agoon,  
With kissing al that tale sholde breke,  
And fallen in a newe joye anon,  
And didnen al hir might, sin they were  
oon, 1405

For to recoveren blisse and been at ese,  
And passed wo with joye countrepeyse.

202. Reson wil not that I speke of sleep,  
For it accordeth nought to my matere;  
God woot, they toke of that ful lital keep,  
But lest this night, that was to hem so  
dere, 1411

Ne sholde in veyn escape in no manere,  
It was biest in joye and bisynesse  
Of al that souneth in-to gentilnesse. 1414

203. But whan the cok, comune astrologer,  
Gan on his brest to beten, and after crowe,  
And Lucifer, the dayes messenger,  
Gan for to ryse, and out hir bemess  
throwe;

And estward roos, to him that coude it  
knowe, 1419

*Fortuna maior*, than anon Criseyde,  
With herte sore, to Troilus thus seyde:—

204. 'Myn hertes lyf, my trist and my  
pleasance,

That I was born, alas! what me is wo,  
That day of us mot make desseverance!  
For tyme it is to ryse, and hennes go, 1425  
Or elles I am lost for evermo!

O night, alas! why niltow over us hove,  
As longe as whanne Almene lay by Jove?

205. O blake night, as folk in bokes rede,  
That shapen art by god this world to  
hyde 1430

At certeyn tymes with thy derke wede,  
That under that men mighte in reste  
abyde,

Wel oughte bestes pleyne, and folk thee  
chyde,

That there-as day with labour wolde us  
breste,

That thou thus fleest, and deynest us  
nought reste! 1435

206. Thou dost, alas! to shortly thyn  
offyce,

Thou rakel night, ther god, makere of  
kinde,

Thee, for thyn hast and thyn unkinde  
vyce,

So faste ay to our hemi-spere binde,  
That never-more under the ground thou  
winde! 1440

For now, for thou so hyst out of Troye,  
Have I forgon thus hastily my joye!

207. This Troilus, that with the wordes felte,

As thoughte him tho, for piȝtous distresse,  
The bloody teres from his herte melte, 1445  
As he that never yet swich hevynesse  
Assayed hadde, out of so greet gladnesse,  
Gan therwith-al Criseyde his lady dere  
In armes streyne, and seyde in this  
manere:—

208. 'O cruel day, accusour of the joye  
That night and love han stole and faste  
y-wryen, 1451

A-cursed be thy coming in-to Troye,  
For every bore hath oon of thy bright yā!  
Envyous day, what list thee so to spyen?  
What hastow lost, why sakestow this  
place, 1455  
Ther god thy lyght so quenche, for his  
grace?

209. Allas! what han thise lovers thee  
agilt,

Dispitous day? thyn be the pyne of helle!  
For many a lovee hastow shent, and  
wilt;

Thy pouring in wol no-where lete hem  
dwelle. 1460

What proferestow thy light here for to  
selle?

Go selle it hem that smale seles graven,  
We wol thee nought, us nedeth no day  
haven.'

210. And eek the sonne Tytan gan he  
chyde,

And seyde, 'O fool, wel may men thee  
dispyse, 1465

That hast the Dawing al night by thy  
syde,

And suffrest hir so sone up fro thee ryse,  
For to disesen lovers in this wyse.

What! hold your bed ther, thou, and eek  
thy Morwe!

I bidde god, so yeve yow bothe sorwe!'

211. Therwith ful sore he sighte, and  
thus he seyde, 1471

'My lady right, and of my wale or wo  
The welle and rote, O goodly myn, Criseyde,  
And shal I ryse, allas! and shal I go?

Now fele I that myn herte moot a-two! 1475

For how sholde I my lyf an houre save,  
Sin that with yow is al the lyf I have?

212. What shal I doon, for certes, I not  
how,

Ne whanne, allas! I shal the tyme see,  
That in this plyt I may be eft with yow;  
And of my lyf, god woot how that shal  
be, 1481

Sin that desyr right now so byteth me,  
That I am deed anon, but I retourne.  
How sholde I longe, allas! fro yow so-  
journe?

213. But natheless, myn owene lady  
bright, 1485

Yit were it so that I wiste outrely,  
That I, your humble servaunt and your  
knight,

Were in your herte set so fermely  
As ye in myn, the which thing, trewely,  
Me lever were than thise worldes tweyne,  
Yet sholde I bet enduren al my payne.'

214. To that Criseyde answerde right  
anon, 1492

And with a syk she seyde, 'O herte dere,  
The game, y-wis, so ferforth now is goon,  
That first shal Phebus falle fro his s pere,  
And every egle been the dowves fere, 1496  
And every roche out of his place starte,  
Er Troilus out of Criseydes herte!

215. Ye be so depe in-with myn herte  
grave,

That, though I wolde it turne out of my  
thought, 1500

As wialy verray god my soule save,  
To dyen in the payne, I coude nought!  
And, for the love of god that us hath  
wrought,

Lat in your brayn non other fantasye  
So crepe, that it cause me to dye! 1505

216. And that ye me wolde han as faste  
in minde

As I have yow, that wolde I yow bi-seche;  
And, if I wiste soothly that to finde,  
God mighte not a poynt my joyes eche!  
But, herte myn, with-oute more speche,  
Beth to me trewe, or elles were it routhe;  
For I am thyn, by god and by my trouthe!

217. Beth glad for-thy, and live in siker-  
nesse;

Thus seyde I never er this, ne shal to  
mo; 1514

And if to yow it were a gret gladnesse  
To turne ayein, soone after that ye go,  
As fayn wolde I as ye, it were so,  
As wisly god myn herte bringe at reste!  
And him in armes took, and ofte keste.

218. Agayns his wil, sin it mot nedes be,  
This Troilus up roos, and faste him  
cledde, 1521

And in his armes took his lady free  
An hundred tyme, and on his wey him  
spedde,

And with swich wordes as his herte  
bledde,

He seyde, 'farewel, my dere herte swete,  
Ther god us graunte sounde and sone to  
mete!' 1526

219. To which no word for sorwe she  
answerde,

So sore gan his parting hir destreyne;  
And Troilus un-to his palays ferde,  
As woo bigon as she was, sooth to seyne;  
So hard him wrong of sharp desyr the  
peyne 1531

For to ben eft there he was in plesaunce,  
That it may never out of his remem-  
braunce.

220. Retorned to his real palais, sone 1534  
He softe in-to his bed gan for to slinke,

To slepe longe, as he was wont to done,  
But al for nought; he may wel ligge and  
winke,

But sleep ne may ther in his herte  
sinke;

Thenkinge how she, for whom desyr him  
brende,

A thousand-fold was worth more than he  
wende. 1540

221. And in his thought gan up and doun  
to winde

Hir wordes alle, and every contenaunce,  
And fermely impressen in his minde

The laste poynt that to him was plesaunce;  
And verrayliche, of thilke remembraunce,

Desyr al newe him brende, and lust to  
brede 1546

Gan more than erst, and yet took he non  
hede.

222. Criseyde also, right in the same wyse,  
Of Troilus gan in hir herte shette 1549

His worthinesse, his lust, his dedes wyse,  
His gentillesse, and how she with him  
mette,

Thenkinge love he so wel hir bisette;

Desyring eft to have hir herte dere  
In swich a plyt, she dorste make him  
chere.

223. Pandare, a-morwe which that comen  
was 1555

Un-to his nece, and gan hir fayre grete,  
Seyde, 'al this night so reyned it, alas!

That al my drede is that ye, nece swete,  
Han litel layser had to slepe and mete;

Al night,' quod he, 'hath reyn so do me  
wake, 1560

That som of us, I trowe, hir hedes aka.'

224. And ner he com, and seyde, 'how  
stont it now

This mary morwe, nece, how can ye fare?'

Criseyde answerde, 'never the bet for yow,  
Fox that ye been, god yeve your herte  
care! 1565

God helpe me so, ye caused al this fare,  
Trow I,' quod she, 'for alle your wordes  
whyte;

O! who-so seeth yow knoweth yow ful  
lyte!'

225. With that she gan hir face for to  
wrye

With the shete, and wax for shame al  
reed; 1570

And Pandarus gan under for to pryde,  
And seyde, 'nece, if that I shal ben deed,  
Have here a sward, and smyteth of myn  
heed.'

With that his arm al sodeynly he thriste  
Under hir nekke, and at the laste hir  
kiste. 1575

226. I passe al that which chargeth  
nought to seye,

What! God foryaf his deeth, and she  
al-so



Foryaf, and with hir uncle gan to pleye,  
 For other cause was ther noon than so.  
 But of this thing right to the effect to go,  
 Whan tyme was, hom til hir hous she  
 wente, 1581  
 And Pandarus hath fully his entente.

227. Now torne we ayein to Troilus,  
 That restelees ful longe a-bedde lay,  
 And prevely sente after Pandarus, 1585  
 To him to come in al the haste he may.  
 He com anon, nought ones seyde he  
 'nay,'  
 And Troilus ful sobrelly he grette,  
 And down upon his beddes syde him  
 sette. 1589

228. This Troilus, with al the affeccoun  
 Of frendes love that herte may devyse,  
 To Pandarus on kneës fil adoun,  
 And er that he wolde of the place aryse,  
 He gan him thonken in his beste wyse;  
 A hondred sythe he gan the tyme blesse,  
 That he was born to bringe him fro  
 distresse. 1596

229. He seyde, 'O frend, of frendes th'  
 alderbeste  
 That ever was, the sothe for to telle,  
 Thou hast in hevене y-brought my soule  
 at reste  
 Fro Flegiton, the fery flood of helle; 1600  
 That, though I mighte a thousand tymes  
 selle,  
 Upon a day, my lyf in thy servyse,  
 It mighte nought a mote in that suffyse.

230. The sonne, which that al the world  
 may see,  
 Saw never yet, my lyf, that dar I leye,  
 So inly fair and goodly as is she, 1606  
 Whos I am al, and shal, til that I deye;  
 And, that I thus am hires, dar I seye,  
 That thanked be the heighe worthinesse  
 Of love, and eek thy kinde business. 1610

231. Thus hastow me no litel thing y-yive,  
 Fo which to thes obliged be for ay  
 My lyf, and why? for thorough thyn help  
 I live;  
 For elles deed hadde I be many a day.'

And with that word down in his bed he  
 lay, 1615  
 And Pandarus ful sobrelly him herde  
 Til al was seyde, and thanne he him  
 answerde:

232. 'My dere frend, if I have doon for  
 thee  
 In any cas, god wot, it is me leef;  
 And am as glad as man may of it be, 1620  
 God help me so; but tak now not a-greef  
 That I shal seyn, be war of this myscheef,  
 That, there-as thou now brought art in-to  
 blisse,  
 That thou thy-self ne cause it nought to  
 misse.

233. For of fortunes sharp adversitee 1625  
 The worst kinde of infortune is this,  
 A man to have ben in prosperitee,  
 And it remembren, whan it passed is.  
 Thou art wys y-nough, for-thy do nought  
 amis;  
 Be not to rakel, though thou sitte  
 warme, 1630  
 For if thou be, certeyn, it wol thee  
 harme.

234. Thou art at ese, and hold thee wel  
 ther-inne.  
 For also seur as reed is every fyr,  
 As greet a craft is kepe wel as winne;  
 Brydle alwey wel thy speche and thy  
 desyr. 1635  
 For worldly joye halt not but by a wyr;  
 That preveth wel, it brest alday so ofte;  
 For-thy nede is to werke with it softe.'

235. Quod Troilus, 'I hope, and god to-  
 forn,  
 My dere frend, that I shal so me bere,  
 That in my gilt ther shal no thing be  
 lorn, 1641  
 N' I nil not rakle as for to greven here;  
 It nedeth not this matere ofte tere;  
 For wistestow myn herte wel, Pandare,  
 God woot, of this thou woldest lital care.'

236. Tho gan he telle him of his glade  
 night. 1646  
 And wher-of first his herte dredde, and  
 how,

And seyde, 'freend, as I am trewe knight,  
And by that feyth I shal to god and yow,  
I hadde it never half so hote as now; 1650  
And ay the more that desyr me byteth  
To love hir best, the more it me delyteth.

257. I noot my-self not wisly what it is ;  
But now I fele a newe qualitee,  
Ye, al another than I dide er this.' 1655  
Pandare answerde, and seyde thus, that he  
That ones may in hevne blisse be,  
He feleth other weyes, dar I leye,  
Than thilke tyme he first harde of it seye.

258. This is o word for al ; this Troilus  
Was never ful, to speke of this matere,  
And for to preysen un-to Pandarus 1662  
The bountee of his righte lady dera,  
And Pandarus to thanke and maken  
chere.

This tale ay was span-newe to biginne 1665  
Til that the night departed hem a-twinne.

259. Sone after this, for that fortune it  
wolde,

I-comen was the blisful tyme swete,  
That Troilus was warned that he sholde,  
Ther he was erst, Criseyde his lady  
mete ; 1670  
For which he felte his herte in joye  
flete ;  
And feythfully gan alle the goddes herie ;  
And lat see now if that he can be marie.

240. And holden was the forme and al  
the wyse,

Of hir cominge, and eek of his also, 1675  
As it was erst, which nedeth nought  
devyse.

But playnly to the effect right for to go,  
In joye and seurte Pandarus hem two  
A-bedde broughte, whan hem bothe leste,  
And thus they ben in quiete and in  
resta. 1680

241. Nought nedeth it to yow, sin they  
ben met,

To aske at me if that they blythe were ;  
For if it erst was wel, tho was it bet  
A thousand-fold, this nedeth not enqueren.  
A-gon was every sorwe and every fere ;

And bothe, y-wis, they hadde, and so  
they wende, 1686  
As muche joye as herte may comprنده.

242. This is no litel thing of for to seye,  
This passeth every wit for to devyse ; 1689  
For eche of hem gan othres lust obeie ;  
Felicitee, which that thise clerkes wyse  
Commenden so, ne may not here suffyse.  
This joye may not writen been with inke,  
This passeth al that herte may bithinke.

243. But cruel day, so wel-away the  
stounde ! 1695

Gan for to aproche, as they by signes  
knewe,

For whiche hem thoughte felen dethes  
wounde ;

So wo was hem, that changen gan hir  
hewe, 1698

And day they gonnen to dispyse al newe,  
Calling it traytour, envions, and worse,  
And bitterly the dayes light they curse.

244. Quod Troilus, 'allas ! now am I war  
That Pirons and tho swiftes stedes thre,  
Whiche that drawn forth the sonnes  
char,

Han goon som by-path in despyt of me ;  
That maketh it so sone day to be ; 1706

And, for the sonne him hasteth thus to  
ryse,  
Ne shal I never doon him sacrifysen !'

245. But nedes day departe moste hem  
sone,

And whanne hir speche doon was and hir  
chere, 1710

They twinne anon as they were wont to  
done,

And setten tyme of meting eft y-fere ;  
And many a night they wroughte in this  
manere.

And thus Fortune a tyme ladde in joye  
Criseyde, and eek this kinges sone of  
Troye. 1715

246. In suffisaunce, in blisse, and in sing-  
inges,

This Troilus gan al his lyf to lede ;  
He spendeth, justeth, maketh t-festey-  
inges ;

He yeveth frely ofte, and chaungeth  
wede, 1719  
And held aboute him alwey, out of drede,  
A world of folk, as cam him wel of kinde,  
The fresheste and the beste he coude  
finde;

247. That swich a voys was of him and  
a stevene

Thorough-out the world, of honour and  
largesse, 1724

That it up rong un-to the yate of hevene.  
And, as in love, he was in swich gladnesse,  
That in his herte he demede, as I gesse,  
That there nis lovers in this world at ese  
So wel as he, and thus gan love him  
plesa.

248. The godlihed or beautee which that  
kinde 1730

In any other lady hadde y-set  
Can not the mountaunce of a knot un-  
binde,

A-boute his herte, of al Criseydes net.  
He was so narwe y-masked and y-knet,  
That it undoon on any manere syde, 1735  
That nil not been, for ought that may  
betyde.

249. And by the hond ful ofte he wolde  
take

This Pandarus, and in-to gardin lede,  
And swich a feste and swich a proces  
make 1739

Him of Criseyde, and of hir womanhede,  
And of hir beautee, that, with-outen drede,  
It was an hevene his wordes to here;  
And thanne he wolde singe in this  
manere

250. 'Love, that of erthe and see hath  
governaunce,

Love, that his hestes hath in hevene hye,  
Love, that with an holsom alliaunce 1746  
Halt peples joyned, as him list hem gye,  
Love, that knetteth lawe of companye,  
And couples doth in vertu for to dwelle,  
Bind this acord, that I have told and  
telle; 1750

251. That that the world with feyth,  
which that is stable,  
Dyverseth so his stoundes conoordinge,

That elements that been so discordable  
Holden a bond perpetuely duringe,  
That Phebus mote his rosy day forth  
bringe, 1755  
And that the mone hath lordship over  
the nightes,  
Al this doth Love; ay heried be his  
mightes!

252. That that the see, that gredy is to  
flowen,

Constreyneth to a certeyn ende so 1759  
His fiodes, that so fersly they ne growen  
To drenchen erthe and al for ever-mo;  
And if that Love ought lete his brydel go,  
Al that now loveth a-sondar sholde lepe,  
And lost were al, that Love halt now to-  
hepe.

253. So wolde god, that auctor is of  
kinde, 1765

That, with his bond, Love of his vertu  
liste

To cerolen hertes alle, and faste binde,  
That from his bond no wight the wey out  
wiste.

And hertes colde, hem wolde I that he  
twiste

To make hem love, and that hem leste ay  
rewe 1770

On hertes sore, and kepe hem that ben  
trewe.'

254. In alle nedes, for the tounes werre,  
He was, and ay the firste in armes dight;  
And certeynly, but-if that bokes erre, 1774  
Save Ector, most y-drad of any wight;  
And this encrees of hardinesse and might  
Cam him of love, his ladies thank to  
winne,

That altered his spirit so with-inne.

255. In tyme of trewe, on haukinge wolde  
he ryde,

Or elles huntun boor, bare, or lyoun; 1780  
The smale bestes leet he gon bi-syde.  
And whan that he com rydinge in-to  
toun,

Ful ofte his lady, from hir window down,  
As fresh as faucon comen out of muwe,  
Ful redy was, him goodly to saluwe. 1785

256. And most of love and vertu was his  
speche,

And in despyt hadde alle wrecchednesse;  
And douteles, no nede was him biseche  
To honouren hem that hadde worthi-  
nesse, 1789

And esen hem that weren in distresse.  
And glad was he if any wight wel ferde,  
That lover was, whan he it wiste or herde.

257. For sooth to seyn, he lost held every  
wight

But-if he were in loves heigh servyse,  
I mene folk that oughte it been of right.  
And over al this, so wel coude he de-  
vyse 1796

Of sentement, and in so unkouth wyse  
Al his array, that every lover thoughte,  
That al was wel, what-so he seyde or  
wroughte.

258. And though that he be come of  
blood royal, 1800

Him liste of pryde at no wight for to  
chase;

Benigne he was to ech in general,

For which he gat him thank in every  
place.

Thus wolde Love, y-heried be his grace,  
That Pryde, Envy, Ire, and Avaryce 1805  
He gan to fle, and every other vyce.

259. Thou lady bright, the doughter to  
Dione,

Thy blinde and winged sone eek, daun  
Cypide;

Ye sustren nyne eek, that by Elicone  
In hil Parnaso listen for to abyde, 1810  
That ye thus fer han deynd me to gyde,  
I can no more, but sin that ye wol wende,  
Ye haried been for ay, with-uten ende!

260. Thourgh yow have I seyde fully in  
my song

Th'effect and joye of Troilus servyse, 1815  
Al be that ther was som disese among,  
As to myn auctor listeth to devyse.  
My thridde book now ende ich in this  
wyse;

And Troilus in luste and in quiete 1819  
Is with Criseyde, his owne herte swete.

Explicit Liber Tercius.

# BOOK IV.

## [Prohemium.]

1. But al to lital, weylaway the whyle,  
Lasteth swich joye, y-thonked be For-  
tune!

That semeth trewest, whan she wol  
bygyle,

And can to foles so hir song entune,  
That she hem hent and blent, traytour  
comune; 5

And whan a wight is from hir wheel  
y-throwe,

Than laugheth she, and maketh him the  
mowe.

2. From Troilus she gan hir brighte face  
Away to wrythe, and took of him non  
hede,

But caste him clene oute of his lady  
grace, 10

And on hir wheel she sette up Diomedé;  
For which right now myn herte ginneth  
blede,

And now my penne, alas! with which  
I wryte,  
Quaketh for drede of that I moot endyte.

3. For how Criseyde Troilus forsook, 15  
Or at the laste, how that she was un-  
kinde,

Mot hennes-forth ben matere of my  
book,

As wryten folk thorough which it is in  
minde.

Allas! that they shulde ever cause  
finde

To speke hir harm ; and if they on hir  
lye, 20  
Y-wis, hem-self sholde han the vilanye.

4. O ye Herines, Nightes doughtren three,  
That andeles compleynen ever in pyne,  
Megera, Alete, and eek Thesiphone ;  
Thou cruel Mars pek, fader to Quiryne, 25  
This ilke ferthe book me helpeth fyne,  
So that the los of lyf and love y-fere  
Of Troilus be fully shewed here.

Explicit † prohemium. Incipit Quartus  
Liber.

5. LUGGYN in oet, as I have seyde er this,  
The Grekes stronge, aboute Troye toun, 30  
Bifel that, whan that Phebus shynyn is  
Up-on the brest of Hercules Iyouun,  
That Ector, with ful many a bold baroun,  
Caste on a day with Grekes for to fighte,  
As he was wont to greve hem what he  
mighta. 35

6. Not I how longe or short it was bi-  
twene  
This purpos and that day they fighte  
mente ;  
But on a day wel armed, bright and  
shene,  
Ector, and many a worthy wight out  
wente,  
With spere in hond and bigge bowes  
bente ; 40  
And in the berd, with-oute lenger lette,  
Hir fomen in the feld anoon hem mette.

7. The longe day, with speres sharpe  
y-grounde,  
With arwes, dartes, swerdes, maces felle,  
They fighte and bringen hors and man  
to grounde, 45  
And with hir axes out the braynes quelle.  
But in the laste shour, sooth for to telle,  
The folk of Troye hem-selven so mis-  
ladden,  
That with the worse at night homward  
they fledden.

8. At whiche day was taken Antenor, 50  
Maugre Polydamas or Monesteo,  
Santippe, Sarpedon, Polynestor,

Polyte, or eek the Trojan daun Ripheo,  
And othere lasse folk, as Phebusseo.  
So that, for harm, that day the folk of  
Troye 55  
Dredde to lese a greet part of hir joye.

9. Of Pryamus was yeve, at Greek re-  
queste,  
A tyme of trewe, and tho they gonnen  
trete,  
Hir prisoner to chaungen, moste and  
leste, 59  
And for the surplus yeven sommes grete.  
This thing anoon was couth in every  
strete,  
Bothe in th'assege, in tounne, and every-  
where,  
And with the firste it cam to Calkas ere.

10. Whan Calkas knew this tretis sholde  
holde,  
In consistoria, among the Grekes, sone 65  
He gan in thringe forth, with lordes olde,  
And sette him there-as he was wont to  
done ;  
And with a chaunged face hem bad a  
bone,  
For love of god, to don that reverence,  
To stinte noyse, and yeve him audience.

11. Thanne seyde he thus, 'lo ! lordes  
myne, I was 71  
Trojan, as it is knowen out of drede ;  
And if that yow remembre, I am Calkas,  
That alderfirst yaf comfort to your nede,  
And tolde wel how that ye sholden spede.  
For dredelees, thorough yow, shal, in a  
stounde, 76  
Ben Troye y-brand, and beten down to  
grounde.

12. And in what forme, or in what maner  
wyse  
This town to shende, and al your lust to  
acheve,  
Ye han er this wel herd it me devyse ; 80  
This knowe ye, my lordes, as I leve.  
And for the Grekes waren me so leve,  
I com my-self in my propre persone,  
To teche in this how yow was best to  
done ;

18. Havinge un-to my tresour ne my  
rente 85

Right no resport, to respect of your ese.  
Thus al my good I loste and to yow  
wente,

Wening in this yow, lordes, for to plesse.  
But al that los ne doth me no disese.  
I vouche-sauf, as wisely have I joye, 90  
For you to lese al that I have in Troye,

14. Save of a daughter, that I lafte, alas!  
Slepinge at hoom, whanne out of Troye  
I sterta.

O sterne, O cruel fader that I was!  
How mighte I have in that so hard an  
herte? 95

Allas! I ne hadde y-brought hir in hir  
sherte!

For sorwe of which I wol not live to  
morwe,  
But-if ye lordes rewe up-on my sorwe.

15. For, by that cause I say no tyme er  
now

Hir to delivere, I holden have my pees;  
But now or never, if that it lyke yow, 101  
I may hir have right sone, doutelees.  
O help and grace! amonges al this prees,  
Rewe on this olde caitif in destresse,  
Sin I through yow have al this hevynesse!

16. Ye have now caught and fetered in  
prisoun 106

Trojans y-nowe; and if your willes be,  
My child with oon may have redempcioun.  
Now for the love of god and of bountee,  
Oon of so fele, alas! so yewe him me. 110  
What nede were it this prayere for to  
werne,

Sin ye shul bothe han folk and toun as  
yerne?

17. On peril of my lyf, I shal not lye,  
Appollo hath me told it feithfully;  
I have eek founde it by astronomye, 115  
By sort, and by angurie eek trewely,  
And dar wel seye, the tyme is faste by,  
That fyr and flaumbe on al the toun shal  
sprede;  
And thus shal Troye turne in ashen  
dede.

18. For certeyn, Phebus and Neptunus  
bothe, 120

That makeden the walles of the toun,  
Ben with the folk of Troye alwey so  
wrothe,

That thei wol bringe it to confusioun,  
Right in despyt of king Lameadoun. 124  
By-cause he nolde payen hem hir hyre,  
The toun of Troye shal ben set on-fyre.'

19. Telling his tale alwey, this olde greye,  
Humble in speche, and in his lokinge eke,  
The salte teres from his eyen tweye 129  
Ful faste ronnen down by eyther cheke.  
So longe he gan of socour hem by-seke  
That, for to hale him of his sorwes sore,  
They yave him Antenor, with-oute more.

20. But who was glad y-nough but Calkas  
tho?

And of this thing ful sone his nedes  
leyde 135

On hem that sholden for the tretis go,  
And hem for Antenor ful ofte preyde  
To bringen hoom king Toas and Criseyde;  
And whan Pryam his save-garde sente,  
Th'embassadours to Troye streyght they  
wente. 140

21. The cause y-told of hir cominge, the  
olde

Pryam the king ful sone in general  
Let here-upon his parlement to holde,  
Of which the effect rehersen yow I shal.  
Th'embassadours ben answered for fynal,  
Th'eschaunge of prisoners and al this  
nede 146  
Hem lyketh wel, and forth in they pro-  
ceda.

22. This Troilus was present in the place,  
Whan axed was for Antenor Criseyde,  
For which ful sone chaungen gan his face,  
As he that with tho wordes wel neigh  
deyde. 151

But nathelees, he no word to it seyde,  
Lest men sholde his affeccioun espye;  
With mannes herte he gan his sorwes  
drye.

23. And ful of angniah and of grisly  
drede 155

Abod what lordes wolde un-to it seye;

And if they wolde graunte, as god for-  
bede,

Th'eschaunge of hir, than thoughte he  
thinges tweye,

First, how to save hir honour, and what  
weye

He mighte best th'eschaunge of hir with-  
stonde; 160

Ful faste he caste how al this mighte  
stonde.

24. Love him made al prest to doon hir  
byde,

And rather dye than she sholde go;

But resoun seyde him, on that other syde,

'With-oute assent of hir ne do not so, 165

Lest for thy werk she wolde be thy fo,

And seyn, that thorough thy medling is  
y-blowe

Your bother love, there it was erst un-  
knowe.'

25. For which he gan deliberen, for the  
beste,

That though the lordes wolde that she  
wente, 170

He wolde late hem graunte what hem  
leste,

And telle his lady first what that they  
mente.

And whan that she had seyde him hir  
entente,

Ther-after wolde he werken also blyve,  
Though al the world ayein it wolde  
stryve. 175

26. Ector, which that wel the Grekes  
herde,

For Antenor how they wolde han Cri-  
seyde,

Gan it withstonde, and sobroly an-  
swerde:—

'Sires, she nis no prisoner,' he seyde;

'I noot on yow who that this charge  
leyde, 180

But, on my part, ye may eft-sone him  
telle,

We usen here no wommen for to selle.'

27. The noyse of peple up-stirte thanne  
at ones,

As brems as blase of straw y-set on fyre;

For infortune it wolde, for the nones, 185  
They sholden hir confusioun desyre.

'Ector,' quod they, 'what goost may yow  
enspyre,

This womman thus to shilde and doon us  
lese

Daun Antenor?—a wrong wey now ye  
chese—

28. That is so wys, and eek so bold baroun,  
And we han nede of folk, as men may  
see; 191

He is eek oon, the grettest of this town;

O Ector, lat tho fantasyes be!

O king Pryam,' quod they, 'thus seggen  
we, 194

That al our voys is to for-gon Criseyde;'

And to deliveren Antenor they preyde.

29. O Juvenal, lord! trewe is thy sen-  
tence,

That litel witen folk what is to yerne

That they ne finde in hir desyr offence;

For cloud of errour lat hem not descerne  
What best is; and lo, here ensample as  
yerne. 201

This folk desiren now deliveraunce

Of Antenor, that broughte hem to mis-  
chaunce!

30. For he was after traytour to the town  
Of Troye; alas! they quitte him out to  
rathe; 205

O nyce world, lo, thy discrecioun!

Criseyde, which that never dide hem  
skathe,

Shal now no lenger in hir blisse bathe;

But Antenor, he shal com hoom to tounne,

And she shal out thus sayden here and  
howne. 210

31. For which delibered was by parle-  
ment,

For Antenor to yelden up Criseyde,

And it pronounced by the president,

Al-theigh that Ector 'nay' ful ofte  
preyde.

And fynaly, what wight that it with-  
seyde, 215

It was for nought; it meste been, and  
sholde;

For substance of the parlement it wolde.

82. Departed out of parlement echone,  
This Troilus, with-oute wordes mo,  
Un-to his chaumbre spedde him faste  
allone, 220

But-if it were a man of his or two,  
The whiche he had out faste for to go,  
By-cause he wolde alepen, as he seyde,  
And hastily up-on his bed him leyde.

83. And as in winter leues been biraft, 225  
Eche after other, til the tree be bare,  
So that ther nis but bark and braunche  
y-laft,

Lyth Troilus, biraft of ech wel-fare,  
Y-bounden in the blake bark of care,  
Disposed wood out of his wit to breyde,  
So sore him sat the chaunginge of Cri-  
seyde. 231

84. He rist him up, and every dore he  
shette  
And windowe eek, and tho this sorweful  
man

Up-on his beddes syde a-down him sette,  
Ful lyk a deed image pale and wan; 235  
And in his brest the heped wo bigan  
Out-breste, and he to werken in this  
wyse

In his woodnesse, as I shal yow devyse.

85. Right as the wilde bole biginneth  
springe

Now here, now there, y-darted to the  
herte, 240  
And of his deeth roreth in compleyninge,  
Right so gan he aboute the chaumbre  
sterre,

Smyting his brest ay with his festes  
smerte;

His heed to the wal, his body to the  
grounde

Ful ofte he swapte, him-selven to con-  
founde. 245

86. His eyen two, for pitee of his herte,  
Out stremeden as swifte welles tweye;  
The heighe sobbes of his sorwes smerte  
His speche him rafte, unnethes mighte  
he seye, 249

'O deeth, allas! why niltow do me deye?  
A-cursed be the day which that nature  
Shoop me to ben a lyves creature!'

87. But after, whan the furie and the  
rage

Which that his herte twiste and faste  
threste, 254

By lengthe of tyme somewhat gan asswage,  
Up-on his bed he leyde him down to reste;  
But tho the bigonne his teres more out-breste,  
That wonder is, the body may suffice  
To half this wo, which that I yow devyse.

88. Than seyde he thus, 'Fortune! allas  
the whye! 260

What have I doon, what have I thus  
a-gilt?

How mightestow for reuthe me bigyle?  
Is ther no grace, and shal I thus be spilt?  
Shal thus Criseyde away, for that thou  
wilt? 264

Allas! how maystow in thyn herte finde  
To been to me thus cruel and unkinde?

89. Have I thee nought honoured al my  
lyve,

As thou wel wost, above the goddes alle?  
Why wiltow me fro joye thus deprive?  
O Troilus, what may men now thee calle  
But wrecche of wrecches, out of honour  
falle 271

In-to miserie, in which I wol biwayle  
Criseyde, allas! til that the breeth me  
fayle?

40. Allas, Fortune! if that my lyf in joye  
Displeed hadde un-to thy foule envye,  
Why ne haddestow my fader, king of  
Troye, 276

By-raft the lyf, or doon my bretheren dye,  
Or slayn my-self, that thus compleyne  
and crye,

I, combre-world, that may of no-thing  
serve,

But ever dye, and never fully starve? 280

41. If that Criseyde allone were me left,  
Nought roughte I whider thou woldest  
me stere;

And hir, allas! than hastow me biraft.  
But ever-more, lo! this is thy manere,  
To reve a wight that most is to him dere,  
To preve in that thy gerful violence. 286  
Thus am I lost, ther helpeth no defence.



42. O verray lord of love, O god, alas !  
That knowest best myn herte and al my  
thought,

What shal my sorwful lyf don in this cas  
If I for-go that I so dere have bought ? 291  
Sin ye Cryseyde and me han fully brought  
In-to your grace, and bothe our hertes  
seled,

How may ye suffre, alas ! it be repeled ?

43. What I may doon, I shal, whyl I may  
dure 295

On lyve in torment and in cruel peyne,  
This infortune or this disaventure,  
Allone as I was born, y-wis, compleyne ;  
Ne never wil I seen it shyne or reyne ;  
But ende I wil, as Edippe, in derknesse  
My sorwful lyf, and dyen in distresse. 301

44. O wery goost, that errest to and fro,  
Why niltow fleen out of the wofulleste  
Body, that ever mighte on grounde go ?  
O soule, lurking in this wo, unneste, 305  
Flee forth out of myn herte, and lat it  
breste,

And folwe alwey Criseyde, thy lady dere ;  
Thy righte place is now no longer here !

45. O wofulle eyen two, sin your disport  
Was al to seen Criseydes eyen brighte,  
What shal ye doon but, for my discom-  
fort, 311

Stonden for nought, and wepen out your  
sightes ?

Sin she is queynt, that wont was yow to  
lighte,

In veyn fro-this-forth have I eyen tweye  
Y-formed, sin your vertue is a-weye. 315

46. O my Criseyde, O lady sovereyne  
Of thilke woful soule that thus cryeth,  
Who shal nowyeven comfort to my payne ?  
Allas, no wight ; but when myn herte  
dyeth,

My spirit, which that so un-to yow hyeth,  
Receyve in gree, for that shal ay yow  
serve ; 321

For-thy no fors is, though the body sterve.

47. O ye loveres, that heighe upon the  
wheel

Ben set of Fortune, in good aventure,

God leve that ye finde ay love of steel, 325  
And longe mot your lyf in joye endure !  
But whan ye comen by my sepulture,  
Remembreth that your felawe resteth  
there ;

For I lovede eek, though I unworthy  
were. 329

48. O olde unholsom and mislyved man,  
Calkas I mene, alas ! what eyeth thee  
To been a Greek, sin thou art born  
Trojan ?

O Calkas, which that wilt my bane be,  
In cursed tyme was thou born for me !  
As wolde bliaful Jove, for his joye, 335  
That I thee hadda, where I wolde, in  
Troye !'

49. A thousand sykes, hottere than the  
glede,

Out of his brest ech after other wente,  
Medled with pleyntes newe, his wo to  
fede, 339

For which his woful teres never stente ;  
And shortly, so his paynes him to-rente,  
And wax so mat, that joye nor penaunce  
He feleth noon, but lyth forth in a traunce.

50. Pandare, which that in the parlement  
Hadde herd what every lord and burgeys  
seyde, 345

And how ful graunted was, by oon assent,  
For Antenor to yelden so Criseyde,  
Gan wel neigh wood out of his wit to  
breyde,

So that, for wo, he niste what he mente ;  
But in a rees to Troilus he wente. 350

51. A certeyn knight, that for the tyme  
kepte

The chaumbre-dore, un-dide it him anon ;  
And Pandare, that ful tendrelliche wepte,  
In-to the derke chaumbre, as stille as  
stoon,

Toward the bed gan softly to goon, 355  
So confus, that he niste what to seye ;  
For verray wo his wit was neigh aweye.

52. And with his chere and loking al  
to-torn,

For sorwe of this, and with his armes  
folden,

He stood this woful Troilus biforn, 360  
And on his pitous face he gan biholden;  
But lord, so often gan his herte colden,  
Seing his freend in wo, whos heviness  
His herte slow, as thoughte him, for dis-  
tresse.

53. This woful wight, this Troilus, that  
felte 365  
His freend Pandare y-comen him to see,  
Gan as the snow ayein the sonne melte,  
For which this sorwful Pandare, of pitee,  
Gan for to wepe as tendreliehe as he;  
And specheles thus been thise ilke tweye,  
That neyther mighte o word for sorwe  
seye. 371

54. But at the laste this woful Troilus,  
Ney deed for smert, gan bresten out to  
rore,  
And with a sorwful noyse he seyde thus,  
Among his sobbes and his sykes sore, 375  
'Lo! Pandare, I am deed, with-outen  
more.  
Hastow nought herd at parlement,' he  
seyde,  
'For Antenor how lost is my Criseyde?'

55. This Pandarus, ful deed and pale of  
hewe,  
Ful pitously answerde and seyde, 'yis!  
As wisly were it fals as it is trewe, 381  
That I have herd, and wot al how it is.  
O mercy, god, who wolde have trowed  
this?  
Who wolde have wend that, in so litel  
a throwe, 384  
Fortune our joye wolde han over-throwe?

56. For in this world ther is no creature,  
As to my doom, that ever saw ruyne  
Straungere than this, thorough cas or  
aventure.  
But who may al eschewe or al devyne?  
Swich is this world; for-thy I thus de-  
fyne, 390  
†Ne truste no wight finden in Fortune  
Ay propretee; hir yeftes been comune.

57. But tel me this, why thou art now so  
mad  
To sorwen thus? Why lystow in this  
wyse,

Sin thy desyr al holly hastow had, 395  
So that, by right, it oughte y-now suffyse?  
But I, that never felte in my servyse  
A frendly chere or loking of an y8,  
Lat me thus wepe and wayle, til I dye.

58. And over al this, as thou wel wost  
thy-selve, 400  
This town is ful of ladies al aboute;  
And, to my doom, fairer than swiche  
twelve  
As ever she was, shal I finde, in som  
route,  
Ye, oon or two, with-outen any doute. 404  
For-thy be glad, myn owene dere brother,  
If she be lost, we shul recovere another.

59. What, god for-bede alwey that ech  
plessaunce  
In o thing were, and in non other wight!  
If oon can singe, another can wel daunce;  
If this be goodly, she is glad and light;  
And this is fayr, and that can good  
a-right. 411  
Ech for his vertu holden is for dere,  
Bothe heroner and fanoon for riverse.

60. And eek, as writ Zanzis, that was ful  
wys,  
"The newe love out chaceth ofte the  
olde;" 415  
And up-on newe cas lyth newe avya.  
Thenk eek, thy-self to saven artow holde;  
Swich fyr, by proces, shal of kinde colde.  
For sin it is but casual plessaunce,  
Som cas shal putte it out of remem-  
braunce. 420

61. For al-so seur as day cometh after  
night,  
The newe love, labour or other wo,  
Or elles selde seinge of a wight,  
Don olde affeccounns alle over-go.  
And, for thy part, thou shalt have oon of  
tho 425  
To abrigge with thy bittre paynes smerte;  
Absence of hir shal dryve hir out of herte.'

62. Thise wordes seyde he for the nones  
alle,  
To helpe his freend, lest he for sorwe  
dayde.

For douteles, to doon his wo to falle, 430  
He rouhte not what unthrift that he  
seyde.

But Troilus, that neigh for sorwe deyde,  
Tok litel hede of al that ever he mente;  
Oon ere it herde, at the other out it  
wente:—

63. But at the laste answerde and seyde,  
'freend, 435

This lechecraft, or heled thus to be,  
Were wel sitting, if that I were a feend,  
To traysen hir that trewe is unto me!  
I pray god, lat this consayl never y-thee;  
But do me rather starve anon-right  
here 440  
Er I thus do as thou me woldest lere.

64. She that I serve, y-wis, what so thou  
seye,  
To whom myn herte enhabit is by right,  
Shal han me holly hires til that I deye.  
For, Pandarus, sin I have trouthe hir  
hight, 445  
I wol not been untrewes for no wight;  
But as hir man I wol ay live and starve,  
And never other creature serve.

65. And ther thou seyst, thou shalt as  
faire finde

As she, lat be, make no comparisoun 450  
To creature y-formed here by kinde.

O leve Pandare, in conclusioun,  
I wol not be of thyn opinioun,  
Touching al this; for whiche I thee bi-  
seche,  
So hold thy pees; thou sleest me with  
thy speche. 455

66. Thow biddest me I sholde love an-  
other

Al freshly newe, and lat Criseyde go!  
It lyth not in my power, leve brother.  
And though I mighte, I wolde not do so.  
But canstow playen raket, to and fro, 460  
Netle in, dokke out, now this, now that,  
Pandare?

Now foule falle hir, for thy wo that care!

67. Thow farest eek by me, thou Pan-  
darus,

As he, that whan a wight is wo bi-goon,

He cometh to him a pas, and seyth right  
thus, 465

"Think not on smert, and thou shalt fele  
noon."

Thou most me first transmuwen in a  
stoon,

And reve me my passiounes alle,

Er thou so lightly do my wo to falle.

68. The deeth may wel out of my brest  
departe 470

The lyf, so longe may this sorwe myne;  
But fro my soule shal Criseydes darte  
Out never-mo; but doun with Proserpyne,  
Whan I am deed, I wol go wone in pyne;  
And ther I wol eternally compleyne 475  
My wo, and how that twinned be we  
tweyne.

69. Thow hast here maad an argument,  
for fyn,

How that it sholde lasse payne be  
Criseyde to for-goon, for she was myn,  
And live in ees and in felicitee. 480  
Why gabbeestow, that seydest thus to me  
That "him is wors that is fro wele y-  
throwe,

Than he hadde erst non of that wele  
y-knowe?"

70. But tel me now, sin that thee thinketh  
so light

To chaungen so in love, ay to and fro, 485  
Why hastow not don bisily thy might  
To chaungen hir that doth thee al thy wo?  
Why niltow lete hir fro thyn herte go?  
Why niltow love an-other lady swete,  
That may thyn herte setten in quiete?

71. If thou hast had in love ay yet mis-  
chaunce, 491

And canst it not out of thyn herte dryve,  
I, that livede in lust and in plesaunce  
With hir as muche as creature on-lyve,  
How sholde I that foryete, and that so  
blyve? 495

O where hastow ben hid so longe in mune,  
That canst so wel and formely arguwe?

72. Nay, nay, god wot, nought worth is al  
thy reed,

For which, for what that ever may bifalle,

With-outen wordes mo, I wol be deed. 500  
 O deeth, that enders art of sorwes alle,  
 Com now, sin I so ofte after thee calle;  
 For sely is that deeth, soth for to seyne,  
 That, ofte y-cleped, cometh and endeth  
 peyne.

73. Wel wot I, wnyl my lyf was in quiete,  
 Er thou me slowe, I wolde have yeven  
 hyre; 506  
 But now thy comunge is to me so swete,  
 That in this world I no-thing so desyre.  
 O deeth, sin with this sorwe I am a-fyre,  
 Thou outhur dome anon in teres drenche,  
 Or with thy colde strook myn hete  
 quenche! 511

74. Sin that thou sleest so fele in sondry  
 wyse  
 Ayens hir wil, unpreyed, day and night,  
 Do me, at my requeste, this servyse,  
 Delivere now the world, so dostow right,  
 Of me, that am the wofulleste wight 516  
 That ever was; for tyme is that I sterve,  
 Sin in this world of right nought may  
 I serve.'

75. This Troilus in teres gan distille,  
 As licour out of alambyk ful faste; 520  
 And Pandarus gan holde his tunge stille,  
 And to the ground his eyen down he  
 caste.  
 But natheles, thus thoughte he at the  
 laste,  
 'What, parde, rather than my felawe  
 deye,  
 Yet shal I som-what more un-to him seye:'

76. And seyde, 'freend, sin thou hast  
 swich distresse, 526  
 And sin thee list myn arguments to blame,  
 Why nilt thy-selven helpen doon redresse,  
 And with thy manhod letten al this  
 grame?  
 Go ravyshe hir ne canstow not for shame!  
 And outhur lat hir out of toun fare, 531  
 Or hold hir stilla, and leve thy nyce fare.

77. Artow in Troye, and hast non hardi-  
 ment  
 To take a womman which that loveth  
 thee,

And wolde hir-selven been of thyn assent?  
 Now is not this a nyce vanitee? 536  
 Rys up anon, and lat this weping be,  
 And kyth thou art a man, for in this  
 houre  
 I wil be deed, or she shal bleven ours.'

78. To this answerde him Troilus ful  
 softe, 540  
 And seyde, 'parde, leve brother dare,  
 Al this have I my-self yet thought ful ofte,  
 And more thing than thou devysest here.  
 But why this thing is left, thou shalt wel  
 here; 544  
 And whan thou me hast yeve an audience,  
 Ther-after mayst thou telle al thy sen-  
 tence.

79. First, sin thou wost this toun hath al  
 this werre  
 For ravysching of wommen so by might,  
 It sholde not be suffred me to erre, 549  
 As it stant now, ne doon so gret unright.  
 I sholde han also blame of every wight,  
 My fadres graunt if that I so withstode,  
 Sin she is chaunged for the tounes goode.

80. I have eek thought, so it were hir  
 assent,  
 To aske hir at my fader, of his grace; 555  
 Than thanke I, this were hir accusement,  
 Sin wel I woot I may hir not purchace.  
 For sin my fader, in so heigh a place  
 As parlement, hath hir eschaunge enseled,  
 He nil for me his lettre be repeled. 560

81. Yet drede I most hir herte to per-  
 tourbe  
 With violence, if I do swich a game;  
 For if I wolde it openly distourbe,  
 It moete ben disclaundre to hir nama.  
 And me were lever deed than hir defame,  
 As nolde god but-if I sholde have 566  
 Hir honour lever than my lyf to save!

82. Thus am I lost, for ought that I can  
 see;  
 For certeyn is, sin that I am hir knight,  
 I moete hir honour lever han than me  
 In every cas, as love oughte of right. 571  
 Thus am I with desyr and reison twight;

Desyr for to distourben hir me redeth,  
And reson nil not, so myn herte dredeth.'

83. Thus wepinge that he coude never  
cesse, 575  
He seyde, 'allas! how shal I, wreoche,  
fare?

For wel fele I alwey my love encrease,  
And hope is lasse and lasse alwey, Pan-  
dare!

Encressen eek the causes of my care;  
So wel-a-vey, why nil myn herte breste?  
For, as in love, ther is but lital resta.' 581

84. Pandare answerde, 'freend, thou  
mayst, for me,  
Don as thee list; but hadde ich it so hote,  
And thyn estat, she sholde go with me;  
Though al this toun cryede on this thing  
by note, 585

I nolde sette at al that noyse a grote.  
For when men han wel cryed, than wol  
they rounne;

A wonder last but nyne night never in  
toun.

85. Devyne not in reson ay so depe  
Ne curteysly, but help thy-self anon; 590  
Bet is that othere than thy-selven wepe,  
And namely, sin ye two been al oon.  
Bys up, for by myn heed, she shal not  
goon;

And rather be in blame a lyte y-founde  
Than sterve here as a gnat, with-oute  
wounde. 595

86. It is no shame un-to yow, ne no vyce  
Hir to with-holden, that ye loveth most.  
Paraunter, she mighte holden thee for  
nyce

To lete hir go thus to the Grekes ost.  
Think eek Fortune, as wel thy-selven  
woot, 600

Helpeth hardy man to his emprise,  
And weyvoth wreoche, for hir cowardyse.

87. And though thy lady wolde a lital hir  
greve,  
Thou shalt thy pees ful wel here-after  
make,

But as for me, certayn, I can not leve 605  
That she wolde it as now for yvel take.

Why sholde than for ferd thyn herte  
quake?

Think eek how Paris hath, that is thy  
brother,  
A love; and why shaltow not have  
another?

88. And Troilus, o thing I dar thee  
swere, 610

That if Criseyde, whiche that is thy leef,  
Now loveth thee as wel as thou dost here,  
God helpe me so, she nil not take a-greef,  
Though thou do bote a-noon in this  
mischeef.

And if she wilneth fro thee for to passe,  
Thanne is she fals; so love hir wel the  
lasse. 616

89. For-thy tak herte, and thenk, right as  
a knight,

Thourgh love is broken alday every lawe.  
Kyth now sumwhat thy courage and thy  
might,

Have mercy on thy-self, for any awa. 620  
Lat not this wreoched wo thin herte  
gnawe,

But manly set the world on sixe and  
sevene;  
And, if thou deye a martir, go to hevene.

90. I wol my-self be with thee at this  
dede,

Though ich and al my kin, up-on a  
stounde, 625

Shulle in a strete as dogges ligen dede,  
Thourgh-girt with many a wyd and bloddy  
wounde.

In every cas I wol a freend be founde.  
And if thee list here sterven as a wreoche,  
A-dieu, the' deval spede him that it  
recche!' 630

91. This Troilus gan with tho wordes  
quiken,

And seyde, 'freend, graunt mercy, ich  
assente;

But certaynly thou mayst not me so  
priken,

Ne peyne noon ne may me so tormenta,  
That, for no cas, it is not myn entente,  
At shorte wordes, though I dyen sholde,  
To ravisshe hir, but-if hir-self it wolde.' 637

92. 'Why, so mene I,' quod Pandarus, 'al  
this day.

But tel me than, hastow hir wel assayed,  
That sorwest thus?' And he answerde,  
'nay.' 640

'Wher-of artow,' quod Pandare, 'than  
a-mayed,

That noet not that she wol ben yvel  
apayed

To ravishe hir, sin thou hast not ben  
there,

But-if that Jove tolde it in thyn ere?

93. For-thy rys up, as nought ne were,  
anoon, 645

And wash thy face, and to the king thou  
wende,

Or he may wondren whider thou art goon.  
Thou moest with wisdom him and othere  
blende;

Or, up-on cas, he may after thee sende  
Er thou be war; and shortly, brother  
dere, 650

Be glad, and lat me werke in this matere.

94. For I shal shape it so, that sikerly  
Thou shalt this night som tyme, in som  
manere,

Com speke with thy lady prevely,  
And by hir wordes eek, and by hir chere,  
Thou shalt ful sone aparceyve and wel  
here 656

Al hir entente, and in this cas the beste;  
And fare now wel, for in this point I  
reste.'

95. The swifte Fame, whiche that false  
thinges

Egal reporteth lyk the thinges trewe, 660  
Was thorough-out Troye y-fled with preste  
winges

Fro man to man, and made this tale al  
newe,

How Calkas doughter, with hir brighte  
hewe,

At parlement, with-oute wordes more,  
I-graunted was in chaunge of Antenore. 665

96. The whiche tale anocon-right as Cri-  
seyde

Had herd, she which that of hir fader  
rougte,

As in this cas, right nought, ne whanne  
he deyde,

Ful bisily to Juppiter bisoughte  
Yeve him mischaunce that this tretis  
broughte. 670

But shortly, lest thise tales sothe were,  
She dorste at no wight asken it, for fere;

97. As she that hadde hir herte and al hir  
minde

On Troilus y-set so wonder faste,  
That al this world ne mighte hir love  
unbinde, 675

Ne Troilus out of hir herte caste;  
She wol ben his, whyl that hir lyf may  
laste.

And thus she brenneth bothe in love and  
drede,

So that she niste what was best to rede.

98. But as men seen in toune, and al  
aboute, 680

That women usen frendes to visyte,  
So to Criseyde of wommen com a route  
For pitous joye, and wenden hir delyte;  
And with hir tales, dere y-nough a myte,  
These women, whiche that in the cite  
dwelle, 685

They sette hem down, and seyde as I shal  
telle.

99. Quod first that oon, 'I am glad,  
trewely,

By-cause of yow, that shal your fader see.'  
A-nother seyde, 'y-wis, so nam not I;  
For al to litel hath she with us be.' 690  
Quod tho the thridde, 'I hope, y-wis,  
that she

Shal bringen us the pees on every syde,  
That, whan she gooth, almighty god hir  
gyde!'

100. Tho wordes and tho wommannishe  
thinges,

She herde hem right as though she  
thennes were; 695

For, god it wot, hir herte on other thing  
is,

Although the body sat among hem there.  
Hir advertence is alwey elles-where;  
For Troilus ful faste hir soule soughte;  
With-uten word, alwey on him she  
thoughte. 700

101. Thise wommen, that thus wenden  
hir to please,  
Aboute nought gonne alle hir tales  
spende;

Swich vanitee ne can don hir non ese,  
As she that, al this mene whyle, brende  
Of other passioun than that they wende,  
So that she felte almost hir herte dye 706  
For wo, and wery of that companye.

102. For which no lenger mighte she  
restreyne

Hir teres, so they gonnen up to welle,  
That yeven signes of the bitter payne 710  
In which hir spirit was, and moste  
dwelle;

Remembring hir, fro heven unto which  
helle

She fallen was, sith she forgoth the  
sighte

Of Troilus, and sorowfully she sighte. 714

108. And thilke foles sittinge hir aboute  
Wenden, that she wepte and syked sore  
By-cause that she sholde out of that route  
Departe, and never pleye with hem more.  
And they that hadde y-knownen hir of yore  
Seye hir so wepe, and thoughte it kinde-  
nesse, 720

And eche of hem wepte eek for hir dis-  
tresse;

104. And bisily they gonnen hir conforten  
Of thing, god wot, on which she lital  
thoughte;

And with hir tales wenden hir disporten,  
And to be glad they often hir bisoughte.  
But swich an ese ther-with they hir  
wroughte 726

Right as a man is esed for to fele,  
For ache of heed, to clawen him on his  
hale!

105. But after al this nyce vanitee  
They took hir leve, and hoom they wenten  
alle. 730

Criseyde, ful of sorweful pitee,  
In-to hir chaumbre up wente out of the  
halle,

And on hir bed she gan for deed to falle,  
In purpos never thannes for to ryse;  
And thus she wroughte, as I shal yow  
devyse. 735

106. Hir ounded heer, that somnisch was  
of hewe,

She rente, and eek hir fingres longe and  
smale

She wrong ful ofte, and bad god on hir  
rewe,

And with the deeth to doon bote on hir  
bale.

Hir hewe, whylom bright, that tho was  
pale, 740

Bar witnes of hir wo and hir constreynte;  
And thus she spak, sobbinge, in hir com-  
pleynte:

107. 'Alas!' quod she, 'out of this  
regloun

I, woful wrecche and infortuned wight,  
And born in corsed constellacioun, 745

Mot goon, and thus departen fro my  
knight;

Wo worth, allas! that ilke dayes light  
On which I saw him first with eyen  
tweyne,

That causeth me, and I him, al this  
payne!'

109. Therwith the teres from hir eyen  
two 750

Doun fille, as shour in Aperill, ful swythe;  
Hir whyte brest she bet, and for the wo

After the deeth she cryed a thousand  
sythe,

Sin he that wont hir wo was for to lythe,  
She mot for-goon; for which disaventure  
She held hir-self a forlost creature. 756

108. She seyde, 'how shal he doon, and  
I also?

How sholde I live, if that I from him  
twinne?

O dere herte eek, that I love so,  
Who shal that sorwe sleen that ye ben  
inne? 760

O Calkas, fader, thyn be al this sinne!  
O moder myn, that cleped were Argyve,

Wo worth that day that thou me bere on  
lyve!

110. To what fyn sholde I live and sorwen  
thus?

How sholde a fah with-oute water dure?  
What is Criseyde worth, from Troilus? 766

How sholde a plannte or lyves creature  
Live, with-oute his kinde noriture?  
For which ful oft a by-word here I seye,  
That, "rotelesse, mot grene sone deye." 770

111. I shal don thus, sin neither swerd ne  
darte  
Dar I non handle, for the crueltee,  
That ilke day that I from yow departe,  
If sorwe of that nil not my bane be,  
Than shal no mete or drinke come in  
me 775  
Til I my soule out of my breste unshethe;  
And thus my-selven wol I do to dethe.

112. And, Troilus, my clothes everichoon  
Shul blake been, in tokeninge, herte  
swete,  
That I am as out of this world agoon, 780  
That went was yow to setten in quiete;  
And of myn ordre, ay til deeth me mete,  
The observaunce ever, in your absence,  
Shal sorwe been, compleynte, and absti-  
nence.

113. Myn herte and eek the woful goost  
ther-inne 785  
Biquethe I, with your spirit to compleyne  
Eternally, for they shul never twinne.  
For though in erthe y-twinned be we  
tweyne,  
Yet in the feld of pitee, out of payne,  
That hight Elysos, shul we been y-fere, 790  
As Orpheus and Erudice his fere.

114. Thus herte myn, for Antenor, alas!  
I sone shal be chaunged, as I wene.  
But how shul ye don in this sorwful  
cas,  
How shal your tendre herte this sustene?  
But herte myn, for-yet this sorwe and  
tene, 796  
And me also; for, soothly for to seye,  
So ye wel fare, I recche not to deye.'

115. How mighte it ever y-red ben or  
y-songe,  
The pleynte that she made in hir dis-  
tresse? 800  
I noot; but, as for me, my litel tonge,  
If I discreven wolde hir hevynesse,  
It sholde make hir sorwe some lesse

Than that it was, and childishly deface  
Hir heigh compleynte, and therefore I it  
pace. 805

116. Pandare, which that sent from  
Troilus  
Was to Criseyde, as ye han herd devyse,  
That for the beste it was accorded thus,  
And he ful glad to doon him that servyse,  
Un-to Criseyde, in a ful secree wyse, 810  
Ther-as she lay in torment and in rage,  
Com hir to telle al hoolly his message.

117. And fond that she hir-selven gan to  
trete  
Ful pitously; for with hir salte teres  
Hir brest, hir face y-bathed was ful  
wete; 815  
The mighty tresses of hir sonnish hores,  
Unbroyden, hangen al aboute hir ares;  
Which yaf him varray signal of martyre  
Of deeth, which that hir herte gan  
desyre.

118. Whan she him saw, she gan for sorwe  
anoon 820  
Hir tery face a-twixe hir armes hyde,  
For which this Pandare is so wo bi-gooun,  
That in the hous he mighte unnethe  
abyde,  
As he that pitee felte on every syde.  
For if Criseyde hadde erst compleyned  
sore, 825  
Tho gan she playne a thousand tymes  
more.

119. And in hir aspre pleynte than she  
seyde,  
'Pandare first of joyes mo than two  
Was cause causinge un-to me, Criseyde,  
That now transmewed been in cruel  
wo. 830  
Wher shal I seye to yow "wel come" or  
no,  
That alderfirst me broughte in-to servyse  
Of love, alas! that endeth in swich wyse?

120. Endeth than love in wo? Ye, or men  
lyeth! 834  
And alle worldly blisse, as thinketh me,  
The ende of blisse ay sorwe it occupyeth;  
And who-so troweth not that it so be,



Lat him upon me, woful wrecche, y-see,  
That my-self hate, and ay my birthe  
acorse,  
Felingne alwey, fro wikke I go to worse.

121. Who-so me seeth, he seeth sorwe al  
at ones, 841  
Peyne, torment, playnte, wo, distresse.  
Out of my woful body harm ther noon is,  
As anguish, langour, cruel bitternesse,  
A-noy, smert, drede, fury, and eek sik-  
nesse. 845

I trowe, y-wis, from hevne teres reyne,  
For pitee of myn aspre and cruel peyne !'

122. 'And thou, my suster, ful of dis-  
comfort,' 848

Quod Pandarus, 'what thenkestow to do?  
Why ne hastow to thy-selven som resport,  
Why woltow thus thy-selve, alas, for-do?  
Leef al this werk and tak now hede to  
That I shal seyn, and herkne, of good  
entente,

This, which by me thy Troilus thee  
senta.'

123. Torned hir tho Criseyde, a wo  
makinge 855  
So greet that it a deeth was for to see :-  
'Allas !' quod she, 'what wordes may ye  
bringe ?

What wol my dere herte seyn to me,  
Which that I drede never-mo to see ? 859  
Wol he have playnte or teres, er I wende ?  
I have y-nowe, if he ther-after sende !'

124. She was right swich to seen in hir  
visage

As is that wight that men on bere binde ;  
Hir face, lyk of Paradys the image,  
Was al y-changed in another kinde. 865  
The pleye, the laughtre men was wont to  
finde

In hir, and eek hir joyes everychone,  
Ben fled, and thus lyth now Criseyde  
allone.

125. Aboute hir eyen two a purple ring  
Bi-trent, in sothfast tokninge of hir  
peyne, 870  
That to biholde it was a dedly thing,  
For which Pandare mighte not restreyne

The teres from his eyen for to reyne.  
But natheles, as he best mighte, he seyde  
From Troilus thise wordes to Criseyde. 875

126. 'Lo, nece, I trowe ye han herd al  
how

The king, with othere lordes, for the  
beste,

Hath mad eschaunge of Antenor and  
yow,

That cause is of this sorwe and this  
unreste.

But how this cas doth Troilus moleste, 880  
That may non erthely mannes tonge  
seye ;

For verray wo his wit is al aweye.

127. For which we han so sorwed, he  
and I,

That in-to lital bothe it hadde us slawe ;  
But thurgh my conseil this day, fynally,  
He somewhat is fro weping now with-  
drawe. 886

And semeth me that he desyreth fawe  
With yow to been al night, for to devyse  
Remede in this, if ther were any wyse.

128. This, short and playne, th'effect of  
my message, 890

As ferforth as my wit can comprehende.  
Forye, that been of torment in swich rage,  
May to no long prologe as now entende ;  
And her-upon ye may answer him sende.  
And, for the love of god, my nece dere,  
So leef this wo er Troilus be here.' 896

129. 'Gret is my wo,' quod she, and sighte  
sore,

As she that feleth dedly sharp distresse ;  
'But yet to me his sorwe is muchel more,  
That love him bet than he him-self,  
I gesse. 900

Allas ! for me hath he swich hevynesse ?  
Can he for me so pitously compleyne ?  
Y-wis, this sorwe doubleth al my peyne.

130. Grevous to me, god wot, is for to  
twinne,'

Quod she, 'but yet it hardere is to me 905  
To seen that sorwe which that he is inne ;  
For wel wot I, it wol my bane be ;  
And deye I wol in certayn,' tho quod she ;

'But bidde him come, er deeth, that thus  
me threteth,  
Dryve out that goost, which in myn herte  
beteth,' 910

181. Thise wordes seyð, she on hir armes  
two

Fil gruf, and gan to wepe pitously.  
Quod Pandarus, 'allas! why do ye so,  
Syn wel ye wot the tyme is faste by,  
That he shal come? Arys up hastely, 915  
That he yow nat biwopen thus ne finde,  
But ye wol han him wood out of his  
minde!

182. For wiste he that ye ferde in this  
manere,

He wolde him-selfe slee; and if I wende  
To han this fare, he sholde not come  
here 920

For al the good that Pryam may despende.  
For to what fyn he wolde anon pretende,  
That knowe I wel; and for-thy yet I seye,  
So leef this sorwe, or platly he wol daye.

183. And shapeth yow his sorwe for to  
abregge, 925

And nought encresse, leve nece swete;  
Beth rather to him cause of flat than  
egge,

And with som wysdom ye his sorwes beta.  
What helpeth it to wepen ful a strete,  
Or though ye bothe in salte teres dreynte?  
Bet is a tyme of cure ay than of playnte. 931

184. I mene thus; whan I him hider  
bringe,

Sin ye ben wyse, and bothe of oon assent,  
So shapeth how distourbe your goinge,  
Or come ayen, sone after ye be went. 935  
Wommen ben wyse in short avysement;  
And lat sen how your wit shal now  
avayle;  
And what that I may helpe, it shal not  
fayle.'

185. 'Go,' quod Criseyde, 'and uncle,  
trewely,

I shal don al my might, me to restreyne  
From weping in his sight, and bisly, 941  
Him for to glade, I shal don al my payne,  
And in myn herte seken every veyne;

If to this soor ther may be founden salve,  
It shal not lakken, certain, on myn  
halve.' 945

186. Goth Pandarus, and Troilus he  
soughte,

Til in a temple he fond him allone,  
As he that of his lyf no lenger roughte;  
But to the pitouse goddes everichone  
Ful tendrely he preyde, and made his  
mone, 950

To doon him sone out of this world to  
pace;

For wel he thoughte ther was non other  
grace.'

187. And shortly, al the sothe for to seye,  
He was so fallen in despeyr that day,

That outrely he shoop him for to deye. 955  
For right thus was his argument alwey:  
He seyde, he nas but foren, waylawey!  
'For al that comth, comth by necessaitee;  
Thus to be lorn, it is my destinee.

188. For certaynly, this wot I wel,' he  
seyde, 960

'That for-sight of divyne purveyaunce  
Hath seyn alwey me to for-gon Criseyde,  
Sin god seeth every thing, out of dout-  
aunce,

And ham desponeth, thourgh his orde-  
naunce,

In hir merytes sothly for to be, 965  
As they shul comen by predestinee.

189. But nathelees, alas! whom shal I  
leve?

For ther ben grete clerkes many oon,  
That destinee thourgh argumentes preve;  
And som men seyn that nedely ther is  
noon; 970

But that free chols is yeven us everichoon.  
O, welaway! so aleye arn clerkes olde,  
That I not whos opinion I may holde.

140 For som men seyn, if god seth al  
biforn,

Ne god may not deceyved ben, pardee, 975  
Than moot it fallen, though men hadde it  
sworn,

That purveyaunce hath seyn bifore to be.  
Wherfor I seye, that from eterne if he

Hath wist biforn our thought eek as our  
dede,  
We have no free chois, as these clerkes  
reda. 980

141. For other thought nor other dede  
also

Might never be, but swich as purveyaunce,  
Which may not ben deceyved never-mo,  
Hath faled biforn, with-outen ignoraunce.  
For if ther mighte been a variaunce 985  
To wrythen out fro goddes purveyinge,  
Ther nere no prescience of thing cominge;

142. But it were rather an opinioun  
Uncerteyn, and no stedfast forseinge;  
And certes, that were an abusoun, 990  
That god shuld han no parfit cleer witinge  
More than we men that han doutous  
weninge.

But swich an errour up-on god to geesse  
Were fals and foul, and wikked cors-  
nesse.

143. Eek this is an opinioun of somme 995  
That han hir top ful heighe and smothe  
y-shore;

They seyn right thus, that thing is not to  
come

For that the prescience hath seyn bfore  
That it shal come; but they seyn, that  
therfore

That it shal come, therefore the purvey-  
aunce 1000

Wot it biforn with-outen ignoraunce;

144. And in this manere this necessitee  
Retorneth in his part contrarie agayn.  
For needfully bihoveth it not to be  
That thilke thinges fallen in certayn 1005  
That ben purveyed; but nedely, as they  
seyn,

Bihoveth it that thinges, whiche that  
falle,

That they in certayn ben purveyed alle.

145. I mene as though I laboured me in  
this,

To enqueren which thing cause of which  
thing be; 1010

As whether that the prescience of god is  
The certayn cause of the necessitee

Of thinges that to comen been, pardee;  
Or if necessitee of thing cominge  
Be cause certeyn of the purveyinge. 1015

146. But now ne enforce I me nat in  
shewing

How the ordre of causes stant; but wel  
wot I,

That it bihoveth that the bifallinge  
Of thinges wist biforen certeynly  
Be necessarie, al seme it not ther-by 1020  
That prescience put falling necessaire  
To thing to come, al falle it foule or  
faire.

147. For if ther sit a man yond on a see,  
Than by necessitee bihoveth it  
That, certes, thyn opinioun soth be, 1025  
That wenest or conjectest that he sit;  
And ferther-over now ayenward yit,  
Lo, right so it is of the part contrarie,  
As thus; (now herkne, for I wol not  
tarie):

148. I seye, that if the opinioun of thee  
Be sooth, for that he sit, than seye I  
this, 1031

That he mot sitten by necessitee;  
And thus necessitee in either is.  
For in him nede of sitting is, y-wis,  
And in thee nede of sooth; and thus, for-  
sothe, 1035  
Ther moot necessitee ben in yow bothe.

149. But thou mayst seyn, the man sit  
not therfore,

That thyn opinion of sitting soth is;  
But rather, for the man sit ther bfore.  
Therefore is thyn opinion sooth, y-wis. 1040  
And I seye, though the cause of sooth of  
this

Comth of his sitting, yet necessitee  
Is entrechaunged, bothe in him and thee.

150. Thus on this same wyse, out of  
doutaunce,

I may wel maken, as it semeth me, 1045  
My resoninge of goddes purveyaunce,  
And of the thinges that to comen be;  
By whiche reson men may wel y-see,  
That thilke thinges that in erthe falle.  
That by necessitee they comen alle. 1050

151. For al-though that, for thing shal  
come, y-wis,

Therefore is it purveyed, certaynly,  
Nat that it comth for it purveyed is :  
Yet natheles, bihoveth it nedfully,  
That thing to come be purveyed, trowely;  
Or elles, thinges that purveyed be, 1056  
That they bityden by necessitee.

152. And this suffyzeth right y-now,  
certeyn,

For to destroye our free chois every del.—  
But now is this abusion to seyn, 1060  
That fallinge of the thinges temporal  
Is cause of goddes prescience eternal.  
Now trowely, that is a fals sentence,  
That thing to come sholde cause his  
prescience.

153. What mighte I wene, and I hadde  
swich a thought, 1065

But that god purveyth thing that is to  
come

For that it is to come, and elles nought?  
So mighte I wene that thinges alle and  
some,

That whylom been bifalle and over-come,  
Ben cause of thilke sovereyn purvey-  
aunce, 1070

That for-wot al with-uten ignoraunce.

154. And over al this, yet seye I more  
herto,

That right as whan I woot ther is a  
thing,

Y-wis, that thing mot nedefully be so ;  
Eek right so, whan I woot a thing  
coming, 1075

So mot it come ; and thus the bifalling  
Of thinges that ben wist bfore the tyde,  
They mowe not been eschewed on no  
syde.'

155. Than seyde he thus, 'almighty Jove  
in trone,

That wost of al this thing the soothfast-  
nesse, 1080

Bewe on my sorwe, or do me deye sone,  
Or bring Criseyde and me fro this dis-  
tresse.'

And whyl he was in al this hevynesse,

Disputinge with him-self in this matere,  
Com Pandare in, and seyde as ye may  
here. 1085

156. 'O mighty god,' quod Pandarus, 'in  
trone,

Ey ! who seigh ever a wys man faren so ?  
Why, Troilus, what thenkestow to done ?  
Hastow swich lust to been thyn owene fo ?  
What, parde, yet is not Criseyde a-go ! 1090  
Why lust thee so thy-self for-doon for  
drede,

That in thyn heed thyn eyen semen dede ?

157. Hastow not lived many a yeer bi-  
form

With-uten hir, and ferd ful wel at ese ?  
Artow for hir and for non other born ?  
Hath kind thee wroughte al-only hir to  
plese ? 1096

Lat be, and thenk right thus in thydise :  
That, in the dees right as ther fallen  
chaunces,

Right so in love, ther come and goon  
pleasaunces.

158. And yet this is a wonder most of alle,  
Why thou thus sorwest, sin thou not  
not yit, 1101

Touching hir goinge, how that it shal  
falle,

Ne if she can hir-self disturben it.  
Thou hast not yet assayed al hir wit.  
A man may al by tyme his nekke bede 1105  
Whan it shal of, and sorwen at the nede.

159. For-thy take hede of that that I shal  
seye ;

I have with hir y-spoke and longe y-be,  
So as accorded was bitwixe us tweye.  
And ever-mo me thinketh thus, that she  
Hath som-what in hir hertes prevetes,  
Wher-with she can, if I shal right arede,  
Distorbe al this, of which thou art in  
drede. 1113

160. For which my counsell is, whan it is  
night,

Thou to hir go, and make of this an  
ende ;  
And blisful Juno, thorough hir grete  
mightes, 1116

Shal, as I hope, hir grace un-to us sende.  
Myn herte seyth, "carteyn, she shal not  
wende ;"

And for-thy put thyn herte a whyle in  
reste ; 1119

And hold this purpos, for it is the beste.'

161. This Troilus answerde, and sighte  
sore,

'Thou seyst right wel, and I wil do right  
so ;'

And what him liste, he seyde un-to it  
more.

And whan that it was tyme for to go,  
Ful prevely him-self, with-uten mo, 1125

Un-to hir com, as he was wont to done ;  
And how they wroughte, I shal yow telle  
sone.

162. Soth is, that whan they gonne first  
to mete, 1128

So gan the payne hir hertes for to twiste,  
That neither of hem other mighte grete,  
But hem in armes toke and after kiste.

The lasse wofulle of hem bothe niste  
Wher that he was, ne mighte o word  
out-bringe,

As I seyde erst, for wo and for sobbinge.

163. The woful teres that they leten  
falle 1135

As bitter weren, out of teres kinde,  
For payne, as is ligne-alots or galle.  
So bitter teres weep nought, as I finde,  
The woful Myrra through the bark and  
rinde.

That in this world ther nis so hard an  
herte, 1140

That nolde han rewed on hir peynes  
smerte.

164. But whan hir woful wery gostes  
tweyne

Retorned been ther-as hem oughte dwelle,  
And that som-what to wayken gan the  
payne

By lengthe of playnte, and ebban gan the  
welle 1145

Of hire teres, and the herte unswelle,  
With broken voyes, al hoors for-ahright,  
Criseyde

To Troilus thise ilke wordes seyde :

165. 'O Jove, I deye, and mercy I be-  
seche !

Help, Troilus !' and ther-with-al hir face  
Upon his brest she leyde, and loste  
speche ; 1151

Hir woful spirit from his propre place,  
Right with the word, alway up poynt to  
paca.

And thus she lyth with hewes pale and  
grene,

That whylom fresh and fairest was to  
sene. 1155

166. This Troilus, that on hir gan biholde,  
Clepinge hir name, (and she lay as for  
deed,

With-oute answer, and felte hir limes  
colde,

Hir eyen throwen upward to hir heed),  
This sorrowful man can now noon other  
reed, 1160

But ofte tyme hir colde mouth he kiste ;  
Wher him was wo, god and him-self it  
wiste !

167. He rist him up, and long streight he  
hir leyde ;

For signe of lyf, for ought he can or  
may,

Can he noon finde in no-thing on Cri-  
seyde, 1165

For which his song ful ofte is 'weylaway !'  
But whan he saugh that specheles she  
lay,

With sorrowful voyes, and herte of blisse al  
bare,

He seyde how she was fro this world  
y-fare !

168. So after that he longe hadde hir  
compleyned, 1170

His hondes wrong, and seyde that was to  
seye,

And with his teres salte hir brest bi-  
reyned,

He gan tho teres wpyen of ful dreye,  
And pitously gan for the soule preye,

And seyde, 'O lord, that set art in thy  
trone, 1175

Rewe eek on me, for I shal folwe hir  
sone !'

169. She cold was and with-outen sente-  
ment,  
For aught he woot, for breeth ne felte he  
noon;  
And this was him a preignant argument  
That she was forth out of this world  
agoon; 1180  
And whan he seigh ther was non other  
woon,  
He gan hir limes dresse in swich manere  
As men don hem that shul be leyd on bere.

170. And after this, with sterne and cruel  
herte,  
His swerd a-noon out of his shethe he  
twichte, 1185  
Him-self to sleen, how sore that him  
smerte,  
So that his sowle hir sowle folwen mighte,  
Ther-as the doom of Mynos wolde it dighte;  
Sin love and cruel Fortune it ne wolde,  
That in this world he langer liven sholde.

171. Thanne seyde he thus, fulfild of  
heigh desdayn, 1191  
'O cruel Jove, and thou, Fortune adverse,  
This al and som, that falsly have ye  
slayn  
Criseyde, and sin ye may do me no werse,  
Fy on your might and werkes so di-  
verse! 1195  
Thus cowardly ye shul me never winne;  
Ther shal no deeth me fro my lady twinne.

172. For I this world, sin ye han slayn hir  
thus,  
Wol lete, and folowe hir spirit lowe or hye;  
Shal never lover seyn that Troilus 1200  
Dar not, for fere, with his lady dye;  
For certeyn, I wol bere hir companye.  
But sin ye wol not suffre us liven here,  
Yet suffreth that our soules ben y-fere.

173. And thou, citee, whiche that I leve  
in wo, 1205  
And thou, Pryam, and bretheren al y-fere,  
And thou, my moder, farewell! for I go;  
And Atropos, make redy thou my bere!  
And thou, Criseyde, o swete herte dere,  
Receyve now my spirit!' wolde he seye,  
With swerd at herte, al redy for to daye.

174. But as god wolde, of swough ther-  
with she abreyde, 1212  
And gan to syke, and 'Troilus' she cryde;  
And he answerde, 'lady myn Criseyde,  
Live ye yet?' and leet his swerd doun  
glyda. 1215  
'Ye, herte myn, that thanked be Cupyde!'  
Quod she, and ther-with-al she sore sighte;  
And he bigan to glade hir as he mighte;

175. Took hir in armes two, and kiste hir  
ofte,  
And hir to glade he dide al his entente;  
For which hir goost, that flikered ay  
on-lofte, 1221  
In-to hir woful herte ayein it wente.  
But at the laste, as that hir eyen glente  
A-syde, anon she gan his swerd aspye,  
As it lay bare, and gan for fere crye, 1225

176. And asked him, why he it hadde  
out-drawe?  
And Troilus anon the cause hir tolde,  
And how himself ther-with he wolde  
have slawe.  
For which Criseyde up-on him gan bi-  
holde,  
And gan him in hir armes faste folde, 1230  
And seyde, 'O mercy, god, lo, which a  
dede!  
Allas! how neigh we were bothe dede!

177. Thanne if I ne hadde spoken, as  
grace was,  
Ye wolde han slayn your-self anon?'  
quod she.  
'Ye, douteless;' and she answerde, 'allas!  
For, by that ilke lord that made me, 1236  
I nolde a forlong wey on-lyve han be,  
After your deeth, to han be crowned queene  
Of al the lond the sonne on shyneth shene.

178. But with this selve swerd, which  
that here is, 1240  
My-selve I wolde have slayn!'—quod she  
tho;  
'But ho, for we han right y-now of this,  
And late us ryse and straight to bedde go,  
And therē lat vs speken of our wo.  
For, by the mortar which that I see  
brenna, 1245  
Knowe I ful wel that day is not for henna.'

179. Whan they were in hir bedde, in  
armes folde,  
Nought was it lyk the nightes here-biforn;  
For pitously ech other gan biholde, 1249  
As they that hadden al hir blisse y-lorn,  
Biwaylinge ay the day that they were born.  
Til at the last this sorwful wight Criseyde  
To Troilus these ilke wordes seyde:—

180. 'Lo, herte myn, wel wot ye this,'  
quod she, 1254  
'That if a wight alway his wo compleyne,  
And seketh nought how holpen for to be,  
It nis but folye and encrees of payne;  
And sin that here assembled be we tweyne  
To finde bote of wo that we ben inne,  
It were al tyme sone to biginne. 1260

181. I am a womman, as ful wel ye woot,  
And as I am avysed sodeynly,  
So wol I telle yow, whyl it is hoot.  
Me thinketh thus, that neither ye nor I  
Oughte half this wo to make skilfully. 1265  
For there is art y-now for to redresse  
That yet is mis, and sleen this hevynesse.

182. Sooth is, the wo, the whiche that we  
ben inne,  
For ought I woot, for no-thing elles is  
But for the cause that we sholden twinne.  
Considered al, ther nis no-more amis. 1271  
But what is thanne a remede un-to this,  
But that we shape us sone for to mete?  
This al and som, my dere herte swete.

183. Now that I shal wel bringen it  
aboute 1275  
To come ayein, sone after that I go,  
Ther-of am I no maner thing in doute.  
For dredeles, with-inne a wouke or two,  
I shal ben here; and, that it may be so  
By alle right, and in a wordes fewe, 1280  
I shal yow wel an heap of weyes shewe.

184. For which I wol not make long  
sermoun,  
For tyme y-lost may not recovered be;  
But I wol gon to my conclusioun, 1284  
And to the beste, in ought that I can see.  
And, for the love of god, for-yeve it me  
If I speke ought ayein your hertes reste;  
For trewely, I speke it for the beste;

185. Makinge alway a protestacioun,  
That now these wordes, whiche that I shal  
seye, 1290  
Nis but to shewe yow my mocioun,  
To finde un-to our helpe the beste weye;  
And taketh it non other wyse, I preye.  
For in effect what-so ye me comande,  
That wol I doon, for that is no damaunde.

186. Now herkeneth this, ye han wel  
understonde, 1296  
My going graunted is by parlement  
So farforth, that it may not be with-stonde  
For al this world, as by my jugement.  
And sin ther helpeth noon avysement 1300  
To letten it, lat it passe out of minde;  
And lat us shape a better way to finde.

187. The sothe is, that the twinninge of  
us tweyne  
Wol us disese and cruelliche anyoe.  
But him bihoveth som-tyme han a payne,  
That serveth love, if that he wol have  
joye. 1306  
And sin I shal no farther out of Troye  
Than I may ryde ayein on half a morwe,  
It oughte lasse causen us to sorwe:

188. So as I shal not so ben hid in muwe,  
That day by day, myn owene herte dere,  
Sin wel ye woot that it is now a truwe,  
Ye shul ful wel al myn estat y-hera. 1313  
And er that truwe is doon, I shal ben here,  
And thanne have ye bothe Antenor y-  
wonne  
And me also; beth glad now, if ye conne;

189. And thenk right thus, "Criseyde is  
now agoon, 1317  
But what! she shal come hastely ayein;"  
And whanne, alas? by god, lo, right  
anoon,  
Er dayes ten, this dar I saunty seyn. 1320  
And thanne at erste shul we been so fayn.  
So as we shulle to-gederes ever dwelle,  
That al this world ne mighte our blisse  
telle.

190. I see that ofte, ther-as we ben now,  
That for the beste, our consell for to hyde,  
Ye speke not with me, nor I with yow 1326  
In fourteenight; ne see yow go ne ryde.

May ye not ten dayes thanne abyde,  
For myn honour, in swich an aventure?  
Y-wis, ye mowen elles lyte endure! 1330

191. Ye knowe eek how that al my kin is  
here,  
But-if that onliche it my fader be;  
And eek myn othere thinges alle y-fere,  
And nameliche, my dere herte, ye,  
Whom that I nolde leven for to see 1335  
For al this world, as wyd as it hath space;  
Or elles, see ich never Joves face!

192. Why trowe ye my fader in this wyse  
Coveiteth so to see me, but for drede 1339  
Lest in this toun that folkes me dispyse  
By-cause of him, for his unhappy dede?  
What woot my fader what lyf that I lede?  
For if he wiste in Troye how wel I fare,  
Us neded for my wending nought to care.

193. Ye seen that every day eek, more  
and more, 1345  
Men trete of pees; and it supposed is,  
That men the queene Eleyne shal restore,  
And Grekes us restore that is mis.  
So though ther nere comfort noon but  
this, 1349  
That men purposen pees on every syde,  
Ye may the better at ese of herte abyde.

194. For if that it be pees, myn herte  
dare,  
The nature of the pees mot nedes dryve  
That men moste entrecomunen y-fere,  
And to and fro eek ryde and gon as blyve  
Alday as thikke as been fien from an  
hyve; 1356  
And every wight han libertee to bleve  
Wher-as him list the bet, with-uten leva.

195. And though so be that pees ther may  
be noon,  
Yet hider, though ther never pees ne  
were, 1360  
I moste come; for whider sholde I goon,  
Or how mischaunce sholde I dwelle there  
Among tho men of armes ever in fere?  
For which, as wialy god my soule rede,  
I can not seen wher-of ye sholden drede.

196. Have here another wey, if it so be  
That al this thing ne may yow not suffyse.

My fader, as ye knowen wel, pardee,  
Is old, and elde is ful of covesityse.  
And I right now have founden al the  
gyse, 1370  
With-oute net, wher-with I shal him  
hente;  
And herkeneth how, if that ye wole  
assente.

197. Lo, Troilus, men seyn that hard it is  
The wolf ful, and the wether hool to have;  
This is to seyn, that men ful ofte, y-wis,  
Mot spenden part, the remenaunt for to  
save. 1376  
For ay with gold men may the herte  
grave  
Of him that set is up-on covesityse;  
And how I mene, I shal it yow devyse.

198. The moeble which that I have in  
this toun 1380  
Un-to my fader shal I take, and seye,  
That right for trust and for savacioun  
It sent is from a freend of his or tweye,  
The whiche freendes ferventliche him  
preye  
To senden after more, and that in hye,  
Why! that this toun stant thus in ju-  
partye. 1386

199. And that shal been an huge  
quantitee,  
Thus shal I seyn, but, lest it folk aspyde,  
This may be sent by no wight but by me;  
I shal eek shewen him, if pees bityde, 1390  
What freendes that ich have on every syde  
Toward the court, to doon the wrahte  
pace  
Of Priamus, and doon him stonde in  
grace.

200. So, what for o thing and for other,  
swete,  
I shal him so enchaunten with my sawes,  
That right in hevене his sowle is, shal he  
mete! 1396  
For al Appollo, or his clerkes lawes,  
Or calculinge awayleth nought three  
hawes;  
Desyr of gold shal so his sowle blende,  
That, as me lyst, I shal wel make an  
ende. 1400



201. And if he wolde ought by his sort it  
preve

If that I lye, in certayn I shal fonde  
Distorben him, and plukke him by the  
sleve,

Makinge his sort, and beren him on  
honde,

He hath not wel the goddes understonde.  
For goddes speken in amphibologies, 1406  
And, for a sooth, they tellen twenty lyes.

202. Eek drede fond first goddes, I sup-  
pose,

Thus shal I seyn, and that his coward  
herte

Made him amis the goddes text to glose,  
Whan he for ferde out of his Delphos  
sterte. 1411

And but I make him sone to converte,  
And doon my reed with-inne a day or  
tweye,  
I wol to yow oblige me to deye.'

203. And troweliche, as writen wel I finde,  
That al this thing was seyde of good en-  
tente; 1416

And that hir herte trewe was and kinde  
Towardes him, and spak right as she  
mente,

And that she starf for wo neigh, whan  
she wente,

And was in purpos ever to be trewe; 1420  
Thus writen they that of hir werkis  
knewe.

204. This Troilus, with herte and eres  
spradde,

Herde al this thing devyssen to and fro;  
And verraylich him semed that he hadde  
The selve wit; but yet to lete hir go 1425  
His herte misforyaf him ever-mo.  
But fynally, he gan his herte wreste  
To trusten hir, and took it for the beste.

205. For which the grete furie of his  
pensaunce

Was queynt with hope, and ther-with  
hem bitwene 1430

Bigan for joye the amoureuse daunce.  
And as the briddes, whan the sonne is  
shene,

Delyten in hir song in leves grene,

Right so the wordes that they spake  
y-fare

Delyted hem, and made hir hertes clere.

206. But natheles, the wending of Cri-  
seyde, 1436

For al this world, may nought out of his  
minde;

For which ful ofte he pitously hir preyde,  
That of hir heste he might hir trewe  
finde. 1439

And seyde hir, 'certes, if ye be unkinde,  
And but ye come at day set in-to Troye,  
Ne shal I never have hele, honour, ne  
joye.

207. For al-so sooth as sonne up-ris on  
morwe,

And, god! so wisly thou me, woful  
wrecche, 1444

To reste bringe out of this cruel sorwe,  
I wol my-salven alse if that ye drecche.  
But of my deeth though litel be to recche,  
Yet, er that ye me cause so to smarte,  
Dwel rather here, myn owene swete herte!

208. For trowely, myn owene lady dare,  
Tho sleighes yet that I have herd yow  
stere 1451

Ful shaply been to failen alle y-fare.  
For thus men seyn, "that oon thenketh  
the here,

But al another thenketh his ledere."  
Your sire is wys, and seyde is, out of drede,  
"Men may the wyse at-renne, and not at-  
reda." 1456

209. It is ful hard to halten unespied  
Bifore a crepul, for he can the craft;  
Your fader is in sleichte as Argus yed;  
For al be that his moeble is him biraft,  
His olde sleichte is yet so with him laft,  
Ye shal not blende him for your woman-  
hede, 1462

Ne feyne a-right, and that is al my drede.

210. I noot if pees shal ever-mo bityde;  
But, pees or no, for earnest ne for game,  
I woot, sin Calkas on the Grekes syde  
Hath ones been, and lost so fouls his  
name, 1467

He dar no more come here ayein for  
shame;

For which that weye, for ought I can  
espye,

To trusten on, nis but a fantasye. 1470

211. Ye shal eek seen, your fader shal  
yow glose

To been a wyf, and as he can wel preche,  
He shal som Greek so preyse and wel  
alose,

That ravishen he shal yow with his  
speche, 1474

Or do yow doon by force as he shal teche.  
And Troilus, of whom ye nil han rounthe,  
Shal causeles so sterven in his trouthe!

212. And over al this, your fader shal  
despyse

Us alle, and seyn this citee nis but lorn;  
And that th'assege never shal aryse, 1480  
For-why the Grekes han it alle sworn  
Til we be slayn, and doun our walles torn.  
And thus he shal you with his wordes  
fere,

That ay drede I, that ye wol bleve there.

213. Ye shul eek seen so many a lusty  
knight 1485

A-mong the Grekes, ful of worthynesse,  
And eche of hem with herte, wit, and  
might

To plesen yow don al his besynesse,  
That ye shul dullen of the rudenesse  
Of us sely Trojanes, but-if rounthe 1490  
Remorde yow, or vertue of your trouthe.

214. And this to me so grevous is to  
thinke,

That fro my brest it wol my soule rende;  
Ne dredeles, in me ther may not sinko  
A good opinioun, if that ye wende; 1495  
For-why your faderes sleightes wol us  
shende.

And if ye goon, as I have told yow yore,  
So thank I nam but deed, with-oute more.

215. For which, with humble, trewe, and  
pitous herte, 1499

A thousand tymes mercy I yow preye;  
So reweth on myn aspre paynes smarto,

And doth somewhat, as that I shal yow  
seye,

And lat us stele away bitwixe us tweye;  
And think that folye is, whan man may  
chese, 1504

For accident his substantounce ay to lese.

216. I mene this, that sin we mowe er  
day

Wel stele away, and been to-gider so,  
What wit were it to putten in assay.  
In cas ye sholden to your fader go,  
If that ye mighte come ayein or no? 1510  
Thus mene I, that it were a gret folye  
To putte that sikernes in jupartye.

217. And vulgarly to speken of substantounce  
Of tresour, may we bothe with us lede  
Y-nough to live in honour and plesaunce.  
Til in-to tyme that we shul ben dede;  
And thus we may eschewen al this  
drede.

For everich other wey ye can recorde,  
Myn herte, y-wis, may not ther-with  
acorde. 1519

218. And hardily, ne dredeth no poverté,  
For I have kin and freendes elles-where  
That, though we comen in our bare sherte,  
Us sholde neither lakko gold ne gere.  
But been honoured whyl we dwelten  
thera. 1524

And go we anon, for, as in myn entente,  
This is the beste, if that ye wole assente.'

219. Criseyde, with a syk, right in this  
wyse 1527

Answerde, 'y-wis, my dere herte trewe,  
We may wel stele away, as ye devyso,  
And finde swiche unthrifty weyes newe;  
But afterward, ful sore it wol us rewé.  
And help me god so at my mooste nede  
As causeles ye suffren al this drede!

220. For thilke day that I for cherishinge  
Or drede of fader, or of other wight, 1535  
Or for estat, delyt, or for weddinge  
Be fals to yow, my Troilus, my knight.  
Saturnes doughtor, Juno, thorough hir  
might,

As wood as Athamante do me dwelle  
Eternaly in Stix, tho put of helle! 1540

221. And this on every god celestial  
I swere it yow, and eek on eche goddesse,  
On every Nymphe and deite infernal,  
On Satiry and Fauny more and lesse,  
That halve goddes been of wildernesse ;  
And Attropos my threed of lyf to-breste  
If I be fals ; now trowe me if thou leste !

222. And thou, Simoys, that as an arwe  
clere 1548  
Thorough Troye rennest ay downward to  
the see,

Bar witnesse of this word that seyde is  
here, 1550  
That thilke day that ich untrewed be  
To Troilus, myn owene herte free,  
That thou retorne bakwarde to thy welle,  
And I with body and soule synke in helle !

223. But that ye speke, away thus for  
to go 1555  
And leten alle your freendes, god for-  
bede,  
For any womman, that ye sholden so,  
And namely, sin Troye hath now swich  
nede

Of help ; and eek of o thing taketh hede,  
If this were wist, my lif laye in balaunce,  
And your honour ; god shilde us fro mis-  
chaunce ! 1561

224. And if so be that pees her-after take,  
As alday happeth, after anger, game,  
Why, lord ! the sorwe and wo ye wolden  
make, 1564  
That ye ne dorste come ayein for shame !  
And er that ye juparten so your name,  
Beth nought to hasty in this hote fare ;  
For hasty man ne wanteth never care.

225. What trowe ye the peple eek al  
aboute 1569  
Wolde of it seye ? It is ful light to arede.  
They wolden seye, and swere it, out of  
doute,  
That love ne droof yow nought to doon  
this dede,  
But lust voluptuous and coward drede.  
Thus were al lost, y-wis, myn herte dere,  
Your honour, which that now shyneth so  
clere. 1575

226. And also thenketh on myn honestee,  
That flourereth yet, how foule I sholde it  
shende,

And with what filthe it spotted sholde be,  
If in this forme I sholde with yow wende.  
Ne though I livede un-to the worldes  
ende, 1580

My name sholde I never ayeinward  
winne ;

Thus were I lost, and that were routhe  
and sinne.

227. And for-thy allee with reson al this  
hete ;

Men seyn, " the suffraunt overcometh,"  
pardee ;

Eek " who-so wol han leef, he leef mot  
lete ; " 1585

Thus maketh vertue of necessitee  
By pacience, and thank that lord is he  
Of fortune ay, that nought wol of hir  
recche ;  
And she ne daunteth no wight but a  
wrecoche.

228. And trusteth this, that certes, herte  
swete, 1590

Er Phobus suster, Lucina the shene,  
The Leoun passe out of this Ariete,  
I wol ben here, with-outen any wene.  
I mene, as helpe me Juno, hevenes quene,  
The tenthe day, but-if that deeth me  
assayle, 1595  
I wol yow seen, with-outen any fayle.

229. ' And now, so this be sooth,' quod  
Troilus,

' I shal wel suffre un-to the tenthe day,  
Sin that I see that nede it moot be thus.  
But, for the love of god, if it be may, 1600  
So lat us stele prively away ;  
For ever in oon, as for to live in reste,  
Myn herte seyth that it wol been the  
beste.'

230. ' O mercy, god, what lyf is this ?'  
quod she ; 1604

' Allas, ye allee me thus for verray tene !  
I see wel now that ye mistrusten me ;  
For by your wordes it is wel y-sene.  
Now, for the love of Cynthia the shene,

Mistrust me not thus causeles, for routhe;  
Sin to be trewe I have yow plight my  
trouthe. 1610

231. And thenketh wel, that som tyme it  
is wit

To spende a tyme, a tyme for to winne;  
Ne, pardee, lorn am I nought fro yow yit,  
Though that we been a day or two  
a-twinne.

Dry out the fantasyes yow with-inne; 1615  
And trusteth me, and leveth eek your  
sorwe,

Or here my trouthe, I wol not live til  
morwe.

232. For if ye wiste how sore it doth me  
smerte,

Ye wolde cesse of this; for god, thou  
wost,

The pure spirit wepeth in myn herte, 1620  
To see yow wepen that I love most,  
And that I moot gon to the Grekes ost.  
Ye, nere it that I wiste remedye  
To come ayein, right here I wolde dye!

233. But certes, I am not so nyce a wight  
That I ne can imaginen a way 1626  
To come ayein that day that I have hight.  
For who may holde thing that wol a-way?  
My fader nought, for al his queynte play.  
And by my thrift, my wending out of  
Troye 1630

Another day shal torne us alle to joye.

234. For-thy, with al myn herte I yow  
beseke,

If that yow list don ought for my preyere,  
And for the love which that I love yow  
eke,

That er that I departe fro yow here, 1635  
That of so good a comfort and a chere  
I may yow seen, that ye may bringe at  
reste

Myn herte, which that is at point to  
bresta.

235. And over al this, I pray yow,' quod  
she tho, 1639

'Myn owene hertes soothfast suffisaunce,  
Sin I am thyn al hool, with-outen mo,  
That whyl that I am absent, no plesaunce

Of othere do me fro your remembraunce.  
For I am ever a-gast, for-why men rede,  
That "love is thing ay ful of bisy drede."

236. For in this world ther liveth lady  
noon, 1646

If that ye were untrew, as god defende!  
That so bitraysed were or wo bigoon  
As I, that alle trouthe in yow entende.  
And douteles, if that ich other wende,  
I nere but deed; and er ye cause finde,  
For goddes love, so beth me not un-  
kinde.'

237. To this answerde Troilus and seyde,  
'Now god, to whom ther nis no cause  
y-wrye, 1654

Me glade, as wis I never un-to Criseyde,  
Sin thilke day I saw hir first with ye,  
Was fals, ne never shal til that I dye.  
At shorte wordes, wel ye may me love;  
I can no more, it shal be founde at preve.'

238. 'Graunt mercy, goode myn, y-wis,'  
quod she, 1660

'And blisful Venus lat me never sterve  
Er I may stonde of plesaunce in degree  
To quyte him wel, that so wel can deserve;  
And whyl that god my wit wol me con-  
serve,

I shal so doon, so trewe I have yow  
founde, 1665

That ay honour to me-ward shal rebounde.

239. For trusteth wel, that your estat  
royal

Ne veyn delyt, nor only worthinesse  
Of yow in werre, or torney marcial, 1669  
Ne pompe, array, nobley, or eek richesse,  
Ne made me to rewe on your distresse;  
But moral vertue, grounded upon trouthe,  
That was the cause I first hadde on yow  
routhe!

240. Eek gentil herte and manhod that ye  
hadde,

And that ye hadde, as me thoughte, in  
despyt 1675

Every thing that souned in-to badde,  
As rudenesse and poeplish appetyt;  
And that your reson brydled your delyt,

This made, aboven every creature,  
That I was your, and shal, whyl I may  
dure. 1680

241. And this may lengthe of yeres not  
for-do,

Ne remuable fortune deface;  
But Juppiter, that of his might may do  
The sorwful to be glad, so yeve us grace,  
Er nightes ten, to meten in this place,  
So that it may your herte and myn suf-  
fyse; 1686  
And fareth now wel, for tyme is that ye  
ryse.'

242. And after that they longe y-pleyned  
hadde,  
And ofte y-kist and streite in armes folde,  
The day gan ryse, and Troilus him  
cladde, 1690

And rewfulliche his lady gan biholde,  
As he that felte dethes cares colde.  
And to hir grace he gan him recomaunde;  
Wher him was wo, this holde I no de-  
maunde. 1694

243. For mannes heed imaginen ne can,  
Ne entandement considere, ne tonge  
telle

The cruel peynes of this sorwful man,  
That passen every torment down in  
helle. 1698

For whan he saugh that she ne mighte  
dwelle,

Which that his soule out of his herte  
rente,

With-uten more, out of the chaumbre  
he wente. 1701

Explicit Liber Quartus.

## BOOK V.

### Incipit Liber Quintus.

1. Aprochen gan the fatal destinee  
That Joves hath in disposicioun,  
And to yow, angry Parcas, sustren three,  
Committeth, to don execucioun;  
For which Criseyde moste out of the  
toun, 5  
And Troilus shal dwelle forth in pyne  
Till Lachesis his threed no longer twyne.—

2. The golden-tressed Phebus heighe on-  
lofte

Thryss hadde alle with his bemes shene  
The snowes molte, and Zephirus as ofte 10  
Y-brought ayein the tendre leves grene,  
Sin that the sone of Ecuba the queene  
Bigan to love hir first, for whom his sorwe  
Was al, that she departe sholde a-morwe.

3. Ful redy was at pryme Dyomede, 15  
Criseyde un-to the Grekes ost to lede,  
For sorwe of which she felte hir herte  
blede,  
As she that niste what was best to rede.  
And trewely, as men in bokes rede,

Men wiste never womman han the care, so  
Ne was so looth out of a toun to fare.

4. This Troilus, with-uten reed or lore,  
As man that hath his joyes eek forlore,  
Was waytinge on his lady ever-more  
As she that was the soothfast crop and  
more 25

Of al his lust, or joyes here-tofore.  
But Troilus, now farewel al thy joye,  
For shaltow never seen hir eft in  
Troye!

5. Soth is, that whyl he bood in this  
manere,  
He gan his wo ful manly for to hyde, 30  
That wel unnethe it seen was in his  
chere;

But at the yate ther she sholde oute  
ryde

With certeyn folk, he hoved hir t'abyde,  
So wo bigoon, al wolde he nought him  
pleyne,

That on his hors unnethe he sat for  
peyne. 35

6. For ire he quook, so gan his herte  
gnaue,

Whan Diomedé on horse gan him dresse,  
And seyde un-to him-self this ilke sawe,  
'Allas,' quod he, 'thus foul a wretched-  
ness

Why suffre ich it, why nil ich it re-  
dresse? 40

Were it not bet at ones for to dye  
Than ever-more in langour thus to drye?

7. Why nil I make at ones riche and  
pore

To have y-nough to done, er that she go?  
Why nil I bringe al Troye upon a rore? 45  
Why nil I sleen this Diomedé also?  
Why nil I rather with a man or two  
Steale hir a-way? Why wol I this endure?  
Why nil I helpen to myn owene cure?'

8. But why he nolde doon so fel a dede,  
That shal I seyn, and why him liste it  
spare: 51

He hadde in herte alwey a maner drede,  
Lest that Criseyde, in rumour of this fare,  
Sholde han ben slayn; lo, this was al his  
care,

And elles, certeyn, as I seyde yore, 55  
He hadde it doon, with-outen wordes  
more.

9. Criseyde, whan she redy was to ryde,  
Ful sorwfully she sighte, and seyde  
'allas!'

But forth she moot, for ought that may  
bityde,

And forth she rit ful sorwfully a pas. 60  
Ther nis non other remedie in this cas.  
What wonder is though that hir sore  
smerte,

Whan she forgoth hir owene swete herte?

10. This Troilus, in wyse of curteisye,  
With hauke on hond, and with an huge  
route 65

Of knyghtes, rood and dide hir companye,  
Passinge al the valey fer with-oute.

And farther wolde han riden, out of  
doute,

Ful fayn, and wo was him to goon so  
sone;

But torne he moste, and it was eek to  
done. 70

11. And right with that was Antenor  
y-come

Out of the Grekes ost, and every wight  
Was of it glad, and seyde he was wel-  
come.

And Troilus, al nere his herte light,  
He payned him with al his fulle might 75  
Him to with-holde of wepinge at the  
leste,

And Antenor he kiste, and made feste.

12. And ther-with-al he moste his leve  
take,

And caste his eye upon hir pitously,  
And neer he rood, his cause for to make,  
To take hir by the honde al sobraly. 81  
And lord! so she gan wepen tendrely!  
And he ful softe and sleightly gan hir  
seye,

'Now hold your day, and dooth me not to  
deye.'

13. With that his courser torned he  
a-boute 85

With face pale, and un-to Diomedé  
No word he spak, ne noon of al his route;  
Of which the sone of Tydeus took hede,  
As he that coude more than the crede  
In swich a craft, and by the reyne hir  
hente; 90  
And Troilus to Troye homwarde he wente.

14. This Diomedé, that ladde hir by the  
brydel,

Whan that he saw the folk of Troye  
aweye,

Thoughte, 'al my labour shal not been  
on ydel,

If that I may, for somewhat shal I seye. 95  
For at the worste it may yet shorte our  
weye.

I have herd seyde, eek tymes twyës twelve,  
'He is a fool that wol for-yete him-  
selve.'

15. But natheles this thoughte he wel  
y-nough,

'That certaynly I am aboute nought 100  
If that I speke of love, or make it tough;  
For douteles, if she have in hir thought  
Him that I gesse, he may not been  
y-brought

So sone away; but I shal finde a mene,  
That she not wite as yet shal what I  
mene.' 105

16. This Diomede, as he that coude his  
good,  
Whan this was doon, gan fallen forth in  
speche

Of this and that, and asked why she  
stood

In swich disease, and gan hir eek biseche,  
That if that he encrease mighte or eche 110  
With any thing hir ese, that she sholde  
Comaunde it him, and seyde he doon it  
wolde.

17. For trewely he swoor hir, as a knight,  
That ther nas thing with whiche he  
mighte hir plesse,

That he nolde doon his payne and al his  
might 115

To doon it, for to doon hir herte an ese.  
And preyede hir, she wolde hir sorwe  
apese,

And seyde, 'y-wis, we Grekes con have  
joye

To honouren yow, as wel as folk of Troye.'

18. He seyde eek thus, 'I woot, yow  
thinketh straunge, 120

No wonder is, for it is to yow newe,  
Th'acquaintaunce of these Trojanes to  
chaunge,

For folk of Grece, that ye never knewe.  
But wolde never god but-if as trewe  
A Greek ye shulde among us alle finde 125  
As any Trojan is, and eek as kinde.

19. And by the cause I swoor yow right,  
lo, now,

To been your freend, and helply, to my  
might,

And for that more acquaintance eek of  
yow

Have ich had than another straunger  
wight, 130

So fro this forth I pray yow, day and  
night,

Comaundeth me, howsore that me smerte,  
To doon al that may lyke un-to your  
herte;

20. And that ye me wolde as your brother  
trete,

And taketh not my frendship in despyt;  
And though your sorwes be for thinges  
grete, 135

Noot I not why, but out of more respyt,  
Myn herte hath for to amende it greet  
delyt.

And if I may your harmes not redresse,  
I am right sory for your hevynesse. 140

21. And though ye Trojans with us  
Grekes wrothe

Han many a day be, alwey yet, pardee,  
O god of love in sooth we serven bothe.

And, for the love of god, my lady free,  
Whom so ye hate, as beth not wroth with  
me. 145

For trewely, ther can no wight yow  
serve,

That half so looth your wraththe wolde  
deserve.

22. And nere it that we been so neigh the  
tente

Of Calkas, which that seen us bothe  
may,

I wolde of this yow telle al myn entente;  
But this enseled til another day. 151

Yeve me your hond, I am, and shal ben  
ay,

God help me so, whyl that my lyf may  
dure,

Your owene aboven every creature.

23. Thus seyde I never er now to womman  
born; 155

For god myn herte as wisly glade so,  
I lovede never womman here-biforn  
As paramours, ne never shal no mo.

And, for the love of god, beth not my fo;  
Al can I not to yow, my lady dere, 160  
Compleyne aright, for I am yet to lere.

24. And wondreth not, myn owene lady  
bright,

Though that I speke of love to you thus  
blyve;

For I have herd or this of many a wight,  
Hath loved thing he never saugh his  
lyve. 165

Eek I am not of power for to stryve

Ayens the god of love, but him obeye  
I wol alwey, and mercy I yow preye.

25. Ther been so worthy knightes in this  
place, 169

And ye so fair, that everich of hem alle  
Wol peynen him to stonden in your grace.  
But mighte me so fair a grace falle,  
That ye me for your servaunt wolde calle,  
So lowly ne so trewely you serve  
Nil noon of hem, as I shal, til I starve.' 175

26. Criseide un-to that purpos lyte an-  
swerde,

As she that was with sorwe oppressed so  
That, in effect, she nought his tales herde,  
But here and there, now here a word or  
two.

Hir thoughte hir sorwful herte brast  
a-two. 180

For whan she gan hir fader fer aspye,  
Wel neigh doun of hir hors she gan to  
sye.

27. But natheles she thonked Diomedes  
Of al his travaile, and his goode chere,  
And that him liste his friendship hir to  
bede; 185

And she accepteth it in good manere,  
And wolde do fayn that is him leef and  
dere;

And trusten him she wolde, and wel she  
mighte,  
As seyde she, and from hir hors she  
alighte.

28. Hir fader hath hir in his armes nome,  
And tweyntye tyme he kiste his doughter  
swete, 191

And seyde, 'O dare doughter myn, wel-  
come!'

She seyde eek, she was fayn with him to  
mete,  
And stood forth mewet, mildē, and man-  
sute.

But here I leve hir with hir fader dwelle,  
And forth I wol of Troilus yow telle. 196

29. To Troye is come this woful Troilus.  
In sorwe aboven alle sorwes smerte,  
With felon look, and face dispitous.

Tho sodainly doun from his hors he  
sterde, 200

And thorough his paleys, with a swollen  
herte,

To chambre he wente; of no-thing took  
he hede,

Ne noon to him dar spake a word for  
dreda.

30. And there his sorwes that he spared  
hadde

He yaf an issue large, and 'deeth!' he  
cryde; 205

And in his throwes frenetyk and madde  
He cursed Jove, Appollo, and eek Cupyde,  
He cursed Ceres, Bacus, and Cipryde,  
His burthe, him-self, his fate, and eek  
nature,

And, save his lady, every creatura. 210

31. To bedde he goth, and weyleth there  
and torneth

In furie, as dooth he, Ixion, in helle;  
And in this wyse he neigh til day so-  
jorneth.

But tho bigan his herte a lyte unswelle  
Thorough teres which that gonnen up to  
welle; 215

And pitously he cryde up-on Criseyde,  
And to him-self right thus he spak, and  
seyde:—

32. 'Wher is myn owene lady lief and  
dere,

Wher is hir whyte brest, wher is it,  
where?

Wher been hir armes and hir eyen clere,  
That yesternight this tyme with me  
were? 221

Now may I wepe allone many a tere,  
And graspe aboute I may, but in this  
place,

Save a pilowe, I finde nought t'enbrace.

33. How shal I do? Whan shal she com  
ayeyn? 225

I noot, allas! why leet ich hir to go?  
As wolde god, ich hadde as tho be sleyn!

O herte myn, Criseyde, O swete fo!  
O lady myn, that I love and no mo! 229

To whom for ever-mo myn herte I dowe;  
See how I deye, ye nil me not rescowe!



84. Who seeth yow now, my righte lode-sterre?  
Who sit right now or stant in your  
presence?

Who can conforten now your hertes  
werre?

Now I am gon, whom yeve ye audience?  
Who speketh for me right now in myn  
absence? 236

Allas, no wight; and that is al my care;  
For wel wot I, as yvel as I ye fare.

85. How shulde I thus ten dayes ful  
endure,  
Whan I the firste night have al this  
tene? 240

How shal she doon eek, sorwful creature?  
For tenderness, how shal she this sus-  
tene,

Swich wo for me? O pitous, pale, and  
grene

Shal been your fresshe wommanliche face  
For langour, er ye torne un-to this  
place.' 245

86. And whan he fil in any slomeringes,  
Anoon biginne he sholde for to grone,  
And dremen of the dredfulleste thinges  
That mighte been; as, mete he were  
allone

In place horrible, makinge ay his mone,  
Or meten that he was amonges alle 251  
His enemyes, and in hir hondes falle.

87. And ther-with-al his body sholde  
sterre,

And with the stert al sodeinliche awake,  
And swich a tremour fele aboute his  
herte, 255

That of the feer his body sholde quake;  
And there-with-al he sholde a noyse  
make,

And seme as though he sholde falle depe  
From heighe a-lofte; and than he wolde  
wepe,

88. And rewen on him-self so pitously, 260  
That wonder was to here his fantasye.  
Another tyme he sholde mightily  
Conforte him-self, and seyn it was folye,  
So causeles swich drede for to drye,

And eft biginne his aspre sorwes newe,  
That every man mighte on his sorwes  
rewa. 266

89. Who coude telle aright or ful dis-  
oryve

His wo, his playnte, his langour, and his  
pyne?

Nought al the men that han or been on-  
lyve.

Thou, redere, mayst thy-self ful wel  
devyne 270

That swich a wo my wit can not defyne.  
On ydel for to wryte it sholde I swinke,  
Whan that my wit is wery it to thinke.

40. On hevne yet the sterres were sene,  
Al-though ful pale y-waxen was the  
mone; 275

And whyten gan the orisonte shene  
Al estward, as it woned is to done.

And Phebus with his rosy carte sone  
Gan after that to dresse him up to fare,  
Whan Troilus hath sent after Pandare.

41. This Pandare, that of al the day  
biforn 281

Ne mighte have comen Troilus to see,  
Al-though he on his heed it hadde y-sworn,  
For with the king Pryam alday was he,  
So that it lay not in his libertee 285  
No-wher to gon, but on the morwe he  
wente

To Troilus, whan that he for him sente.

42. For in his herte he coude wel devyne,  
That Troilus al night for sorwe wook;  
And that he wolde telle him of his pyne,  
This knew he wel y-nough, with-oute  
book. 291

For which to chaumbre streight the way  
he took,

And Troilus tho sobrelliche he grette,  
And on the bed ful sone he gan him sette.

43. 'My Pandarus,' quod Troilus, 'the  
sorwe 295

Which that I drye, I may not longe  
endure.

I trowe I shal not liven til to-morwe;  
For whiche I wolde alwey, on aventure,  
To thee devyssen of my sepulture

The forme, and of my moeble thou dis-  
pone 300  
Right as thee semeth best is for to done.

44. But of the fyr and flaumbe funeral  
In whiche my body brenne shal to glede,  
And of the feste and pleyes palestral 304  
At my vigile, I pray thee take good hede  
That al be wel; and offre Mars my stede,  
My sword, myn helm, and, leve brother  
dere,  
My sheld to Pallas yef, that shyneth  
clere.

45. The pou dre in which myn herte y-  
brend shal torne,  
That preye I thee thou take and it con-  
serve 310  
In a vessel, that men clepeth an urne,  
Of gold, and to my lady that I serve,  
For love of whom thus pitonaly I sterve,  
So yeve it hir, and do me this plesauce,  
To preye hir kepe it for a remembraunce.

46. For wel I fele, by my maladye, 316  
And by my dremes now and yore ago,  
Al certainly, that I mot nedes dye.  
The owle eek, which that hight Ascapילו,  
Hath after me shright alle thise nightes  
two. 320  
And, god Mercurie! of me now, woful  
wrecche,  
The soule gyde, and, whan thee list, it  
fecche!

47. Pandare answerde, and seyde, 'Troilus,  
My dere freend, as I have told thee yore,  
That it is folye for to sorwen thus, 325  
And causeles, for whiche I can no-more.  
But who-so wol not trowen reed ne lore,  
I can not seen in him no remedye,  
But lete him worthen with his fantasye.

48. But Troilus, I pray thee tel me now,  
If that thou trowe, er this, that any  
wight 331  
Hath loved paramours as wel as thou?  
Ye, god wot, and fro many a worthy  
knight  
Hath his lady goon a fourtenight,  
And he not yet made halvendel the  
fare. 335  
What nede is thee to maken al this care?

49. Sin day by day thou mayst thy-selven  
see

That from his love, or elles from his wyf,  
A man mot twinnen of necessitee,  
Ye, though he love hir as his owene lyf; 340  
Yet nil he with him-self thus maken  
stryf.

For wel thou wost, my leve brother dere,  
That alwey freendes may nought been  
y-fere.

50. How doon this folk that seen hir loves  
wedded

By freendes might, as it bi-tit ful ofte, 345  
And seen hem in hir spouses bed y-bedded?  
God woot, they take it wysly, faire and  
softa.

For-why good hope halt up hir herte on-  
lofte,  
And for they can a tyme of sorwe endure;  
As tyme hem hurt, a tyme doth hem  
cure. 350

51. So sholdestow endure, and late slyde  
The tyme, and fonde to ben glad and  
light.

Ten dayes nis so long not t' abyda.  
And sin she thee to comen hath bihight,  
She nil hir hestes breken for no wight. 355  
For dred thee not that she nil finden weye  
To come ayein, my lyf that dorste I leye.

52. Thy swevenes eek and al swich fan-  
tasye

Dryf out, and lat hem faren to mis-  
chaunce;

For they procede of thy malencolye, 360  
That doth thee fele in sleep al this pen-  
saunce.

A straw for alle swevenes signifiuaunce!  
God helpe me so, I counte hem not a  
bene,

Ther woot no man aright what dremes  
mene.

53. For prestes of the temple tellen this,  
That dremes been the revelaciouns 366  
Of goddes, and as wel they telle, y-wis,  
That they ben infernals illusiouns;  
And leches seyn, that of complexiouns  
Proceden they, or fast, or glotonye. 370  
Who woot in sooth thus what they  
signifye?

54. Eek othere seyn that thorough im-  
 pressiouns,  
 As if a wight hath faste a thing in minde,  
 That ther-of cometh swiche avisiouns;  
 And othere seyn, as they in bokes finde,  
 That, after tymes of the yeer by kinde,  
 Men dreme, and that th'effect goth by the  
 mone; 377  
 But leve no dreem, for it is nought to  
 done.

55. Wel worth of dremes ay thise olde  
 wyves,  
 And troweliche eek augurie of thise  
 foules; 380  
 For fere of which men wenen lese her  
 lyves,  
 As ravenes qualm, or shryking of thise  
 oules.  
 To trowen on it bothe fals and foul is.  
 Allas, allas, so noble a creature  
 As is a man, shal drede swich ordure! 385

56. For which with al myn herte I thee  
 beseeche,  
 Un-to thy-self that al this thou foryive;  
 And rys up now with-oute more speche,  
 And lat us caste how forth may best be  
 drive  
 This tyme, and eek how freshly we may  
 live 390  
 Whan that she cometh, the which shal  
 be right sone;  
 God help me so, the beste is thus to done.

57. Rys, lat us speke of lusty lyf in Troye  
 That we han lad, and forth the tyme  
 dryve;  
 And eek of tyme cominge us rejoye, 395  
 That bringen shal our blisse nowso blyve;  
 And langour of these twyës dayes fyve  
 We shal ther-with so foryete or oppresse,  
 That wel unnethes it doon shal us duresse.

58. This toun is ful of lordes al aboute,  
 And trewes lasten al this mene whyle.  
 Go we playe us in som lusty route 402  
 To Sarpedon, not hennes but a myle.  
 And thus thou shalt the tyme wel bigyle,  
 And dryve it forth un-to that bliaful  
 morwe, 405  
 That thou hir see, that cause is of thy  
 sorwe.

59. Now rys, my dere brother Troilus;  
 For certes, it noon honour is to thee  
 To wepe, and in thy bed to jouken thus.  
 For trewely, of o thing trust to me, 410  
 If thou thus ligge a day, or two, or three,  
 The folk wol wene that thou, for  
 cowardyse,  
 Thee feynest syk, and that thou darst  
 not ryse.'

60. This Troilus answerde, 'O brother  
 dere,  
 This knowen folk that han y-suffred  
 payne, 415  
 That though he wepe and make sorwful  
 chere,  
 That feleth harm and smart in every  
 veyne,  
 No wonder is; and though I ever pleyne,  
 Or alway wepe, I am no-thing to blame,  
 Sin I have lost the cause of al my game.

61. But sin of fyne force I moot aryse,  
 I shal aryse, as sone as ever I may; 422  
 And god, to whom myn herte I sacrificyse,  
 So sende us hastely the tenthe day!  
 For was ther never fowl so fayn of May,  
 As I shal been, whan that she cometh in  
 Troye, 426  
 That cause is of my torment and my joya.

62. But whider is thy reed,' quod Troilus.  
 'That we may playe us best in al this  
 toun?'  
 'By god, my conseil is,' quod Pandarus,  
 'To ryde and playe us with king Sarpe-  
 doun.' 431  
 So longe of this they spoken up and down,  
 Til Troilus gan at the laste assente  
 To ryse, and forth to Sarpedoun they  
 wente.

63. This Sarpedoun, as he that honourable  
 Was ever his lyve, and ful of heigh  
 provesse, 436  
 With al that mighte y-served been on  
 table,  
 That deyntee was, al coste it greet  
 richesse,  
 He fedde hem day by day, that swich  
 noblesse,

As seyden bothe the moste and eek the  
leste, 440  
Was never er that day wist at any feste.

64. Nor in this world ther is non instru-  
ment

Delicious, through wind, or touche, or  
corde,

As fer as any wight hath ever y-went,  
That tonge telle or herte may recorde, 445  
That at that feste it nas wel herd acorde;  
Ne of ladies eek so fayr a companye  
On daunce, er tho, was never y-seyn with  
y<sup>e</sup>.

65. But what awayleth this to Troilus,  
That for his sorwe no-thing of it roughete?  
For ever in oon his herte pi<sup>st</sup>ons 451  
Ful bisily Criseyde his lady soughte.  
On hir was ever al that his herte thoughte.  
Now this, now that, so faste imaginige,  
That glade, y-wis, can him no festeyinge.

66. These ladies eek that at this feste  
been, 456

Sin that he saw his lady was a-weye,  
It was his sorwe upon hem for to seen,  
Or for to here on instrumentz so pleye.  
For she, that of his herte berth the keye,  
Was absent, lo, this was his fantasye, 461  
That no wight sholde make melodye.

67. Nor ther nas houre in al the day or  
night,

Whan he was ther-as no wight mighte  
him here,

That he ne seyde, 'O lufsom lady bright,  
How have ye faren, sin that ye were  
here?' 466

Wel-come, y-wis, myn owene lady dera.'  
But welaway, al this nas but a mase;  
Fortune his howve entended bet to glase.

68. The lettres eek, that she of olde tyme  
Hadde him y-sent, he wolde allone rede,  
An hundred sythe, a-twixen noon and  
pryme; 472

Refiguringe hir shap, hir womanhede,  
With-inne his herte, and every word and  
dede

That passed was, and thus he droof to an  
ende 475

The ferthe day, and seyde, he wolde  
wende.

69. And seyde, 'leve brother Pandarus,  
Intendestow that we shul her<sup>e</sup> bleve  
Til Sarpedoun wol forth congeyen us?  
Yet were it fairer that we toke our leve.  
For goddes love, lat us now sone at eve  
Our leve take, and homward lat us torne;  
For trewely, I nil not thus sojorne.' 483

70. Pandare answerde, 'be we comen  
hider

To fecchen fyr, and rennen hoom ayeyn?  
God helpe me so, I can not tellen whider  
We mighten goon, if I shal soothly seyn,  
Ther any wight is of us more fayn  
Than Sarpedoun; and if we hennes hye  
Thus sodeinly, I holde it vilanye, 490

71. Sin that we seyden that we wolde  
bleve

With him a wouke; and now, thus  
sodeinly,

The ferthe day to take of him our leve,  
He wolde wondren on it, trewely! 494  
Lat us holde forth our purpos fermely;  
And sin that ye bihighten him to byde,  
Hold forward now, and after lat us ryde.'

72. Thus Pandarus, with alle peyne and  
wo,

Made him to dwelle; and at the woukes  
ende,

Of Sarpedoun they toke hir leve tho, 500  
And on hir way they spedden hem to  
wende.

Quod Troilus, 'now god me grace sende,  
That I may finden, at myn hom-cominge,  
Criseyde comen!' and ther-with gan he  
singe.

73. 'Ye, hasel-wode!' thoughte this Pan-  
dare, 505

And to him-self ful softly he seyde,  
'God woot, refreyden may this hote fare  
Er Calkas sende Troilus Criseyde!'

But natheles, he japed thus, and seyde,  
And swor, y-wis, his herte him wel  
bihighte, 510

She wolde come as sone as ever she  
mighte.

74. Whan they un-to the paleys were  
y-comen

Of Troilus, they down of hors alighte,

And to the chambre hir wey than han  
they nomen.

And in-to tyme that it gan to nighte, 515  
They spoken of Criseyde the brighte.  
And after this, whan that hem bothe  
leste,  
They spedde hem fro the soper un-to  
reste.

75. On morwe, as sone as day bigan to  
clere,  
This Troilus gan of his sleep t'abreyde, 520  
And to Pandare, his owene brother dere,  
'For love of god,' ful pitously he seyde,  
'As go we seen the paleys of Criseyde ;  
For sin we yet may have namore feste,  
So lat us seen hir paleys at the leste.' 525

76. And ther-with-al, his meynee for to  
blende,  
A cause he fond in tounne for to go,  
And to Criseydes hous they gonnen wende.  
But lord ! this sely Troilus was wo !  
Him thoughte his sorweful herte braste  
a-two. 530  
For whan he saugh hir dores sperred alle,  
Wel neigh for sorwe a-doun he gan to  
falle.

77 Therwith whan he was war and gan  
biholde  
How shet was every windowe of the place,  
As frost, him thoughte, his herte gan to  
colde ; 535  
For which with chaunged deedlich pale  
face,

With-uten word, he forth bigan to pace ;  
And, as god wolde, he gan so faste ryde,  
That no wight of his contenaunce aspyde.

78. Than seyde he thus, 'O paleys desolat,  
O hous, of houses whylom best y-hight,  
O paleys empty and disconsolat, 542  
O thou lanterne, of which queynt is the  
light,

O paleys, whylom day, that now art night,  
Wel oughtestow to falle, and I to dye, 545  
Sin she is went that wont was us to gye !

79. Opaleys, whylom croune of houses alle,  
Enlumined with sonne of alle blisse !

O ring, fro which the ruby is out-falle,  
O cause of wo, that cause hast been of  
lisse ! 550  
Yet, sin I may no bet, fayn wolde I kisse  
Thy colde dores, dorste I for this route ;  
And fare-wel shryne, of which the seynt  
is oute !'

80. Ther-with he caste on Pandarus his yf  
With chaunged face, and pitous to biholde ;  
And whan he mighte his tyme aright  
aspye, 556  
Ay as he rood, to Pandarus he tolde  
His newe sorwe, and eek his joyes olde,  
So pitously and with so dede an hewe,  
That every wight mighte on his sorwe rew.

81. Fro thennesforth he rydeth up and  
doun, 561  
And every thing com him to remem-  
braunce  
As he rood forth by places of the toun  
In whiche he whylom hadde al his ples-  
aunce. 564  
'Lo, yond saugh I myn owene lady daunce ;  
And in that temple, with hir eyen clere,  
Me caughte first my righte lady dere.

82. And yonder have I herd ful lustily  
My dere herte laughe, and yonder playe  
Saugh I hir ones eek ful blisfully. 570  
And yonder ones to me gan she seye,  
"Now goode swete, love me wel, I preye."  
And yond so goodly gan she me biholde,  
That to the deeth myn herte is to hir holde.

83. And at that corner, in the yonder hous,  
Herde I myn alderlevest lady dere 576  
So wommanly, with voys melodious,  
Singen so wel, so goodly, and so clere,  
That in my soule yet me thinketh I here  
The blisful soun ; and, in that yonder  
place, 580  
My lady first me took un-to hir grace.'

84. Thanne thoughte he thus, 'O blisful  
lord Cuppyde,  
Whanne I the proces have in my memorie,  
How thou me hast werreyed on every syde,  
Men mighte a book make of it, lyk a storie.  
What nede is thee to seke on me victorie,

Sin I am thyn, and hoolly at thy wille?  
What joye hastow thyn owene folk to  
spille? 588

86. Wel hastow, lord, y-wroke on me thyn  
ire,  
Thou mighty god, and dredful for to greve!  
Now mercy, lord, thou wost wel I desire  
Thy grace most, of alle lustes leve. 592  
And live and deye I wol in thy bileve;  
For which I n'axe in guerdon but a bone,  
That thou Criseyde ayain me sende sone.

86. Distreyne hir herte as faste to retorne  
As thou dost myn to longen hir to see;  
Than woot I wel, that she nil not sojorne.  
Now, blisful lord, so cruel thou ne be  
Un-to the blood of Troye, I preye thee, 600  
As Juno was un-to the blood Thebane,  
For which the folk of Thebes caughte hir  
bane.'

87. And after this he to the yates wente  
Ther-as Criseyde out-rood a ful good paas,  
And up and down ther made he many  
a wente, 605  
And to him-self ful ofte he seyde 'allas!  
From hennes rood my blisse and my solas!  
As wolde blisful god now, for his joye,  
I mighte hir seen ayain come in-to Troye.

88. And to the yonder hille I gan hir gyde,  
Allas! and there I took of hir my leve!  
And yond I saugh hir to hir fader ryde,  
For sorwe of which myn harte shal to-  
cleve. 613  
And hider hoom I com when it was eve;  
And here I dwelle out-cast from alle joye,  
And shal, til I may seen hir eft in Troye.'

89. And of him-self imagined he ofte  
To ben defet, and pale, and waxen lesse  
Than he was wont, and that men seyde  
softe,  
'What may it be? who can the sothe  
gesse 620  
Why Troilus hath al this hevynesse?'  
And al this nas but his malencolye,  
That he hadde of him-self swich fantasyo.

90. Another tyme imaginen he wolde  
That every wight that wente by the weye

Had of him routhe, and that they seyen  
sholde, 626  
'I am right sory Troilus wol deye.'  
And thus he droof a day yet forth or tweye.  
As ye have herd, swich lyf right gan he lede,  
As he that stood bitwixen hope and drede.

91. For which him lyked in his songes  
shewe 631  
Th'encheson of his wo, as he best mighte,  
And make a song of wordes but a fewe,  
Somwhat his woful herte for to lighte.  
And whan he was from every mannes  
sight, 635  
With softe voys he, of his lady dere,  
That was absent, gan singe as ye may here.

92. 'O sterre, of which I lost have al the  
light,  
With harte soor wel oughte I to bewayle,  
That ever derk in torment, night by night,  
Toward my deeth with wind in stere I,  
sayle; 641  
For which the tenthe night if that I fayle  
The gyding of thy bemes brighte an houre,  
My ship and me Caribdis wol devoura.'

93. This song when he thus songen hadde,  
sone 645  
He fil ayain in-to his sykes olde;  
And every night, as was his wone to done,  
He stood the brighte mone to beholde,  
And al his sorwe he to the mone tolde;  
And seyde, 'y-wis, whan thou art horned  
newe, 650  
I shal be glad, if al the world be trewe!

94. I saugh thyn hornes olde eek by the  
morwe,  
Whan hennes rood my righte lady dere,  
That cause is of my torment and mysorwe;  
For whiche, O brighte Lucina the clere, 655  
For love of god, ren faste aboute thyspere!  
For whan thyn hornes newe ginne springe,  
Than shal she come, that may my blisse  
bring!

95. The day is more, and lenger every  
night,  
Than they be wont to be, him thoughte  
tho; 660

And that the sonne wente his course  
unright

By lenger way than it was wont to go ;  
And seyde, 'y-wis, me dredeth ever-mo,  
The sonnes sone, Pheton, be on-lyve,  
And that his fadres cartamis he dryve.' 655

96. Upon the walles faste eek wolde he  
walke,

And on the Grekes ost he wolde see,  
And to him-self right thus he wolde talke,  
'Lo, yonder is myn owene lady free,  
Or elles yonder, ther tho tentes be! 670  
And thennes comth this eyr, that is so  
sote,  
That in my soule I fele it doth me bote.

97. And hardly this wind, that more and  
more

Thus stoundemele encreseth in my face,  
Is of my ladyes depe sykes sora. 675

I preve it thus, for in non othere place  
Of al this toun, save onliche in this space,  
Fele I no wind that souneth so lyk payne;  
It seyth, "allas! why twinned be we  
tweyne?"

98. This longe tyme he dryveth forth right  
thus, 680

Til fully passed was the nynthe night;  
And ay bi-syde him was this Pandarus,  
That bisily dide alle his fulle might  
Him to comferte, and make his herte light;  
Yevinge him hope alwey, the tenth morwe  
That she shal come, and stinten al his  
sorwe. 686

99. Up-on that other syde eek was Cri-  
seyde,

With women fewe, among the Grekes  
stronge;

For which ful ofte a day 'allas!' she seyde,  
'That I was born! Wel may myn herte  
longe 690

After my deeth; for now live I to longe!  
Allas! and I ne may it not amende;  
For now is wors than ever yet I wende.

100. My fader nil for no-thing do me grace  
To goon ayein, for nought I can him  
qume; 695

And if so be that I my terme passe,

My Troilus shal in his herte deme 697  
That I am fals, and so it may wel seme.  
Thus shal I have unthank on every syde;  
That I was born, so weylaway the tyde!

101. And if that I me putte in jupartye,  
To stele away by nighte, and it bifalle  
That I be caught, I shal be holde a spye;  
Or elles, lo, this drede I most of alle,  
If in the hondes of som wrecche I falle,  
I am but lost, al be myn herte trewe; 706  
Now mighty god, thou on my sorwe rewe!

102. Ful pale y-waxen was hir brighte face,  
Hir limes lene, as she that al the day  
Stood whan she dorste, and loked on the  
place 710

Ther she was born, and ther she dwelt  
hadde ay.

And al the night wepinge, alas! she lay.  
And thus despaired, out of alle cure,  
She ladde hir lyf, this woful creatura.

103. Ful ofte a day she sighte eek for  
destresse, 715

And in hir-self she wente ay portrayinge  
Of Troilus the grete worthinesse,  
And alle his goodly wordes recordinge  
Sin first that day hir love bigan to springe.  
And thus she sette hir woful herte a-fyre  
Thorough remembraunce of that she gan  
desyre. 721

104. In al this world ther nis so cruel  
herte

That hir hadde herd compleynen in hir  
sorwe,

That nolde han wopen for hir paynes  
smerte,

Sotendrelly she weep, bothe eve and morwe.  
Hir nedede no teres for to borwe. 726

And this was yet the worste of al hir payne,  
Ther was no wight to whom she dorste hir  
pleyna.

105. Ful rewfully she loked up-on Troye,  
Biheld the toures heighe and eek the  
halles; 730

'Allas!' quod she, 'the plesaunce and the  
joye

The whiche that now al torned in-to  
galle is,

Have I had ofte with-inne yonder walles!  
O Troilus, what dostow now,' she seyde;  
'Lord! whether yet thou thenke up-on  
Criseyde? 735

106. Allas! I ne hadde trowed on your lore,  
And went with yow, as ye me radde er this!  
Thanne hadde I now not syked half so sore.  
Who mighte have seyde, that I had doon  
a-mis

To stele away with swich on as he is? 740  
But al to late cometh the letuarie,  
Whan men the cors un-to the grave carie.

107. To late is now to speke of this matere;  
Prudence, allas! oon of thyn eyen three  
Me lakked alwey, er that I cam here; 745  
On tyme y-passed, wel remembered me;  
And present tyme eek coude I wel y-see.  
But futur tyme, er I was in the snare,  
Coude I not seen; that causeth now my  
care. 749

108. But natheles, bityde what bityde,  
I shal to-morwe at night, by est or weste,  
Out of this ost stele on som maner syde,  
And go with Troilus wher-as him leste.  
This purpos wol I holde, and this is beste.  
No fors of wikked tonges janglerye, 755  
For ever on love han wrecches had envye.

109. For who-so wole of every word take  
hede,  
Or rewlen him by every wightes wit,  
Ne shal he never thryven, out of drede.  
For that that som men blamen ever yit,  
Lo, other maner folk commend en it. 761  
And as for me, for al swich variaunce,  
Felicitee clepe I my suffisaunce.

110. For which, with-outen any wordes mo,  
To Troye I wol, as for conclusoun.' 765  
But god it wot, er fully monthes two,  
She was ful fro that entencioun.  
For bothe Troilus and Troye toun  
Shal knotteles through-out hir herte  
slyde;  
For she wol take a purpos for t'abyde. 770

111. This Diomedes, of whom yow telle  
I gan,  
Goth now, with-inne him-self ay arguinge

With al the sleighte and al that ever he  
can,  
How he may best, with shortest taryinge,  
In-to his net Criseydes herte bringe. 775  
To this entente he coude never fyne;  
To fishen hir, he leyde out hook and lyne.

112. But natheles, wel in his herte he  
thoughte,  
That she nas nat with-oute a love in Troye.  
For never, sithen he hir thennes broughte,  
Ne coude he seen her laughe or make  
joye. 781  
He niste how best hir herte for t'acoye.  
'But for t'assaye,' he seyde, 'it nought  
ne greveth;  
For he that nought n'assayeth, nought  
n'acheveth.'

113. Yet seide he to him-self upon a night,  
'Now am I not a fool, that woot wel how  
Hir wo for love is of another wight,  
And here-up-on to goon assaye hir now?  
I may wel wite, it nil not been my prow.  
For wyse folk in bokes it expresse, 790  
'Men shal not wowe a wight in hevynesse.'

114. But who-so mighte winnen swich  
a flour  
From him, for whom she morneth night  
and day,  
He mighte seyn, he were a conquerour.' 795  
And right anon, as he that bold was ay,  
Thoughte in his herte, 'happe, how happe  
may, 796  
Al sholde I daye, I wole hir herte seche;  
I shal no more lesen but my speche.'

115. This Diomedes, as bokes us declare,  
Was in his nedes prest and corageous;  
With sternevoys and mighty limes square,  
Hardy, testif, strong, and chevalrous  
Of dedes, lyk his fader Tidenus.  
And som men seyn, he was of tunge large;  
And heir he was of Calidone and Arge. 805

116. Criseyde mene was of hir stature,  
Ther-to of shap, of face, and eek of chere,  
Ther mighte been no fairer creature.  
And ofte tyme this was hir manere,  
To gon y-tressed with hir heres clere 810



Doun by hir coler at hir bak bihinde,  
Which with a threde of gold she wolde  
hinde.

117. And, save hir browes joyneden y-fere,  
Ther nas no lak, in ought I can espyen ;  
But for to speken of hir eyen clere, 815  
Lo, trewely, they writen that hir ayen,  
That Paradys stood formed in hir yēn.  
And with hir richs beautee ever-more  
Strof love in hir, ay which of hem was  
more.

118. She sobre was, eek simple, and wys  
with-al, 820  
The beste y-norished eek that mighte be,  
And goodly of hir speche in general,  
Charitable, estatliche, lusty, and free ;  
Ne never-mo ne lakkede hir pitee ;  
Tendre-herted, slydinge of corage ; 825  
But trewely, I can not telle hir age.

119. And Troilus wel waxen was in highte,  
And complet formed by proporcoun  
So wel, that kinde it not amenden mighte ;  
Yong, freshe, strong, and hardy as lyoun ;  
Trewes as steel in ech condicioun ; 831  
On of the beste enteched creature,  
That is, or shal, whyl that the world may  
dure.

120. And certainly in storie it is y-founde,  
That Troilus was never un-to no wight, 835  
As in his tyme, in no degree secounde  
In durring don that longeth to a knight.  
Al mighte a geaunt passen him of might,  
His herte ay with the firste and with the  
beste 839  
Stod paregal, to durre don that him leste.

121. But for to tellen forth of Diomede :—  
It fil that after, on the tenthe day,  
Sin that Criseyde out of the citee yede,  
This Diomede, as freshe as braunche in  
May,  
Com to the tente ther-as Calkas lay, 845  
And feyned him with Calkas han to done ;  
But what he mente, I shal yow telle sone.

122. Criseyde, at shorte wordes for to telle,  
Welcomed him, and doun by hir him sette ;  
And he was ethe y-nough to maken dwelle.

And after this, with-outen longe lette, 851  
The spyces and the wyn men forth hem  
fette ;  
And forth they speke of this and that  
y-fere,  
As freendes doon, of which som shal ye  
here.

123. He gan first fallen of the werre in  
speche 855  
Bitwixe hem and the folk of Troye toun ;  
And of th'assege he gan hir eek byseche,  
To telle him what was hir opinioun.  
Fro that demaunde he so descendeth doun  
To asken hir, if that hir straunge thoughte  
The Grekes gyse, and werkes that they  
wroughte ? 861

124. And why hir fader tarieth so longe  
To wedden hir un-to som worthy wight ?  
Criseyde, that was in hir peynes stronge  
For love of Troilus, hir owene knight, 865  
As fer-forth as she conning hadde or  
might,  
Answerde him tho ; but, as of his entente,  
It semed not she wiste what he mente.

125. But natheles, this ilke Diomede  
Gan in him-self assure, and thus he seyde,  
' If ich aright have taken of yow hede, 871  
Me thinketh thus, O lady myn, Criseyde,  
That sin I first hond on your brydel  
layde,  
Whan ye out come of Troye by the morwe,  
Ne coude I never seen yow but in sorwe.

126. Can I not seyn what may the cause  
be 876  
But-if for love of som Troyan it were,  
The which right sore wolde athinken me  
That ye, for any wight that dwelleth  
there,  
Sholden spille a quarter of a tere, 880  
Or pitously your-selven so bigyle ;  
For dredeles, it is nought worth the  
whyle.

127. The folk of Troye, as who seyth, alle  
and some  
In preson been, as ye your-selven see ;  
For thennes shal not oon on-lyve come 885

For al the gold bitwixen sonne and see.  
Trusteth wel, and understondeth me,  
Ther shal not oon to mercy goon on-lyve,  
Al were he lord of worldes twyfes fyve!

128. Swich wreche on ham, for fecching  
of Eleyne, 890  
Ther shal be take, er that we hennes  
wende,

That Manes, which that goddes ben of  
peyne,  
Shal been agast that Grekes wol hem  
shende.

And men shul drede, un-to the worldes  
ende, 894  
From hennes-forth to ravisshe any quene,  
So cruel shal our wreche on hem be sene.

129. And but-if Calkas lede us with am-  
bages,  
That is to seyn, with double wordes slye,  
Swich as men clepe a "word with two  
visages,"

Ye shul wel knowen that I nought ne  
lye, 900  
And al this thing right seen it with your  
ye,

And that anon; ye nil not trowe how  
sone;  
Now taketh heed, for it is for to done.

130. What wane ye your wyse fader  
wolde

Han yeven Antenor for yow anon, 905  
If he ne wiste that the citee sholde  
Destroyed been? Why, nay, so mote  
I goon!

He knew ful wel ther shal not scapen oon  
That Troyan is; and for the grete fere,  
He dorste not, ye dwelte lenger there. 910

131. What wole ye more, lufsom lady  
dere?

Lat Troye and Troyan fro your herte  
pace!

Dryf out that bittre hope, and make good  
chere,

And clepe ayein the beautees of your face,  
That ye with salte teres so deface. 915  
For Troye is brought in swich a jupartye,  
That, it to save, is now no remedye.

132. And thankeþ wel, ye shal in Grekes  
finde

A more parfitt love, er it be night,  
Than any Troyan is, and more kinde, 920  
And bet to serven yow wol doon his  
might.

And if ye vouche sauf, my lady bright,  
I wol ben he to serven yow my-selve,  
Ye, lever than be lord of Greces twelve!

133. And with that word he gan to waxen  
reed, 925

And in his speche a litel wight he quook,  
And caste a-syde a litel wight his heed,  
And stinte a while; and afterward awook,  
And sobrelliche on hir he threw his look,  
And seyde, 'I am, al be it yow no joye,  
As gentil man as any wight in Troye. 931

134. For if my fader Tydeus,' he seyde,  
'Y-lived hadde, I hadde been, er this,  
Of Calidoine and Arge a king, Criseyde!  
And so hope I that I shal yet, y-wis. 935  
But he was slayn, allas! the more harm  
is,

Unhappily at Thebes al to rathe,  
Polymites and many a man to scathe.

135. But herte myn, sin that I am your  
man,  
And been the ferste of whom I seche  
grade, 940

To serven you as hartely as I can,  
And ever shal, whyl I to live have space,  
So, er that I departe out of this place,  
Ye wol me graunte, that I may-to-morwe,  
At bettre leyser, telle yow my sorwe.' 945

136. What shold I telle his wordes that he  
seyde?

He spak y-now, for o day at the meste;  
It preveth wel, he spak so that Criseyde  
Graunted, on the morwe, at his requeste,  
For to spoken with him at the leste, 950  
So that he nolde speke of swich matere;  
And thus to him she seyde, as ye may  
here:

137. As she that hadde hir herte on  
Troilus

So faste, that ther may it noon arace;  
And straungely she spak, and seyde thus:

'O Diomedé, I love that ilke place 956  
 Ther I was born; and Joves, for his  
 grace,  
 Deliveré it some of al that doth it care!  
 God, for thy might, so leve it wel to fare!

138. That Grekes wolde hir wraththe on  
 Troye wreke, 960  
 If that they mighte, I knowe it wel,  
 y-wis.

But it shal not bifallen as ye speke;  
 And god to-forn, and ferther over this,  
 I wot my fader wys and redy is;  
 And that he me hath bought, as ye me  
 tolde, 965  
 So dere, I am the more un-to him holde.

139. That Grekes been of heigh con-  
 dicioun,  
 I woot eek wel; but certein, men shal  
 finde  
 As worthy folk with-inne Troye toun,  
 As conning, and as parfit and as kinde,  
 As been bitwixen Orcades and Inde. 971  
 And that ye coude wel your lady serve,  
 I trowe eek wel, hir thank for to deserve.

140. But as to speke of love, y-wis, ' she  
 seyde,  
 'I hadde a lord, to whom I wedded was,  
 The whos myn herte al was, til that he  
 deyde; 976  
 And other love, as helpe me now Pallas,  
 Ther in myn herte nis, ne never was.  
 And that ye been of noble and heigh  
 kinrede,  
 I have wel herd it tellen, out of drede. 980

141. And that doth me to han so gret a  
 wonder,  
 That ye wol scornen any womman so.  
 Eek, god wot, love and I be fer a-sonder;  
 I am disposed bet, so mote I go,  
 Un-to my deeth, to pleyne and maken  
 wa. 985  
 What I shal after doon, I can not seye;  
 But trewely, as yet me list not playe.

142. Myn herte is now in tribulacioun,  
 And ye in armes biay, day by day.  
 Here-after, whan ye wonnen han the  
 toun, 990

Paraunter, thanne so it happen may,  
 That whan I see that I never er say,  
 Than wole I werke that I never wroughte!  
 This word to yow y-nough suffyssen  
 oughte.

143. To-morwe eek wol I speke with yow  
 fayn, 995  
 So that ye touchen nought of this matere.  
 And whan yow list, ye may come here  
 ayeyn;  
 And, er ye gon, thus muche I seye yow  
 here:  
 As helpe me Pallas with hir heres clere,  
 If that I sholde of any Greek han routhe,  
 It sholde be your-selven, by my trouthe!

144. I sey not therfore that I wol yow  
 love, 1002  
 Ne I sey not nay, but in conclusioun,  
 I mene wel, by god that sit above:—  
 And ther-with-al she caste hir eyen  
 doun,  
 And gan to syke, and seyde, 'O Troye  
 toun, 1006  
 Yet bidde I god, in quiéte and in reste  
 I may yow seen, or do myn herte breste.'

145. But in effect, and shortly for to seye,  
 This Diomedé al freshly newe ayeyn 1010  
 Gan pressen on, and faste hir mercy  
 preye; 1011  
 And after this, the sothe for to seyn,  
 Hir glove he took, of which he was ful  
 fayn.  
 And fynally, whan it was waxen eve,  
 And al was wel, he roos and took his  
 leve. 1015

146. The brighte Venus folwede and ay  
 taughte  
 The wey, ther brode Phebus doun alighte;  
 And Cynthea hir char-hors over-raughte  
 To whirle out of the Lyon, if she mighte;  
 And Signifer his candeles shewed brighte,  
 Whan that Criseyde un-to hir bedde  
 wente 1021  
 In-with hir fadres faire brighte tente.

147. Retorning in hir soule ay up and  
 doun  
 The wordes of this sodein Diomedé,

His greet estat, and peril of the toun, 1025  
And that she was allone and hadde nede  
Of freendes help; and thus bigan to  
brede

The cause why, the sothe for to telle,  
That she tok fully purpos for to dwelle.

148. The morwe com, and goostly for to  
speke, 1030

This Diomede is come un-to Criseyde,  
And shortly, lest that ye my tale breke,  
So wal he for him-selve spak and seyde,  
That alle hir sykes sore adoun he leyde.  
And fynally, the sothe for to seyne, 1035  
He rafte hir of the grete of al hir peyne.

149. And after this the story telleth us,  
That she him yaf the faire baye stede,  
The which he ones wan of Troilus;  
And eek a broche (and that was lital  
nede) 1040

That Troilus was, she yaf this Diomede.  
And eek, the bet from sorwe him to  
releve,  
She made him were a pencil of hir sleve.

150. I finde eek in the stories elles-where,  
Whan through the body hurt was Dio-  
mede 1045

Of Troilus, tho weep she many a tere,  
Whan that she saugh his wyde woundes  
blede;

And that she took to kepen him good  
hede,  
And for to hale him of his sorwes smerte.  
Men seyn, I not, that she yaf him hir  
herte. 1050

151. But trewely, the story telleth us,  
Ther made never womman more wo  
Than she, whan that she falsed Troilus.  
She seyde, 'allas! for now is clene a-go  
My name of trouthe in love, for ever-mo!  
For I have falsed oon, the gentileste  
That ever was, and oon the worthieste!

152. Allas, of me, un-to the worldes ende,  
Shal neither been y-writen nor y-songe  
No good word, for thise bokes wol me  
shende, 1060  
O, rolled shal I been on many a tonge!

Through-out the world my balle shal be  
ronge;  
And wommen most wol hate me of alle.  
Allas, that swich a cas me sholde falle!

153. They wol seyn, in as muche as in  
me is, 1065

I have hem doon dishonour, weylawey!  
Al be I not the firste that dide amis,  
What helpeth that to do my blame away?  
But sin I see there is no bettre way,  
And that to late is now for me to rewe,  
To Diomede algate I wol be trewe. 1071

154. But Troilus, sin I no better may,  
And sin that thus departen ye and I,  
Yet preye I god, so yeve yow right good  
day

As for the gentileste, trewely, 1075  
That ever I say, to serven faithfully,  
And best can ay his lady honour kepe:—  
And with that word she brast anon to  
wepe.

155. 'And certes, yow ne haten shal I  
never,

And freendes love, that shal ye han of  
me, 1080

And my good word, al mighte I liven ever.  
And, trewely, I wolde sory be  
For to seen yow in adversitee.

And gilteles, I woot wel, I yow leve;  
But al shal passe; and thus take I my  
leve.' 1085

156. But trewely, how longe it was bi-  
twene,

That she for-sook him for this Diomede,  
Ther is non auctor telleth it, I wene.  
Take every man now to his bokes hede;  
He shal no terme finden, out of drede.  
For though that he bigan to wowe hir  
sone, 1091  
Er he hir wan, yet was ther more to done.

157. Ne me ne list this sely womman  
chyde

Further than the story wol devyse.  
Hir name, allas! is published so wyde,  
That for hir gilt it oughte y-now suffyse,  
And if I mighte excuse hir any wyse,

For she so sory was for hir untrouthe;  
Y-wis, I wolde excuse hir yet for rounthe.

158. This Troilus, as I biforn have told,  
Thus dryveth forth, as wel as he hath  
    night. 1101

But often was his herte hoot and cold,  
And namely, that ilke nynthe night,  
Which on the morwe she hadde him  
    byhight

To come ayein : god wot, ful lital reste  
Hadde he that night ; no-thing to slepe  
    him leste. 1106

159. The laurer-crowned Phebus, with his  
hete,  
Gan, in his course ay upward as he wente,  
To warmen of þ' est see the wawes wete ;  
And Nisus doughter song with fresh en-  
    tente, 1110

Whan Troilus his Pandare after sente ;  
And on the walles of the toun they  
    pleyde,  
To loke if they can seen ought of Criseyde.

160. Til it was noon, they stoden for to  
    see  
Who that ther come ; and every maner  
    wight, 1115

That cam fro fer, they seyden it was she,  
Til that they coude knowen him a-right,  
Now was his herte dul, now was it light ;  
And thus by-japed stonden for to stare  
Aboute nought, this Troilus and Pandare.

161. To Pandarus this Troilus tho seyde,  
'For ought I wot, bi-for noon, sikerly,  
In-to this toun ne comth nought here  
    Criseyde.

She hath y-now to done, hardily, 1124  
To winnen from hir fader, so trowe I ;  
Hir olde fader wol yet make hir dyne  
Er that she go ; god yeve his herte pyne !'

162. Pandare answerde, 'it may wel be,  
    certeyn ;  
And for-thy lat us dyne, I thee biseche ;  
And after noon than mayst thou come  
    ayeyn.' 1130  
And hoom they go, with-oute more  
    speche ;

And comen ayein, but longe may they  
    seche

Er that they finde that they after cape ;  
Fortune hem bothe thenketh for to jape.

163. Quod Troilus, 'I see wel now, that  
    she 1135

Is taried with hir olde fader so,  
That er she come, it wol neigh even be.  
Com forth, I wol un-to the yate go.  
These portours been unkonninge ever-mo ;  
And I wol doon hem holden up the yate  
As nought ne were, al-though she come  
    late.' 1141

164. The day goth faste, and after that  
    comth eve,  
And yet com nought to Troilus Criseyde.  
He loketh forth by hegge, by tree, by  
    greve,  
And far his heed over the wal he leyde.  
And at the laste he torned him, and  
    seyde, 1146  
'By god, I woot hirmening now, Pandare !  
Al-most, y-wis, al newe was my care.

165. Now douteles, this lady can hir  
    good ;

I woot, she maneth ryden prively. 1150  
I comende hir wysdom, by myn hood !  
She wol not maken peple nyce  
Gaure on hir, whan she comth ; but  
    softly

By nighte in-to the toun she thenketh  
    ryde.

And, dere brother, thenk not longe t'  
    abyde. 1155

166. We han nought elles for to doon,  
    y-wis.

And Pandarus, now woltow trowen me ?  
Have here my trouthe, I see hir ! yond  
    she is.

Heve up thyn eyen, man ! maystow not  
    see ?'

Pandare answerde, 'nay, so mote I thee !  
Al wrong, by god ; what seystow, man,  
    wher art ? 1161  
That I see yond nis but a fare-cart.'

167. 'Allas, thou seist right sooth,' quod  
    Troilus ;

'But hardely, it is not al for nought 1164

That in myn herte I now rejoyse thus.  
It is ayein som good I have a thought.  
Noot I not how, but sin that I was  
wrought,  
Ne felte I swich a confort, dar I seye;  
She comth to-night, my lyf, that dorste  
I leye!

169. Pandare answerde, 'it may be wel,  
y-nough'; 1170  
And held with him of al that ever he  
seyde;  
But in his herte he thoughte, and softe  
lough,  
And to him-self ful sobrelly he seyde:  
'From hasel-wode, ther Joly Robin pleyde,  
Shal come al that that thou abydest  
here; 1175  
Ye, fare-wel al the snow of ferne yere!'

169. The wardein of the yates gan to calle  
The folk which that with-oute the yates  
were,  
And bad hem dryven in hir bestes alle,  
Or al the night they moste bleven there.  
And for with-in the night, with many  
a tere, 1181  
This Troilus gan boomward for to ryde;  
For wel he seeth it helpeth nought t'a-  
byde.

170 But natheles, hegladdened him in this;  
He thoughte he misaccounted hadde his  
day, 1185  
And seyde, 'I understonde have al a-mis.  
For thilke night I last Criseyde say,  
She seyde, "I shal ben here, if that I  
may,  
Er that the mone, O dere herte swete!  
The Lyon passe, out of this Aristote." 1190

171. For which she may yet holde al hir  
bihesta.'  
And on the morwe un-to the yate he  
wente,  
And up and down, by west and eek by  
este,  
Up-on the walles made he many a wente.  
But al for nought; his hope alway him  
blente; 1195

For which at night, in sorwe and sykkes  
sore  
He wente him hoom, with-uten any  
more.

172. This hope al clene out of his herte  
fledde,  
He nath wher-on now lenger for to honge;  
But for the payne him thoughte his herte  
bledde, 1200  
So were his throwes sharpe and wonder  
stronge.  
For when he saugh that she abood so  
longe,  
He niste what he juggen of it mighte,  
Sin she hath broken that she him bi-  
highte.

173. The thridde, ferthe, fift, sixte day  
After the dayes ten, of which I tolde,  
Bitwixen hope and drede his herte lay,  
Yet som-what trustinge on hir hestes olde.  
But whan he saugh she nolde hir terme  
holde,  
He can now seen non other remedye, 1210  
But for to shape him sone for to dye.

174. Ther-with the wikked spirit, god us  
blesse,  
Which that men clepeth wode jalousye,  
Gan in him crepe, in al this hevynesse;  
For which, by-cause he wolde sone dye,  
He ne eet ne dronk, for his malencoolye,  
And eek from every companye he fledde;  
This was the lyf that al the tyme he  
ledde.

175. He so defet was, that no maner man  
Unnethe mighte him knowe ther he  
wente; 1220  
So was he lene, and ther-to pale and wan,  
And feble, that he walketh by potente;  
And with his ire he thus him-selven  
shente.  
And who-so axed him wher-of him smerte,  
He seyde, his harm was al aboute his  
herte. 1225

176. Pryam ful ofte, and eek his moder  
dere,  
His bretheren and his sustren gonne him  
fayne

Why he so sorwful was in al his chere,  
And what thing was the cause of al his  
payne?

But al for nought; he nolde his cause  
pleyne, 1230

But seyde, he felte a grevous maladye  
A-boute his herte, and fayn he wolde dye.

177 So on a day he leyde him down to  
slepe,  
And so bifel that in his sleep him  
thoughte,

That in a forest faste he walk to wepe 1235  
For love of hir that him these peynes  
wroughte;

And up and down as he the forest soughte,  
He mette he saugh a boor with tuskes  
grete,

That sleep ayein the bright sonnes hete.

178. And by this boor, faste in his armes  
folde, 1240

Lay kissing ay his lady bright Criseyde:  
For sorwe of which, whan he it gan  
biholde,

And for despyt, out of his slepe he breyde,  
And loude he cryde on Pandarus, and  
seyde,

'O Pandarus, now knowe I crop and  
rote! 1245

I nam but deed, ther nis non other bote!

179. My lady bright Criseyde hath me  
bitrayed,

In whom I trusted most of any wight,  
She elles-where hath now hir herte  
apayed;

The blisful goddes, through hir grete  
might, 1250

Han in my dreem y-shewed it ful right.  
Thus in my dreem Criseyde I have  
biholde—

And al this thing to Pandarus he tolde.

180. 'O my Criseyde, allas! what subtil-  
tee,

What newe lust, what beautee, what  
science, 1255

What wratthe of juste cause have ye to  
me?

What gilt of me, what fel experience  
Hath fro me raft, allas! thyn advertence?

O trust, O feyth, O depe assuraunce,  
Who hath me reft Criseyde, al my ple-  
saunce? 1260

181. Allas! why leet I you from hennes  
go,

For which wel neigh out of my wit I  
breyde?

Who shal now trowe on any othes mo?  
God wot I wende, O lady bright, Criseyde,  
That every word was gospel that ye seyde!  
But who may bet bigylen, if him liste, 1266  
Than he on whom men weneth best to  
triste?

182. What shal I doon, my Pandarus,  
allas!

I fele now so sharpe a newe payde,  
Sin that ther is no remedie in this cas,  
That bet were it I with myn hondes  
tweyne 1271

My-selven slow, than alwey thus to playne.  
For through my deeth my wo sholde han  
an ende,

Ther every day with lyf my-self I shende.'

183. Pandare answerde and seyde, 'allas  
the whyle 1275

That I was born; have I not seyde er this,  
That dremes many a maner man bigyle?  
And why? for folk expounden hem a-mis.  
How darstow seyn that fals thy lady is,  
For any dreem, right for thyn owene  
drede? 1280

Let be this thought, thou canst no dremes  
rede.

184. Paraunter, ther thou dremest of this  
boor,

It may so be that it may signyfye  
Hir fader, which that old is and eek hoor,  
Ayein the sonne lyth, on poynt to dye, 1285  
And she for sorwe ginneth wepe and crye,  
And kisseth him, ther he lyth on the  
grounde;

Thus shuldestow thy dreem a-right ex-  
pounde.'

185. 'How mighte I thanne do?' quod  
Troilus,

'To knowe of this, ye, were it never so  
lyte?' 1290

'Now seystow wysly,' quod this Pandarus,  
'My reed is this, sin thou canst wel  
endyte,

That hastely a lettre thou hir wryte,  
Thorough which thou shalt wel bringen it  
aboute,

To knowe a sooth of that thou art in  
doute. 1295

186. And see now why; for this I dar wel  
seyen,

That if so is that she untrewed be,  
I can not trowe that she wol wryte ayein.  
And if she wryte, thou shalt ful sone see,  
As whether she hath any libertee 1300  
To come ayein, or elles in som clause,  
If she be let, she wol assigne a cause.

187. Thou hast not writen hir sin that  
she wente,

Nor she to thee, and this I dorste leye,  
Thor may swich cause been in hir en-  
tente, 1305

That hardely thou wolt thy-selven seye,  
That hir a-bood the beste is for yow tweye.  
Now wryte hir thanne, and thou shalt  
fele sone

A sothe of al; ther is no more to done.'

188. Acorded been to this conclusioun, 1310  
And that anon, these ilke lordes two;  
And hastely sit Troilus adoun,  
And rolleth in his herte to and fro,  
How he may best discryven hir his wo.  
And to Criseyde, his owene lady dere, 1315  
He wroot right thus, and seyde as ye may  
here.

189. 'Right fresshe flour, whos I have  
been and shal,

With-outen part of elles-where servyse,  
With herte, body, lyf, lust, thought, and  
al;

I, woful wight, in every humble wyse 1320  
That tonge telle or herte may devyse,  
As ofte as matere occupyeth place,  
Me recomaunde un-to your noble grace.

190. Lyketh it yow to witen, swete herte,  
As ye wel knowe how longe tyme agoon  
That ye me lafte in aspre peynes smerte,

Whan that ye wente, of which yet bote  
noon 1327

Have I non had, but ever wers bigoon  
Fro day to day am I, and so mot dwelle,  
While it yow list, of wele and wo my  
welle! 1330

191. For which to yow, with dredful  
herte trewe,

I wryte, as he that sorwe dryfth to wryte,  
My wo, that every houre encreseth newe,  
Compleynynge as I dar or can endyte.  
And that defaced is, that may ye wryte 1335  
The teres, which that fro myn eyen reyne,  
That wolde speke, if that they coude, and  
pleyne.

192. Yow first biseche I, that your eyen  
clare

To look on this defouled ye not holde;  
And over al this, that ye, my lady dere,  
Wol vouche-sauf this lettre to biholde. 1341  
And by the cause eek of my cares colde,  
That sleeth my wit, ff ought amis me  
asterte,  
For-yeve it me, myn owene swete herte.

193. If any servant dorste or oughte of  
right 1345

Up-on his lady pitously compleyne,  
Than wene I, that ich oughte be that  
wight,  
Considered this, that ye these monthes  
tweyne

Han taried, ther ye seyden, sooth to  
seyne,

But dayes ten yenolde in ost sojourn, 1350  
But in two monthes yet ye not retourne.

194. But for-as-muche as me mot nede  
lyke

Al that yow list, I dar not playne more,  
But humbly with sorwful sykes syke;  
Yow wryte ich myn unresty sorwes sore,  
Fro day to day desyring ever-more 1356  
To knownen fully, if your wil it were,  
How ye han ferd and doon, whyl ye be  
thera.

195. The whos wel-fare and hele eek god  
encrease 1359

In honour swich, that upward in degree



It growe alwey, so that it never cesse ;  
Right as your herte ay can, my lady free,  
Deryse, I prey to god so mote it be.  
And graunte it that ye sone up-on me  
rewe

As wisly as in al I am yow trewe. 1365

196. And if yow lyketh knowen of the fare  
Of me, whos wo ther may no wight dis-  
cryve,

I can no more but, cheste of every care,  
At wrytinge of this lettre I was on-lyve,  
Al redy out my woful gost to dryve; 1370  
Which I delays, and holde him yet in  
honde,

Upon the sight of matere of your sonde.

197. Myn eyen two, in veyn with which  
I see,

Of sorweful teres salte arn waxen welles ;  
My song, in playnte of myn adversitee ;  
My good in harm ; myn ese eek waxen  
helle is. 1376

My joye, in wo ; I can sey yow nought  
elles,

But turned is, for which my lyf I warie,  
Everich joye or ese in his contrarie.

198. Which with your cominge hoom  
ayein to Troye 1380

Ye may redresse, and, more a thousand  
sythe

Than ever ich hadde, encreasen in me joye.  
For was ther never herte yet so blythe  
To han his lyf, as I shal been as swythe  
As I yow see ; and, though no maner  
routhe 1385

Commeve yow. yet thinketh on your  
trouthe.

199. And if so be my gilt hath deeth  
deserved,

Or if you list no more up-on me see,  
In guerdon yet of that I have you served,  
Biseche I yow, myn hertes lady free, 1390  
That here-upon ye wolden wryte me,  
For love of god, my righte lode-sterre,  
Ther deeth may make an ende of al my  
werre.

200. If other cause aught doth yow for to  
dwele, 1394

That with your lettre ye me recomforte ;

For though to me your absence is an helle,  
With pacience I wol my wo comorte,  
And with your lettre of hope I wol  
desporta.

Now wryteth, swete, and lat me thus not  
pleyne ;

With hope, or deeth, delivereth me fro  
peyne. 1400

201. Y-wis, myn owene dere herte trewe,  
I woot that, whan ye next up-on me see,  
So losthave I myn hele and eek myn hewe,  
Criseyde shal nought conne knowe me !

Y-wis, myn hartes day, my lady free, 1405  
So thursteth ay myn herte to biholde  
Your beautee, that my lyf unnethe I holde.

202. I sey no more, al have I for to seye  
To you wel more than I telle may ; 1409  
But whether that ye do me live or deye,  
Yet pray I god, so yeve yow right good day.  
And fareth wel, goodly fayre freshe may,  
As ye that lyf or deeth me may comaunde ;  
And to your trouthe ay I me recomaunde

203. With hele swich that, but ye yeven  
me 1415

The same hele, I shal noon hele have.

In you lyth, whan yow list that it so be,  
The day in which me clothen shal my  
grave.

In yow my lyf, in yow might for to save  
Me from disese of alle peynes smerte ; 1420  
And fare now wel, myn owene swete herte !

Le vostre T.

204. This lettre forth was sent un-to  
Criseyde,

Of which hir answer in effect was this ;  
Ful pitously she wroot ayein, and seyde,  
That al-so sone as that she might, y-wis,  
She wolde come, and mende al that was  
mis. 1426

And fynally she wroot and seyde him  
thanne,

She wolde come, ye, but she niste whanne.

205. But in hir lettre made she swich  
festes,

That wonder was, and swereth she loveth  
him best, 1430

Of which he fond but botmelees bihestes.

But Troilus, thou mayst now, est or west,  
 Pye in an ivy leef, if that thee lest;  
 Thus gooth the world; god shilde us fro  
 mischaunce,  
 And every wight that meneth trouthe  
 avaunce! 1435

206. Encreesen gan the wo fro day to night  
 Of Troilus, for tarynge of Criseyde;  
 And lessen gan his hope and eek his  
 might,  
 For which al doun he in his bed him  
 leyde;  
 He ne eet, ne dronk, ne sleep, ne word he  
 seyde, 1440  
 Imagininge ay that she was unkinde;  
 For which wel neigh he wex out of his  
 minde.

207. This dreem, of which I told have eek  
 biforn,  
 May never come out of his remembrance;  
 He thoughte ay wel he hadde his lady  
 lorn, 1445  
 And that Joves, of his purveyaunce,  
 Him shewed hadde in sleep the signifi-  
 aunce  
 Of hir untrouthe and his disaventure,  
 And that the boor was shewed him in  
 figure.

208. For which he for Sibille his suster  
 sente, 1450  
 That called was Cassandre eek al aboute;  
 And al his dreem he tolde hir er he stente,  
 And hir bisonghte assoilen him the doute  
 Of the stronge boor, with tuskes stoute;  
 And fynally, with-inne a litel stounde,  
 Cassandre him gan right thus his dreem  
 expounde. 1456

209. She gan first smyle, and seyde, 'O  
 brother dere,  
 If thou a sooth of this desyreest knowe,  
 Thou most a fewe of olde stories here,  
 To purpos, how that fortune over-throwe  
 Hath lordes olde; through which, with-  
 inne a throwe, 1461  
 Thou wel this boor shalt knowe, and of  
 what kinde  
 He comen is, as men in bokes finde.

210. Diane, which that wrooth was and in  
 ire  
 For Grekes nolde doon hir sacrificyse, 1465  
 Ne encens up-on hir auter sette a-fyre,  
 She, for that Grekes gonne hir so dispyse,  
 Wrak hir in a wonder cruel wysse.  
 For with a boor as greet as oxe in stalle  
 She made up frete hir corn and vynes alle.

211. To ales this boor was al the contree  
 reysed, 1471  
 A-monges which ther com, this boor to see,  
 A mayde, oon of this world the best  
 y-preysed;  
 And Meleagre, lord of that contree,  
 He lovede so this freshe mayden free 1475  
 That with his manhod, er he wolde stente,  
 This boor he slow, and hir the heed he  
 sente;

212. Of which, as olde bokes tellen us,  
 Ther roos a contek and a greet envye;  
 And of this lord descended Tydeus 1480  
 By ligne, or elles olde bokes lye;  
 But how this Meleagre gan to dye  
 Thorough his moder, wol I yow not telle,  
 For al to long it were for to dwelle.'

[Argument of the 12 Books of Statius'  
 Thebais.]

Associat profugum Tideo primus Polimi-  
 tem;  
 Tideo legatum docet insidiasque secundus;  
 Tercius Hemoniden canit et vates lati-  
 tantes;  
 Quartus habet reges ineuntes prelia sep-  
 tem; 4  
 Mox furie Lenne quinto narratur et anguis;  
 Archimori bustum sexto ludique leguntur;  
 Dat Graios Thebes et vatem septimus  
 vmbris;  
 Octavo cecidit Tideus, spes, vita Pelasgis;  
 Ypomedon nono moritur cum Partho-  
 nopeo; 9  
 Fulmine percussus, decimo Capaneus  
 superatur;  
 Undecimo sese perimunt per vulnera  
 fratres;  
 Argiuam flentem narrat duodenus et  
 ignem. 12

218. She tolde eek how Tydeus, er she  
 stente, 1485  
 Un-to the stronge citee of Thebes,  
 To cleyne kingdom of the citee, wente,  
 For his felawe, daun Polymites,  
 Of which the brother, daun Ethyocles,  
 Ful wrongfully of Thebes held the  
 strengthe; 1490  
 This tolde she by proces, al by lengthe.

214. Shetolde eek how Hemonides asterte,  
 Whan Tydeus slough fifty knyghtes stoute.  
 She tolde eek al the prophesyes by herte,  
 And how that sevene kinges, with hir  
 route, 1495  
 Bisegeden the citee al aboute;  
 And of the holy serpent, and the welle,  
 And of the furies, al she gan him telle.

215. Of Archimoris buryinge and the  
 pleyes,  
 And how Amphiorax fil through the  
 grounde, 1500  
 How Tydeus was slayn, lord of Argeyes,  
 And how Ypomedeoun in litel stounde  
 Was dreynt, and deed Parthonope of  
 wounde;  
 And also how Capanus the proude  
 With thonder-dint was slayn, that cryde  
 loude. 1505

216. She gan eek telle him how that  
 either brother,  
 Ethyocles and Polimyte also,  
 At a scarmyche, eche of hem slough other,  
 And of Argyves wepinge and hir wo;  
 And how the town was brent she tolde  
 eek tho. 1510  
 And so descendeth down from gestes olde  
 To Diomede, and thus she spak and tolde.

217. 'This ilke boor bitokneth Diomede,  
 Tydeus sone, that down descended is  
 Fro Meleagre, that made the boor to  
 blede. 1515  
 And thy lady, wher-so she be, y-wis,  
 This Diomede hir herte hath, and she his.  
 Weep if thou wolt, or leef; for, out of  
 doute,  
 This Diomede is inne, and thou art oute.'

218. 'Thou seyst nat sooth,' quod he,  
 'thou sorceresse,  
 With al thy false goost of prophesye! 1521  
 Thou wenest been a greet devyneresse;  
 Now seestow not this fool of fantasye  
 Peyneth hir on ladyes for to lye?  
 Away,' quod he, 'ther Joves yve thee  
 sorwe! 1525  
 Thou shalt be fals, paraunter, yet to-  
 morwe!

219. As wel thou mightest lyen on Alceste,  
 That was of creatures, but men lye,  
 That ever weren, kindest and the beste.  
 For whanne hir housbonde was in ju-  
 partye 1531  
 To dye him-self, but-if she wolde dye,  
 She chees for him to dye and go to  
 helle,  
 And starf anon, as us the bokes telle.'

220. Cassandre goth, and he with cruel  
 herte 1534  
 For-yat his wo, for angre of hir speche;  
 And from his bed al sodeinly he sterte,  
 As though al hool him hadde y-mad a  
 leche. 1537  
 And day by day he gan enquire and seche  
 A sooth of this, with al his fulle cure;  
 And thus he dryeth forth his aventure.

221. Fortune, whiche that permutacioun  
 Of things hath, as it is hir committed  
 Through purveyaunce and disposicioun  
 Of heighe Jove, as regnes shal ben flitted  
 Fro folk in folk, or whan they shal ben  
 smitted, 1545  
 Gan pulle away the fetheres brighte of  
 Troye  
 Fro day to day, til they ben bare of joye.

222. Among al this, the fyn of the parodie  
 Of Ector gan approchen wonder blyve;  
 The fate wolde his soule sholde unbodie,  
 And shapen hadde a mene it out to dryve;  
 Ayeins which fate him helpeth not to  
 stryve; 1552  
 But on a day to fighten gan he wende,  
 At which, alas! he caughte his lyves  
 ende.

223. For which me thinketh every maner  
wight 1555

That haunteth armes oughte to biwayle  
The deeth of him that was so noble  
a knight;

For as he drough a king by th'aventayle,  
Unwar of this, Achilles through the mayle  
And through the body gan him for to  
ryve; 1560

And thus this worthy knight was brought  
of lyve.

224. For whom, as olde bokes tellen us,  
Was maad swich wo, that tonge it may  
not telle;

And namely, the sorwe of Troilus, 1564  
That next him was of worthinesse wella.  
And in this wo gan Troilus to dwelle,  
That, what for sorwe, and love, and for  
unreste,

Ful ofte a day he bad his herte breste.

225. But natheles, though he gan him  
dispeyre, 1569

And dradde ay that his lady was untrewa,  
Yet ay on hir his herte gan repeyre.  
And as these lovers doon, he soughte ay  
newe

To gete ayein Criseyde, bright of hewe.  
And in his herte he wente hir excusinge,  
That Calkas causede al hir tarynge. 1575

226. And ofte tyme he was in purpos  
grete

Him-selven lyk a pilgrim to diagyse,  
To seen hir; but he may not contrefete  
To been unknown of folk that weren  
wyse, 1579

Ne finde excuse aright that may suffyse,  
If he among the Grekes known were;  
For which he weep ful ofte many a tere.

227. To hir he wroot yet ofte tyme al  
newe

Ful pitously, he lefte it nought for sloutha,  
Biseching hir that, sin that he was trewe,  
†She wolde come ayein and holde hir  
troutha. 1586

For which Criseyde up-on a day, for  
routhe,

I take it so, touchinge al this matere,  
Wrot him ayein, and seyde as ye may  
here.

228. 'Cupydes sone, ensample of goodli-  
hede, 1590

O sword of knightthod, sours of gentillesse!  
How mighte a wight in torment and in  
drede

And heleles, yow sende as yet gladnesse?  
I herteles, I syke, I in distresse; 1594  
Sin ye with me, nor I with yow may dele,  
Yow neither sende ich herte may nor hele,

229. Your lettres ful, the papir al y-  
playnted,

Conseyved hath myn hertes piätee;  
I have eek seyn with teres al depeynted  
Your lettre, and how that ye requeren me  
To come ayein, which yet ne may not be.  
But why, lest that this lettra founden  
were, 1602  
No mencioune ne make I now, for fere.

230. Grevons to me, god woot, is your  
unreste,

Your haste, and that, the goddes or-  
denaunce, 1605

It semeth not ye take it for the beste.  
Nor other thing nis in your remem-  
braunce,

As thinketh me, but only your plesannoe.  
But beth not wrooth, and that I yow  
biseche; 1609

For that I tarie, is al for wikked speche.

231. For I have herd wel more than I  
wende,

Touchinge us two, how thinges han y-  
stonde;

Which I shal with dissimulinge amende.  
And beth nought wrooth, I have eek  
understonde, 1614

How ye ne doon but holden me in honde.  
But now no for, I can not in yow gesse  
But alle trouthe and alle gentillesse.

232. Comen I wol, but yet in swich dis-  
joynte

I stonde as now, that what yeer or what  
day

That this shal be, that can I not apoynte.  
But in effect, I prey yow, as I may, 1621  
Of your good word and of your friendship  
ay.

For trewely, whyl that my lyf may dure,  
As for a freend, ye may in me assure.

233. Yet preye I yow on yve: ye ne take,  
That it is short which that I to yow  
wryte; 1636

I dar not, ther I am, wel lettres make.  
Ne never yet ne coude I wel endyte.  
Eek greet effect men wryte in place lyte.  
Th'ontente is al, and nought the lettres  
space; 1630  
And fareth now wel, god have you in his  
grace!

La vostre C.'

234. This Troilus this lettre thoughte al  
straunge,  
Whan he it saugh, and sorwefully he  
sighte;  
Him thoughte it lyk a kalendes of  
chaunge;  
Dnt fynally, he ful ne trowen mighte 1635  
That she ne wolde him holden that she  
highte;  
For with ful yvel wil list him to leve  
That loveth wel, in swich cas, though  
him greve.

235. But natheles, men seyn that, at the  
laste, 1639  
For any thing, men shal the sothe see;  
And swich a cas bitidde, and that as faste,  
That Troilus wel understood that she  
Nas not so kinde as that hir oughte be.  
And fynally, he woot now, out of doute,  
That al is lost that he hath been aboute.

236. Stood on a day in his malencolye 1646  
This Troilus, and in suspecioun  
Of hir for whom he wende for to dye.  
And so bifel, that through-out Troye toun,  
As was the gyse, y-bore was up and down  
A maner cote-armure, as seyth the storie,  
Biforn Deiphebe, in signe of his victorie,

237. The whiche cote, as telleth Lollins,  
Deiphebe it hadde y-rent from Diomedes  
The same day; and whan this Troilus 1655  
It saugh, he gan to taken of it hede,  
Avysing of the lengthe and of the brede,  
And al the werk; but as he gan biholde,  
Ful sodeinly his herte gan to colde.

238. As he that on the coler fond with-  
inne 1660

A broche, that he Criseyde yaf that morwe  
That she from Troye moste nedes twinne,  
In remembraunce of him and of his sorwe;  
And she him leyde ayein hir feyth to  
borwe 1664  
To kepe it ay; but now, ful wel he wiste,  
His lady nas no longer on to triste.

239. He gooth him hoom, and gan ful  
sone sende  
For Pandarus; and al this newe chaunce,  
And of this broche, he tolde him word  
and ende, 1669  
Compleyninge of hir hertes variaunce,  
His longe love, his trouthe, and his pen-  
aunce;  
And after deeth, with-outen wordes more,  
Ful faste he cryde, his reste him to restore.

240. Than spak he thus, 'O lady myn  
Criseyde,  
Wher is your feyth, and wher is your  
biheste? 1675  
Wher is your love, wher is your trouthe?'  
he seyde;

'Of Diomedes have ye now al this feste!  
Allas, I wolde have trowed at the leste,  
That, sin ye nolde in trouthe to me stonde,  
That ye thus nolde han holden me in  
honde! 1680

241. Who shal now trowe on any othes  
mo?

Allas, I never wolde han wend, er this,  
That ye, Criseyde, coude han chaunged so;  
Ne, but I hadde a-gilt and doon amis, 1684  
So cruel wende I not your herte, y-wis,  
To slee me thus; alas, your name of  
trouthe

Is now for-doon, and that is al my routhe.

242. Was ther non other broche yow liste  
lete

To feffe with your newe love,' quod he, 1689  
'But thilke broche that I, with teres wete,  
Yow yaf, as for a remembraunce of me?  
Non other cause, alas, ne hadde ye  
But for despyt, and eek for that ye mente  
Al-outrely to shewen your entente!

243. Through which I see that cleue out  
of your minde 1695

Ye han me fast, and I ne can nor may,  
For al this world, with-in myn herte finde  
T' unloven yow a quarter of a day!

In cursed tyme I born was, weylaway!  
That ye, that doon me al this wo endure,  
Yet love I best of any creature. 1701

244. Now god,' quod he, 'me sende yet  
the grace

That I may meten with this Diomedé!  
And trewely, if I have might and space,  
Yet shal I make, I hope, his sydes blede.  
O god,' quod he, 'that oughtest taken hede  
To fortheren trouthe, and wronges to  
punyce, 1707

Why niltow doon a vengeance on this  
vyce?

245. O Pandare, that in dremes for to  
triste

Me blamed hast, and wont art ofte up-  
breyde, 1710

Now maystow see thy-selve, if that thee  
liste,

How trewe is now thy nece, bright Cri-  
seyde!

In sondry formes, god it woot,' he seyde,  
'The goddes shewen bothe joye and tene  
In slepe, and by my dreame it is now sene.

246. And certaynly, with-oute more  
speche, 1716

From hennes-forth, as ferforth as I may,  
Myn owene deeth in armes wol I seche;  
I recche not how sone be the day!

But trewely, Criseyde, swete may, 1720  
Whom I have ay with al my might y-  
served,

That ye thus doon, I have it nought  
deserved.'

247. This Pandarus, that alle these thinges  
herde,

And wiste wel he seyde a sooth of this,  
He nought a word ayein to him answerde;  
For sory of his frendes sorwe he is, 1726  
And shamed, for his nece hath doon a-mis;  
And stant, astoned of these causes tweye,  
As stille as stoon; a word ne coude he  
seye.

248. But at the laste thus he spak, and  
seyde, 1730

'My brother dere, I may thee do no-more.  
What shulde I seyn? I hate, y-wis,  
Criseyde!

And god wot, I wol hate hir evermore!  
And that thou me bisoughtest doon of  
yore, 1734

Havinge un-to myn honour ne my reste  
Right no reward, I dide al that thee leste.

249. If I dide ought that mighte lyken  
thee,

It is me leef; and of this treason now,  
God woot, that it a sorwe is un-to me!  
And dredeless, for hartes ese of yow, 1740  
Right fayn wolde I amende it, wiste I how.  
And fro this world, almighty god I preye,  
Delivere hir sone; I can no-more saye.'

250. Gret was the sorwe and pleynt of  
Troilus;

But forth hir cours fortune ay gan to  
holde. 1745

Criseyde loveth the sone of Tydeus,  
And Troilus mot wepe in cares colde.

Swich is this world; who-so it can bi-  
holde,

In eche estat is lital hertes reste; 1749  
God leve us for to take it for the beste!

251. In many cruel batayle, out of drede,  
Of Troilus, this ilke noble knight,

As men may in these olde bokes rede,  
Was sene his knightthod and his grette  
might.

And dredeless, his ire, day and night, 1755  
Ful cruelly the Grekes ay aboughte;  
And alwey most this Diomedé he soughte.

252. And ofte tyme, I finde that they  
mette 1758

With bloody strokes and with wordes grette,  
Assayinge how hir speres weren whette;  
And god it woot, with many a cruel hete  
Gan Troilus upon his helm to-bete.  
But natheles, fortune it nought ne wolde,  
Of otheres hond that either deyen sholde.—

253. And if I hadde y-taken for to wryte  
The armes of this ilke worthy man, 1766

Than wolde I of his batailles endyte.  
But for that I to wryte first bigan  
Of his love, I have seyde as that I can. 1769  
His worthy dedes, who-so list hem here,  
Reed Dares, he can telle hem alle y-fere.

254. Biscechinges every lady bright of hewe,  
And every gentil womman, what she be,  
That al be that Criseyde was untrewed,  
That for that gilt she be not wrooth with  
me. 1775

Ye may hir gilt in othere bokas see;  
And gladlier I wol wryten, if yow leste,  
Penelope's trouthe and good Alceste.

255. Ne I sey not this al-only for these  
men,  
But most for wommen that bitraysed be  
Through false folk; god yeve hem sorwe,  
amen! 1781

That with hir grete wit and subtiltee  
Bitrayse yow! and this commeveth me  
To speke, and in effect yow alle I preye,  
Beth war of men, and herkeneth what  
I seye!— 1785

256. Go, litel book, go litel myn tregedie,  
Ther god thy maker yet, er that he dye,  
So sende might to make in som comedie!  
But litel book, no making thou n'envye,  
But subgit be to alle poesye; 1790  
And kis the steppes, wher-as thou seest  
pace

Virgile, Ovyde, Omer, Lucan, and Stace.

257. And for ther is so greet diversitee  
In English and in wryting of our tonge,  
So preye I god that noon miswryte thee,  
Ne thee mistre for defaute of tonge. 1796  
And red wher-so thou be, or elles songe,  
That thou be understonde I god besече!  
But yet to purpos of my rather speche.—

258. The wraththe, as I began yow for to  
seye, 1800  
Of Troilus, the Grekes boughten dere;  
For thousandes his hondes maden deye,  
As he that was with-outen any pere,  
Save Ector, in his tyme, as I can here.  
But weylaway, save only goddes wille, 1805  
Dispitously him slough the fiers Achille.

259. And whan that he was slayn in this  
manere,  
His lighte goost ful blisfully is went  
Up to the holownesse of the seventh spere,  
In convers letinge every element; 1810  
And ther he saugh, with ful avyement,  
The erratik starres, harkeninge armonye  
With sownes fulle of hevenish melodye.

260. And doun from thennes faste he gan  
avye 1814  
This litel spot of erthe, that with the see  
Enbraced is, and fully gan despyse  
This wroched world, and held al vanitee  
To respect of the playn felicitee  
That is in hevne above; and at the laste,  
Ther he was slayn, his loking doun he  
caste; 1820

261. And in him-self he lough right at  
the wo  
Of hem that wepten for his deeth so faste;  
And dampned al our werk that folweth so  
The blinde lust, the which that may not  
laste, 1824  
And sholden al our herte on hevne caste.  
And forth he wente, shortly for to telle,  
Ther as Mercurie sorted him to dwelle.—

262. Swich fyn hath, lo, this Troilus for  
love,  
Swich fyn hath al his grete worthinesse;  
Swich fyn hath his estat real above, 1830  
Swich fyn his lust, swich fyn hath his  
noblesse;  
Swich fyn hath false worldes brotelnesse.  
And thus bigan his lovinge of Criseyde.  
As I have told, and in this wyse he deyde.

263. O yonge fresshe folkes, he or she, 1835  
In which that love up groweth with your  
age,  
Repeyareth hoom from worldly vanitee,  
And of your herte up-casteth the visage  
To thilke god that after his image  
Yow made, and thinketh al nis but  
a fayre 1840  
This world, that passeth sone as floures  
fayre.

264. And loveth him, the which that  
right for love  
Upon a cros, our soules for to baye,

First starf, and roos, and sit in hevене  
a-bove ;

For he nil falsen no wight, dar I seye, 1845  
That wol his herte al hoolly on him leye.  
And sin he best to love is, and most make,  
What nedeth feyned loves for to sake ?

285. Lo here, of Payens corsed olde rytes,  
Lo here, what alle hir goddes may availle ;  
Lo here, these wrecched worldes appe-  
tytes ; 1851

Lo here, the fyn and guerdon for travaille  
Of Jove, Appollo, of Mars, of swich  
rascaille !

Lo here, the forme of olde clerkes speche  
In poetrye, if ye hir bokes seche.— 1855

286. O moral Gower, this book I directe  
To thee, and to the philosophical Strode,  
To vouchen sauf, ther nede is, to corecte,

Of your benignitees and zales gode.

And to that sothfast Crist, that starf on  
rode, 1860

With al myn herte of mercy ever I preye ;  
And to the lord right thus I speke and  
seye :

287. Thou oon, and two, and three, eterne  
on-lyve,

That regnest ay in three and two and  
oon,

Uncircumscrip, and al mayst circum-  
scripve, 1865

Us from visible and invisible foon  
Defende ; and to thy mercy, everychoon,  
So make us, Jesus, for thy grace, digne,  
For love of mayde and moder thyn  
benigne ! Amen.

Explicit Liber Troili et Criseydis.



# THE HOUS OF FAME.

## BOOK I.

God turne us every dreem to gode !  
For hit is wonder, by the rode,  
To my wit, what causeth swevenes  
Either on morwes, or on evenes ;  
And why th'effect folweth of somme, 5  
And of somme hit shal never come ;  
Why that is an avisioun,  
And †this a revelacioun ;  
Why this a dreem, why that a sweven,  
And nat to every man liche even ; 10  
Why this a fantom, †these oracles,  
I noot ; but who-so of these miracles  
The causes knoweth bet than I,  
Devyne he ; for I certainly  
Ne can hem noght, ne never thinke 15  
To besily my wit to swinke,  
To knowe of hir signiffaunce  
The gendres, neither the distaunce  
Of tymes of hem, ne the causes  
For-why this †more than that cause is ; 20  
As if folkes complexiouns  
Make hem dreame of reflexiouns ;  
Or elles thus, as other sayn,  
For to greet feblenesse of †brayn,  
By abstinence, or by seeknesse, 25  
Prison, stewe, or greet distresse ;  
Or elles by disordinaunce  
Of naturel acustomaunce,  
That som man is to curious  
In studie, or melancolious, 30  
Or thus, so inly ful of drede,

That no man may him bote bede ;  
Or elles, that devocioun  
Of somme, and contemplacioun  
Causeth swiche dremes ofte ; 35  
Or that the cruel lyf unsofte  
Which these ilke lovers leden  
That hopen over muche or dreden,  
That purely hir impressiouns  
Causeth hem avisiouns ; 40  
Or if that spirites have the might  
To make folk to dreame a-night ;  
Or if the soule, of propre kinde,  
Be so parfit, as men finde,  
That hit forwot that is to come, 45  
And that hit warneth alle and somme  
Of everiche of hir adventures  
By avisiouns, or by figures,  
But that our flesh ne hath no might  
To understonden hit aright, 50  
For hit is warned to derkly ;—  
But why the cause is, noght wot I.  
Wel worthe, of this thing, grete clerkes,  
That trete of this and other werkis ;  
For I of noon opinioun 55  
Nil as now make mencoun,  
But only that the holy rode  
Turne us every dreem to gode !  
For never, sith that I was born,  
Ne no man elles, me biforn, 60  
Mette, I trowe stedfastly,  
So wonderful a dreem as I

The tenthe day [dide] of Decembre,  
The which, as I can now remembre,  
I wol yow tellen every del.

*The Invocation.*

But at my ginning, trusteth wel,  
I wol make invocacioun,  
With special devocioun,  
Unto the god of slepe anoon,  
That dwelleth in a cave of stoon 70  
Upon a stream that comth fro Lete,  
That is a flood of helle unswete;  
Besyde a folk men clepe Cimeria,  
Ther slepeth ay this god unmerie  
With his slepy thousand sones 75  
That alway for to slepe hir wone is—  
And to this god, that I of rede,  
Preye I, that he wol me spede  
My sweven for to telle aright,  
If every dream stonde in his might. 80  
And he, that mover is of al  
That is and was, and ever shal,  
So yive hem joye that hit here  
Of alle that they dreme to-yere,  
And for to stonden alle in grace 85  
Of hir loves, or in what place  
That hem wer levest for to stonde,  
And shelde hem fro þpovert and shonde,  
And fro unhappe and ech disese,  
And sende hem al that may hem plesse, 90  
That take hit wel, and scorne hit noght,  
Ne hit misdemen in her thoght  
Through malicious entencioun.  
And who-so, through presumpcioun,  
Or hate or scorne, or through envye, 95  
Dispyt, or jape, or vilanye,  
Misdeme hit, preye I Jesus god  
That (dreme he barfoot, dreme he shod),  
That every harm that any man  
Hath had, sith (that) the world began, 100  
Befalle him therof, or he sterve,  
And graunte he mote hit ful deserve,  
Lo! with swich a conclusioun  
As had of his avisioun  
Cresus, that was king of Lyde, 105  
That high upon a gebet dyde!  
This prayer shal he have of me;  
I am no bet in charite!  
Now herkneþ, as I have you seyð,  
What that I mette, or I abreyd. 110

*The Dream.*

Of Decembre the tenthe day,  
Whan hit was night, to slepe I lay  
Right ther as I was wont to done,  
And fil on slepe wonder sone,  
As he that wery was for-go 115  
On pilgrimage myles two  
To the corseynt Leonard,  
To make lythe of that was hard.  
But as I þasleep, me mette I was 120  
Within a temple y-mad of glas;  
In whiche ther were mo images  
Of gold, stondinge in sondry stages,  
And mo riche tabernacles,  
And with perree mo pinales, 125  
And mo ourious portreytures,  
And quaynte maner of figures  
Of olde werke, then I saw ever.  
For certeynly, I niste never  
Wher that I was, but wel wiste I,  
Hit was of Venus redely, 130  
The temple; for, in portreyture,  
I saw anoon-right hir figure  
Naked fletinge in a see.  
And also on hir heed, pardee, 135  
Hir rose-garland whyt and reed,  
And hir comb to kembe hir heed,  
Hir downes, and daun Cupido,  
Hir blinde sone, and Vulcano,  
That in his face was ful broun.  
But as I romed up and down, 140  
I fond that on a wal ther was  
Thus writen, on a table of bras:  
'I wol now singe, if that I can,  
The armes, and al-so the man,  
That first cam, through his destinee, 145  
Fugitif of Troye contree,  
In Itaille, with ful moche pyne,  
Unto the strondes of Lavyne.'  
And tho began the story anoon,  
As I shal telle yow echoon. 150  
First saw I the destruccioun  
Of Troye, through the Greek Sinoun,  
[That] with his false forsweringe,  
And his chere and his lesinge  
Made the hors brought into Troye, 155  
Thorgh which Troyens loste al hir joye.  
And after this was grave, allas!  
How Ilioun assailed was  
And wonne, and king Priam y-slayn,

And Polites his sone, certayn, 160  
Dispitously, of dan Pirrus.

And next that saw I how Venus,  
Whan that she saw the castel brende,  
Doun fro the hevane gan descende,  
And bad hir sone Eneas flee ; 165  
And how he fledde, and how that he  
Escaped was from al the pres,  
And took his fader, Anchises,  
And bar him on his bakke away,  
Cryinge, 'Allas, and welaway !' 170  
The whiche Anchises in his honde  
Bar the goddes of the londe,  
Thilke that unbrende were.

And I saw next, in alle this fere,  
How Creusa, daun Eneas wyf,  
Which that he lovede as his lyf,  
And hir yonge sone Iulo,  
And eek Ascanius also,  
Fledden eek with drary chere,  
That hit was pitee for to here ; 180  
And in a forest, as they wente,  
At a turninge of a wente,  
How Creusa was y-lost, allas !  
That deed, [but] noot I how, she was ;  
How he hir soughte, and how hir gost 185  
Bad him to flee the Grekes oet,  
And seyde, he moste unto Itaille,  
As was his destinee, sauns faille ;  
That hit was pitee for to here,  
Whan hir spirit gan appere, 190  
The wordes that she to him seyde,  
And for to kepe hir sone him preyde.  
Ther saw I graven eek how he,  
His fader eek, and his maynee,  
With his shippes gan to sayle 195  
Toward the contree of Itaille,  
As streight as that they mighte go.

Ther saw I thee, cruel Juno,  
That art daun Jupiteres wyf,  
That hast y-hated, al thy lyf,  
Al the Troyaniashe blood,  
Benne and crye, as thou were wood,  
On Eolus, the god of winde,  
To blowen out, of alle kindes,  
So loude, that he shulde drenche 205  
Lord and lady, grome and wenche  
Of al the Troyan nacioun,  
Withoute any savacioun.

Ther saw I swich tempeste aryse,  
That every herte mighte agryse, 210

To see hit peynted on the walle.

Ther saw I graven eek withalle,  
Venus, how ye, my lady dere,  
Wepinge with ful woful chere,  
Prayen Jupiter an hye 215

To save and kepe that navye  
Of the Troyan Eneas,  
Sith that he hir sone was.

Ther saw I Joves Venus kisse,  
And graunted of the tempest lisse. 220

Ther saw I how the tempest stente,  
And how with alle pyne he wente,  
And prevely took arrivage  
In the contree of Cartage ; 225

And on the morwe, how that he  
And a knight, hight Achatee,  
Metten with Venus that day,  
Goinge in a queynt array,  
As she had ben an hunteresse,  
With wind blowinge upon hir tresse ; 230

How Eneas gan him to playne,  
Whan that he knew hir, of his payne ;  
And how his shippes dreynthe were,  
Or elles lost, he niste where ;  
How she gan him comforte tho, 235

And bad him to Cartage go,  
And ther he shulde his folk finde,  
That in the see were left behinde.

And, shortly of this thing to pace,  
She made Eneas so in grace 240

Of Dido, queene of that contree,  
That, shortly for to tellen, she  
Becam his love, and leet him do  
That that wedding longeth to.  
What shulde I speke more queynte, 245  
Or payne me my wordes paynte,  
To speke of love ? hit wol not be ;  
I can not of that facultee.

And eek to telle the manere  
How they aqeynteden in-fere, 250  
Hit were a long proces to telle,  
And over long for yow to dwelle.

Ther saw I grave, how Eneas  
Tolde Dido every cas,  
That him was tid upon the see. 255

And after grave was, how she  
Made of him, shortly, at oo word,  
Hir lyf, hir love, hir lust, hir lord :  
And dide him al the reverence,  
And leyde on him al the dispence. 260  
That any woman mighte do,

Weninge hit had al be so,  
 As he hir swoor; and her-by demed  
 That he was good, for he swich samed.  
 Allas! what harm doth apparence, 265  
 Whan hit is fals in existence!  
 For he to hir a traitour was;  
 Wherfor she slow hir-self, allas!

Lo, how a woman doth amis,  
 To love him that unknown is! 270  
 For, by Crist, lo! thus hit fareth;  
 'Hit is not al gold, that glareth.'  
 For, al-so brounke I wel myn heed,  
 Ther may be under goodliheed  
 Kovered many a shrewed vyce; 275  
 Therfor be no wight so nyce,  
 To take a love only for chere,  
 For speche, or for frendly manere;  
 For this shal every woman finde  
 That som man, of his pure kinde, 280  
 Wol shewen outward the faireste,  
 Til he have caught that what him leste;  
 And thanne wol he causes finde,  
 And swere how that she is unkinde,  
 Or fals, or prevy, or double was. 285  
 Al this seye I by Eneas  
 And Dido, and hir nyce lest,  
 That lovede al to sone a gest;  
 Therfor I wol seye a proverbe,  
 That 'he that fully knoweth th'erbe 290  
 May sanfly leye hit to his yē';  
 Withoute drede, this is no lye.

But let us speke of Eneas,  
 How he betrayed hir, allas!  
 And lefte hir ful unkindely. 295  
 So whan she saw al-utterly,  
 That he wolde hir of trouthe faille,  
 And wende fro hir to Itaila,  
 She gan to wringe hir hondes two.

'Allas!' quod she, 'what me is wo! 300  
 Allas! is every man thus trewe,  
 That every yere wolde have a newe,  
 If hit so longe tyme dure,  
 Or elles three, peraventure?  
 As thus: of oon he wolde have fame 305  
 In magnifying of his name;  
 Another for frendship, seith he;  
 And yet ther shal the thridde be,  
 That shal be taken for delyt,  
 Lo, or for singular profyt.' 310

In swiche wordes gan to playne  
 Dido of hir grete payne,

As me mette redely;  
 Non other auctour alegge I.  
 'Allas!' quod she, 'my swete herte, 315  
 Have pitee on my sorwes smerte,  
 And slee me not! go noght away!  
 O woful Dido, wel away!  
 Quod she to hir-selve tho.  
 'O Eneas! what wil ye do? 320  
 O, that your love, ne your bonde,  
 That ye han sworn with your right honde,  
 Ne my cruel deeth,' quod she,  
 'May holde yow still heer with me!  
 O, haveth of my deeth pitee! 325  
 Y-wis, my dere herte, ye  
 Knownen ful wel that never yit,  
 As fer-forth as I hadde wit,  
 Agilte [I] yow in thoght ne deed.  
 O, have ye men swich goodliheed 330  
 In speche, and never a deel of trouthe?  
 Allas, that ever hadde rounthe  
 Any woman on any man!  
 Now see I wel, and telle can,  
 We wrecched wimmen conne non art; 335  
 For certeyn, for the more part,  
 Thus we be served everichone.  
 How sore that ye men conne grone,  
 Anoon, as we have yow receyved,  
 Certainly we ben deceyved; 340  
 For, though your love laste a sesoun,  
 Wayte upon the conclusioun,  
 And eek how that ye determynen,  
 And for the more part diffynen.  
 'O, welaway that I was born! 345  
 For through yow is my name lorn,  
 And alle myn actes red and songe  
 Over al this lond, on every tonge.  
 O wikke Fame! for ther nis  
 Nothing so swift, lo, as she is! 350  
 O, sooth is, every thing is wist,  
 Though hit be kevered with the mist.  
 Eek, though I mighte duren ever,  
 That I have doon, rekever I never,  
 That I ne shal be seyð, allas, 355  
 Y-shamed be through Eneas,  
 And that I shal thus juged be—  
 "Lo, right as she hath doon, now she  
 Wol do eftsones, hardily;"  
 Thus seyth the peple prevely.'— 360  
 But that is doon, nis not to done;  
 †Al hir compleynt ne al hir mone,  
 Certeyn, availleth hir not a stree.

And whan she wiste sothly he  
 Was forth unto his shippes goon, 365  
 She þin hir chambre wente anon,  
 And called on hir suster Anne,  
 And gan hir to compleyne thanne;  
 And seyde, that she cause was  
 That she first lovede þEneas, 370  
 And thus counseilled hir therto.  
 But what! when this was seyde and do,  
 She roof hir-selfe to the herte,  
 And deyde through the wounde smerte.  
 But al the maner how she deyde, 375  
 And al the wordes that she seyde,  
 Who-so to knowe hit hath purpos,  
 Need Virgile in Eneidos  
 Or the Epistle of Ovyde,  
 What that she wroot or that she dyde: 380  
 And nere hit to long to endyte,  
 By god, I woldis hit here wryte.

But, welaway! the harm, the rounthe,  
 That hath betid for swich untrounthe,  
 As men may ofte in bokes rede, 385  
 And al day seen hit yet in dede,  
 That for to thenken hit, a tene is.

Lo, Demophon, duk of Athenis,  
 How he forswor him ful falsly  
 And trayed Phillis wikkedly, 390  
 The kinges doghter was of Trace,  
 And falsly gan his terme pace;  
 And when she wiste that he was fals,  
 She heng hir-self right by the hals,  
 For he had do hir swich untrounthe; 395  
 Lo! was not this a wo and rounthe?

Eek lo! how fals and recheles  
 Was to Briseida Achilles,  
 And Paris to þOenone;  
 And Jason to Isiphile; 400  
 And eft Jason to Medea;  
 And Ercules to Dyanira;  
 For he lefte hir for Iöle,  
 That made him cacche his deeth, pardee.

How fals eek was he, Theseus; 405  
 That, as the story telleth us,  
 How he betrayed Adriane;  
 The devel be his soules bane!  
 For had he laughed, had he loured,  
 He moste have be al devoured, 410  
 If Adriane ne had y-be!  
 And, for she had of him pitee,  
 She made him fro the dethe escape,  
 And he made hir a ful fals jape;

For after this, within a whyle 415  
 He lefte hir slepinge in an yle,  
 Deserte alone, right in the see,  
 And stal away, and leet hir be;  
 And took hir suster Phedra tho  
 With him, and gan to shippe go. 420  
 And yet he had y-sworn to here,  
 On al that ever he mighte swere,  
 That, so she saved him his lyf,  
 He wolde have take hir to his wyf;  
 For she desired nothing elles, 425  
 In certain, as the book us telleth.

But to excusen Eneas  
 Fulliche of al his greet trespas,  
 The book seyth, Mercurie, sauns faille,  
 Bad him go into Itaille, 430  
 And leve Auffrykes regioun,  
 And Dido and hir faire toun.

Tho saw I grave, how to Itaille  
 Daun Eneas is go to saile;  
 And how the tempest al began, 435  
 And how he loste his steresman,  
 Which that the sters, or he took keep,  
 Smot over-bord, lo! as he sleep.

And also saw I how Sibyle  
 And Eneas, besyde an yle, 440  
 To helle wente, for to see  
 His fader, Anchises the free.  
 How he ther fond Palinurus,  
 And Dido, and eek Deiphebus;  
 And every tourment eek in helle 445  
 Saw he, which is long to tella.  
 Which who-so willeth for to knowe,  
 He moste rede many a rowe  
 On Virgile or on Claudian,  
 Or Daunte, that hit telle can. 450

Tho saw I grave al th'arivaile  
 That Eneas had in Itaille;  
 And with king Latine his trettee,  
 And alle the batailles that he  
 Was at him-self, and eek his knightes, 455  
 Or he had al y-wonne his rightes;  
 And how he Turnus reft his lyf,  
 And wan Lavyna to his wyf;  
 And al the mervelous signals  
 Of the goddes celestials; 460  
 How, maugre Juno, Eneas,  
 For al hir sleighte and hir compas,  
 Acheved al his aventure;  
 For Jupiter took of him cure  
 At the prayere of Venus 465

The whiche I preye alway save us,  
 And us ay of our sorwes lighte !  
 Whan I had seyen al this sighte  
 In this noble temple thus,  
 'A, Lord !' thoughte I, 'that madest us,  
 Yet saw I never swich noblesse 471  
 Of images, ne swich richesse,  
 As I saw graven in this chirche ;  
 But not woot I who dide hem wirche,  
 Ne wher I am, ne in what contree. 475  
 But now wol I go out and see,  
 Right at the wicket, if I can  
 See o-wher stering any man,  
 That may me telle wher I am.'  
 When I out at the dores cam, 480  
 I faste aboute me beheld.  
 Then saw I but a large feld,  
 As fer as that I mighte see,  
 Withouten toun, or hous, or tree,  
 Or bush, or gras, or ired lond ; 485  
 For al the feld nas but of sond  
 As smal as man may see yet lye

In the desert of Libye ;  
 Ne I no maner creature,  
 That is y-formed by nature, 490  
 Ne saw, me [for] to rede or wisse.  
 'O Crist,' thoughte I, 'that art in blisse,  
 Fro fantom and illusion  
 Me save !' and with devocioun  
 Myn yñ to the heaven I caste. 495  
 Tho was I war, lo ! at the laste,  
 That faste by the sonne, as hy8  
 As kenne mighte I with myn y8,  
 Me thoughte I saw an egle sore,  
 But that hit semed moche more 500  
 Then I had any egle seyn.  
 But this as sooth as deeth, certeyn,  
 Hit was of golde, and shoon so brighte,  
 That never saw men such a sighte,  
 But-if the heaven hadde y-wonne 505  
 Al newe of golde another sonne ;  
 So shoon the egles fethres brighte,  
 And somewhat downward gan hit lighte.

Explicit liber primus.

## BOOK II.

## Incipit liber secundus.

## Proem.

Now herkneth, every maner man  
 That English understonde can, 510  
 And listeth of my dreem to lere ;  
 For now at erste shul ye here  
 So þeelly an avisioun,  
 That Isaye, ne Scipioun,  
 Ne king Nabugodonosor, 515  
 Pharo, Turnus, ne Elcanor,  
 Ne mette swich a dreem as this !  
 Now faire blisful, O Cipris, (10)  
 So be my favour at this tyme !  
 And ye, me to endyte and ryme 520  
 Helpeth, that on Parnaso dwelle  
 By Elicon the clere wella.  
 O Thought, that wroot al that I mette,  
 And in the tresorie hit shette  
 Of my brayn ! now shal men see 525  
 If any vertu in thee be,  
 To tellen al my dreem aright ;  
 Now kythe thyn engyn and might ! (20)

## The Dream.

This egle, of which I have yow told,  
 That shoon with fethres as of gold, 530  
 Which that so hy8 gan to sore,  
 I gan beholde more and more,  
 To see hir beantees and the wonder ;  
 But never was ther dint of thonder,  
 Ne that thing that men calle foudre, 535  
 That smoot somtyme a tour to poudre,  
 And in his swifte coming brende,  
 That so swythe gan descende, (30)  
 As this foul, whan hit behelde  
 That I a-roume was in the felde ; 540  
 And with his grimme pawes stronge,  
 Within his sharpe nayles longe,  
 Me, fleinge, at a swappe he hente,  
 And with his sours agayn up wente,  
 Me caryinge in his clawes starke 545  
 As lightly as I were a lark,  
 How high, I can not telle yow,  
 For I cam up, I niste how. (40)  
 For so astonied and a-sweved

Was every vertu in my heved, 550  
 What with his sours and with my drede,  
 That al my feling gan to dede;  
 For-why hit was to greet affray.

Thus I longe in his clawes lay,  
 Til at the laste he to me spak 555  
 In mannes vois, and seyde, 'Awak!  
 And be not þo a-gast, for shame!'  
 And called me tho by my name. (50)  
 And, for I sholde the bet abreyde—  
 Me mette—'Awak,' to me he seyde, 560  
 Right in the same vois and stevene  
 That useth oon I coude nevene;  
 And with that vois, soth for to sayn,  
 My minde cam to me agayn;  
 For hit was goodly seyde to me, 565  
 So nas hit never went to be.

And herwithal I gan to stere,  
 And he me in his feet to bere, (60)  
 Til that he felte that I had hete,  
 And felte cek tho myn herte beta. 570  
 And tho gan he me to disporte,  
 And with wordes to comforte,  
 And sayde twyës, 'Saynte Marie!  
 Thon art noyous for to carie,  
 And nothing nedeth hit, pardoe! 575  
 For al-so wis god helpe me  
 As thou non harm shalt have of this;  
 And this cas, that betid thee is,  
 Is for thy lore and for thy prow;—  
 Let see! darst thou yet loke now? 580  
 Be ful assured, boldly,  
 I am thy frend.' And therwith I  
 Gan for to wondren in my minde.  
 'O god,' thoughte I, 'that madest kinde,  
 Shal I non other weyes dye? 585  
 Wher Joves wol me stellifye,  
 Or what thing may this signifye?  
 I neither am Enok, ne Elye,  
 Ne Romulus, ne Ganymede  
 That was y-bore up, as men rede, 590  
 To hevене with dan Jupiter,  
 And maad the goddes boteler.'

Lo! this was tho my fantasye!  
 But he that bar me gan espye  
 That I so thoghte, and seyde this:— 595  
 'Thou demest of thy-self amis;  
 For Joves is not ther-about—  
 I dar wel putte thee out of doute—  
 To make of thee as yet a sterre.  
 But er I bere thee moche ferre, 600

I wol thee telle what I am,  
 And whider thou shalt, and why I cam  
 To þdone this, so that thou take  
 Good herte, and not for fere quake.'  
 'Gladly,' quod I. 'Now wel,' quod he:—  
 'First I, that in my feet have thee, 606  
 Of which thou hast a feer and wonder,  
 Am dwelling with the god of thonder,  
 Which that men callen Jupiter, (101)  
 That dooth me flee ful ofte fer 610  
 To do al his comaundement.  
 And for this cause he hath me sent  
 To thee: now þherkne, by thy trouthe!  
 Certeyn, he hath of thee rounthe,  
 That thou so longe trewely 615  
 Hast served so ententifly  
 His blinde newew Cupido,  
 And fair Venus [goddesse] also, (110)  
 Withoute guerdoun ever yit,  
 And nevertheles hast set thy wit— 620  
 Although that in thy hede ful þlyte is—  
 To make bokes, songes, dytees,  
 In ryme, or elles in cadence,  
 As thou best canst, in reverence  
 Of Love, and of his servants eke, 625  
 That have his servise soght, and seke;  
 And peyneest thee to preyse his art,  
 Although thou haddest never part; (120)  
 Wherfor, al-so god me blesse,  
 Joves halt hit greet humblese 630  
 And vertu eek, that thou wolt make  
 A-night ful ofte thyn heed to ake,  
 In thy studie so thou wrytest,  
 And ever-mo of love endyttest,  
 In honour of him and preysinges, 635  
 And in his folkes furtheringes,  
 And in hir matere al devyest, (120)  
 And noght him nor his folk despyest.  
 Although thou mayst go in the daunce  
 Of hem that him list not avaunce. 640  
 'Wherfor, as I seyde, y-wis,  
 Jupiter considereth this,  
 And also, beau sir, other thinges;  
 That is, that thou hast no tydinges  
 Of Loves folk, if they be glade, 645  
 Ne of noght elles that god made;  
 And noght only fro fer contree  
 That ther no tyding comth to thee, (140)  
 But of thy verray neyghborea,  
 That dwellen almost at thy dorea, 650  
 Thou herest neither that ne this;

For whan thy labour doon al is,  
 And hast y-maad thy rekeninges,  
 In stede of reste and newe thinges,  
 Thou gost hom to thy hous anon ; 655  
 And, also domb as any stoon,  
 Thou sittest at another boke,  
 Til fully daswed is thy loke, (150)  
 And livest thus as an hermyte,  
 Although thyn abstinence is lyte. 660  
 ' And therfor Joves, through his grace,  
 Wol that I bere thee to a place,  
 Which that hight the Hous of Fame,  
 To do thee som disport and game,  
 In som recompensacioun 665  
 Of labour and devocioun  
 That thou hast had, lo ! causeles,  
 To Cupido, the reccheles ! (160)  
 And thus this god, thorgh his meryte,  
 Wol with som maner thing thee quyte,  
 So that thou wolt be of good chere. 671  
 For truste wel, that thou shalt here,  
 When we be comen ther I seye,  
 Mo wonder thinges, dar I leye,  
 Of Loves folke mo tydinges, 675  
 Bothe soth-sawes and lesinges ;  
 And mo loves newe begonne,  
 And longe y-served loves wonne, (170)  
 And mo loves casuelly  
 That been betid, no man wot why, 680  
 But as a blind man stert an hare ;  
 And more jolytee and fare,  
 Why! that they finde love of stele,  
 As thinketh hem, and over-al wele ;  
 Mo discords, and mo jelousyes, 685  
 Mo murmurs, and mo novelryes,  
 And mo dissimulaciouns,  
 And feyned reparaciouns ; (180)  
 And mo herdes in two houres  
 Withoute rasour or sisoures 690  
 Y-maad, then greynes be of sondes ;  
 And eke mo holdinge in hondes,  
 And also mo renovaunces  
 Of olde forleten aqueyntaunces ;  
 Mo love-dayes and acordes 695  
 Then on instruments ben cordes ;  
 And eke of loves mo eschaunces  
 Than ever cornes were in graunges ; (190)  
 Unethe maistow trowen this ?— 699  
 Quod he. ' No, helpe me god so wis !—  
 Quod I. ' No ? why ? ' quod he. ' For hit  
 Were impossible, to my wit,

Though that Fame hadde al the pyes  
 In al a realme, and al the spyces,  
 How that yet she shulde here al this, 705  
 Or they espye hit.' ' O yis, yis !'  
 Quod he to me, ' that can I preve  
 By resoun, worthy for to leve, (200)  
 So that thou yeve thyn advertence  
 To understonde my sentence. 710  
 ' First shalt thou heren wher she dwell-  
 eth,  
 And so thyn owne book hit telleth ;  
 Hir palays stant, as I shal seye,  
 Right even in middes of the weye  
 Betwixen hevене, erthe, and see ; 715  
 That, what-so-ever in al these three  
 Is spoken, in privce or aperte,  
 The wey therto is so overte, (210)  
 And stant eek in so juste a place,  
 That every sounn mot to hit pace, 720  
 Or what so comth fro any tonge,  
 Be hit rouned, red, or songe,  
 Or spoke in seurtee or drede,  
 Certain, hit moste thider-nede.  
 ' Now herkne wel ; for-why I wille 725  
 Tellen thee a propre skile,  
 And þworthy demonstracioun  
 In myn imagynacioun. (220)  
 ' Geffrey, thou wost right wel this,  
 That every kindly thing that is, 730  
 Hath a kindly stede ther he  
 May best in hit conserved be ;  
 Unto which place every thing,  
 Through his kindly enclyning,  
 Moveth for to come to, 735  
 Whan that hit is away therfro ;  
 As thus ; lo, thou mayst al day see  
 That any thing that hevye be, (230)  
 As stoon or leed, or thing of wighte,  
 And ber hit never so hye on highte, 740  
 Let go thyn hand, hit falleth down.  
 ' Right so seye I by fyre or sounn,  
 Or smoke, or other thinges lighte,  
 Alwy they seke upward on highte ;  
 Why! ech of hem is at his large, 745  
 Light thing up, and downward charge.  
 ' And for this cause mayst thou see,  
 That every river to the see (240)  
 Enclyned is to go, by kinde.  
 And by these skilles, as I finde, 750  
 Hath fish dwellinge in floods and see,  
 And treës eek in erthe be,



Thus every thing, by this resoun,  
 Hath his propre mansioun,  
 To which hit seketh to repaire, 755  
 As ther hit shulde not apaire.  
 Lo, this sentence is knowen conthe  
 Of every philosophres mounthe, (250)  
 As Aristotle and dan Platon,  
 And other clerkes many oon ; 760  
 And to confirme my resoun,  
 Thou wost wel this, that speche is soun,  
 Or elles no man mighte hit here ;  
 Now þherkne what I wol thee lere.  
 'Soun is noght but air y-broken, 765  
 And every speche that is spoken,  
 Loud or privee, foul or fair,  
 In his substaunce is but air ; (260)  
 For as flaumbe is but lighted smoke,  
 Right so soun is air y-broke. 770  
 But this may be in many wyse,  
 Of which I wil thee two devyse,  
 As soun that comth of pype or harpe.  
 For whan a pype is blownen sharpe,  
 The air is twist with violence, 775  
 And rent ; lo, this is my sentence ;  
 Eek, whan men harpe-strings smyte,  
 Whether hit be moche or lyte, (270)  
 Lo, with the strook the air to-brekeþ ; 779  
 Right so hit brekeþ whan men speketh.  
 Thus wost thou wel what thing is speche.  
 ' Now hennesforth I wol thee teche,  
 How every speche, or noise, or soun,  
 Through his multiplicacioun,  
 Thogh hit were pyped of a mouse, 785  
 Moot nede come to Fames House.  
 I preve hit thus—tak hede now—  
 By experience ; for if that thou (280)  
 Throws on water now a stoon,  
 Wel wost thou, hit wol make anon 790  
 A litel roundel as a cerle,  
 Paraventure brood as a covercle ;  
 And right anon thou shalt see weel,  
 That wheel wol cause another wheel,  
 And that the thridde, and so forth,  
 brother, 795  
 Every cerle causing other,  
 Wyder than himselve was ;  
 And thus, fro roundel to compas, (290)  
 Ech aboute other goinge,  
 Caused of otheres steringe, 800  
 And multiplying ever-mo,  
 Til that hit be so far y-go

That hit at bothe brinkes be.  
 Al-though thou mowe hit not y-see  
 Above, hit goth yet alway under, 805  
 Although thou thenke hit a gret wonder.  
 And who-so seith of trouthe I varie,  
 Bid him proven the contraria. (300)  
 And right thus every word, y-wis,  
 That loude or privee spoken is, 810  
 Moveth first an air aboute,  
 And of this moving, out of doute,  
 Another air anon is moved,  
 As I have of the water preved,  
 That every cerle causeth other. 815  
 Right so of air, my leve brother ;  
 Everich air in other stereth (309)  
 More and more, and speche up bereth,  
 Or vois, or noise, or word, or soun,  
 Ay through multiplicacioun, 820  
 Til hit be atte House of Fame ;—  
 Tak hit in earnest or in game.  
 ' Now have I told, if thou have minde,  
 How speche or soun, of pure kinde,  
 Enclyned is upward to meve ; 825  
 This, mayst thou fele, wel I preve.  
 And that þthe mansioun, y-wis,  
 That every thing enclyned to is, (320)  
 Hath his kindeliche stede :  
 þThan sheweth hit, withouten drede, 830  
 That kindly the mansioun  
 Of every speche, of every soun,  
 Be hit either foul or fair,  
 Hath his kinde place in air.  
 And sin that every thing, that is 835  
 Out of his kinde place, y-wis,  
 Moveth thider for to go  
 If hit a-weye be therfro, (330)  
 As I before have preved thee,  
 Hit seweth, every soun, pardee, 840  
 Moveth kindly to pace  
 Al up into his kindly place.  
 And this place of which I telle,  
 Ther as Fame list to dwelle,  
 Is set amidde of these thre, 845  
 Heaven, erthe, and eek the see,  
 As most conservatif the soun.  
 Than is this the conclusioun, (340)  
 That every speche of every man  
 As I thee telle first began, 850  
 Moveth up on high to pace  
 Kindly to Fames place.  
 ' Telle me this faithfully,

Have I not preved thus simply, Withouten any subtiltee Of speche, or gret prolixitee Of termes of philosophie, Of figures of poetrye, Or colours of rethoryke? Pardee, hit oghte thes to lyke; For hard langage and hard matere Is encombrous for to here At ones; wost thou not wel this? And I answerde, and seyde, 'Yis.' 'A ha!' quod he, 'lo, so I can Lewedly to a lewed man Speke, and shewe him swiche skiles, That he may shake hem by the biles, So palpable they shulden be. But tel me this, now pray I thes, How thinkth thes my conclusioun?' [Quod he.] 'A good persuasioun,' Quod I, 'hit is; and lyk to be Right so as thou hast preved ma.' 'By god,' quod he, 'and as I leve, Thou shalt have yit, or hit be eve, Of every word of this sentence A preve, by experience; And with thyn eres heren wel Top and tail, and everydel, That every word that spoken is Comth into Fames Hous, y-wis, As I have seyde; what wilt thou more?' And with this word upper to sore He gan, and seyde, 'By Seynt Jame! Now wil we spoken al of game.'— 'How farest thou?' quod he to ma. 'Wel,' quod I. 'Now see,' quod he, 'By thy trouthe, yond adoun, Wher that thou knowest any toun, Or hous, or any other thing. And whan thou hast of ought knowing, Loke that thou warne me, And I anon shal telle thes How fer that thou art now therfro.' And I adoun to gan loken tho, And beheld felde and plaines, And now hilles, and now mountaines, Now valeys, and now forestes, And now, unethes, grete bestes; Now riveres, now citees, Now tounes, and now grete trees, Now shippes sailinge in the see. But thus some in a whyle he	855 (350) 860 865 (360) 870 (370) 880 885 (380) 890 895 (390) 900
Was flowen fro the grounde so hye, That al the world, as to myn ye, No more samed than a prikke; Or elles was the air so thikke That I ne mighte not discerne. With that he spak to me as yerne, And seyde: 'Seestow any toun Or oughth thou knowest yonder doun?' I seyde, 'Nay.' 'No wonder nis,' Quod he, 'for half so high as this Nas Alexander Macedo; Ne the king, dan Scipio, That saw in dreame, at point devys, Helle and erthe, and paradys; Ne eek the wrecoche Dedalus, Ne his child, nyce Icarus, That fleigh so highe that the hete His winges malt, and he fel wete In-mid the see, and ther he dreynthe, For whom was maked moch compleynthe. 'Now turn upward,' quod he, 'thy face, And behold this large place, This air; but loke thou ne be Adrad of hem that thou shalt see; For in this regioun, certain, Dwelleth many a citesein, Of which that speketh dan Plato. Thes ben the eyrish bestes, lo!' And so saw I al that maynee Bothe goon and also flea. 'Now,' quod he tho, 'cast up thyn ye; See yonder, lo, the Galaxye, Which men clepeth the Milky Wey, For hit is whyt: and somme, parfey, Callen hit Watlinge Strete: That ones was y-brent with hete, Whan the sonnes sone, the rede, That highte Pheton, wolde lede Algate his fader cart, and gye. The cart-hors gonne wel espye That he ne coude no governaunce, And gonne for to lepe and launce, And beren him now up, now doun, Til that he saw the Scorioun, Which that in heven a signe is yit. And he, for ferde, loste his wit, Of that, and leet the reynes goon Of his hors; and they anon Gonne up to mounte, and doun descende Til bothe the eyr and erthe brende; Til Jupiter, lo, atte laste,	905 (400) 910 915 (410) 920 930 (420) 930 (430) 940 945 (440) 950 955

Him slow, and fro the carte casta.  
Lo, is it not a greet mischaunce,  
To lete a fole han governaunce (450)  
Of thing that he can not demeine ?'

And with this word, soth for to seyne,  
He gan alway upper to sore, 961  
And gladded me ay more and more,  
So feithfully to me spak he.

Tho gan I loken under me,  
And beheld the eyrish bestes, 965  
Cloudes, mistes, and tempestes,  
Snowes, hailes, reines, windes,  
And th'engendring in hir kindes, (460)  
And al the way through whiche I cam ;  
'O god,' quod I, 'that made Adam, 970  
Moche is thy might and thy noblesse !'

— And tho thoughte I upon Boece,  
That writ, 'a thought may fleo so hye,  
With fethares of Philosophie,  
To passen everich element ; 975  
And whan he hath so far y-went,  
Than may be seen, behind his bak,  
Cloud, and al that I of spak.' (470)

Tho gan I wexen in a were,  
And seyde, 'I woot wel I am here ; 980  
But wher in body or in goot  
I noot, y-wis ; but god, thou wost !'  
For more cleer entendement  
Nadde he me never yit y-sent.  
And than thoughte I on Marcian, 985  
And eek on Antecaudian,  
That sooth was hir descripcioun  
Of al the hevenes region, (480)  
As fer as that I saw the preve ;  
Therfor I can hem now beleve. 990

With that this egle gan to crye :  
'Lat be,' quod he, 'thy fantasye ;  
Wilt thou lere of sterres aught ?'  
'Nay, certainly,' quod I, 'right naught ;  
And why ? for I am now to old.' 995  
'Elles I wolde thee have told,'  
Quod he, 'the sterres names, lo,  
And al the hevenes signes to, (490)  
And which they been.' 'No fors,' quod I.  
'Yis, pardee,' quod he ; 'wostow why ? 1000  
For whan thou redest poetrye,  
How goddes gonne stellifye  
Brid, fish, beste, or him or here,  
As the Raven, or either Bere,  
Or Ariones harpe fyn, 1005  
Castor, Pollux, or Delphyn,

Or †Atlantes doughtres sevene,  
How alle these arn set in hevane ; (500)  
For though thou have hem ofte on honde,  
Yet nostonw not wher that they stonde.'  
'No fors,' quod I, 'hit is no nede : 1011  
I leve as wel, so god me spede,  
Hem that wryte of this matere,  
As though I knew hir places here ;  
And eek they shynen here so brighte,  
Hit shulde shenden al my sighte, 1016  
To loke on hem.' 'That may wel be,'  
Quod he. And so forth bar he me (510)  
A whyl, and than he gan to crye,  
That never herde I thing so hye, 1020  
'Now up the heed ; for al is wel ;  
Seynt Julian, lo, bon hostel !  
See here the House of Fame, lo !  
Maistow not heren that I do ?'

'What ?' quod I. 'The grete soun,' 1025  
Quod he, 'that rumbleth up and down  
In Fames Hous, ful of tydinges,  
Bothe of fair speche and chydinges, (520)  
And of fals and soth compouned.  
Herkne wel ; hit is not rouned. 1031  
Herestow not the grete swogh ?'  
'Yis, pardee,' quod I, 'wel y-nogh.'  
'And what soun is it lyk ?' quod he.  
'Peter ! lyk beting of the see,'  
Quod I, 'again the roches holowe, 1035  
Whan tempest doth the shippes swalowe ;  
And lat a man stonde, out of doute,  
A myle thens, and here hit route ; (530)  
Or elles lyk the last humblinge  
After the clappe of a thundringe, 1040  
When Joves hath the air y-bete ;  
But hit doth me for fare swete.'

'Nay, dred thee not therof,' quod he,  
'Hit is nothing wil byten thee ;  
Thou shalt non harm have, trewely.' 1045

And with this word bothe he and I  
As nigh the place arryved were  
As men may casten with a spere. (540)  
I niste how, but in a strete  
He sette me faire on my fete, 1050  
And seyde, 'Walke furth a pas,  
And tak thyn aventure or cas,  
That thou shalt finde in Fames place.'  
'Now,' quod I, 'whyl we han space  
To speke, or that I go fro thee, 1055  
For the love of god, tel me,  
In sooth that wil I of thee lere,

<p>If this noise that I here          Be, as I have herd thee tallen,          Of folk that doun in erthe dwellen,          And comth here in the same wyse          As I thee herde or this devyse ;          And that ther lyves body nis          In al that hous that yonder is,          That maketh al this loude fare ?'          ' No,' quod he, ' by Seynte Clare,          And also wis god rede me !          But o thinge I wil warne thee          Of the which thou wolt have wonder.          Lo, to the House of Fame yonder          Thou wost how cometh every speche,          Hit nedeth noght thee eft to teche.          But understond now right wel this ;          Whan any speche y-comen is</p>	<p>(550)          1060          1065          (560)          1070</p>	<p>Up to the paleys, anon-right          Hit wexeth lyk the same wight          Which that the word in erthe spak,          Be hit clothed reed or blak ;          And hath so verray his lyknesse          That spak the word, that thou wilt gesso          That hit the same body be,          Man or woman, he or she.          And is not this a wonder thing ?'          ' Yis,' quod I tho, ' by hevene king !'          And with this worde, ' Farwel,' quod he,          ' And here I wol abyden thee ;          And god of hevene sende thee grace,          Som good to lernen in this place.'          And I of him took leve anon,          And gan forth to the paleys goon.</p>	<p>1075          (570)          1081          1086          (580)          1090</p>
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Explicit liber secundus.

## BOOK III.

## Incipit liber tercius.

*Invocation.*

O god of science and of light,  
 Apollo, through thy grete might,  
 This litel laste book thou gye !  
 Nat that I wilne, for maistrye,  
 Here art poetical be shewed ;  
 But, for the rym is light and lewed,  
 Yit make hit sumwhat agreable,  
 Though som vers faile in a sillable ;  
 And that I do no diligence  
 To shewe craft, but o sentence. (10) 1100  
 And if, divyne vertu, thou  
 Wilt helpe me to shewe now  
 That in myn hede y-marked is—  
 Lo, that is for to menen this,  
 The Hous of Fame to descryve—  
 Thou shalt see me go, as blyve,  
 Unto the nexte laure I see,  
 And kisse hit, for hit is thy tree ;  
 Now entreth in my breste anon !—

*The Dream.*

Whan I was fro this egle goon, (20) 1110  
 I gan beholde upon this place.

And certain, or I ferther pace,  
 I wol yow al the shap devyse  
 Of hous and taite ; and al the wyse  
 How I gan to this place aproche 1115  
 That stood upon so high a roche,  
 Hyer stant ther noon in Spaine.  
 But up I clomb with alle paine,  
 And though to climbe hit greved me,  
 Yit I ententif was to see, (30) 1120  
 And for to pouren wonder lowe,  
 If I coude any weyes knowe  
 What maner stoon this roche was ;  
 For hit was lyk a thing of glas,  
 But that hit shoon ful more clere ; 1125  
 But of what congeled matere  
 Hit was, I niste redely.

But at the laste espyed I,  
 And found that hit was, every deel,  
 A roche of yse, and not of steel. (40) 1130  
 Thoughte I, ' By Seynt Thomas of Kent !  
 This were a feble foundement  
 To bilden on a place hye ;  
 He oughte him litel glorifye  
 That her-on bilt, god so me save !' 1135

Tho saw I al the half y-grave  
 With famous folkes names fele,  
 That had y-been in mochel wele,

And hir fames wyde y-blowe.  
 But wel unethes coude I knowe (50) 1140  
 Any lettres for to rede  
 Hir names by ; for, out of drede,  
 They were almost of-thowed so,  
 That of the lettres oon or two  
 Was molte away of every name, 1145  
 So unfamous was wexe hir fame ;  
 But men seyn, ' What may ever laste ? '

The gan I in myn herte caste,  
 That they were molte away with hete,  
 And not away with stormes bete. (60) 1150  
 For on that other syde I sey  
 Of this hille, that northward lay,  
 How hit was writen ful of names  
 Of folk that hadden grete fames  
 Of olde tyme, and yit they were 1155  
 As fresshe as men had writen hem  
 there

The selve day right, or that houre  
 That I upon hem gan to poure.  
 But wel I wiste what hit made ;  
 Hit was conserved with the shade— (70)  
 Al this wrytinge that I sy— 1161  
 Of a castel, that stood on hy,  
 And stood eek on so cold a place,  
 That hete mighte hit not deface.

The gan I up the hille to goon, 1165  
 And fond upon the coppe a woon,  
 That alle the men that ben on lyve  
 Ne han the cunning to descryve  
 The beautes of that ilke place,  
 Ne coude casten no compase (80) 1170  
 Swich another for to make,  
 That mighte of beautes be his make,  
 Ne [be] so wonderliche y-wrought ;  
 That hit astonieth yit my thought,  
 And maketh al my wit to swinke 1175  
 On this castel to bethinke.  
 So that the grete þcraft, beautes,  
 The cast, the curiositee  
 Ne can I not to yow devyse,  
 My wit ne may me not suffyse. (90) 1180

But natheles al the substance  
 I have yit in my remembrance ;  
 For-why me thoughts, by Seynt Gyle !  
 Al was of stone of beryle,  
 Bothe castel and the tour, 1185  
 And eek the halle, and every bour,  
 Withouten peces or joininges.  
 But many subtil compassinges,

† Babewinnes and pinacles,  
 Imageries and tabernacles, (100) 1190  
 I saw ; and ful eek of windowes,  
 As flakes falle in grote snowes.  
 And eek in ech of the pinacles  
 Weren sondry habitacles,  
 In whiche stoden, al withoute— 1195  
 Ful the castel, al aboute—  
 Of alle maner of minstrales,  
 And gestiours, that tellen tales  
 Bothe of weping and of game,  
 Of al that longeth unto Fame. (110) 1200

Ther herde I playen on an harpe  
 That souned bothe wel and sharpe,  
 Orpheus ful craftely,  
 And on his syde, faste by,  
 Sat the harper Orion, 1205  
 And Eacides Chiron,  
 And other harpers many oon,  
 And the Bret Glascurion ;  
 And smale harpers with her glees  
 † Seten under hem in sees, (120) 1210  
 And gonne on hem upward to gape,  
 And countrefete hem as an ape,  
 Or as craft countrefeteth kinde.

The saugh I stonden hem behinde,  
 A-fer fro hem, al by hemselve, 1215  
 Many thousand tymes twelve,  
 That maden loude menstralcyes  
 In cornemuse, and shalmys,  
 And many other maner pype,  
 That craftely begunne pype (130) 1220  
 Bothe in doucet and in rede,  
 That ben at festes with the brede ;  
 And many floute and liltng-horne,  
 And pypes made of grene corne,  
 As han thise litel herde-gromes, 1225  
 That kepen bestes in the bromes.

Ther saugh I than Atiteria,  
 And of Athenes dan Pseustia,  
 And Marcia that lost her skin,  
 Bothe in face, body, and chin, (140) 1230  
 For that she wolde envyen, lo !  
 To pyphen bet then Apollo.  
 Ther saugh I famous, olde and yonge,  
 Pypers of the Duché tonge,  
 To lerne love-daunces, springes, 1235  
 Reyes, and these straunge thinges.

The saugh I in another place  
 Stonden in a large space,  
 Of hem that maken bloody soun

In trumpe, beme, and clarionn; (150) 1240  
For in fight and blood-shedinge  
Is used gladly clarioninge.

Ther herde I trumpen Meessenus,  
Of whom that speketh Virgilina.  
Ther herde I Joab trumpe also, 1245  
Theodomas, and other mo;  
And alle that used clarion  
In Cataloigne and Aragon,  
That in hir tyme famous were  
To lerne, saugh I trumpe there. (160) 1250

Ther saugh I sitte in other seets,  
Pleyinge upon sondry glees,  
Whiche that I cannot nevene,  
Mo then sterres been in hevене,  
Of whiche I nil as now not ryme, 1255  
For ese of yow, and losse of tyme:  
For tyme y-lost, this knowen ye,  
By no way may recovered be.

Ther saugh I tpleyen jogelours,  
Magiciens and tregetours, (170) 1260  
And phitonesses, charmeresses,  
Olde wicchis, sorceresses,  
That use exorsisaciouns  
And eek this fumigaciouns;  
And clerkes eek, which conne wel 1265  
Al this magyke naturel,  
That craftely don hir ententes,  
To make, in certeyn ascendentis,  
Images, lo, through which magyk  
To make a man ben hool or syk. (180) 1270  
Ther saugh I tthee, queen Medea,  
And Circes eke, and Calipes;  
Ther saugh I Hermes Ballenus,  
Lymote, and eek Simon Magnus. 1274  
Ther saugh I, and knew hem by name,  
That by such art don men han fame.  
Ther saugh I Colle tregetour  
Upon a table of sicamour  
Pleye an uncouth thing to telle;  
I saugh him carien a wind-melle (190) 1280  
Under a walsh-note shala.

What shuld I make lenger tale  
Of al the peple that I say,  
Fro hennes in-to domesday?

Whan I had al this folk beholde, 1285  
And fond me lous, and noght y-holde,  
And eft y-mused longe whyle  
Upon these walles of beryle,  
That shoon ful lighter than a glas,  
And made wel more than hit was (200)

To semen, every thing, y-wis, 1291  
As kinde thing of fames is;  
I gan forth romen til I fond  
The castal-yate on my right hond,  
Which that so wel corven was 1295  
That never swich another nas;  
And yit hit was by aventure  
Y-wrought, as often as by cure.

Hit nedeth noght yow for to tellen,  
To make yow to longe dwellen, (210) 1300  
Of this yates florissinges,  
Ne of compasses, ne of kervinges,  
Ne how they thatte in masoneries,  
As, corbets fulle of imageries.  
But, lord! so fair hit was to shewe, 1305  
For hit was al with gold behewe.  
But in I wente, and that anoon;  
Ther mette I crying many oon,—  
'A larges, larges, hold up wel!  
God save the lady of this pel, (220) 1310  
Our owne gentil lady Fame,  
And hem that wilnen to have name  
Of us!' Thus herde I cryen alle,  
And faste comen out of halle,  
And shoken nobles and sterlinges. 1315  
And somme crowned were as kinges,  
With crounes wrought ful of losenges;  
And many riban, and many frenges  
Were on hir clothes trewely.

Tho atte laste aspyed I (230) 1320  
That pursevauntes and heraudes,  
That cryen riche folkes landes,  
Hit weren alle; and every man  
Of hem, as I yow tellen can,  
Had on him throwen a vesture, 1325  
Which that men clepe a cote-armure,  
Enbrowded wonderliche riche,  
Al-though they nere nought y-liche.  
But noght nil I, so mote I thryve,  
Been aboute to discryve (240) 1330  
Al these armes that ther weren,  
That they thus on hir cotes beren,  
For hit to me were impossible;  
Men mighte make of hem a bible  
Twenty foot thikke, as I trowe. 1335  
For certeyn, who-so coude y-knowe  
Mighte ther alle the armes seen  
Of famous folk that han y-been  
In Auffrike, Europe, and Asye,  
Sith first began the chevalrye. (250) 1340  
Lo! how shulde I now telle al this?

Ne of the halle eek what nede is  
 To tellen yow, that every wal  
 Of hit, and floor, and roof and al  
 Was plated half a fote thikke 1345  
 Of gold, and that nas no-thing wikke,  
 But, for to prove in alle wyse,  
 As fyn as ducat in Venyse,  
 Of whiche to lyte al in my pouche is?  
 And they wer set as thikke of nouchis (260)  
 Full of the fynest stones faire, 1351  
 That men rede in the Lapidaire,  
 As greses growen in a mede;  
 But hit were al to longe to rede  
 The names; and therefore I pace. 1355  
 But in this riche lusty place,  
 That Fames halle called was,  
 Ful moche prees of folk ther nas,  
 Ne crouding, for to mochil prees.  
 But al on hye, above a dees, (270) 1360  
 † Sitte in a see imperial,  
 That maad was of a rubee al,  
 Which that a carbuncle is y-called,  
 I saugh, perpetually y-stalled,  
 A feminyne creaturo; 1365  
 That never formed by nature  
 Nas swich another thing y-seya.  
 For altherfirst, soth for to seye,  
 Me thoughte that she was so lyte,  
 That the lengthe of a cubyte (280) 1370  
 Was longer than she semed be;  
 But thus sone, in a whyle, she  
 Hir tho so † wonderliche streighte,  
 That with hir feet she th'erthe reighte,  
 And with hir heed she touched hevne,  
 Ther as shynen sterres sevene. 1376  
 And ther-to eek, as to my wit,  
 I saugh a gretter wonder yit,  
 Upon hir eyen to beholde;  
 But certeyn I hem never tolde; (290) 1380  
 For as fele eyen hadde she  
 As fetheres upon foules be,  
 Or weren on the bestes foure,  
 That goddes trone gunne honoure,  
 As John writ in th'apocalips. 1385  
 Hir heer, that oundy was and crips,  
 As burned gold hit shoon to see.  
 And sooth to tellen, also she  
 Had also fele up-standing eres  
 And tonges, as on bestes heres; (300) 1390  
 And on hir feet wexen saugh I  
 Partriches winges redely

But, lord! the perrie and the richesse  
 I saugh sitting on this goddesse!  
 And, lord! the heveniah melodye 1395  
 Of songes, ful of armonye,  
 I herde aboute her trone y-songe,  
 That al the paleys-walles ronge!  
 So song the mighty Muse, she  
 That cleped is Caliopee, (310) 1400  
 And hir eighte sustren eke,  
 That in hir face semen meke;  
 And evermo, eternally,  
 They songe of Fame, as tho herde I:—  
 'Heried be thou and thy name, 1405  
 Goddesse of renoun and of fame!'

Tho was I war, lo, atte laste,  
 As I myn eyen gan up caste,  
 That this ilke noble quene  
 On hir shuldres gan sustene (320) 1410  
 Bothe th'armes and the name  
 Of tho that hadde large fame;  
 Alexander, and Hercules  
 That with a sharte his lyf lees!  
 † Thus fond I sitting this goddesse, 1415  
 In nobley, honour, and richesse;  
 Of which I stinte a whyle now,  
 Other thing to tellen yow.

Tho saugh I stonde on either syde,  
 Streight down to the dores wyde, (330) 1420  
 Fro the dees, many a pileer  
 Of metal, that shoon not ful cleer;  
 But though they nere of no richesse,  
 Yet they were maad for greet noblesse,  
 And in hem greet [and hy] sentence; 1425  
 And folk of digne reverence,  
 Of whiche I wol yow telle fonde,  
 Upon the pilier saugh I stonde.

Alderfirst, lo, ther I sigh,  
 Upon a pilier stonde on high, (340) 1430  
 That was of lede and yren fyn,  
 Him of secte Saturnyn,  
 Th' Ebrayk Josephus, the olde,  
 That of Jewes gestes tolde;  
 And bar upon his shuldres hye 1435  
 The fame up of the Jewerya.  
 And by him stoden other sevene,  
 Wyse and worthy for to nevne,  
 To helpen him bere up the charge,  
 Hit was so hevy and so large. (350) 1440  
 And for they writen of batailles,  
 As wel as other olde mervailles,  
 Therfor was, lo, this pileer,

Of which that I yow telle heer,  
 Of lede and yren bothe, y-wis. 1445  
 For yren Martes metal is,  
 Which that god is of bataile;  
 And the leed, withouten faile,  
 Is, lo, the metal of Saturne,  
 That hath ful large wheel to turne. (360)  
 The stoden forth, on every rowe, 1451  
 Of hem which that I coude knowe,  
 Thogh I hem noght by ordre telle,  
 To make yow to long to dwelle.

These, of whiche I ginne rede, 1455  
 Ther saugh I stonden, out of drede :  
 Upon an yren piler strong,  
 That peynted was, al endelong,  
 With tygres blode in every place,  
 The Tholosan that highte Stace, (370) 1460  
 That bar of Thebes up the fame  
 Upon his shuldres, and the name  
 Also of cruel Achilles.

And by him stood, withouten lees,  
 Ful wonder hye on a pileer 1465  
 Of yren, he, the gret Omeer ;  
 And with him Dares and Tytus  
 Before, and eek he, Lolluis,  
 And Guido eek de Columpnis,  
 And English Gaufride eek, y-wis ; (380) 1470  
 And ech of these, as have I joye,  
 Was besy for to bere up Troya.  
 So hevvy ther-of was the fame,  
 That for to bere hit was no game.  
 But yit I gan ful wel espye, 1475  
 Betwix hem was a litel envye.  
 Oon seyde, Omere made lyes,  
 Feyninge in his poetryes,  
 And was to Grekes favorable ;  
 Therfor held he hit but fable. (390) 1480

Ther saugh I stonde on a pileer,  
 That was of tinned yren cleer,  
 That Latin poete, [dan] Virgyle,  
 That bore hath up a longe whyle  
 The fame of Pius Enneas. 1485

And next him on a piler was,  
 Of copur, Venus clerk, Ovyde,  
 That hath y-sowen wonder wyde  
 The grette god of Loves name.  
 And ther he bar up wel his fame, (400)  
 Upon this piler, also hye 1491  
 As I might see hit with myn yē :  
 For-why this halle, of whiche I rede  
 Was woxe on þrighte, lengthe and brede,

Wel more, by a thousand del, 1495  
 Than hit was erst, that saugh I wel.

Ther saugh I, on a piler by,  
 Of yren wrought ful sternely,  
 The grette poete, daun Lucan,  
 And on his shuldres bar up than, (410)  
 As highe as that I mighte see, 1501  
 The fame of Julius and Pompea.  
 And by him stoden alle these clerkes,  
 That writen of Romes mighty werkes,  
 That, if I wolde hir names telle, 1505  
 Al to longe moste I dwelle.

And next him on a piler stood  
 Of soulfre, lyk as he were wood,  
 Dan Claudian, the soth to telle,  
 That bar up al the fame of helle, (420) 1510  
 Of Pluto, and of Proserpyne,  
 That quene is of the derke pyne.

What shulde I more telle of this ?  
 The halle was al ful, y-wis,  
 Of hem that writen olde gestes, 1515  
 As ben on treës rokes nestes ;  
 But hit a ful confus matere  
 Were al the gestes for to here,  
 That they of write, and how they  
 highte.

But whyl that I beheld this sighte, (430)  
 I herde a noise aprochen blyve, 1521  
 That ferde as been don in an hyve,  
 Agen her tyme of out-fleyinge ;  
 Right swiche a maner murmuringe,  
 For al the world, hit semed me. 1525

Ther gan I loke aboute and see,  
 That ther com entring þin the halle  
 A right gret company with-alle,  
 And that of sondry regionis,  
 Of alleskinnes condiciouns, (440) 1530  
 That dwelle in erthe under the mone,  
 Pore and ryche. And also sone  
 As they were come into the halle,  
 They gonne down on kneës falle  
 Before this ilke noble quene, 1535  
 And seyde, 'Graunte us, lady shene,  
 Ech of us, of thy grace, a bone !'  
 And somme of hem she graunted  
 sone,

And somme she werned wel and faire :  
 And somme she graunted the contraire  
 Of hir axing utterly. (451) 1541  
 But thus I seye yow trewely,  
 What hir cause was, I niste.



For this folk, ful wel I wiste,  
They hadde good fame ech deserved, 1545  
Although they were diversly served;  
Right as hir suster, dame Fortune,  
Is wont to serven in comune.

Now herkne how she gan to paye  
That gonne hir of hir grace praye; (460)  
And yit, lo, al this companye 1551  
Seyden sooth, and noght a lye.

'Madame,' seyden they, 'we be  
Folk that heer besechen thee,  
That thou graunte us now good fame, 1555  
And lete our werkes han that name;  
In ful recompensacioun

Of good werk, give us good renoun.'  
'I werne yow hit,' quod she anon,  
'Ye gete of me good fame noon, (470) 1560  
By god! and therfor go your way.'

'Alas,' quod they, 'and welaway!  
Telle us, what may your cause be?'  
'For me list hit noght,' quod she;

'No wight shal speke of yow, y-wis, 1565  
Good ne harm, ne that ne this.'

And with that word she gan to calle  
Hir messenger, that was in halle,  
And bad that he shulde faste goon,  
†Up peyne to be blind anon, (480) 1570  
For Eolus, the god of winde;—

'In Trace ther ye shul him finde,  
And bid him bringe his clarioun,  
That is ful dyvers of his soun,  
And hit is cleped Clere Laude, 1575  
With which he went is to heraude  
Hem that me list y-preised be:  
And also bid him how that he  
Bringe his other clarioun,  
That highte Sclaundre in every toun, (490)  
With which he went is to diffame 1581  
Hem that me list, and do hem shame.'

This messenger gan faste goon,  
And found wher, in a cave of stoon,  
In a contree that highte Trace, 1585  
This Eolus, with harde grace,  
Held the windes in distresse,  
And gan hem under him to presse,  
That they gonno as beres rore,  
He bond and pressed hem so sore. (500)

This messenger gan faste crye, 1591  
'Rys up,' quod he, 'and faste hye,  
Til that thou at my lady be;  
And tak thy clarions eek with thee,

And speed thee forth.' And he anon 1595  
Took to a man, that hight Triton,  
His clariouns to bere tho,  
And leet a certeyn wind to go,  
That blew so hidously and hye,  
That hit ne lefte not a skye (510) 1600  
In al the welken longe and brood.

This Eolus no-wher abood  
Til he was come at Fames feet,  
And eek the man that Triton heet;  
And ther he stood, as still as stoon. 1605  
And her-withal ther com anon  
Another huge companye  
Of gode folk, and gunne crye,  
'Lady, graunte us now good fame,  
And lat our werkes han that name (520)  
Now, in honour of gentillesse, 1611  
And also god your soule blesse!  
For we han wel deserved hit,  
Therfor is right that we ben quit.'

'As thryve I,' quod she, 'ye shal  
faile,

Good werkes shal yow noght availle 1616  
To have of me good fame as now.  
But wite ye what? I graunte yow,  
That ye shal have a shrewed fame 1619  
And wikked loos, and worse name, (530)  
Though ye good loos have wel deserved.  
Now go your way, for ye be served;  
And thou, dan Eolus, let see!

Tak forth thy trumpe anon,' quod she,  
'That is y-cleped Sclaunder light, 1625  
And blow hir loos, that every wight  
Speke of hem harm and shrewednesse,  
In stede of good and worthinesse.  
For thou shalt trumpe al the contraire  
Of that they han don wel or faire.' 1630

'Alas,' thoughte I, 'what adventures  
Han these sory creatures! (542)  
For they, amonges al the pres,  
Shul thus be shamed giltales!  
But what! hit moste nedes be.' 1635

What did this Eolus, but he  
Tok out his blakke trumpe of bras,  
That fouler than the devil was,  
And gan this trumpe for to blowe,  
As al the world shulde overthrowe; (550)  
That through-out every region 1641  
Wente this foule trumpe soun,  
As swift as pelet out of gonne,  
Whan fyr is in the poudre ronne.

And swiche a smoke gan out-wende 1645  
 Out of his foule trumpes ende,  
 Blak, blo, grenish, swartish reed,  
 As doth wher that men melte leed,  
 Lo, al on high fro the tuel!  
 And therto oo thing saugh I wel, (560) 1650  
 That, the ferther that hit ran,  
 The gretter wexen hit began,  
 As doth the river from a welle,  
 And hit stank as the pit of helle.  
 Alas, thus was hir shame y-ronge, 1655  
 And gylteless, on every tonge.

Tho com the thridde companye,  
 And gunne up to the dees to hye,  
 And doun on knees they fille anon,  
 And seyde, 'We ben everichon (570) 1660  
 Folk that han ful trewely  
 Deserved fame rightfully,  
 And praye yow, hit mot be knowe,  
 Right as hit is, and forth y-blowe.'  
 'I graunte,' quod she, 'for me list 1665  
 That now your gode þwerk be wist;  
 And yit ye shul han better loos,  
 Right in dispyt of alle your foos,  
 Than worthy is; and that anon:  
 Let now,' quod she, 'thy trumpe goon, (580)  
 Thou Eolus, that is so blak; 1671  
 And out thyn other trumpe tak  
 That highte Laude, and blow hit so  
 That through the world hir fame go  
 Al esely, and not to faste, 1675  
 That hit be known atte lasta.'

'Ful gladly, lady myn,' he seyde;  
 And out his trumpe of golde he brayde  
 Anon, and sette hit to his mouthes,  
 And blew hit est, and west, and southe, (590)  
 And north, as loude as any thunder, 1681  
 That every wight hadde of hit wonder,  
 So brode hit ran, or than hit stente.  
 And, certes, al the breeth that wente  
 Out of his trumpes mouthes smelde 1685  
 As men a pot-ful þhawme halde  
 Among a basket ful of roses;  
 This favour dide he til hir loses.

And right with this I gan aspye,  
 Ther com the ferthe companye— (600) 1690  
 But certeyn they were wonder fewe—  
 And gonne stonden in a rewe,  
 And seyden, 'Certes, lady brighte,  
 We han don wel with al our mighte;  
 But we ne kepen have no fame. 1695

Hyd our werkes and our name,  
 For goddes love! for certes we  
 Han certeyn doon hit for bountee,  
 And for no maner other thing.'  
 'I graunte yow al your asking,' (610) 1700  
 Quod she; 'let your þwerk be deed.'

With that aboute I clew myn heed,  
 And saugh anoon the fiste route  
 That to this lady gonne loute,  
 And doun on knees anoon to falle; 1705  
 And to hir tho besoughten alle  
 To hyde hir gode werkes eek,  
 And seyde, they yeven noght a leak  
 For fame, ne for swich renoun;  
 For they, for contemplacioun (620) 1710  
 And goddes love, hadde y-wrought;  
 Ne of fame wolde they nought.

'What?' quod she, 'and be ye wood?  
 And wene ye for to do good,  
 And for to have of that no fame? 1715  
 Have ye dispyt to have my name?  
 Nay, ye shul liven everichoon!  
 Blow thy trumpe and that anoon,'  
 Quod she, 'thou Eolus, I hote,  
 And ring this folkes þwerk by note, (630)  
 That al the world may of hit here.' 1721  
 And he gan blowe hir loos so clere  
 In his golden clarioun,  
 That through the world wente the soun,  
 þSo kenely, and eek so softe; . 1725  
 But atte laste hit was on-lofte.

Thoo com the serte companye,  
 And gonne faste on Fame crye.  
 Right verrailly, in this manere  
 They seyden: 'Mercy, lady dere! (640) 1730  
 To telle certein, as hit is,  
 We han don neither that ne this,  
 But ydel al our lyf y-be.  
 But, natheles, yit preye we,  
 That we mowe han so good a fame, 1735  
 And greet renoun and knowen name,  
 As they that han don noble gestes,  
 And acheved alle hir lestes,  
 As wel of love as other thing;  
 Al was us never broche ne ring, (650) 1740  
 Ne elles nought, from wimmen sent,  
 Ne ones in hir herte y-ment  
 To make us only frendly chere,  
 But mighte temen us on bere;  
 Yit lat us to the peple seme 1745  
 Swiche as the world may of us deme,

That wimmen loven us for wood.  
 Hit shal don us as moche good,  
 And to our herte as moche availe  
 To countrepeise ese and travaile, (660) 1750  
 As we had wonne hit with labour;  
 For that is dere boght honour  
 At regard of our grette ese.  
 And yit thou most us more plesse;  
 Let us be holden eek, therto, 1755  
 Worthy, wyse, and gode also,  
 And riche, and happy unto love.  
 For goddes love, that sit above,  
 Though we may not the body have  
 Of wimmen, yet, so god yow save! (670) 1760  
 Let men glewe on us the name;  
 Suffyceth that we han the fame.'

'I graunte,' quod she, 'by my trouthe!  
 Now, Eolus, with-outen slouthe,  
 Tak out thy trumpe of gold, †let see, 1765  
 And blow as they han axed me,  
 That every man wene hem at ese,  
 Though they gon in ful badde lese.'  
 This Eolus gan hit so blowe, (679) 1769  
 That through the world hit was y-  
 knowe.

Tho com the seventh route anon,  
 And fel on kneës everichoon,  
 And seyde, 'Lady, graunte us sone  
 The same thing, the same bone,  
 That [ye] this nexte folk han doon.' 1775  
 'Fy on yow,' quod she, 'everichoon!  
 Ye masty swyn, ye ydel wrecches,  
 Ful of roten alowe toches!  
 What? false theves! wher ye wolde  
 Be famous good, and no-thing nolde (690)  
 Deserve why, ne never roughte? 1781  
 Men rather yow to-hangen oughte!  
 For ye be lyk the sweynte cat,  
 That wolde have fish; but wostow what?  
 He wolde no-thing wete his clowes. 1785  
 Yvel thrift come on your jowes,  
 And eek on myn, if I hit graunte,  
 Or do yow favour, yow to avaunte!  
 Thou Eolus, thou king of Trace!  
 Go, blow this folk a sory grace,' (700) 1790  
 Quod she, 'anon; and wostow how?  
 As I shal telle thee right now;  
 Sey: "These ben they that wolde honour  
 Have, and do noskinnes labour,  
 Ne do no good, and yit han laude; 1795  
 And that men wende that bele Isaude

Ne coude hem noght of love werne;  
 And yit shee that grint at a querne  
 Is al to gode to ese hir herte."

This Eolus anon up starte, (710) 1800  
 And with his blakke clarioun  
 He gan to blasen out a soun,  
 As loude as belweth wind in helle.  
 And eek therwith, [the] sooth to telle,  
 This soun was [al] so ful of japes, 1805  
 As ever mowes were in apes.  
 And that wente al the world aboute,  
 That every wight gan on hem shoute,  
 And for to laughe as they were wode;  
 Such game fonde they in hir hode. (720)

Tho com another companye, 1811  
 That had y-doon the traiterye,  
 The harm, the †greatest wikkednesse  
 That any herte couthe gesse;  
 And preyed hir to han good fame, 1815  
 And that she nolde hem doon no  
 shame,

But yewe hem loos and good renoun,  
 And do hit blowe in clarioun.  
 'Nay, wis!' quod she, 'hit were a  
 vyce;

Al be ther in me no justyce, (730) 1820  
 Me listeth not to do hit now,  
 Ne this nil I not graunte you.'

Tho come ther lepinge in a route,  
 And gonne droppen al aboute  
 Every man upon the croune, 1825  
 That al the halle gan to sounne,  
 And seyden: 'Lady, lefe and dere,  
 We ben swich folk as ye mowe here.  
 To tellen al the tale aright,  
 We ben shrewes, every wight, (740) 1830  
 And han delyt in wikkednesse,  
 As gode folk han in goodnesse;  
 And joye to be knowen shrewes,  
 And fulle of vyce and wikked thewes;  
 Wherfor we preyen yow, a-rowe, 1835  
 That our fame swich be knowe  
 In alle thing right as hit is.'

'I graunte hit yow,' quod she, 'y-wis.  
 But what art thou that seyst this tale,  
 That werest on thy hose a pale, (750) 1840  
 And on thy tipet swiche a belle!  
 'Madame,' quod he, 'sooth to telle,  
 I am that ilke shrewe, y-wis,  
 That brende the temple of Isidis  
 In Athenes, lo, that citee.' 1845

'And wherfor didest thou so?' quod she.

'By my thrift,' quod he, 'madame,  
I wolde fayn han had a fame,  
As other folk hadde in the toun,  
Al-though they were of greet renoun (760)  
For hir vertu and for hir thewes; 1851  
Thoughte I, as greet a fame han shrewes,  
Thogh hit be þ but for shrewednesse,  
As gode folk han for goodnesse;  
And sith I may not have that oon, 1855  
That other nil I noght for-goon.  
And for to gette of Fames hyre,  
The temple sette I al a-fyre.  
Now do our loos be blowen swythe,  
As wialy be thou ever blythe.' (770) 1860  
'Gladly,' quod she; 'thou Eolus,  
Herestow not what they preyen us?'  
'Madame, yis, ful wel,' quod he,  
'And I wil trumpen hit, parde!'  
And tok his blakke trumpe faste, 1865  
And gan to puffen and to blaste,  
Til hit was at the worldes ende.

With that I gan aboute wende;  
For oon that stood right at my bak,  
Me thoughte, goodly to me spak, (780) 1870  
And seyde: 'Frend, what is thy name?  
Artow come hider to han fame?'  
'Nay, for-sothe, frend!' quod I;  
'I cam noght hider, graunt mercy!  
For no swich cause, by my heed! 1875  
Suffycoth me, as I were deed,  
That no wight have my name in  
honda.

I woot my-self best how I stonde;  
For what I drye or what I thinke,  
I wol my-selven al hit drinke, (790) 1880  
Certeyn, for the more part,  
As ferforth as I can myn art.'  
'But what dost thou here than?' quod he.  
Quod I, 'that wol I tellen thee,  
The cause why I stondþ here:— 1885  
Som newe tydings for to lere:—  
Som newe þthings, I not what,  
Tydings, other this or that,  
Of love, or swiche things glada.  
For certeynly, he that me made (800) 1890  
To comen hider, seyde me,  
I shulde bothe here and see,  
In this place, wonder things;  
But these be no swiche tydings

As I mene of.' 'No?' quod he. 1895  
And I answerde, 'No, pardee!  
For wel I þwiste, ever yit,  
Sith that first I hadde wit,  
That som folk han desyred fame  
Dyversly, and loos, and name; (810) 1900  
But certeynly, I niste how  
Ne wher that Fame þd welte, er now;  
Ne eek of hir descripcioun,  
Ne also hir condicioun,  
Ne the ordre of hir dome, 1905  
Unto the tyme I hider come.'  
'þWhiche be, lo, these tydings,  
That thou now [thus] hider bringes,  
That thou hast herd?' quod he to me;  
'But now, no fors; for wel I see (820) 1910  
What thou desyrest for to here.  
Com forth, and stond no longer here,  
And I wol thee, with-outen drede,  
In swich another place lede,  
Ther thou shalt here many oon.' 1915

Thou gan I forth with him to goon  
Out of the castel, soth to seye.  
Tho saugh I stonde in a valeye,  
Under the castel, faste by,  
An hous, that *domus Dedali*, (830) 1920  
That *Laborintus* cleped is,  
Nas maad so wonderliche, y-wis,  
Ne half so queynteliche y-wrought.  
And evermo, so swift as thought,  
This queynte hous aboute wente, 1925  
That never-mo hit stille stente.  
And ther-out com so greet a noise,  
That, had hit stonden upon Oise,  
Men mighte hit han herd esely  
To Rome, I trowe sikarly. (840) 1930  
And the noyse which that I herde,  
For al the world right so hit ferde,  
As doth the routing of the stoon  
That from th'engyn is leten goon.

And al this hous, of whiche I rede, 1935  
Was made of twigges, falwe, rede,  
And grene eek, and som weren whyte,  
Swiche as men to these cages thwyte,  
Or maken of these paniers,  
Or elles þhottes or dossers; (850) 1940  
That, for the sweugh and for the  
twigges,  
This hous was also ful of gigges,  
And also ful eek of chirkinges,  
And of many other werkinges;

And eek this hous hath of entrees 1945  
 As fele as leves been on trees  
 In somer, whan they grene been ;  
 And on the roof men may yit seen  
 A thousand holes, and wel mo,  
 To leten wel the soun out go. (860) 1950

And by day, in every tyde,  
 Ben al the dores open wyde,  
 And by night, echoon, unshette ;  
 Ne porter ther is non to lette  
 No maner tydings in to pace ; 1955  
 Ne never reste is in that place,  
 That hit nis fild ful of tydings,  
 Other loude, or of whispringes ;  
 And, over alle the houses angles,  
 Isful of rouninges and of jangles (870) 1960  
 Of þwerre, of pees, of mariages,  
 Of þreste, of labour of viages,  
 Of abood, of deeth, of lyfe,  
 Of love, of hate, acorde, of stryfe,  
 Of loos, of lore, and of winninges, 1965  
 Of hele, of sekenesse, of bildinges,  
 Of faire windes, þof tempestes,  
 Of qualme of folk, and eek of bestes ;  
 Of dyvers transmutaciouns  
 Of estats, and eek of regiouns ; (880) 1970  
 Of trust, of drede, of jelousye,  
 Of wit, of winninge, of folye ;  
 Of plente, and of greet famyne,  
 Of chepe, of derth, and of ruyne ;  
 Of good or þmis governement, 1975  
 Of fyr, of dyvers accident.

And lo, this hous, of whiche I wryte,  
 Siker be ye, hit nas not lyte ;  
 For hit was sixty myle of lengthe ;  
 Al was the timber of no strengthe, (890)  
 Yet hit is founded to endure 1981  
 Why! that it list to Aventure,  
 That is the moder of tydings,  
 As the see of welles and springes,—  
 And hit was shapen lyk a cage. 1985

' Certes,' quod I, ' in al myn age,  
 Ne saugh I swich a hous as this.'  
 And as I wondred me, y-wis,  
 Upon this hous, tho war was I  
 How that myn egle, faste by, (900) 1990  
 Was perched hye upon a stoon ;  
 And I gan streighte to him goon  
 And seyde thus : ' I preye thee  
 That thou a why! abyde me  
 For goddes love. and let me seen 1995

What wondres in this place been ;  
 For yit, paraventure, I may lere  
 Som good ther-on, or sumwhat here  
 That leef me were, or that I wente.'  
 ' Peter ! that is myn entente,' (910) 2000  
 Quod he to me ; ' therfor I dwelle ;  
 But certein, oon thing I thee telle,  
 That, but I bringe thee ther-inne,  
 Ne shalt thou never kunne ginne  
 To come in-to hit, out of doute, 2005  
 So faste hit whirleth, lo, aboute.  
 But sith that Joves, of his grace,  
 As I have seyde, wol thee solace  
 Fynally with þswiche thinges,  
 Uncouthe sightes and tydings, (920) 2010  
 To passe with thyn hevinesse ;  
 Suche rounthe hath he of thy distresse,  
 That thou suffrest debonairly—  
 And wost thy-selven utterly  
 Disesperat of alle blis, 2015  
 Sith that Fortune hath maad a-mis  
 The þfruit of al thyn hertes reste  
 Languisshe and eek in point to breste—  
 That he, through his mighty meryte,  
 Wol do thee ese, al be hit lyte, (930) 2020  
 And þyaf expres commaundement,  
 To whiche I am obedient,  
 To furthre thee with al my might,  
 And wisse and teche thee aright  
 Wher thou maist most tydings here ; 2025  
 Shaltow þanoon heer many oon lere.'

With this worde he, right anoon,  
 Hente me up hitwene his toon,  
 And at a window in me broghte, 2030  
 That in this hous was, as me thoghte—(940)  
 And ther-withal, me thoghte hit stente.  
 And no-thing hit aboute wente—  
 And me sette in the flore adoun.  
 But which a congregacioun  
 Of folk, as I saugh rome aboute, 2035  
 Some within and some withoute,  
 Nas never seen, ne shal ben eft ;  
 That, certes, in the world nis left  
 So many formed by Nature,  
 Ne deed so many a creature ; (950) 2040  
 That wel unethe, in that place,  
 Hadde I oon foot-brede of space ;  
 And every wight that I saugh there  
 Rouned ech in otheres ere  
 A newe tyding prevely, 2045  
 Or elles tþlde al openly

Right thus, and seyde : 'Nost not thou

That is betid, lo, late or now ?'

'No,' quod ðhe other, 'tel me what ;—  
And than he tolde him this and that, (960)  
And swoor ther-to that hit was sooth—

'Thus hath he seyð'—and 'Thus he dooth'—

'þThus shal hit be'—'þThus herde I seye'—

'That shal be found'—'That dar I leye' :—

That al the folk that is a-lyve 2055  
Ne han the cunning to discryve  
The thinges that I herde there,  
What aloude, and what in ere.

But al the wonder-most was this :—  
Whan oon had herd a thing, y-wis, (970)

He com ðforth to another wight, 2061  
And gan him tellen, anon-right,  
The same that to him was told,

Or hit a furlong-way was old,  
But gan somewhat for to eche 2065

To this tyding in this speche  
More than hit ever was.

And nat so sone departed nas  
That he fro him, that he ne mette

With the thridde ; and, or he lette (980)  
Any stounde, he tolde him als ; 2071

Were the tyding sooth or fals,  
Yit wolde he telle hit natheless,

And evermo with more encrees  
Than hit was erst. Thus north and

south 2075  
Went every ðword fro mouth to mouthe,

And that encresing ever-mo,  
As fyr is wont to quikke and go

From a sparke spronge amis,  
Til al a citee brent up is. (990) 2080

And, whan that was ful y-spronge,  
And woxen more on every tonge

Than ever hit was, ðhit wente anon  
Up to a windowe, out to goon ;

Or, but hit mighte out ther pace, 2085  
Hit gan out crepe at som crevace,

And fleigh forth faste for the nones.

And somtyme saugh I tho, at ones,  
A lesing and a sad soth-sawe,

That gonne of aventure drawe (1000) 2090  
Out at a windowe for to pace ;

And, when they metten in that place,

They were a-checkked bothe two,  
And neither of hem moste out go ;  
For other so they gonne croude, 2095

Til eche of hem gan cryen loude,  
'Lat me go first !' 'Nay, but lat me !

And here I wol ensuren thee  
With the nones that thou wolt do so,

That I shal never fro thee go, (1010) 2100  
But be thyn owne sworn brother !

We wil medle us ech with other,  
That no man, be he never so wrothe,

Shal han ðthat oon of two, but bothe  
At ones, al beside his leve, 2105

Come we a-morwe or on eve,  
Be we cryed or stille y-rouned.'

Thus saugh I fals and sooth com-  
pouned

Togeder fleo for oo tydinge.  
Thus out at holes gonne wringe (1020)

Every tyding straight to Fame ; 2111  
And she gan yeven eche his name,

After hir disposicioun,  
And yaf hem eek duracioun,

Some to wexe and wane sone, 2115  
As dooth the faire whyte mone,

And leet hem gon. Ther mighte I  
seen

Wenged wondres faste fleen,  
Twenty thousand in a route,

As Eolus hem blew aboute. (1030) 2120  
And, lord ! this hous, in alle tymes,

Was ful of shipmen and pilgrymes,  
With scrippes Bret-ful of lesinges,

Entremedled with tydinges,  
And eek alone by hem-selve. 2125

O, many a thousand tymes twelve  
Saugh I eek of these pardoneres,

Curroures, and eek messangeres,  
With boistes crammed ful of lyes

As ever vessel was with lyes. (1040) 2130  
And as I alther-fastest wente

Aboute, and dide al myn entente  
Me for to pleye and for to lere,

And eek a tyding for to here,  
That I had herd of som contree 2135

That shal not now be told for me ;—  
For hit no nede is, redely ;

Folk can singe hit bet than I ;  
For al mot out, other late or rathe,

Alle the sheves in the lathe ;— (1050) 2140  
I herde a gret noise withalle

In a corner of the halle,  
 Ther men of love tydings tolde,  
 And I gan thiderward beholde;  
 For I saugh renninge every wight, 2145  
 As faste as that they hadden might;  
 And everich cryed, 'What thing is  
 that?'  
 And som seyde I not never what.  
 And whan they were alle on an hepe,  
 Tho behinde gonne up lepe, (1060) 2150

And clamben up on othere faste,  
 And up the þnose on hye caste,  
 And troden faste on othere haies  
 And stampe, as men don after eles.  
 Atte laste I saugh a man, 2155  
 Which that I [nevene] naught ne can;  
 But he samed for to be  
 A man of greet auctoritee . . . (1068) 2158  
 (Unfinished.)

# THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

## TEXT A (*Earlier Version*).

### *The prologe of .ix. goode Wimmen.*

A THOUSAND sythes have I herd men  
telle,  
That ther is joye in heven, and payne in  
helle;

And I acorde wel that hit be so;  
But natheles, this wot I wel also,  
That ther nis noon that dwelleth in this  
contree, 5

That either hath in helle or heven y-be,  
Ne may of hit non other weyes witen,  
But as he hath herd seyde, or founde hit  
written;

For by assay ther may no man hit preve.  
But goddes forbode, but men shulde leve  
Wel more thing then men han seen with  
y8! 11

Men shal nat wenen every-thing a ly8  
For that he seigh it nat of yore ago.  
God wot, a thing is never the lesse so

Thogh every wight ne may hit nat y-see.  
Bernard the monk ne saugh nat al, parde!

Than mote we to bokes that we finde,  
Through which that olde thinges been in  
minde,

And to the doctrine of these olde wyse,  
Yeven credence, in every skilful wyse, 20  
And trowen on these olde aproved stories  
Of holynesse, of regnes, of victories,  
Of love, of hate, of other sundry thinges,  
Of whiche I may not maken rehersinges.  
And if that olde bokes were a-weye, 25  
Y-loren were of remembraunce the keye.  
Wel oghte us than on olde bokes leve,

## TEXT B (*Later Version*).

### *The prologe of .ix. goode Wimmen.*

A THOUSAND tymes have I herd men  
telle,  
That ther is joye in heven, and payne in  
helle;

And I acorde wel that hit is so;  
But natheles, yit wot I wel also,  
That ther nis noon dwelling in this  
contree, 5

That either hath in heven or helle y-be,  
Ne may of hit non other weyes witen,  
But as he hath herd seyde, or founde hit  
written;

For by assay ther may no man hit preve.  
But god forbode but men shulde leve 10  
Wel more thing then men han seen with  
y8!

Men shal nat wenen every-thing a ly8  
But-if him-self hit seeth, or elles dooth;  
For, god wot, thing is never the lasse  
sooth, 14

Thogh every wight ne may hit nat y-see.  
Bernard the monk ne saugh nat al, parde!

Than mote we to bokes that we finde,  
Through which that olde thinges been in  
minde,

And to the doctrine of these olde wyse,  
Yeve credence, in every skilful wyse, 20  
That tellen of these olde appproved stories,  
Of holynesse, of regnes, of victories,  
Of love, of hate, of other sundry thinges,  
Of whiche I may not maken rehersinges.  
And if that olde bokes were a-weye, 25  
Y-loren were of remembraunce the keye.  
Wel oghte us than honouren and beleve



Ther-as ther is non other assay by preve.

And, as for me, though that my wit be lyte,

On bokes for to rede I me delyte, 30  
And in myn herte have hem in reverence;

And to hem yeve swich lust and swich credence,

That ther is wel unethe game noon  
That from my bokes make me to goon,  
But hit be other up-on the haly-day, 35  
Or elles in the joly tyme of May;

Whan that I here the smale foules singe,

And that the floures ginne for to springe,  
Farwel my studie, as lasting that sesoun!

Now have I therto this condicioun 40  
That, of alle the floures in the mede,  
Than love I most these floures whyte and rede,

Swiche as men callen daysies in our toun.  
To hem have I so greet affeccoun, 44  
As I seyde erst, whan comen is the May,  
That in my bed ther daweth me no day  
That I nam up, and walking in the mede  
To seen these floures agein the sonne sprede,

Whan it up-riseth by the morwe shene, 49  
The longe day, thus walking in the grene.  
And whan the sonne ginneth for to weste,  
Than closeth hit, and draweth hit to reste.  
So sore hit is afered of the night,  
Til on the morwe, that hit is dayes light.  
This dayesye, of alle floures flour, 55  
Fulfid of vertu and of alle honour,  
And ever y-lyke fair and fresh of hewe,  
As wel in winter as in somer newe,

[Cf. ll. 51-3, above.]

These bokes, ther we han non other preve.

And as for me, though that I can but lyte,

On bokes for to rede I me delyte, 30  
And to hem yeve I feyth and ful credence,

And in myn herte have hem in reverence

So hertely, that ther is game noon  
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,  
But hit be seldom, on the holyday; 35  
Save, certeynly, whan that the month of May

Is comen, and that I here the foules singe,

And that the floures ginnen for to springe,  
Farwel my book and my devocioun!

Now have I than swich a condicioun, 40  
That, of alle the floures in the mede, 41  
Than love I most these floures whyte and rede,

Swiche as men callen daysies in our toun.  
To hem have I so greet affeccoun, 44  
As I seyde erst, whan comen is the May,  
That in my bed ther daweth me no day  
That I nam up, and walking in the mede  
To seen this flour agein the sonne sprede,

Whan hit upryseth erly by the morwe;  
That blisful sighte softneth al my sorwe,  
So glad am I whan that I have presence  
Of hit, to doon al maner reverence, 52

As she, that is of alle floures flour,  
Fulfilid of al vertu and honour, 54  
And ever y-lyke fair, and fresh of hewe;  
And I love hit, and ever y-lyke newe,  
And ever shal, til that myn herte dye;  
Al swere I nat, of this I wol nat lye,  
Ther loved no wight hotter in his lyve.

And whan that hit is eve, I renne blyve, 61

As sone as ever the sonne ginneth weste,  
To seen this flour, how it wol go to reste.  
For fere of night, so hateth she derknesse!  
Hir chere is playnly sprad in the brightnesse

Of the sonne, for ther hit wol unclose. 65  
Allas! that I ne had English, ryme or prose,

Fain wolde I preisen, if I coude aright; 59  
But wo is me, hit lyth nat in my might!

For wel I wot, that folk han her-beforn  
Of making ropen, and lad a-vey the corn;  
And I come after, glenyn here and  
there,

And am ful glad if I may finde an ere  
Of any goodly word that they han left. 65  
And, if hit happe me rehersen eft  
That they han in her fresshe songes sayd,  
I hope that they wil nat ben evel apayd,  
Sith hit is seid in forthering and honour  
Of hem that either serven leef or flour. 70

[Cf. p. 354, col. 2, ll. 188-196.]

For trusteth wel, I ne have nat under-  
take

As of the leef, ageyn the flour, to make;  
Ne of the flour to make, ageyn the leef,  
No more than of the corn ageyn the  
sheef.

For, as to me, is leefer noon ne lother; 75  
I am with-holde yit with never nother.  
I not who serveth leef, ne who the flour;  
That nis nothing the entent of my labour.  
For this werk is al of another tunne, 79  
Of olde story, er swich stryf was begunne.

But wherfor that I spak, to yeve cre-  
dence

To bokes olde and doon hem reverence,  
Is for men shulde autoritees beleve,  
Ther as ther lyth non other assay by  
preva.

For myn entent is, or I fro yow fare, 85  
The naked text in English to declare  
Of many a story, or elles of many a geste,  
As antours seyn; leveth hem if yow laste!

Suffisant this flour to preysse aright!  
But helpeth, ye that han conning and  
might,

Ye lovers, that can make of sentement;  
In this cas oghte ye be diligent 70  
To forthren me somewhat in my labour,  
Whether ye ben with the leef or with the  
flour.

For wel I wot, that ye han her-biforn  
Of making ropen, and lad away the corn;  
And I come after, glenyn here and  
there, 75

And am ful glad if I may finde an ere  
Of any goodly word that ye han left.  
And thogh it happen me rehersen eft  
That ye han in your fresshe songes sayd,  
For-bereth me, and beth nat evel apayd,  
Sin that ye see I do hit in the honour 81  
Of love, and eek in service of the flour,  
Whom that I serve as I have wit or  
might.

She is the clernesse and the verray light,  
That in this derke worlde me wynt and  
ledeth, 85

The herte in-with my sorowful brest yow  
dredeth,

And loveth so sore, that ye ben verrayly  
The maistresse of my wit, and nothing I  
My word, my werk, is knit so in your  
bonde,

That, as an harpe obeyeth to the honde 90  
And maketh hit sounne after his finger-  
inge,

Right so mowe ye out of myn herte  
bringe

Swich vois, right as yow list, to laughe  
or pleyne.

Be ye my gyde and lady sovereyne;  
As to myn erthly god, to yow I calle, 95  
Bothe in this werke and in my sorwes  
alle.

But wherfor that I spak, to give cre-  
dence

To olde stories, and doon hem reverence,  
And that men mosten more thing beleve  
Then men may seen at eye or elles preve?

That shal I seyn, whan that I see my  
tyme; 101

I may not al at ones speke in ryme.  
My besy gost, that thrusteth alwey newe

Whan passed was almost the month of  
 May,  
 And I had romed, al the someres day, 90  
 The grene medew, of which that I yow  
 tolde,  
 Upon the fresshe dayys to beholde,  
 And that the sonne out of the south gan  
 weste,  
 And closed was the flour and goon to  
 reste  
 For darknesse of the night, of which she  
 dredde, 95  
 Hoom to myn hous ful swiftly I me  
 spedde ;  
 And, in a litel erber that I have,  
 Y-benched newe with turves fresshe y-  
 grave,  
 I bad men schulde me my couche make ;  
 For deyntee of the newe someres sake, 100  
 I bad hem strowe floures on my bed.  
 Whan I was layd, and had myn eyen hed,  
 I fel a-slepe with-in an houre or two.  
 Me mette how I was in the medew tho,  
 And that I romed in that same gyse, 105  
 To seen that flour, as ye han herd devyse.  
 Fair was this medew, as thoughte me  
 overal ;  
 With floures swote enbrowded was it al ;  
  
 As for to speke of gomme, or erbe, or  
 tree,  
 Comparisoun may noon y-maked be. 110  
 For hit surmounted playnly alle odoures,  
 And eek of riche beaute alle floures.  
 Forgeten had the erthe his pore estat  
 Of winter, that him naked made and mat,  
 And with his sward of cold so sore had  
 greved. 115  
 Now had the atempre sonne al that re-  
 leved,  
 And clothed him in grene al newe agayn.  
 The smale foules, of the seson fayn,  
 That from the panter and the net ben  
 scaped, 119  
 Upon the fouler, that hem made a-whaped  
 In winter, and destroyed had hir brood,

To seen this flour so yong, so fresh of  
 hewe,  
 Constreynd me with so gledy desyr, 105  
 That in my herte I fele yit the fyr,  
 That made me to ryse er hit wer day—  
 And this was now the firste morwe of  
 May—  
 With dredful herte and glad devocioun,  
 For to ben at the resurreccioun 110  
 Of this flour, whan that it shuld uncloze  
 Agayn the sonne, that roos as rede as  
 rose,  
 That in the brest was of the beste that  
 day,  
 That Agenores doghter ladde away. 114  
 [Cf. p. 354, col. 2, ll. 197-210.]

And down on knees anon-right I me sette,  
 And, as I coude, this fresshe flour I grette ;  
 Kneling alwey, til hit unclosed was,  
 Upon the smale softe swote gras,  
 That was with floures swote enbrouded al,  
  
 Of swich swetnesse and swich odour  
 over-al, 120  
 That, for to speke of gomme, or herbe, or  
 tree,  
 Comparisoun may noon y-maked be ;  
 For hit surmounteth playnly alle odoures,  
 And eek of riche beautee alle floures.  
 Forgeten had the erthe his pore estat 125  
 Of winter, that him naked made and mat,  
 And with his sward of cold so sore greved ;  
  
 Now hath the atempre sonne al that re-  
 leved  
 That naked was, and clad hit new agayn.  
 The smale foules, of the seson fayn, 130  
 That from the panter and the net ben  
 scaped,  
 Upon the fouler, that hem made a-whaped  
 In winter, and destroyed had hir brood,

In his despyt, hem thoughte hit did hem  
good

To singe of him, and in hir song despyse  
The foule cherl that, for his covetyse, 124  
Had hem betrayed with his sophistrye.  
This was hir song—'the fouler we defye!'  
Somme songen [layes] on the braunches  
clere

Of love and [May], that joye hit was to  
here,

In worship and in preysing of hir make,  
And of the newe blisful someres sake, 130

That songen, 'blissed be seynt Valentyn!  
[For] at his day I chees yow to be myn,  
With-oute repenting, myn herte swete!  
And therwith-al hir bekes gonnen mete.  
†They dide honour and humble obei-  
saunces, 135

And after diden other observaunces

Right [plesing] un-to love and to nature;  
So ech of hem [doth wel] to creature.

This song to herkne I dide al myn  
entente, 139

For-why I mette I wiste what they mente.

In his despyt, hem thoughte hit did hem  
good 134

To singe of him, and in hir song despyse  
The foule cherl that, for his covetyse,  
Had hem betrayed with his sophistrye.  
This was hir song—'the fouler we defye,  
And al his craft!' And somme songen  
clere 139

Layes of love, that joye hit was to here,

In worshipinge and preisinge of hir make.  
And, for the newe blisful somers sake,  
Upon the braunches ful of blosmes softe,  
In hir delyt, they turned hem ful ofte, 144  
And songen, 'blessed be seynt Valentyn!  
For on his day I chees yow to be myn,  
Withouten repenting, myn herte swete!'  
And therwith-al hir bekes gonnen mete,  
Yelding honour and humble obeisaunces

To love, and diden hir other obser-  
vaunces 150

That longeth unto love and to nature;  
Construeth that as yow list, I do no cure.

And tho that hadde doon unkinde-  
nesse—

As dooth the tydif, for new-fangelnesse—  
Besoghte mercy of hir trespassinge, 155  
And humbly songen hir repentinge,  
And sworn on the blosmes to be trewe,  
So that hir makes wolde upon hem rewe,  
And at the laste maden hir acord.

Al founde they Daunger for a tyme a  
lord, 160

Yet Pitee, through his stronge gentil  
might,

Forgaf, and made Mercy passen Right,  
Through innocence and ruled curtesye.  
But I ne clepe nat innocence folys,  
Ne fals pitee, for 'vertu is the mene,' 165  
As Etik saith, in swich manere I mene.  
And thus thise foules, voide of al malyce,  
Acordeden to love, and laften vyce  
Of hate, and songen alle of oon acord,  
'Welcome, somer, our governour and  
lord!' 170

And Zephirus and Flora gentilly  
Yaf to the floures, softe and tenderly,  
Hir swote breth, and made hem for to  
sprede,  
As god and goddesse of the floury mede;

[Cf. p. 351, col. 1, ll. 71-80.]

[Cf. p. 352, col. 1, ll. 93-106.]

Til at the laste a lark song above : 141  
 'I see,' quod she, 'the mighty god of love!  
 Lo! yond he cometh, I see his winges  
 sprede!'

The gan I loken endeloug the mede,

In which me thoghte I mighte, day by  
 day, 175  
 Dwellen alwey, the joly month of May,  
 Withouten sleep, withouten mete or  
 drinke.

A-doun ful softely I gan to sinke;  
 And, leninge on myn elbowe and my  
 syde, 179

The longe day I shoop me for to abyde  
 For nothing elles, and I shal nat lye,  
 But for to loke upon the dayesye,  
 That wel by reson men hit calle may  
 The 'dayesye' or elles the 'ye of day,'  
 The emperice and flour of floures alle. 185  
 I pray to god that faire mot she falle,  
 And alle that loven floures, for hir sake!  
 But natheles, ne wene nat that I make  
 In preysing of the flour agayn the leef,  
 No more than of the corn agayn the  
 sheef : 190

For, as to me, nis lever noon ne lother;  
 I nam with-holden yit with never nother.  
 Ne I not who serveth leef, ne who the  
 flour;

Wel brouken they hir service or labour;  
 For this thing is al of another tonne, 195  
 Of olde story, or swich thing was be-  
 gonne.

Whan that the sonne out of the south  
 gan weste,  
 And that this flour gan close and goon to  
 reste

For darknesse of the night, the which she  
 dredde,

Hoom to myn hous ful swiftly I me  
 spedde 200

To goon to reste, and erly for to ryse,  
 To seen this flour to sprede, as I devyse.

And, in a litel herber that I have,  
 That benched was on turves freshe y-  
 grave, 204

I bad men sholde me my couche make;

For deyntee of the newe someres sake,

I bad hem strawen floures on my bed.

Whan I was leyd, and had myn eyen  
 hed,

I fel on slepe in-with an houre or two;  
 Me mette how I lay in the medew tho, 210  
 To seen this flour that I so love and drede.

And from a-fer com walking in the mede

And saw him come, and in his hond a  
quene, 145

Clothed in ryal abite al of grene.  
A fret of gold she hadde next hir heer,  
And up-on that a whyt coroun she beer  
With many floures, and I shal nat lye;  
For al the world, right as the dayesye 150  
I-coroned is with whyte leves lyte,  
Swich were the floures of hir coroun  
whyte.

For of o perle fyn and oriental  
Hir whyte coroun was y-maked al;  
For which the whyte coroun, above the  
grene, 155

Made hir lyk a daysie for to sene,  
Considered eek the fret of gold above.

Y-clothed was this mighty god of love  
Of silk, y-brouded ful of grene greves;  
A garlond on his heed of rose-leves 160  
Steked al with lillie floures newe;  
But of his face I can nat seyn the hewe.

For sekirly his face shoon so brighte,

That with the gleem a-stoned was the  
sight; 164

A furlong-wey I mighte him nat beholde.  
But at the laste in hande I saw him  
holde

Two fyry dartes, as the gledes rede;  
And sungellich his wenges gan he sprede.

And al be that men seyn that blind is he,  
Al-gate me thoughte he mighte wel y-see;  
For sternely on me he gan biholde, 171  
So that his loking doth myn herte colde.  
And by the hande he held the noble  
quene,

Corouned with whyte, and clothed al in  
grene,

So womanly, so benigne, and so meke, 175  
That in this world, thogh that men wolde  
seke,

Half hir beautee shulde men nat finde  
In creature that formed is by kinde,  
Hir name was Alceste the debonayre;  
I prey to god that ever falle she fayre! 180  
For ne hadde confort been of hir pre-  
sence,

I had be deed, withonten any defence,

The god of love, and in his hande a  
quene;

And she was clad in real habit grene.  
A fret of gold she hadde next hir heer, 215  
And upon that a whyt coroun she beer  
With flourens smale, and I shal nat lye;  
For al the world, ryght as a dayesye  
Y-corouned is with whyte leves lyte, 219  
So were the flourens of hir coroun  
whyte.

For of o perle fyne, oriental,  
Hir whyte coroun was y-maked al;  
For which the whyte coroun, above the  
grene,

Made hir lyk a daysie for to sene,  
Considered eek hir fret of gold above. 225

Y-clothed was this mighty god of love  
In silke, enbrouded ful of grene greves,  
In-with a fret of rede rose-leves,  
The freshest sin the world was first  
bigonne. 229

His gilte heer was corouned with a sonne,  
In-stede of gold, for hevynesse and wighte;  
Therwith me thoughte his face shoon so  
brighte

That wel unnethes mighte I him beholde;  
And in his hande me thoughte I saugh  
him holde

Two fyry dartes, as the gledes rede; 235  
And sungellyke his winges saugh I  
sprede.

And al be that men seyn that blind is he,  
Al-gate me thoughte that he mighte see;  
For sternely on me he gan biholde,  
So that his loking doth myn herte colde.  
And by the hande he held this noble  
quene, 241

Corouned with whyte, and clothed al in  
grene,

So womanly, so benigne, and so meke,  
That in this world, thogh that men wolde  
seke,

Half hir beautee shulde men nat finde 245  
In creature that formed is by kinde.

[Cf. p. 357, col. 2, ll. 276-9.]

For drede of Loves wordes and his chere,  
 As, whan tyme is, her-after ye shal here.  
 Byhind this god of love, up-on this grene,  
 I saw cominge of ladyes nyntane 186  
 In ryal abite, a ful easy pas,  
 And after hem com of women swich a tras  
 That, sin that god Adam made of erthe,  
 The thredde part of women, ne the ferthe,  
 Ne wende I nat by possibilitee 191  
 Hadden ever in this world y-be;  
 And trewe of love thise women were  
 echoon.

Now whether was that a wonder thing  
 or noon,  
 That, right anon as that they gonne  
 espye 195  
 This flour, which that I clepe the dayesye,  
 Ful sodeinly they stinten alle at-ones,  
 And kneled adoun, as it were for the  
 nones.  
 And after that they wenten in compas,  
 Daunsinge aboute this flour an espye, 200  
 And songen, as it were in carole-wyse,  
 This balade, which that I shal yow devyse.

## Balade.

Hyd, Absolon, thy gilte tresses clere;  
 Ester, ley thou thy meknesse al a-doun;  
 Hyd, Jonathas, al thy frendly manere; 205  
 Penelopee, and Marcia Catoun,  
 Mak of your wyfhod no comparisoun;  
 Hyde ye your beautes, Isoude and Eleyne,  
 Alceste is here, that al that may desteyne.

Thy faire bodye, lat hit nat appere, 210  
 Lavyne; and thou, Lucrese of Rome  
 toun,  
 And Polixene, that boghte love so dere,  
 Eek Cleopatre, with al thy passioun,  
 Hyde ye your trouthe in love and your  
 renoun;  
 And thou, Tisbe, that hast for love swich  
 peyne: 215  
 Alceste is here, that al that may desteyne.

Herro, Dido, Landomia, alle in-fere,  
 Eek Phyllis, hanging for thy Demophoun,  
 And Canace, espyed by thy chere,  
 Ysiphile, betrayed with Jasoun, 220

[Cf. p. 357, col. 2, ll. 280-296.]

And therfor may I seyn, as thinketh me,  
 This song, in preying of this lady fre.

## Balade.

Hyd, Absolon, thy gilte tresses clere; 249  
 Ester, ley thou thy meknesse al a-doun;  
 Hyd, Jonathas, al thy frendly manere;  
 Penelopee, and Marcia Catoun,  
 Mak of your wyfhod no comparisoun;  
 Hyde ye your beautes, Isoude and Eleyne,  
 My lady cometh, that al this may dis-  
 teyne. 255

Thy faire body, lat hit nat appere,  
 Lavyne; and thou, Lucrese of Rome  
 toun,  
 And Polixene, that boghten love so dere,  
 And Cleopatre, with al thy passioun,  
 Hyde ye your trouthe of love and your  
 renoun; 260  
 And thou, Tisbe, that hast of love swich  
 peyne;  
 My lady cometh, that al this may dis-  
 teyne.

Herro, Dido, Landomia, alle y-fere,  
 And Phyllis, hanging for thy Demophoun,  
 And Canace, espyed by thy chere, 265  
 Ysiphile, betrayed with Jasoun,

Mak of your trouthe in love no bost ne  
soun ;

Nor Ypermistre or Adriane, ne pleyne ;  
Alceste is here, that al that may desteyne.

Whan that this balade al y-songen was,

[Cf. pp. 355-6, col. 1, ll. 179-198.]

Upon the softe and swote grene gras, 225  
They setten hem ful softly adoun,  
By ordre alle in compas, alle enveroun.  
First sat the god of love, and than this  
quene

With the whyte coroun, clad in grene ;  
And sithen al the remenant by and by,  
As they were of degree, ful curteisly ; 231

Maketh of your trouthe neyther boost ne  
soun ;

Nor Ypermistre or Adriane, ye tweyne ;  
My lady cometh, that al this may dis-  
teyne.

This balade may ful wel y-songen be, 270  
As I have seyde erst, by my lady free ;  
For certeynly, alle these mow nat suffyse  
To apperen with my lady in no wyse.

For as the sonne wol the fyr disteyne,  
So passeth al my lady sovereyne, 275  
That is so good, so fair, so debonaire ;  
I prey to god that ever falle hir faire !

For, nadde comfort been of hir presence,  
I had ben deed, withouten any defence,  
For drede of Loves wordes and his chere ;  
As, when tyme is, her-after ye shal here.

Behind this god of love, upon the grene,  
I saugh cominge of ladyes nyntene  
In real habit, a ful esy paas ;

And after hem com of women swich a  
traas, 285

That, sin that god Adam had maad of  
erthe,

The thridde part of mankynd, or the  
ferthe,

Ne wende I nat by possibilitee,  
Had ever in this wyde worlde y-be ;

And trewe of love thise women were  
echoon. 290

Now whether was that a wonder thing  
or noon,

That, right anon as that they gonne  
espye

This flour, which that I clepe the dayesye,  
Ful sodeinly they stinten alle at ones,

And kneled down, as it were for the  
nones, 295

And songen with o vois, 'Hele and honour  
To trouthe of womanhede, and to this flour  
That berth our alder prys in figuringe !

Hir whyte coroun berth the witnessinge !'  
And with that word, a-compas en-  
viroun, 300

They setten hem ful softly adoun.  
First sat the god of love, and sith his  
quene

With the whyte coroun, clad in grene ;  
And sithen al the remenant by and by,

As they were of estaat, ful curteisly ; 305



Ne nat a word was spoken in the place  
The mountance of a furlong-wey of space.

I, lene faste by under a bente,  
Abood, to knowen what this peple mente,  
As stille as any stoon; til at the laste, 236  
The god of love on me his eye caste,  
And seyde, 'who resteth ther?' and I  
answerde

Un-to his axing, whan that I him herde,  
And seyde, 'sir, hit am I'; and cam him  
neer, 240  
And salued him. Quod he, 'what dostow  
heer

In my presence, and that so boldely?  
For it were better worthy, trewely,  
A worm to comen in my sight than  
thou.'

'And why, sir,' quod I, 'and hit lyke  
yow?' 245

'For thou,' quod he, 'art ther-to nothing  
able.

My servaunts been alle wyse and honour-  
able.

Thou art my mortal fo, and me warreyest,

And of myne olde servaunts thou mis-  
seyest,

And hinderest hem, with thy translacioun,  
And lettest folk to han devocioun 251  
To serven me, and haldest hit folye  
To troste on me. Thou mayst hit nat  
denye;

For in pleyn text, hit nedeth nat to  
glose,

Thou hast translated the Romauns of the  
Rose, 255

That is an heresy ageyns my lawe,  
And makest wyse folk fro me withdrawe.  
And thinkest in thy wit, that is ful cool,  
That he nis but a verray propre fool  
That loveth paramours, to harde and  
hote. 260

Wel wot I ther-by thou beginnest dote  
As olde foles, whan hir spirit fayleth;  
Than blame they folk, and wite nat what  
hem ayleth.

Hast thou nat mad in English eek the  
book

How that Criseyde Troilus forsook, 265  
In shewing how that women han don  
mis?

Ne nat a word was spoken in the place  
The mountance of a furlong-wey of space.

I kneling by this flour, in good entente  
Abood, to knowen what this peple mente,  
As stille as any stoon; til at the laste, 310  
This god of love on me his eyen caste,  
And seyde, 'who kneleth ther?' and I  
answerde

Unto his asking, whan that I hit herde,  
And seyde, 'sir, hit am I'; and oom him  
neer, 315  
And salued him. Quod he, 'what dostow  
heer

So nigh myn owne flour, so boldely?  
For it were better worthy, trewely,  
A worm to neghen neer my flour than  
thou.'

'And why, sir,' quod I, 'and hit lyke  
yow?' 320

'For thou,' quod he, 'art ther-to nothing  
able. 320

Hit is my relik, digne and delytable,

And thou my fo, and al my folk wer-  
reyest,

And of myn olde servaunts thou mis-  
seyest,

And hindrest hem, with thy translacioun,  
And lettest folk from hir devocioun 325  
To serve me, and holdest hit folye  
To serve Love. Thou mayst hit nat denye;

For in pleyn text, with-outen nede of  
glose,

Thou hast translated the Romaunce of  
the Rose,

That is an heresy ageyns my lawe, 330  
And makest wyse folk fro me withdrawe.

And of Criseyde thou hast seyde as thee  
liste,

That maketh men to women lasse triste,  
That ben as trewe as ever was any steel.

But natheles, answer me now to this,  
Why noldest thou as wel han seyde good-  
nesse

Of women, as thou hast seyde wikkednesse?  
Was ther no good matere in thy minde,  
Ne in alle thy bokes coudest thou nat  
finde 271

Sum story of women that were goode and  
trewe?

Yis! god wot, sixty bokes olde and newe  
Hast thou thy-self, alle fulle of stories  
grete,

That bothe Romaines and eek Grekes  
trete 275

Of sundry waman, which lyf that they  
ladde,

And ever an hundred gode ageyn oon  
badde.

This knoweth god, and alle clerkes eke,  
That usen swiche materes for to seke. 279

What seith Valerie, Titus, or Claudian?  
What seith Jerome ageyns Jovinian?

How clene maydens, and how trewe  
wyves, 282

How stedfast widwes during al hir lyves,  
Tellethe Jerome; and that nat of a fewe,  
But, I dar seyn, an hundred on a rewte;  
That hit is pitee for to rede, and routhen,  
The wo that they enduren for hir trouthe.  
For to hir love were they so trewe,  
That, rather than they wolde take a  
newe,

They chosen to be dede in sundry wyse,  
And deyden, as the story wol devyse; 291  
And some were brend, and some were cut  
the hals,

And some dreynt, for they wolden nat be  
fals.

For alle kepted they hir maydenhed,  
Or elles wedlok, or hir widwaled. 295

And this thing was nat kept for holi-  
nesse,

But al for verray vertu and clennesse,  
And for men shulde sette on hem no lak;  
And yit they weren hethen, al the pak,  
That were so sore adrad of alle shame. 300  
These olde women kepte so hir name,  
That in this world I trow men shal nat  
finde

A man that coude be so trewe and kinde,  
As was the leste woman in that tyde.

Of thyn answer avyse thee right weal;

What seith also the epistels of Ovyde 305  
Of trewe wyves, and of hir labour?  
What Vincent, in his Storial Mirour?  
Eek al the world of autours maystow  
here,

Cristen and hethen, trete of swich matere ;  
It nedeth nat alday thus for t'endyte. 310  
But yit I sey, what eyleth thee to wryte  
The draf of stories, and forgo the corn?  
By seint Venus, of whom that I was born,  
Although [that] thou reneyed hast my  
lay,  
As othere olde foles many a day, 315

Thou shalt repente hit, that hit shal be  
sene !'

Than spak Alceste, the worthieste  
quene,

And seyde, 'god, right of your curtesye,  
Ye moten herkennen if he can repleye  
Ageyns these points that ye han to him  
meved ; 320

A god ne sholde nat be thus agreved,  
But of his deitee he shal be stable,  
And therto rightful and eek merciabe.  
He shal nat rightfully his yre wreke 324  
Or he have herd the tother party speke.  
Al ne is nat gospel that is to yow playned ;  
The god of love herth many a tale  
y-feyned.

For in your court is many a losengeour,  
And many a queynte totelere accusour,  
That tabouren in your eres many a thing  
For hate, or for jelous imagining, 331  
And for to han with yow som daliaunce.  
Envye (I prey to god yeve hir mischaunce !)

Is lavender in the grete court alway.  
For she ne parteth, neither night ne day,  
Out of the hous of Cesar ; thus seith  
Dante ; 336  
Who-so that goth, alwey she moot [nat]  
wante.

This man to yow may wrongly been  
accused,  
Ther as by right him oghte been excused.  
Or elles, sir, for that this man is nyce, 340  
He may translate a thing in no malyce,  
But for he useth bokes for to make,

For, thogh that thou reneyed hast my  
lay, 336

As other wrecches han doon many a day,  
By seynt Venus, that my moder is,  
If that thou live, thou shalt repenten  
- this

So cruelly, that hit shal wel be sene !' 340

Tho spak this lady, clothed al in grene,

And seyde, 'god, right of your curtesye,  
Ye moten herkennen if he can repleye  
Ageyns al this that ye han to him  
meved ;

A god ne sholde nat be thus agreved, 345  
But of his deitee he shal be stable,  
And therto gracious and merciabe.  
And if ye nere a god, that knowen al,  
Than mighte hit be, as I yow tellen shal ;  
This man to you may falsly been ac-  
cused, 350

Ther as by right him oghte been excused  
For in your court is many a losengeour,  
And many a queynte totelere accusour,  
That tabouren in your eres many a soun,  
Right after hir imaginacioun, 355  
To have your daliaunce, and for envye ;  
These been the causes, and I shall nat  
lye.

Envye is lavender of the court alway ;  
For she ne parteth, neither night ne day,  
Out of the hous of Cesar ; thus seith  
Dante ; 360  
Who-so that goth, algate she wol nat  
wante.

[Of. ll. 350-1 above.]

And eek, paraunter, for this man is nyce,  
He mighte doon hit, gessing no malyce,  
But for he useth thinges for to make ;

And takth non heed of what matere he  
take;

Therfor he wroot the Rose and eek  
Criseyde

Of innocence, and niste what he seyde ;  
Or him was boden make thilke tweye 346  
Of som persone, and durste hit nat with-  
seye ;

For he hath writen many a book er this.  
He ne hath nat doon so greuously amis  
To translaten that olde clerkes wryten, 350  
As thogh that he of malice wolde endyten  
Despyt of love, and hadde him-self y-  
wrought.

This shulde a rightwys lord han in his  
thought,

And nat be lyk tiraunts of Lumbardye,  
That usen wilfulhed and tirannye, 353  
For he that king or lord is naturel,  
Him oghte nat be tiraunt ne cruel,  
As is a fermour, to doon the harm he can.  
He mooste thinke hit is his lige man,  
And that him oweth, of verray duestee, 360  
Shewan his peple pleyn benignitee,

And wel to here hir excusaciouns,  
And hir compleyntes and peticiouns,  
In duewe tyme, whan they shal hit profre.  
This is the sentence of the philosophre :  
A king to kepe his liges in justyce ; 366  
With-onten doute, that is his offyoe.

And therto is a king ful depe y-sworn,  
Ful many an hundred winter heer-biforn ;  
And for to kepe his lordes hir degree, 370  
As hit is right and skilful that they be  
Enhaunced and honoured, and most  
dere—

For they ben half-goddes in this world  
here—

This shal he doon, bothe to pore (and)  
riche,

Al be that her estat be nat a-liche, 375  
And han of pore folk compassioun.

For lo, the gentil kind of the lioun !  
For whan a flye offendeth him or byteth,  
He with his tayl away the flye smyteth  
Al esly ; for, of his genterye, 380  
Him deyneth nat to wreke him on a flye,  
As doth a curre or elles another beste.  
In noble courage oghte been areste,  
And weyen every thing by equitee,  
And ever han reward to his owen degree.

Him rekketh noght of what matere he  
take ; 365

Or him was boden maken thilke tweye  
Of som persone, and durste hit nat with-  
seye ;

Or him repenteth utterly of this.  
He ne hath nat doon so greuously amis  
Totranslaten that olde clerkes wryten, 370  
As thogh that he of malice wolde endyten  
Despyt of love, and had him-self hit  
wrought.

This shulde a rightwys lord have in his  
thought,

And nat be lyk tiraunts of Lumbardye,  
Than han no reward but at tirannye. 375  
For he that king or lord is naturel,  
Him oghte nat be tiraunt ne cruel,  
As is a fermour, to doon the harm he can.  
He mooste thinke hit is his lige man,

And is his tresour, and his gold in cofre.  
This is the sentence of the philosophre : 381  
A king to kepe his liges in justyce ;  
With-onten doute, that is his offyoe.

Al wol he kepe his lordes hir degree,  
As hit is right and skilful that they be 385  
Enhaunced and honoured, and most  
dere—

For they ben half-goddes in this world  
here—

Yit mot he doon bothe right, to pore and  
riche,

Al be that hir estat be nat y-liche, 390  
And han of pore folk compassioun.

For lo, the gentil kynd of the leoun !  
For whan a flye offendeth him or byteth,  
He with his tayl away the flye smyteth  
Al esly ; for, of his genterye, 394  
Him deyneth nat to wreke him on a flye,  
As doth a curre or elles another beste.  
In noble courage oghte been areste,  
And weyen every thing by equitee,  
And ever han reward to his owen degree.

For, sir, hit is no maystrie for a lord 386  
To dampne a man with-oute answer or  
word;

And, for a lord, that is ful foul to use.  
And if so be he may him nat excuse,  
[But] axeth mercy with a sorweful herte,  
And profreth him, right in his bare  
sherte, 391

To been right at your owne jugement,  
Than oghte a god, by short avysement,  
Considre his owne honour and his trespas.  
For sith no cause of deeth lyth in this  
cas, 395

Yow oghte been the lighter merciable;  
Leteth your yre, and beth somewhat  
tretable!

The man hath served yow of his conning,  
And forthred your lawe with his making.  
Why! he was yong, he kepte your estat;  
I not wher he be now a renegat. 401

But wel I wot, with that he can endyte,  
He hath maked lewed folk delyte  
To serve you, in preysing of your name.  
He made the book that hight the Hous of  
Fame, 405

And eek the Deeth of Blaunche the  
Duchesse,

And the Parlement of Foules, as I gesse,  
And al the love of Palamon and Arcyte  
Of Thebes, though the story is knowen lyte;  
And many an ympne for your halydayes,  
That highten Balades, Roundels, Vire-  
layes; 411

And for to speke of other busynesse,  
He hath in prose translated Boëce;  
And of the Wretched Engendring of Man-  
kinde,

As man may in pope Innocent y-finde; 415  
And mad the Lyf also of seynt Cecyle;  
He made also, goon sithen a greet whyl,  
Origenes upon the Mandeleyne;  
Him oghte now to have the lesse payne;  
He hath mad many a lay and many a  
thing. 420

Now as ye been a god, and eek a king,  
I, your Alceste, whylom quene of Trace,  
I axe yow this man, right of your grace,  
That ye him never hurte in al his lyve;  
And he shal sweren yow, and that as  
blyve, 425  
He shal no more agilten in this wyse;

For, sir, hit is no maystrie for a lord 400  
To dampne a man with-oute answer of  
word;

And, for a lord, that is ful foul to use.  
And if so be he may him nat excuse,  
But asketh mercy with a dredful herte,  
And profreth him, right in his bare  
sherte, 405

To been right at your owne jugement,  
Than oghte a god, by short avysement,  
Considre his owne honour and his trespas.  
For sith no cause of deeth lyth in this  
cas, 410

Yow oghte been the lighter merciable; 410  
Leteth your yre, and beth somewhat tret-  
able!

The man hath served yow of his conning,  
And forthred wel your lawe in his making.

Al be hit that he can nat wel endyte,  
Yet hath he maked lewed folk delyte 415  
To serve you, in preysing of your name.  
He made the book that hight the Hous of  
Fame,

And eek the Deeth of Blaunche the  
Duchesse,

And the Parlement of Foules, as I gesse,  
And al the love of Palamon and Arcyte 420  
Of Thebes, though the story is knowen lyte;  
And many an ympne for your halydayes,  
That highten Balades, Roundels, Vire-  
layes;

And, for to speke of other holynesse,  
He hath in prose translated Boëce, 425

And mad the Lyf also of seynt Cecyle;  
He made also, goon sithen a greet whyl,  
Origenes upon the Mandeleyne;  
Him oghte now to have the lesse payne;  
He hath mad many a lay and many  
a thing. 430

'Now as ye been a god, and eek a king,  
I, your Alceste, whylom quene of Trace,  
I aske yow this man, right of your grace,  
That ye him never hurte in al his lyve;  
And he shal sweren yow, and that as  
blyve, 435  
He shal no more agilten in this wyse;

But he shal maken, as ye wil devyse,  
Of women trewe in lovinge al hir lyve,  
Wher-so ye wil, of maiden or of wyve,  
And forthren yow, as muche as he mis-  
seyde 430

Or in the Rose or elles in Criseyde.'

The god of love answerde hir thus  
anoon,

'Madame,' quod he, 'hit is so long agoon  
That I yow knew so charitable and trewe,  
That never yit, sith that the world was  
newe, 435

To me ne fond I better noon than ye.

That, if that I wol save my degree,

I may ne wol nat warne your requeste;

Al lyth in yow, doth with him what yow  
leste, 439

And al foryeve, with-uten lenger space;  
For who-so yeveth a yift, or doth a grace,  
Do hit by tyme, his thank is wel the  
more;

And demeth ye what he shal do therfore.

Go thanke now my lady heer,' quod he.

I roos, and doun I sette me on my  
knee, 445

And seyde thus: 'Madame, the god above  
Foryelde yow, that ye the god of love  
Han maked me his wrathe to foryive;  
And yewe me grace so long for to live,  
That I may knowe soothly what ye be, 450  
That han me holpen, and put in swich  
degree.

But trewely I wende, as in this cas,  
Naught have agilt, ne doon to love  
trespas.

Forwhy a trewe man, with-uten drede,  
Hath nat to parten with a theves dede;  
Ne a trewe lover oghte me nat blame, 456  
Thogh that I speke a fals lover som shame.  
They oghte rather with me for to holde,  
For that I of Criseyde wroot or tolde,  
Or of the Rose; what-so myn auctour  
mente, 460

Algate, god wot, hit was myn entente  
To forthren trouth in love and hit  
cheryce;

And to be war fro falsnesse and fro vyce  
By swich ensample; this was my men-  
inge.'

And she answerde, 'lat be thyn argu-  
inge; 465

But he shal maken, as ye wil devyse,  
Of wommen trewe in lovinge al hir lyve,  
Whar-so ye wil, of maiden or of wyve,  
And forthren yow, as muche as he mis-  
seyde 440

Or in the Rose or elles in Criseyde.'

The god of love answerde hir thus  
anoon,

'Madame,' quod he, 'hit is so long agoon  
That I yow knew so charitable and trewe,  
That never yit, sith that the world was  
newe, 445

To me ne fond I better noon than ye.

If that I wolde save my degree,

I may ne wol nat werne your requeste;

Al lyth in yow, doth with him as yow  
leste.

I al foryeve, with-uten lenger space; 450  
For who-so yeveth a yift, or doth a grace,  
Do hit by tyme, his thank is wel the  
more;

And demeth ye what he shal do therfore.

Go thanke now my lady heer,' quod he.

I roos, and doun I sette me on my  
knee, 455

And seyde thus: 'Madame, the god above  
Foryelde yow, that ye the god of love  
Han maked me his wrathe to foryive;  
And yewe me grace so long for to live,  
That I may knowe soothly what ye be, 460  
That han me holpe and put in this  
degree.

But trewely I wende, as in this cas,  
Naught have agilt, ne doon to love  
trespas.

Forwhy a trewe man, with-uten drede,  
Hath nat to parten with a theves dede;  
Ne a trewe lover oghte me nat blame, 466  
Thogh that I speke a fals lover som shame.  
They oghte rather with me for to holde,  
For that I of Criseyde wroot or tolde,  
Or of the Rose; what-so myn auctour  
mente, 470

Algate, god wot, hit was myn entente  
To forthren trouth in love and hit  
cheryce;

And to be war fro falsnesse and fro vyce  
By swich ensample; this was my men-  
inge.'

And she answerde, 'lat be thyn argu-  
inge; 475

For Love ne wol nat countrepleted be  
In right ne wrong ; and lerne this at me!  
Thou hast thy grace, and hold thee right  
ther-to.

Now wol I seyn what penance thou shalt  
do

For thy trespass, and understond hit here :  
Thou shalt, whyl that thou livest, yere by  
yere, 471

The moste party of thy lyve spende  
In making of a glorious Legende  
Of Gode Wemen, maidenes and wyves, 474  
That were trewe in lovinge al hir lyves ;  
And telle of false men that hem bitrayen,  
That al hir lyf ne doon nat but assayen  
How many women they may doon a  
shame ;

For in your world that is now holden  
game.

And though thee lesteth nat a lover be, 480  
Spek wel of love ; this penance yeve  
I thee.

And to the god of love I shal so preye,  
That he shal charge his servants, by any  
weye,

To forthren thee, and wel thy labour  
quyte ;

Go now thy way, thy penance is but lyte.'

The god of love gan smyle, and than he  
seyde, 486

'Wostow,' quod he, 'wher this be wyf or  
mayde,

Or quene, or countesse, or of what degree,  
That hath so litel penance yeven thee,  
That hast deserved sorer for to smerte?  
But pitee renneth sone in gentil herte ;  
That mayest thou seen, she kytheth what  
she is.'

And I answerde, 'nay, sir, so have I blis,  
No more but that I see wel she is good.'

'That is a trewe tale, by myn hood,' 495  
Quod Love, 'and that thou knowest wel,  
pardee,

If hit be so that thou avyse thee.

Hastow nat in a book, lyth in thy cheste,  
The gret goodnesse of the quene Alceste,  
That turned was into a dayesye : 500  
She that for hir husbonde chees to dye,

For Love ne wol nat countrepleted be  
In right ne wrong ; and lerne that of me!  
Thou hast thy grace, and hold thee right  
ther-to.

Now wol I seyn what penance thou shalt  
do

For thy trespass, and understond hit here:  
Thou shalt, whyl that thou livest, yere  
by yere, 481

The moste party of thy tyme spende  
In making of a glorious Legende  
Of Gode Wommen, maidenes and wyves,  
That weren trewe in lovinge al hir lyves ;  
And telle of false men that hem bitrayen,  
That al hir lyf ne doon nat but assayen  
How many wommen they may doon a  
shame ;

For in your world that is now holde a  
game.

And though thee lyke nat a lover be, 490  
Spek wel of love ; this penance yive I  
thee.

And to the god of love I shal so preye,  
That he shal charge his servants, by any  
weye,

To forghren thee, and wel thy labour  
quyte ;

Go now thy way, this penance is but lyte.  
And whan this book is maad, yive hit the  
quene 496

On my behalfe, at Eltham, or at Shene.'  
The god of love gan smyle, and than he  
seyde,

'Wostow,' quod he, 'wher this be wyf or  
mayde,

Or quene, or countesse, or of what degree,  
That hath so litel penance yeven thee, 501  
That hast deserved sorer for to smerte?  
But pitee renneth sone in gentil herte ;  
That maystow seen, she kytheth what  
she is.'

And I answerde, 'nay, sir, so have I blis,  
No more but that I see wel she is good.'

'That is a trewe tale, by myn hood,'  
Quod Love, 'and that thou knowest wel,  
pardee,

If hit be so that thou avyse thee. 509  
Hastow nat in a book, lyth in thy cheste,  
The grette goodnesse of the quene Alceste,  
That turned was into a dayesye :  
She that for hir husbonde chees to dye,

And eek to goon to helle, rather than he,  
And Ercules rescued hir, pardee,  
And broghte hir out of helle agayn to  
blis?" 504

And I answerde ageyn, and seyde, 'yis,  
Now knowe I hir! And is this good  
Alceste,

The dayesye, and myn owne hertes reste?  
Now fele I wel the goodnesse of this wyf,  
That bothe after hir deeth, and in hir lyf,  
Hir grete bountee doubleth hir renoun!  
Wel hath she quit me myn affeccion  
That I have to hir flour, the dayesye!  
No wonder is thogh Jove hir stellifye,  
As telleth Agaton, for hir goodnesse!  
Hir whyte coroun berth of hit witesse;  
For also many vertues hadde she, 516  
As smale floures in hir coroun be.

In remembraunce of hir and in honour,  
Cibella made the dayesye and the flour 519  
Y-coroned al with whyt, as men may see;  
And Mars yaf to hir coroun reed, pardee,  
In stede of rubies, set among the whyte.'

Therwith this quene wax reed for shame  
a lyte, 523

Whan she was preysed so in hir presence.  
Than seyde Love, 'a ful gret negligence  
Was hit to thee, to write unstedfastnesse  
Of women, sith thou knowest hir good-  
nesse

By preef, and eek by stories heer-biforn;  
Let be the chaf, and wryt wel of the corn.  
Why noldest thou han writen of Alceste,  
And leten Criseide been a-slepe and  
reste? 531

For of Alceste shulde thy wryting be,  
Sin that thou wost that kalender is she  
Of goodnesse, for she taughte of fyn  
lovinge,

And namely of wyfhood the livinge, 535  
And alle the boundes that she oghte kepe;  
Thy litel wit was thilke tyme a-slepe.  
But now I charge thee, upon thy lyf,  
That in thy Legend thou make of this  
wyf,

Whan thou hast othere smale maad be-  
fore; 540

And fare now wel, I charge thee no more.

And eek to goon to helle, rather than he,  
And Ercules rescowed hir, pardee, 515  
And broghte hir out of helle agayn to  
blis?"

And I answerde ageyn, and seyde, 'yis,  
Now knowe I hir! And is this good  
Alceste, 518

The dayesye, and myn owne hertes reste?  
Now fele I wel the goodnesse of this wyf,  
That bothe after hir deeth, and in hir lyf,  
Hir grete bountee doubleth hir renoun!  
Wel hath she quit me myn affeccion  
That I have to hir flour, the dayesye!  
No wonder is thogh Jove hir stellifye, 525  
As telleth Agaton, for hir goodnesse!  
Hir whyte coroun berth of hit witesse;  
For also many vertues hadde she,

As smale floures in hir coroun be. 529  
In remembraunce of hir and in honour,  
Cibella made the dayesye and the flour  
Y-coroned al with whyt, as men may see;  
And Mars yaf to hir coroun reed, pardee,  
In stede of rubies, set among the whyte.'

Therwith this quene wax reed for shame  
a lyte, 535

Whan she was preysed so in hir presence.  
Than seyde Love, 'a ful gret negligence  
Was hit to thee, that ilke tyme thou  
made 538

"Hyd, Absolon, thy tresses," in balade,  
That thou forgete hir in thy song to sette,  
Sin that thou art so gretly in hir dette,

And wost so wel, that kalender is she  
To any woman that wol lover be  
For she taughte al the craft of fyn  
lovinge,

And namely of wyfhood the livinge, 545  
And alle the boundes that she oghte kepe;  
Thy litel wit was thilke tyme a-slepe.  
But now I charge thee, upon thy lyf,  
That in thy Legend thou make of this  
wyf,

Whan thou hast other smale y-maad be-  
fore; 550

And fare now wel, I charge thee no more.  
But er I go, thus mucche I wol thee  
telle,

Ne shal no trewe lover come in hella.



At Cleopatre I wol that thou beginne;  
And so forth; and my love so shalt thou  
winne.' 543

And with that word of sleep I gan a-awake,  
And right thus on my Legend gan I make.

Thise other ladies sittinge here arowe  
Ben in thy balade, if thou canst hem  
knowe, 555  
And in thy bokes alle thou shalt hem  
finde;  
Have hem now in thy Legend alle in  
minde,  
I mene of hem that been in thy knowinge.  
For hear ben twenty thousand mo sittinge  
Than thou knowest, that been good  
wommen alle 560  
And trewe of love, for aught that may  
befalle;  
Make the metres of hem as the leste.  
I mot gon hoom, the sonne draweth weste,  
To Paradys, with al this companye;  
And serve alwey the fresshe dayesye. 565  
At Cleopatre I wol that thou beginne;  
And so forth; and my love so shalt thou  
winne.  
For lat see now what man that lover be,  
Wol doon so strong a payne for love as  
she.  
I wot wel that thou mayst nat al hit  
ryme, 570  
That swiche lovers diden in hir tyme;  
It were to long to reden and to here;  
Suffyoeth me, thou make in this manere,  
That thou reherce of al hir lyf the grete,  
After thise olde auctours listen to trete.  
For who-so shal so many a storie telle, 576  
Sey shortly, or he shal to longe dwelle.  
And with that word my bokes gan I take.  
And right thus on my Legend gan I make.

*Explicit prohemium.*

## I. THE LEGEND OF CLEOPATRA.

*Incipit Legenda Cleopatrie, Martiris,  
Egipti regine.*

AFTER the deeth of Tholomee the king, 580  
That al Egipte hadde in his governing,  
Regned his quene Cleopataras;  
Til on a tyme befel ther swiche a cas,  
That out of Rome was sent a senatour,  
For to conqueren regnes and honour 585  
Unto the toun of Rome, as was usaunce,  
To have the world unto her obeisaunce;

And, sooth to seye, Antonius was his  
name.  
So fil hit, as Fortune him oghte a  
shame (10)  
Whan he was fallen in prosperitee, 590  
Rebel unto the toun of Rome is he.  
And over al this, the suster of Cesar,  
He lafte hir falsly, er that she was war,  
And wolde algates han another wyf;  
For whiche he took with Rome and Cesar  
stryf. 595

Natheles, for-sooth, this ilke senatour  
Was a ful worthy gentil werreyour,  
And of his deeth hit was ful greet damage.  
But love had broght this man in swiche  
a rage, (20)

And him so narwe bounden in his las,  
Al for the love of Cleopatara, 601  
That al the world he sette at no value.  
Him thoughte, nas to him no thing so  
due

As Cleopatras for to love and serve; 604  
Him roghte nat in armes for to sterue  
In the defence of hir, and of hir right.

This noble quene eek lovede so this  
knight,

Through his desert, and for his chivalrye;  
As certainly, but-if that bokes lye, (30)

He was, of persone and of gentilesse, 610  
And of discrecioun and hardinesse,  
Worthy to any wight that liven may.

And she was fair as is the rose in May.  
And, for to maken shortly is the beste,  
She wex his wyf, and hadde him as hir  
leste. 615

The wedding and the feste to devyse,  
To me, that have y-take swiche emprise  
Of so many a storie for to make, (39)  
Hit were to long, lest that I sholde slake  
Of thing that bereth more effect and  
charge; 620

For men may overlade a ship or barge;  
And forthy to th'effect than wol I skippe,  
And al the remenant, I wol lete hit  
slippe.

Octovian, that wood was of this dede,  
Shoop him an oot on Antony to lede 625  
Al-onterly for his destruccioun,  
With stoute Romaines, cruel as leoun;  
To ship they wente, and thus I let hem  
saile.

Antonius was war, and wol nat faile (50)  
To meten with thise Romaines, if he  
may; 630

Took eek his reed, and bothe, upon  
a day,

His wyf and he, and al his oot, forth  
wente

To shippe anon, no lenger they ne stente;  
And in the see hit happed hem to mete—  
Up goth the troupe—and for to shoute  
and shete, 635

And peynen hem to sette on with the  
sonne.

With grisly soun out goth the grete  
gonne,

And heterly they hurtlen al at ones,  
And fro the top doun cometh the grete  
stones. (60)

In goth the grapenel so ful of crokes 640  
Among the ropes, and the shering-hokes.

In with the polax presseth he and he;  
Behind the mast beginneth he to flee,

And out agayn, and dryveth him over-  
borde; 644

He stingeth him upon his speres orde;  
He rent the sail with hokes lyke a sythe;

He bringeth the cuppe, and biddeth hem  
be blythe;

He poureth pesen upon the hacches slider;  
With pottes ful of lym they goon to-  
gider; (70)

And thus the longe day in fight they  
spende 650

Til, at the laste, as every thing hath ende,  
Antony is shent, and put him to the  
flichte,

And al his folk to-go, that best go mighte.  
Fleeth eek the queen, with al her  
purple sail,

For strokes, which that wente as thikke  
as hail; 655

Nowonder was, she mighte hit nat endure.  
And whan that Antony saw that aven-  
ture,

'Allas!' quod he, 'the day that I was  
born!

My worshiþe in this day thus have I  
lorn!' (80)

And for dispeyr out of his witte he sterte,  
And roof him-self anon through-out the  
herte 661

Er that he farther wente out of the  
place.

His wyf, that coude of Cesar have no  
grace,

To Egipte is fled, for drede and for dis-  
trese;

But herkneth, ye that speke of kinde-  
nesse. 665

Ye men, that falsly sweren many an ooth  
That ye wol dye, if that your love be  
wrooth,

Heer may ye seen of women whiche a  
 trouthe!  
 This woful Cleopatre hath mad swich  
 routhe (90)  
 That ther nis tonge noon that may hit  
 tella. 670  
 But on the morwe she wol no lenger  
 dwelle,  
 But made hir subtil werkmen make a  
 shryne  
 Of alle the rubies and the stones fyne  
 In al Egipte that she coude espye;  
 And putte ful the shryne of spycerye, 675  
 And leet the cors embaume; and forth  
 she fette  
 This dede cors, and in the shryne hit  
 shette.  
 And next the shryne a pit than doth she  
 grave;  
 And alle the serpents that she mighte  
 have, (100)  
 She putte hem in that grave, and thus  
 she seyde: 680  
 'Now love, to whom my sorweful herte  
 obeyde  
 So ferforthly that, fro that blisful houre  
 That I yow swor to been al frely youre,  
 I mene yow, Antonius my knight! 684  
 That never waking, in the day or night.

Ye nere out of myn hertes remembraunce  
 For wale or wo, for carole or for daunce;  
 And in my-self this covenant made I  
 tho, (109)  
 That, right swich as ye felten, wale or wo,  
 As ferforth as hit in my power lay, 690  
 Unreprovable unto my wyfhood ay,  
 The same wolde I felen, lyf or deeth.  
 And thilke covenant, whyl me lasteth  
 breeth,  
 I wol fulfille, and that shal wel be sene;  
 Was never unto hir love a trewer quene.'  
 And with that word, naked, with ful  
 good herte, 696  
 Among the serpents in the pit she sterte,  
 And ther she chees to han hir buryng.  
 Anoon the neddras gonne hir for to  
 stinge, (120)  
 And she hir deeth receyveth, with good  
 chere, 700  
 For love of Antony, that was hir so dere:—  
 And this is storial sooth, hit is no fable.  
 Now, er I finde a man thus trewe and  
 stable,  
 And wol for love his deeth so freely  
 take,  
 I pray god lat our hades never ake! 705  
*Explicit Legenda Cleopatrie. Martiris.*

## II. THE LEGEND OF THISBE OF BABYLON.

### *Incipit Legenda Tesbe Babilonie, Martiris.*

At Babiloine whylom flit thus,  
 The whiche toun the queen Semiramus  
 Leet dichen al about, and walles make  
 Ful hye, of harde tyles wel y-bake.  
 Ther weren dwellinge in this noble toun  
 Two lordes, which that were of greet  
 renoun, 711  
 And woneden so nigh, upon a grene,  
 That ther nas but a stoon-wal hem bi-  
 twene,  
 As ofte in grete tounes is the wone.  
 And sooth to seyn, that o man hadde  
 a sone, 715  
 Of al that londe oon of the lustieste. (11)  
 That other hadde a doghter, the faireste,

That estward in the world was tho dwel-  
 ling.  
 The name of everich gan to other springe  
 By women, that were neighebores  
 aboute. 720  
 For in that contree yit, withouten doute,  
 Maidens been y-kept, for jelosye,  
 Ful streits, lest they diden som folye.  
 This yonge man was cleped Pirus,  
 And Thisbe hight the maid, Naso seith  
 thus; 725  
 And thus by report was hir name y-shove  
 That, as they waxe in age, wax hir  
 love; (22)  
 And certein, as by reson of hir age,  
 Ther mighte have been bitwix hem  
 mariage, 729

But that hir fadres nolde hit nat assente;  
And bothe in love y-lyke sore they brante,  
That noon of alle hir frendes mighte hit  
lette

But prively somtyme yit they mette  
By sleighte, and speken som of hir desyr;  
As, wry the gleed, and hotter is the fyr;  
Forbode a love, and it is ten so wood. 736

This wal, which that bitwix hem bothe  
stood, (32)  
Was cloven a-two, right fro the toppe  
adoun,

Of olde tyme of his fundacioun;  
But yit this clifte was so narwe and  
lyte, 740

It nas nat sene, dere y-nogh a myte.  
But what is that, that love can nat espye?  
Ye lovers two, if that I shal nat lye,  
Ye founden first this lital narwe clifte;  
And, with a soun as softe as any shrifte,  
They lete hir wordes through the clifte  
pace, (41) 746

And tolden, whyl that they stode in the  
place,

Al hir compleynt of love, and al hir wo,  
At every tyme when they dorste so.

Upon that o syde of the wal stood he,  
And on that other syde stood Tisbe, 751  
The swote soun of other to receyve,  
And thus hir wardens wolde they de-  
ceyve.

And every day this wal they wolde threte,  
And wishe to god, that it were doun  
y-beta. (50) 755

Thus wolde they seyn—'allas! thou  
wikked wal,

Through thyn envye thou us lettest al!  
Why nilt thou cleve, or fallen al a-two?  
Or, at the leste, but thou woldest so,  
Yit woldestow but ones lete us mete, 760  
Or ones that we mighte kissen swete,  
Than were we covered of our cares colde.  
But natheles, yit be we to thee holde  
In as muche as thou suffrest for to goon  
Our wordes through thy lyme and eek  
thy stoon. (60) 765

Yit oghte we with thee ben wel apayd.'

And whan this ydel wordes weren sayd,  
The colde wal they wolden kisse of stoon,  
And take hir leve, and forth they wolden  
goon.

And this was gladly in the even-tyde 770  
Or wonder erly, lest men hit espyde;  
And longe tyme they wroghte in this  
manere

Til on a day, whan Phebus gan to clere,  
Aurora with the streames of hir hete  
Had dried up the dew of herbes wete; 775  
Unto this clifte, as it was wont to be, (71)  
Com Pyramus, and after com Tisbe,  
And plighen trouthe fully in hir fey  
That ilke same night to stele away,  
And to begyle hir wardens everichoon, 780  
And forth out of the citee for to goon;  
And, for the felde been so brode and  
wyde,

For to mete in o place at o tyde,  
They sette mark hir meting sholde be  
Ther king Ninus was graven, under a  
tree; (80) 785

For olde payens that ydoles heried  
Useden tho in felde to ben beried;  
And faste by this grave was a welle.  
And, shortly of this tale for to telle,  
This covenant was affermed wonder  
faste; 790

And longe hem thoughte that the sonne  
laste,

That hit nere goon under the see adoun.  
This Tisbe hath so greet affeccioun  
And so greet lyking Piramus to see,  
That, whan she seigh her tyme mighte  
be, (90) 795

At night she stal away ful prively  
With her face y-wimpled subtilly;  
For alle her frendes—for to save her  
trouthe—

She hath for-sake; alas! and that is  
routhe

That ever woman wolde be so trewe 800  
To trusten man, but she the bet him  
knewe!

And to the tree she goth a ful good pas,  
For love made her so hardy in this cas;  
And by the welle adoun she gan her  
dresse. 804

Allas! than comth a wilde leonesse (100)  
Out of the wode, withouten more areste,  
With bloddy mouthe, of strangling of a  
beste,

To drinken of the welle, thor as she sat;  
And, whan that Tisbe had espyed that,

She rist her up, with a ful drery herte, 810  
And in a cave with dredful foot she sterte,  
For by the mone she seigh hit wel with-  
alle. 812

And, as she ran, her wimpel leet she falle,  
And took noon heed, so sore she was  
a-whaped. (109)

And eek so glad of that she was escaped ;  
And thus she sit, and darketh wonder  
stille. 816

Whan that this leonesse hath dronke her  
fille,

Aboute the welle gan she for to winde,  
And right anon the wimpel gan she  
finde,

And with her bloody mouth hit al to-  
rente. 820

Whan this was doon, no lenger she ne  
stente,

But to the wode her wey than hath she  
nome.

And, at the laste, this Piramus is come,  
But al to longe, alas ! at hoom was he.  
The mone shoon, men mighte wel y-see, 825  
And in his weye, as that he com ful  
faste, (121)

His eyen to the grounde adoun he caste,  
And in the sonde, as he beheld adoun,  
He seigh the steppes brode of a leoun,  
And in his herte he sodeinly agroos, 830  
And pale he wax, therwith his heer  
aroes,

And neer he com, and fond the wimpel  
torn.

'Allas !' quod he, 'the day that I was  
born !

This o night wol us lovers bothe slee !  
How sholde I axen mercy of Tisbe 835  
Whan I am he that have yow slain, alas !  
My bidding hath yow slain, as in this  
cas. (132)

Allas ! to bidde a woman goon by nighte  
In place ther as peril fallen mighte,  
And I so slow ! alas, I ne hadde be 840  
Here in this place a furlong-wey or ye !  
Now what leour that be in this foreste,  
My body mote he renden, or what beste  
That wilde is, gnawen mote he now myn  
herte !'

And with that worde he to the wimpel  
sterte, (140) 845

And kiste hit ofte, and weep on hit ful  
sore,

And seide, 'wimpel, alas ! ther nis no  
more

But thou shalt fele as wel the blood  
of me

As thou hast felt the bleding of Tisbe !'

And with that worde he smoot him to the  
herte. 850

The blood out of the wounde as brode  
sterte

As water, whan the conduit broken is.

Now Tisbe, which that wiste nat of  
this,

But sitting in her drede, she thoghte thus,  
'If hit so falle that my Piramus 855

Be comen hider, and may me nat y-finde,  
He may me holden fals and eek unkinde.'

And out she comth, and after him gan  
espyen (153)

Bothe with her herte and with her y8n,  
And thoghte, 'I wol him tellen of my  
drede 860

Bothe of the leonesse and al my dede.'

And at the laste her love than hath she  
founde

Beting with his heles on the grounde,  
Al bloody, and therwith-al a-bak she sterte,

And lyke the waves quappe gan her  
herte, (160) 865

And pale as box she wax, and in a throwe  
Avysed her, and gan him wel to knowe,

That hit was Piramus, her herte dare.

Who coude wryte whiche a deedly chere  
Hath Tisbe now, and how her heer she  
rente, 870

And how she gan her-selve to turmente,  
And how she lyth and swowneth on the  
grounde,

And how she weep of teres ful his wounde,  
How medeleth she his blood with her  
compleynte,

And with his blood her-selven gan she  
peynte ; (170) 875

How clippeth she the dede cors, alas !  
How doth this woful Tisbe in this cas !

How kisseth she his frosty mouth so cold !  
'Who hath doon this, and who hath  
been so bold 879

To sleen my leef ? O spek, my Piramus !  
I am thy Tisbe, that thee calleth thus !'

And therwith-al she lifteth up his heed.  
 This woful man, that was nat fully  
 deed,  
 Whan that he herde the name of Tisbe  
 cryen,  
 On her he caste his hevvy deedly yān 885  
 And down again, and yeldeth up the  
 gost. (181)  
 Tisbe rist up, withouten noise or bost,  
 And seigh her wimpel and his empty  
 shethe,  
 And eek his sward, that him hath doon  
 to dethe;  
 Than spak she thus: 'My woful hand,'  
 quod she, 890  
 'Is strong y-nogh in swiche a werk to  
 me;  
 For love shal yive me strengthe and  
 hardinesse  
 To make my wounde large y-nogh, I gesse.  
 I wol thee folwen deed, and I wol be  
 Felawe and cause eek of thy deeth,' quod  
 she. (190) 895  
 'And thogh that nothing save the deeth  
 only  
 Mighte thee fro me departe trewely,  
 Thou shalt no more departe now fro  
 me  
 Than fro the deeth, for I wol go with  
 thee!

'And now, ye wreoched jelous fadres  
 cure, 900  
 We, that weren whylom children youre,  
 We prayen yow, withouten more envye,  
 That in o grave y-fere we moten lye,  
 Sin love hath brought us to this pitous  
 ende! (199)  
 And rightwis god to every lover sende, 905  
 That loveth trewely, more prosperitee  
 Than ever hadde Piramus and Tisbe!  
 And lat no gentil woman her assure  
 To putten her in swiche an aventure.  
 But god forbede but a woman can 910  
 Been as trewe and loving as a man!  
 And, for my part, I shal anon it kythe!  
 And, with that worde, his sward she took  
 as swythe,  
 That warm was of her loves blood and  
 hoot, (209)  
 And to the herte she her-selven smoot. 915  
 And thus ar Tisbe and Piramus ago.  
 Of trewe men I finde but fewe mo  
 In alle my bokes, save this Piramus,  
 And therfor have I spoken of him thus.  
 For hit is deyntee to us men to finde 920  
 A man that can in love be trewe and  
 kinde.  
 Heer may ye seen, what lover so he be,  
 A woman dar and can as wel as he.  
*Explicit legenda Tesbe.*

### III. THE LEGEND OF DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

*Incipit Legenda Didonis Martiris,  
 Cartaginie regine.*

Glowy and honour, Virgil Mantuan,  
 Be to thy name! and I shal, as I can, 925  
 Folow thy lantern, as thou gost biforn,  
 How Eneas to Dido was forsworn.  
 In thyn Kneid and Naso wol I take  
 The tenour, and the grete effectes  
 make.  
 Whan Troye brought was to destruc-  
 cion 930  
 By Grekes sleighte, and namely by  
 Sinoun,  
 Feyning the hors y-offred to Minerve,  
 Through which that many a Trojan  
 moste sterve; (10)

And Ector had, after his deeth, appered,  
 And fyr so wood, it mighte nat be  
 stered, 935  
 In al the noble tour of Ilioun,  
 That of the citee was the cheef dungeoun;  
 And al the contree was so lowe y-brought,  
 And Piramus the king fordoon and  
 noght;  
 And Eneas was charged by Venus 940  
 To fleen away, he took Ascanius,  
 That was his sone, in his right hand, and  
 fledde;  
 And on his bakke he bar and with him  
 ledde (20)  
 His olde fader, cleped Anchises,  
 And by the weye his wyf Creusa he  
 lea. 945

And mochel sorwe hadde he in his minde  
Er that he coude his felawshippe finde.  
But, at the laste, whan he had hem  
founde, 948

He made him redy in a certein stounde,  
And to the see ful faste he gan him hys,  
And sailleth forth with al his companye  
Toward Itaille, as wolde destinee.  
But of his aventures in the see (30)  
Nis nat to purpos for to speke of here,  
For hit acordeth nat to my matere. 955  
But, as I seide, of him and of Dido  
Shal be my tale, til that I have do.

So longe he sailed in the salte see  
Til in Libye unnethe aryved he,  
With shippes seven and with no more  
navye; 960

And glad was he to londe for to hys,  
So was he with the tempest al to-shake.  
And whan that he the haven had y-  
take, (40)

He had a knight, was called Achates; 964  
And him of al his felawshippe he chees  
To goon with him, the contre for tespye;  
He took with him no more companye.  
But forth they goon, and lafte his shippes  
ryde,

His fere and he, with-uten any gyde. 969  
So longe he walketh in this wildernesse  
Til, at the laste, he mette a hunteresse.  
A bowe in honde and arwes hadde she,  
Her clothes cutted were unto the knee; (50)  
But she was yit the fairest creature  
That ever was y-formed by nature; 975  
And Eneas and Achates she grette,  
And thus she to hem spak, whan she hem  
mette.

'Sawe ye,' quod she, 'as ye han walked  
wyde,

Any of my sustren walke yow besyde,  
With any wilde boor or other beste 980  
That they han huntred to, in this foreste,  
Y-tukked up, with arwes in her cas?' (59)

'Nay, soothly, lady,' quod this Eneas;  
'But, by thy beaute, as hit thinketh me,  
Thou mightest never erthely womman be,  
But Phebus suster artow, as I gesse. 986  
And, if so be that thou be a goddesse,  
Have mercy on our labour and our wo.'

'I nam no goddes, soothly,' quod she  
tho;

'For maidens walken in this contree here,  
With arwes and with bowe, in this  
manere. 991

This is the regne of Libie, ther ye been,  
Of which that Dido lady is and queen'—  
And shortly tolde him al the occasioun (71)  
Why Dido com into that regioun, 995  
Of which as now me lusteth nat to ryme;  
Hit nedeth nat; hit nere but los of tyme.  
For this is al and som, it was Venus,  
His owne moder, that spak with him thus;  
And to Cartage she bad he sholde him  
fighte, 1000

And vanished anon out of his sighte.  
I coude folwe, word for word, Virgyle,  
But it wolde lasten al to longe a while. (80)

This noble queen, that cleped was Dido,  
That whylom was the wyf of Sitheo, 1005  
That fairer was then is the brighte sonne,  
This noble toun of Cartage hath begonne;  
In which she regneth in so greet honour,  
That she was holde of alle quenes flour,  
Of gentilesse, of freedom, of beaute; 1010  
That wel was him that mighte her ones  
see;

Of kinges and of lordes so desyred, (89)  
That al the world her beaute hadde y-  
fyred;

She stood so wel in every wightes grace.

Whan Eneas was come un-to that  
place, 1015

Unto the maister-temple of al the toun  
Ther Dido was in her devocioun,  
Ful prively his wey than hath he nome.  
Whan he was in the large temple come,  
I can nat seyn if that hit be possible, 1020  
But Venus hadde him maked invisible—  
Thus seith the book, with-uten any lece.  
And whan this Eneas and Achates (100)  
Hadden in this temple been over-al,  
Than founde they, depeynt on a wal,  
How Troye and al the lond destroyed was.  
'Allas! that I was born,' quod Eneas, 1027  
'Through-out the world our shame is kid  
so wyde,

Now it is peynted upon every syde!  
We, that weren in prosperitee, 1030  
Be now dislaundred, and in swich degree,  
No lenger for to liven I ne kepe!  
And, with that worde, he brast out for to  
wepe (110)

So tendrely, that routhe hit was to  
sene.

This fresshe lady, of the citee quene, 1035  
Stood in the temple, in her estat royal,  
So richely, and eek so fair with-al,  
So yong, so lusty, with her eyen glade,  
That, if that god, that heven and erthe  
made,

Wolde han a love, for beaute and good-  
nesse, 1040

And womanhod, and trouthe, and seemli-  
nesse,

Whom sholde he loven but this lady  
swete?

There nis no womman to him half so  
meta. (120)

Fortune, that hath the world in govern-  
aunce,

Hath sodeinly broght in so newe a  
chaunce, 1045

That never was ther yit so fremd a cas.  
For al the companye of Eneas,

Which that he wende han loren in the  
see,

Aryved is, nat far fro that citee;  
For which, the grettest of his lordes some

By aventure ben to the citee come, 1051  
Unto that same temple, for to seke

The quene, and of her socour her beseke;  
Swich renoun was ther spronge of her

goodnesse. (131)  
And, whan they hadden told al hir dis-  
tresses, 1055

And al hir tempest and hir harde cas,  
Unto the quene appered Eneas,

And openly beknew that hit was he.  
Who hadde joye than but his meynne,

That hadden founde hir lord, hir gover-  
nour? 1060

The quene saw they dide him swich  
honour,

And had herd ofte of Eneas, er tho,  
And in her herte she hadde routhe and

wo (140)  
That ever swich a noble man as he

Shal been disherited in swich degree; 1065  
And saw the man, that he was lyk a

knight,  
And suffisaunt of persone and of might,

And lyk to been a veray gentil man;  
And wel his wordes he besette can,

And had a noble viiage for the nones, 1070  
And formed wel of braunes and of bones.

For, after Venus, hadde he swich fair-  
nesse,

That no man might be half so fair, I  
gesse. (150)

And wel a lord he samed for to be.

And, for he was a straunger, somewhat  
she 1075

Lyked him the bet, as, god do bote,  
To som folk ofte newe thing is swote.

Anoon her herte hath pitee of his we,  
And, with that pitee, love com in also;

And thus, for pitee and for gentillesse, 1080  
Refreshed moste he been of his distresse.

She seide, certes, that she sory was  
That he hath had swich peril and swich

cas; (160)  
And, in her frendly speche, in this manere

She to him spak, and seide as ye may  
here. 1085

'Be ye nat Venus sone and Anchises?  
In good faith, al the worship and encrees

That I may goodly doon yow, ye shul  
have.

Your shippes and your meynne shal I  
save;'

And many a gentil word she spak him to;  
And comaunded her messageres go 1091

The same day, with-outen any faille,  
His shippes for to seke, and hem vitaille.

She many a beste to the shippes sente, (171)  
And with the wyn she gan hem to pre-  
sente; 1095

And to her royal paleys she her spedde,  
And Eneas alway with her she ledde.

What nedeth yow the feste to descryve?  
He never beter at ese was his lyve.

Ful was the feste of deyntees and rich-  
esse, 1100

Of instruments, of song, and of gladnesse,  
And many an amorous joking and devys.

This Eneas is come to Paradyse (180)  
Out of the swolow of halle, and thns in  
joye 1104

Remembreth him of his estat in Troye.  
To dauncing-chambres ful of parements,

Of riche beddes, and of ornaments,  
This Eneas is lad, after the mete.

And with the quene whan that he had  
sete,



And spyces parted, and the wyn agoon,  
Unto his chambres was he lad anon 1111  
To take his ese and for to have his reste,  
With al his folk, to doon what so hem  
leste. (190)

Ther nas coursere wel y-brydled noon,  
Ne stede, for the justing wel to goon, 1115  
Ne large palfrey, esy for the nones,  
Ne juwel, fretted ful of riche stones,  
Ne sakkes ful of gold, of large wighte,  
Ne ruby noon, that shynede by nighte,  
Ne gentil hautain faucon heronere, 1120  
Ne hound, for hert or wilde boor or  
dere,

Ne coupe of gold, with florins newe y-bete,  
That in the lond of Libie may be gete,  
That Dido ne hath hit Eneas y-sent; (201)  
And al is payed, what that he hath spent.  
Thus can this noble quene her gastes  
calle, 1126

As she that can in freedom passen alle.

Eneas sothly eek, with-outen lees,  
Hath sent un-to his shippe, by Achates,  
After his sone, and after riche thinges,  
Both ceptre, clothes, broches, and eek  
ringes, 1131

Som for to were, and som for to presente  
To her, that all this noble thinges him  
sente; (210)

And bad his sone, how that he sholde  
make

The presenting, and to the quene hit  
take. 1135

Repaired is this Achates again,  
And Eneas ful blisful is and fain  
To seen his yonge sone Ascanius.  
But natheles, our autour telleth us,  
That Cupido, that is the god of love, 1140  
At preyere of his moder, hye above,  
Hadde the lyknes of the child y-take,  
This noble quene enamoured to make (220)  
On Eneas; but, as of that scripture,  
Be as he may, I make of hit no cure. 1145  
But sooth is this, the quene hath mad  
swich chere

Un-to this child, that wonder is to here;  
And of the present that his fader sente  
She thanked him ful ofte, in good entente.

Thus is this quene in plesaunce and in  
joye, 1150  
With al this newe lusty folk of Troye.

And of the dedes hath she more en-  
quered

Of Eneas, and al the story lered (230)  
Of Troye; and al the longe day they  
tweye

Entendeden to spoken and to pleye; 1155  
Of which ther gan to bredden swich a fyr,  
That sely Dido hath now swich desyr  
With Eneas, her newe gest, to dele,  
That she hath lost her hewe, and eek her  
hela.

Now to th'effect, now to the fruit of al, 1160  
Why I have told this story, and tellen  
shal.

Thus I beginne; hit fil, upon a night,  
When that the mone up-reysed had her  
light, (240)

This noble quene un-to her reste wente;  
She syketh sore, and gan her-self tur-  
menta. 1165

She waketh, walweth, maketh many a  
brayd,

As doon this loveres, as I have herd sayd.  
And at the laste, unto her suster Anne  
She made her moon, and right thus spak  
she thanne.

'Now, dere suster myn, what may hit  
be 1170

That me agasteth in my dreame?' quod  
she.

'This ilke Troyan is so in my thought,  
For that me thinketh he is so wel  
y-wrought, (250)

And eek so lykly for to be a man,  
And therwithal so mikel good he can, 1175  
That al my love and lyf lyth in his cure.  
Have ye not herd him telle his aventure?  
Now certes, Anne, if that ye rede hit me,  
I wolde fain to him y-wedded be; 1179  
This is th'effect; what sholde I more seye?  
In him lyth al, to do me live or deye.'

Her suster Anne, as she that coude her  
good,

Seide as her thoughte, and somdel hit  
with-stood. (260)

But her-of was so long a sermoning,  
Hit were to long to make rehersing; 1185  
But fynally, hit may not been with-  
stonde;

Love wol love—for no wight wol hit  
wonde.

The dawning up-rist out of the see ;  
This amorous quene chargeth her meynee  
The nettes dresse, and speres brode and  
kene ; 1190

An hunting wol this lusty fresshe quene ;  
So priketh her this newe joly wo.  
To hors is al her lusty folk y-go ; (270)  
Un-to the court the houndes been y-brought,  
And up-on coursers, swift as any thought,  
Her yonge knightes hoven al aboute, 1196  
And of her wommen eek an huge route.  
Up-on a thikke palfrey, paper-whyte,  
With sadel rede, enbrouded with delyt,  
Of gold the barres up-enbossed hye, 1200  
Sit Dido, al in gold and perre wrye ;  
And she is fair, as is the brighte morwe,  
That healethe seke folk of nightes sorwe. (280)

Up-on a courser, startling as the fyr,  
Men mighte turne him with a litel wyr,  
Sit Eneas, lyk Phebus to devyse ; 1206  
So was he fresshe arayed in his wyse.  
The fomy brydel with the bit of gold  
Governeth he, right as him-self hath  
wold.

And forth this noble quene thus lat I  
ryde 1210

An hunting, with this Troyan by her syde.

The herd of hertes founden is anon,  
With 'hey ! go bet ! prik thou ! lat goon,  
lat goon ! (290)

Why nil the leoun comen or the bere,  
That I mighte ones mete him with this  
sperer ? 1215

Thus seyn thise yonge folk, and up they  
kille

These þ hertes wilde, and han hem at hir  
wille.

Among al this to-romblen gan the  
heven,

The thunder rored with a grisly steven ;  
Doun com the rain, with hail and sleet  
so faste, 1220

With hevenes fyr, that hit so sore agaste  
This noble quene, and also her meynee,  
That ech of hem was glad a-wey to fle. (300)  
And shortly, fro the tempest her to save,  
She fledde her-self into a litel cave, 1225  
And with her wente this Eneas al-so ;  
I noot, with hem if ther wente any mo ;  
The outour maketh of hit no mencion.  
And heer began the depe affeccoun

Betwix hem two ; this was the firste  
morwe 1230  
Of her gladnesse, and ginning of her  
sorwe.

For ther hath Eneas y-kneled so, (309)  
And told her al his herte, and al his wo,  
And sworn so depe, to her to be trewe,  
For wale or wo, and chaunge for no  
newe, 1235

And as a fals lover so wel can pleyne,  
That sely Dido rewed on his payne,  
And took him for husband, þ to been his  
wyf

For ever-mo, whyl that hem laste lyf.  
And after this, whan that the tempest  
stente, 1240

With mirth out as they comen, hoom  
they wente.

The wikked fame up roos, and that  
anon, (319)

How Eneas hath with the quene y-gon  
In-to the cave ; and demed as hem liste ;  
And whan the king, that Yarbys hight,  
hit wiste, 1245

As he that had her loved ever his lyf,  
And wowed her, to have her to his wyf,  
Swich sorwe as he hath makid, and swich  
chere,

Hit is a rounthe and pitee for to hera.

But, as in love, al-day hit happeth so, 1250  
That oon shal laughen at anothers wo ;

Now laugheth Eneas, and is in joye  
And more richesse than ever he was in  
Troye. (320)

O sely womman, ful of innocence, 1254  
Ful of pitee, of trouthe, and conscience,  
What makid yow to men to trusten so ?  
Have ye swich rounthe upon hir feined wo,  
And han swich olde ensamples yow  
beforn ?

See ye nat alle, how they been for-sworn ?  
Wher see ye oon, that he ne hath laft his  
leaf, 1260

Or been unkinde, or doon hir som mis-  
cheef,

Or pillid her, or bosted of his dede ? (339)  
Ye may as wel hit seen, as ye may rede ;  
Tak heed now of this grete gentil-man,  
This Troyan, that so wel her plesen can,  
That feineth him so trewe and obeising,  
So gentil and so privy of his doing, 1267

And can so wel doon alle his obeisances,  
And waiten her at festes and at daunces,  
And when she goth to temple and hoom  
ageyn, 1270

And fasten til he hath his lady seyn,  
And bere in his devyses, for her sake,  
Noot I nat what; and songes wolde he  
make, (350)

Justen, and doon of armes many thinges,  
Sende her lettres, tokens, broches, ringes—  
Now herkneth, how he shal his lady  
serve! 1276

Ther-as he was in peril for to starve  
For hunger, and for mischeef in the  
see,

And desolat, and fled from his contree,  
And al his folk with tempest al to-driven,  
She hath her body and eek her reame  
yiven 1281

In-to his hond, ther-as she mighte have  
been

Of other lond than of Cartage a queen,  
And lived in joye y-nogh; what wolde ye  
more? (361)

This Eneas, that hath so depe y-swore,  
Is wery of his craft with-in a throwe; 1286  
The hote earnest is al over-blowe.

And prively he doth his shippes dighte,  
And shapeth him to stele a-way by nighte.

This Dido hath suspicioun of this, 1290  
And thoughte wel, that hit was al a-mis;  
For in his bedde he lyth a-night and  
syketh;

She asketh him anon, what him mis-  
lyketh— (370)

'My dere herte, which that I love most?'  
'Certes,' quod he, 'this night my fadres  
gost 1295

Hath in my sleep so sore me tormented,  
And eek Mercurie his message hath pre-  
sented,

That nedes to the conquest of Itale  
My destinee is sone for to saile;  
For which, me thinketh, brosten is myn  
herte!' 1300

Ther-with his false teres out they sterte;  
And taketh her with-in his armes two.

'Is that in earnest,' quod she; 'wil ye  
so? (380)

Have ye nat sworn to wyve me to take,  
Alas! what womman wil ye of me make?

I am a gentil-woman and a queen, 1306  
Ye wil nat fro your wyf thus foule fleeen?  
That I was born! alas! what shal I do?'

To telle in short, this noble queen Dido,  
She seketh halwee, and doth sacrificyse;  
She kneleth, cryeth, that rounthe is to  
devyse; 1311

Conjureth him, and profreth him to be  
His thral, his servant in the leste gree;  
She falleth him to fote, and swowneth  
there (391)

Dischevele, with her brite gilte here,  
And seith, 'have mercy! let me with  
yow ryde!' 1316

Thise lordes, which that women me besyde  
Wil me destroyen only for your sake.

And, so ye wil me now to wyve take,  
As ye han sworn, than wol I yive yow  
leve 1320

To sleen me with your sward now sone at  
eve!

For than yit shal I dyen as your wyf.  
I am with ohilde, and yive my child his  
lyf. (400)

Mercy, lord! have pite in your thought!  
But al this thing availleth her right noght;  
For on a night, slepinge, he let her lye,  
And stal a-way un-to his companye, 1327  
And, as a traitour, forth he gan to saile  
Toward the large contree of Itale.

Thus hath he left Dido in wo and pyne;  
And wedded ther a lady hight Lavyne.

A cloth he lafte, and eek his sward  
standing, (409) 1332

Whan he fro Dido stal in her sleping,  
Right at her beddes heed, so gan he lye  
Whan that he stal a-way to his navye;  
Which cloth, whan sely Dido gan awake,  
She hath hit kist ful ofte for his sake;  
And seide, 'O cloth, whyl Jupiter hit  
leste,

Tak now my soule, unbind me of this  
unreute! 1339

I have fulfild of fortune al the cours.'

And thus, alas! with-outen his socours,  
Twenty tyme y-swowned hath she thanne.  
And, whan that she un-to her suster  
Anne (420)

Compleyned had, of which I may nat  
wryte— 1344

So greet a rounthe I have hit for t'andyte—

And had her norice and her suster goon  
To fecohen fyr and other thing anoon,  
And seide, that she wolde sacrificye.  
And, whan she mighte her tyme wel  
espye,

Up-on the fyr of sacrificys she sterte, 1350  
And with his sward she roof her to the  
herte.

But, as myn antour seith, right thus  
she seyde; (429)

Or she was hurt, before that she deyde,  
She wroot a lettre anoon, that thus be-  
gan :—

'Right so,' quod she, 'as that the whyte  
swan 1355

Ayeins his deeth beginneth for to singe,  
Right so to yow make I my compleyninge.

Nat that I trowe to geten yow again,  
For wel I woot that it is al in vain,  
Sin that the goddes been contraire to me.  
But sin my name is lost through yow,'  
quod she, 1361

'I may wel lese a word on yow, or letter,  
Al-be-it that I shal be never the better;  
For thilke wind that blew your ship  
a-wey, (441)

The same wind hath blowe a-wey your  
fey.'— 1365

But who wol al this letter have in  
minde,

Bede Ovide, and in him he shal hit finde.

*Explicit Legenda Didonis Martiris,*

*Cartaginis regine.*

#### IV. THE LEGEND OF HYPsipYLE AND MEDEA.

*Incipit Legenda Ysiphile et Medee,  
Martirum.*

##### PART I. THE LEGEND OF HYPsipYLE.

Thou rote of false lovers, duk Jasoun!  
Thou sly devourer and confusioun  
Of gentil-wommen, tender creatures, 1370  
Thou madest thy reclaiming and thy  
lures

To ladies of thy statly apparaunce,  
And of thy wordes, farced with plesaunce,  
And of thy feyned trouthe and thy  
manere,

With thyn obeisaunce and thy humble  
chere, (8) 1375

And with thy counterfeted payne and wo.  
Ther other falsen oon, thou falsest two!

O! ofte swore thou that thou woldest dye  
For love, whan thou ne feltest maladye  
Save foul delyt, which that thou callest  
love! 1380

If that I live, thy name shal be shove  
In English, that thy sleighte shal be  
knowe!

Have at thee, Jasoun! now thyn horn is  
blowe!

But certes, hit is bothe routhe and wo  
That love with false lovers werketh so;

For they shul have wel better love and  
chere 1386

Than he that hath aboght his love ful  
dere, (20)

Or had in armes many a bloody box.

For ever as tendre a capoun et the fox,  
Thogh he be fals and hath the foul be-  
trayed, 1390

As shal the good-man that ther-for hath  
payed;

Al have he to the capoun skille and  
right,

The false fox wol have his part at night.

On Jasoun this ensample is wel y-sene

By Isiphile and Medea the quene. 1395

In Tessaie, as Guido telleth us,

Ther was a king that highte Pelleus, (30)

That had a brother, which that highte  
Eson;

And, whan for age he mighte unnethes  
gon,

He yaf to Pelleus the governing 1400

Of al his regne, and made him lord and  
king.

Of which Eson this Jasoun geten was,

That, in his tyme, in al that lond, ther nas

Nat swich a famous knight of gentillesse,

Of freedom, and of strengthe and lusti-  
nesse. 1405

After his fader deeth, he bar him so (39)  
 That ther nas noon that liste been his fo,  
 But dide him al honour and companye;  
 Of which this Pelleus hath greet envye,  
 Imagining that Jasoun mighte be 1410  
 Enhaunsed so, and put in swich degree  
 With love of lordes of his regioun,  
 That from his regne he may be put adoun.  
 And in his wit, a-night, compassed he  
 How Jasoun mighte best destroyed be 1415  
 Withoute slaunder of his compasment.  
 And at the laste he took avisement (50)  
 To senden him in-to som fer contree  
 Ther as this Jasoun may destroyed be.  
 This was his wit; al made he to Jasoun  
 Gret chere of love and of affeccionn, 1421  
 For drede lest his lordes hit espyde.  
 So fil hit so, as fame renneth wyde,  
 Ther was swich tyding over-al and swich  
 los,

That in an yle that called was Colcos, 1425  
 Beyonde Troye, estward in the see,  
 That ther-in was a ram, that men mighte  
 see, (60)

That had a flees of gold, that shoon so  
 brighte,

That no-wher was ther swich an-other  
 sighte; 1429

But hit was kept alway with a dragoun,  
 And many othere mervells, up and down,  
 And with two boles, maked al of bras,  
 That spitten fyr, and moche thing ther  
 was.

But this was eek the tale, natheless,  
 That who-so wolde winne thilke flees, 1435  
 He mooste bothe, or he hit winne mighte,  
 With the boles and the dragoun fighte;  
 And king Oetes lord was of that yle. (71)

This Pelleus bethoghte upon this wyle;  
 That he his newew Jasoun wolde enhorte  
 To sailen to that lond, him to disporte,  
 And seide, 'Newew, if hit mighte be  
 That swich a worship mighte fallen thee,  
 That thou this famous tresor mightest  
 winne, 1444

And bringen hit my regioun with-inne,  
 Hit were to me gret plesaunce and honour;  
 Than were I holde to quyte thy labour. (80)  
 And al the oost I wol my-salvan make;  
 And chees what folk that thou wilt with  
 thee take; 1449

Lat see now, darstow taken this viage?'  
 Jasoun was yong, and lusty of courage,  
 And under-took to doon this ilke em-  
 pryse.

Anoon Argus his shippes gan devyze;  
 With Jasoun wente the stronge Eroules,  
 And many an-other that he with him  
 chees. 1455

But who-so axeth who is with him gon,  
 Lat him go reden Argonauticon, (90)  
 For he wol telle a tale long y-now.

Philotes anoon the sail up-drow,  
 When that the wind was good, and gan  
 him hye 1460

Out of his contree called Tessalye.  
 So long he sailed in the salte see  
 Til in the yle þ Lemnoun aryved he—  
 Al be this nat rehersed of Guido,  
 Yet seith Ovyde in his Epistles so— 1465  
 And of this yle lady was and quene  
 The faire yonge Isiphilee, the shene, (100)  
 That whylom Thoas doghter was, the  
 king.

Isiphilee was goon in her playing; 1469  
 And, roming on the clyves by the see,  
 Under a banke anoon espyde she  
 Wher that the ship of Jasoun gan aryve.  
 Of her goodnesse adoun she sendeth blyve  
 To witen yif that any straunge wight 1474  
 With tempest thider were y-blowe a-night,  
 To doon him socour; as was her usaunce  
 To forthren every wight, and doon ple-  
 saunce (110)

Of veray bountee and of curtesye.

This messagere adoun him gan to hye,  
 And fond Jasoun, and Eroules also, 1480  
 That in a cogge to londe were y-go  
 Hem to refreschen and to take the eyr.  
 The morwening atempere was and fair;  
 And in his way the messagere hem mette.  
 Ful cunningly these lordes two he grette,  
 And dide his message, axing hem anoon  
 Yif they were broken, or oght wo begoon,  
 Or hadde nede of lodesmen or vitaille; (121)  
 For of socour they shulde no-thing fail,  
 For hit was utterly the quenes will. 1490

Jasoun answerde, mekely and stille,  
 'My lady,' quod he, 'thanke I hertely  
 Of hir goodnesse; us nedeth, trewely,  
 No-thing as now, but that we wery be,  
 And come for to pleye, out of the see, 1495

Til that the wind be better in our weye.'

This lady rometh by the clif to pleye, (130)  
With her meynes, endelong the stronde,  
And fynt this Jasoun and this other  
stonde, 1499

In spekinge of this thing, as I yow tolde.

This Ercules and Jasoun gan beholde  
How that the quene hit was, and faire  
her grette

Anon-right as they with this lady mette;  
And she took heed, and knew, by hir  
manere,

By hir aray, by wordes and by chere, 1505  
That hit were gentil-men, of greet degree.  
And to the castel with her ledeth she  
Thise strange folk, and doth hem greet  
honour, (141)

And axeth hem of travail and labour  
That they han suffred in the salte see; 1510  
So that, within a day, or two, or three,  
She knew, by folk that in his shippes be,  
That hit was Jasoun, ful of renomee,  
And Ercules, that had the grete los, 1514  
That soghten the aventures of Colcos;  
And dide hem honour more then before,  
And with hem deled ever lenger the  
more, (150)

For they ben worthy folk, with-outen leas.  
And namely, most she spak with Ercules;  
To him her herte bar, he sholde be 1520  
Sad, wys, and trewe, of wordes avisee,  
With-outen any other affeccioun  
Of love, or evil imaginacioun.

This Ercules hath so this Jasoun preyed,  
That to the sonne he hath him up  
areysed, 1525  
That half so trewe a man ther nas of love  
Under the cope of heven that is above;  
And he was wys, hardy, secree, and  
riche.— (161)

Of thise three pointes ther nas noon him  
liche;

Of freedom passed he, and lustihede, 1530  
Alle tho that liven or ben dede;

Ther-to so greet a gentil-man was he,  
And of Tessalie lykly king to be.

Ther nas no lak, but that he was agast  
To love, and for to speke shamefast. 1535  
He hadde lever him-self to mordre, and  
dye (169)

Than that men shulde a lover him espye:—

'As wolde almighty god that I had give  
My blood and flesh, so that I mighte live,  
With the nones that he hadde o-wher  
a wyf 1540

For his estat; for swich a lusty lyf  
She sholde lede with this lusty knight!'

And al this was compassed on the  
night

Betwixe him Jasoun and this Ercules.

Of thise two heer was mad a shrewed lees  
To come to hous upon an innocent; 1546  
For to be-dote this quene was hir assent.

And Jasoun is as coy as is a maide, (181)  
He loketh pitously, but noght he saide,  
But fraly yaf he to her conseileres 1550  
Yiftes grete, and to her officeres.

As wolde god I leiser hadde, and tyme,  
By proce al his wowing for to ryme.  
But in this hous if any fails lover be,  
Right as him-self now doth, right so dide  
he, 1555

With feynyn and with every sotil dede.  
Ye gete no more of me, but ye wil rede  
Th'original, that telleth al the cas. (191)

The somme is this, that Jasoun wedded  
was

Unto this quene, and took of her sub-  
stance 1560

What-so him liste, unto his purveyaunce;  
And upon her begat he children two,  
And drow his sail, and saw her never-mo.

A lettre sente she to him certain,  
Which were to long to wryten and to  
sein, 1565

And him repreveth of his grete untrouthe,  
And preyeth him on her to have som  
routhe. (200)

And of his children two, she seide him  
this,

That they be lyke, of alle thing, y-wis,  
To Jasoun, save they coude nat begyle;  
And preyed god, or hit were longe wyle,  
That she, that had his herte y-raft her fro,  
Moste finden him to her untrewes al-so,  
And that she moste bothe her children  
spille, 1574

And alle tho that suffreth him his wille.  
And trew to Jasoun was she al her lyf,  
And ever kepte her chast, as for his wyf;  
Ne never had she joye at her herte, (211)  
But dyed, for his love, of sorwes amerte.

## PART II. THE LEGEND OF MEDEA.

To Colcos comen is this duk Jasoun,  
That is of love devourer and dragoun. 1581  
As matere appetyteth forme al-wey,  
And from forme in-to forme hit passen  
may,

Or as a welle that were botomlees,  
Right so can fals Jasoun have no peas.  
For, to desyren, through his appetyt, 1586  
To doon with gentil women his delyt,  
This is his lust and his felicitee. (231)

Jasoun is romed forth to the citee,  
That whylom cleped was Jaconitos, 1590  
That was the maister-toun of al Colcos,  
And hath y-told the cause of his coming  
Un-to Oestes, of that contre king,  
Praying him that he moste doon his  
assay 1594

To gete the flees of gold, if that he may;  
Of which the king assenteth to his bone,  
And doth him honour, as hit is to done,  
So ferforth, that his doghter and his eyr,  
Medea, which that was so wys and fair  
That fairer saw ther never man with y8,  
He made her doon to Jasoun companye  
At mete, and sitte by him in the halle.

Now was Jasoun a semely man with-  
alle, (236)

And lyk a lord, and had a greet renoun,  
And of his loke as real as leoun, 1605  
And goodly of his speche, and famulere,  
And coude of love al craft and art plenere  
With-oute boke, with everich observaunce.  
And, as fortune her oghte a foul mes-  
chaunce,

She wex enamoured upon this man. 1610  
'Jasoun,' quod she, 'for ought I see or  
can,

As of this thing the which ye been aboute,  
Ye han your-self y-put in moche doute.  
For, who-so wol this aventure acheve,  
He may nat wel asterten, as I leve, 1615  
With-uten deeth, but I his helpe be. (249)  
But natheles, hit is my wille,' quod she,  
'To forthren yow, so that ye shal nat dye,  
But turnen, sound, hoom to your Tessalye.'

'My righte lady,' quod this Jasoun tho,  
'That ye han of my dethe or of my wo  
Any reward, and doon me this honour,  
I wot wel that my might ne my labour

May nat deserve hit in my lyves day; 1624  
God thanke yow, ther I ne can ne may.  
Your man am I, and lowly you beseche,  
To been my help, with-oute more speche;  
But certes, for my deeth shal I nat  
spare.' (261)

Tho gan this Medea to him declare  
The peril of this cas, fro point to point,  
And of his batail, and in what diajoint  
He mote stande, of which no creature,  
Save only she, ne mighte his lyf assure.  
And shortly, to the point right for to go,  
They been accorded ful, betwix hem two,  
That Jasoun shal her wedde, as trewe  
knight; 1636

And term y-set, to come sone at night (270)  
Unto her chambre, and make ther his  
ooth,

Upon the goddes, that he, for leef ne  
looth, 1639

Ne sholde her never falsen, night ne day,  
To been her husbond, whyl he liven may,  
As she that from his deeth him saved  
here.

And her-upon, at night they mette y-fere,  
And doth his ooth, and goth with her to  
bedde. 1644

And on the morwe, upward he him spedde;  
For she hath taught him how he shal  
nat faile (279)

The flees to winne, and stinten his bataile;  
And saved him his lyf and his honour;  
And gat him greet name as a conquerour  
Right through the sleight of her en-  
chantement. 1650

Now hath Jasoun the flees, and hoom  
is went

With Medea, and tresor ful gret woon.  
But unwist of her fader is she goon  
To Tessaly, with duk Jasoun her leef,  
That afterward hath brought her to mes-  
cheef. 1655

For as a traitour he is from her go,  
And with her laste his yonge children  
two, (290)

And falsly hath betrayed her, allas!  
And ever in love a cheef traitour he was;  
And wedded yit the thridde wyf anon, 1660  
That was the doghter of the king Creon.

This is the meed of loving and guerdoun  
That Medea received of Jasoun

Right for her trouthe and for her kinde-  
nesse,  
That loved him better than her-self, I  
gesse, 1665  
And lafte her fader and her heritage.  
And of Jasoun this is the vassalage, (300)  
That, in his dayes, nas ther noon y-founde  
So fals a lover going on the grounda.  
And therfor in her lettre thus she  
seyde 1670  
First, whan she of his falsnesse him um-  
breyde,  
' Why lyked me thy yelow heer to see  
More then the boundes of myn homestee,

Why lyked me thy youthe and thy fair-  
nesse,  
And of thy tonge the infinit gracious-  
nesse? 1675  
O, haddest thou in thy conquest deed  
y-be,  
Ful mikel untrouthe had ther dyed with  
thee !' (310)  
Wel kan Ovyde her lettre in vers endyte,  
Which were as now to long for me to  
wryte.

*Explicit Legenda Ysiphile et Medee,  
Martirum.*

## V. THE LEGEND OF LUCRETIA.

*Incipit Legenda Lucroe Rome, Martiris.*

Now moot I seyn the axilling of kinges  
Of Rome, for hir horrible doinges, 1681  
And of the laste king Tarquinius,  
As saith Ovyde and Titus Livius.  
But for that cause telle I nat this storie,  
But for to preise and drawen to memorie  
The verray wyf, the verray trewe Lucresse,  
That, for her wyfhood and her stedfast-  
nesse, 1687  
Nat only that thise payens her comende,  
But he, that cleped is in our legende (10)  
The grete Austin, hath greet compas-  
sion 1690  
Of this Lucresse, that starf at Rome toun;  
And in what wyse, I wol but shortly trete,  
And of this thing I touche but the grete.  
Whan Ardea beseged was aboute  
With Romans, that ful sterne were and  
stoute, 1695  
Ful longe lay the sege, and lital wroghte,  
So that they were half ydel, as hem  
thoghte; (18)  
And in his play Tarquinius the yonge  
Gan for to jape, for he was light of tonge,  
And seyde, that 'it was an ydel lyf; 1700  
No man did ther no more than his wyf;  
And lat us speke of wyves, that is best;  
Praise every man his owne, as him lest,  
And with our speche lat us ese our herte.'  
A knight, that highte Colatyne, up  
starte, 1705

And seyde thus, 'nay, for hit is no nede  
To trowen on the word, but on the  
dede.  
I have a wyf,' quod he, 'that, as I trowe,  
Is holden good of alle that ever her  
knowe; (30)  
Go we to-night to Rome, and we shul  
see.' 1710  
Tarquinius answerde, 'that lyketh me.'  
To Rome be they come, and faste hem  
dighte  
To Colatynes hous, and down they lighte,  
Tarquinius, and eek this Colatyne.  
The husbond knew the estres wel and  
fyne, 1715  
And prively into the hous they goon;  
Nor at the gate porter was ther noon;  
And at the chambre-dore they abyde. (39)  
This noble wyf sat by her beddes syde  
Dischevele, for no malice she ne thoghte;  
And softe wolles our book seith that she  
wroghte 1721  
To kepen her fro slouthe and ydelnesse;  
And bad her servants doon hir businessse,  
And axeth hem, 'what tydings heren ye?  
How seith men of the sege, how shal hit  
be? 1725  
God wolde the walles weren falle adoun;  
Myn husbond is so longe out of this toun,  
For which the drede doth me so sore  
smerte,  
Right as a sward hit stingeth to myn  
herte (30)



Whan I think on the sege or of that place;  
God save my lord, I preye him for his  
grace:— 1731

And ther-with-al ful tenderly she weep,  
And of her werk she took no more keep,  
But mekely she leet her eyen falle;  
And thilke semblant sat her wel with-alle.  
And eek her teres, ful of honestee, 1736

Embelished her wyfly chastitee;  
Her countenaunce is, to her herte digne,  
For they acordeden in dede and signe. (60)  
And with that word her husbond Colatyn,  
Or she of him was war, com sterting in,  
And seide, 'dreed thee noght, for I am  
here!' 1742

And she anon up roos, with blisful chere,  
And kiste him, as of wyves is the wone.

Tarquinius, this proude kinges sone,  
Conceived hath her beautee and her  
chere, 1746

Her yelow heer, her shap, and her manere,  
Her hew, her wordes that she hath com-  
pleyned,

And by no crafte her beautee nas nat  
feyned; (70)

And caughte to this lady swich deyr,  
That in his herte brende as any fyr 1751  
So woodly, that his wit was al forgeten.  
For wel, thoughte he, she sholde nat be  
geten;

And ay the more that he was in despair,  
The more he coveteth and thoughte her  
fair. 1755

His blinde lust was al his covetinge.

A-morwe, whan the brid began to singe,  
Unto the sege he comth ful privily,

And by himself he walketh sobrelly, (80)  
Th' image of her recording alway newe;

'Thus lay her heer, and thus fresh was  
her hewe; 1761

Thus sat, thus spak, thus span; this was  
her chere,

Thus fair she was, and this was her  
manere.'

Al this conceit his herte hath now y-take.  
And, as the see, with tempest al to-shake,  
That, after whan the storm is al ago, 1766  
Yet wol the water quappe a day or two,  
Right so, thogh that her forme wer  
absent, (89)

The plesaunce of her forme was present;

But natheles, nat plesaunce, but delyt,  
Or an unrightful talent with depyt; 1771  
'For, maugre her, she shal my lemman  
be;

Hap helpeth hardy man alday,' quod he;  
'What ende that I make, hit shal be so;'  
And girt him with his swerde, and gan  
to go; 1775

And forth he rit til he to Rome is come,  
And al aloon his wey than hath he nome  
Unto the house of Colatyn ful right.

Down was the sonne, and day hath lost  
his light; (100)

And in he com un-to a privy halke, 1780  
And in the night ful theefly gan he stalke,  
Whan every night was to his reste broght,  
Ne no wight had of tresoun swich a  
thought.

Were hit by window or by other gin, 1784  
With swerde y-drawe, shortly he comth in  
Ther as she lay, this noble wyf Lucrese.

And, as she wook, her bed she felte presse.  
'What beste is that,' quod she, 'that  
weyeth thus?'

'I am the kinges sone, Tarquinius,' (110)  
Quod he, 'but and thou crye, or noise  
make, 1790

Or if thou any creature awake,  
By thilke god that formed man on lyve.  
This sward through-out thyn herte shal  
I ryve.'

And ther-withal unto her throte he sterte,  
And sette the point al sharp upon her  
herte. 1795

No word she spak, she hath no might  
ther-to.

What shal she sayn? her wit is al ago.  
Right as a wolf that fynt a lomb aloon,

To whom shal she compleyne, or make  
moon? (120)

What! shal she fighte with an hardy  
knight? 1800

Wel wot men that a woman hath no  
might.

What! shal she crye, or how shal she  
asterte

That hath her by the throte, with swerde  
at herte?

She axeth grace, and seith al that she can.  
'Ne wolt thou nat,' quod he, this cruel  
man, 1805

'As wisly Jupiter my soule save,  
As I shal in the stable slee thy knave,  
And leye him in thy bed, and loude crye,  
That I thes finde in suche avouterye; (130)  
And thus thou shalt be deed, and also  
lese 1830  
Thy name, for thou shalt non other chese.'

Thise Romain wyves loveden so hir  
name

At thilke tyme, and dredde so the shame,  
That, what for fere of slaundre and drede  
of deeth, 1814

She loste bothe at-ones wit and breeth,  
And in a swough she lay and wax so  
deed,

Men mighte smyten of her arm or heed;  
She feleth no-thing, neither foul ne fair.

Tarquinius, that art a kinges eyr, (140)  
And sholdest, as by linage and by right,  
Doon as a lord and as a verray knight,  
Why hastow doon dyspyt to ohivalrye?  
Why hastow doon this lady vilanye?  
Allas! of thes this was a vileins dede!

But now to purpos; in the story I rede,  
Whan he was goon, al this mischaunce is  
falle. 1826

This lady sente after her frendes alle,  
Fader, moder, husbond, al y-fere; (149)  
And al dischevele, with her hares clare,  
In habit swich as women used tho 1830  
Unto the buryng of her frendes go,  
She sit in halle with a sorweful sighte.  
Her frendes axen what her aylen mighte,  
And who was deed? And she sit ay  
wepinge,

A word for shame ne may she forth out-  
bringe, 1835

Ne upon hem she dorste nat beholde.  
But atte laste of Tarquiny she hem tolde,  
This rewful cas, and al this thing horrible.  
The wo to tellen hit were impossible, (160)  
That she and alle her frendes made  
stones. 1840

Al hadde folkes hertes bean of stones,  
Hit mighte have maked hem upon her  
rewe,

Her herte was so wyfly and so trewe.  
She seide, that, for her gilt ne for her  
blame,

Her husbond sholde nat have the foule  
name, 1845

That wolde she nat suffre, by no wey.  
And they answerden alle, upon hir fey,  
That they foryeve hit her, for hit was  
right; (169)

Hit was no gilt, hit lay nat in her might;  
And seiden her ensamples many oon. 1850  
But al for noght; for thus she seide  
aneon,

'Be as be may,' quod she, 'of forgiving,  
I wol nat have no forgift for no-thing.'  
But prively she caughte forth a knyf, 1854  
And therewith-al she rafte her-self her lyf;  
And as she fel adoun, she caste her look,  
And of her clothes yit she hede took;  
For in her falling yit she hadde care  
Lest that her feet or swiche thing lay  
bare; (180)

Sowlshe loved clenness and eek trouthe.

Of her had al the toun of Rome routhe,  
And Brutus by her chaste blode hath  
swore 1862

That Tarquin sholde y-banisht bether-forse,  
And al his kin; and let the peple calle,  
And openly the tale he tolde hem alle,  
And openly let carie her on a bere 1866  
Through al the toun, that men may see  
and here

The horrible deed of her oppressioun.  
Ne never was ther king in Rome toun (190)  
Sin thilke day; and she was holden there  
A seint, and ever her day y-halwed dere  
As in hir lawe: and thus endeth Lucrese,  
The noble wyf, as Titus bereth witness.

I tell hit, for she was of love so trewe,  
Ne in her wille she chaunged for no newe.  
And for the stable herte, sad and kinde,  
That in these women men may alday  
finde; 1877

Ther as they caste hir herte, ther hit  
dwelleth.

For wel I wot, that Crist þ-him-selve  
telleth, (200)

That in Israel, as wyd as is the lond, 1880  
That so gret feith in al the lond he ne  
fond

As in a woman; and this is no lye.  
And as of men, loketh which tirannye  
They doon alday; assay hem who so liste,  
The trewest is ful brotel for to triste. 1885

*Explicit Legenda Lucretie Rome, Martiria.*

## VI. THE LEGEND OF ARIADNE.

*Incipit Legenda Adriane de Athenes.*

Joue infernal, Minos, of Crete king,  
 Now cometh thy lot, now comestow on  
 the ring;  
 Nat for thy sake only wryte I this storie,  
 But for to clepe agein unto memorie 1889  
 Of Theseus the grete untrouthe of love;  
 For which the goddess of the heven above  
 Ben wrothe, and wreche han take for thy  
 sinne.

Be reed for ashame! now I thy lyf beginne.

Minos, that was the mighty king of  
 Crete,

That hadde an hundred citees stronge  
 and grete, (10) 1895

To scole hath sent his sone Androgeus,  
 To Athenes; of the whiche hit happed  
 thus,

That he was slayn, larning philosophye,  
 Right in that citee, nat but for envye.

The grete Minos, of the whiche I speke,  
 His sones deeth is comen for to wreke;  
 Alcathe he bisegeth harde and longe.

But natheles the walles be so stronge,  
 And Nisus, that was king of that citee,  
 So chivalrous, that litel dredeth he; 1905

Of Minos or his ost took he no cure, (21)  
 Til on a day befel an aventure,  
 That Nisus doghter stood upon the wal,  
 And of the sege saw the maner al. 1909

So happed hit, that, at a scarmishing,  
 She caste her herte upon Minos the king,  
 For his beautee and for his chivalrye,  
 So sore, that she wende for to dye.

And, shortly of this proces for to pace,  
 She made Minos winnen thilke place, 1915  
 So that the citee was al at his wille, (31)  
 To saven whom him list, or elles spille;

But wikkedly he quitte her kindenesse,  
 And let her drenche in sorowe and dis-  
 tresse, 1919

Nere that the goddess hadde of her pite;  
 But that tale were to long as now for me.

Athenes wan this king Minos also,  
 And Alcathe and other tounes mo;

And this th'effect, that Minos hath so  
 driven

Hem of Athenes, that they mote him  
 yiven (40) 1925

Fro yere to yere her owne children dare  
 For to be slayn, as ye shul after here.

This Minos hath a monstre, a wikked  
 beste,

That was so cruel that, without areste,  
 Whan that a man was broght in his  
 presence, 1930

He wolde him ete, ther helpeth no de-  
 fence.

And every thriddle yeer, with-uten doute,  
 They casten lot, and, as hit com aboute  
 On riche, on pore, he moste his sone  
 take, (49) 1934

And of his child he moste present make  
 Unto Minos, to save him or to spille,  
 Or lete his beste devoure him at his  
 wille.

And this hath Minos don, right in despyt;  
 To wreke his sone was set al his delyt,  
 And maken hem of Athenes his thral 1940  
 Fro yere to yere, whyl that he liven shal;  
 And hoom he sailleth whan this toun is  
 wonne.

This wikked custom is so longe y-ronne  
 Til that of Athenes king Egeus  
 Mot sende his owne sone, Theseus, 1945  
 Sith that the lot is fallen him upon, (61)  
 To be devoured, for grace is ther non.

And forth is lad this woful yonge knight  
 Unto the court of king Minos ful right,  
 And in a prison, fetered, cast is he 1950  
 Til thilke tyme he sholde y-freten be.

Wel maystow wepe, O woful Theseus,  
 That art a kinges sone, and dampned  
 thus.

Me thinketh this, that thou were depe  
 y-holde 1954

To whom that saved thee fro cares colde!  
 And now, if any woman helpe thee, (71)  
 Wel oughtestow her servant for to be,  
 And been her trewe lover yere by yere!  
 But now to come ageyn to my matere.

The tour, ther as this Theseus is throwe  
 Down in the botom derke and wonder  
 lowe, 1961  
 Was joyning in the walle to a forayne;  
 And hit was longing to the doghtren  
 tweyne  
 Of king Minos, that in hir chambres grete  
 Dwelten above, toward the maister-  
 strete, (80) 1965  
 In mochel mirthe, in joye and in solas.  
 Not I nat how, hit happed ther, per cas,  
 As Theseus compleyned him by nighte,  
 The kinges doghter, Adrian that highte,  
 And eek her suster Phedra, herden al 1970  
 His compleyning, as they stode on the wal  
 And lokeden upon the brighte mone;  
 Hem leste nat to go to bedde sone.  
 And of his wo they had compassioun;  
 A kinges sone to ben in swich prisoun  
 And be devoured, thoughte hem gret  
 pitea. (91) 1976  
 Than Adrian spak to her suster free,  
 And seyde, 'Phedra, leve suster dere,  
 This woful lordes sone may ye nat here,  
 How pitously compleyneth he his kin,  
 And eek his pore estat that he is in, 1981  
 And gilteless? now certes, hit is routhe!  
 And if ye wol assenten, by my trouthe,  
 He shal be helpen, how so that we do!'  
 Phedra answerde, 'y-wis, me is as wo  
 For him as ever I was for any man; 1986  
 And, to his help, the beste reed I can (102)  
 Is that we doon the gayler prively  
 To come, and speke with us hastily,  
 And doon this woful man with him to  
 come. 1990  
 For if he may this monstre overcome,  
 Than were he quit; ther is noon other  
 bote.  
 Lat us wel taste him at his herte-rote,  
 That, if so be that he a wepen have,  
 Wher that he dar, his lyf to kepe and  
 save, (110) 1995  
 Fighten with this fend, and him defende.  
 For, in the prison, ther he shal descende,  
 Ye wite wel, that the beste is in a place  
 That nis nat derk, and hath roum eek  
 and space  
 To welde an ax or sward or staf or knyf,  
 So that, me thinketh, he sholde save his  
 lyf; 2001

If that he be a man, he shal do so.  
 And we shul make him balles eek also  
 Of wexe and towe, that, whan he gapeth  
 faste, 2004  
 Into the bestes throte he shal hem caste  
 To slake his hunger and encombre his  
 teeth; (121)  
 And right anon, whan that Theseus seeth  
 The beste achoked, he shal on him lepe  
 To sleen him, or they comen more to-hepe.  
 This wepen shal the gayler, or that tyde,  
 Ful privly within the prison hyde; 2011  
 And, for the hous is crinkled to and fro,  
 And hath so queinte weyes for to go—  
 For hit is shapen as the mase is wrought—  
 Therto have I a remedie in my thoght,  
 That, by a clewe of twyne, as he hath  
 goon, (131) 2016  
 The same way he may returne anon,  
 Folwing alwey the threed, as he hath  
 come.  
 And, whan that he this beste hath over-  
 come,  
 Then may he fleen away out of this drede,  
 And eek the gayler may he with him  
 lede, 2021  
 And him avaunce at hoom in his contree,  
 Sin that so greet a lordes sone is he.  
 This is my reed, if that he dar hit take.'  
 What sholde I langer sermoun of hit  
 make? 2025  
 The gayler cometh, and with him Theseus.  
 And whan thise thinges been accorded  
 thus, (142)  
 Adoun sit Theseus upon his knee:—  
 'The righte lady of my lyf,' quod he,  
 'I, sorweful man, y-dampned to the deeth,  
 Fro yow, whyl that me lasteth lyf or  
 breeth, 2031  
 I wol nat twinne, after this aventure,  
 But in your servise thus I wol endure,  
 That, as a wrecche unknowe, I wol yow  
 serve 2034  
 For ever-mo, til that myn herte sterve.  
 Forsake I wol at hoom myn heritage, (151)  
 And, as I seide, ben of your court a page,  
 If that ye vouche-sauf that, in this place,  
 Ye graunte me to han so gret a grace  
 That I may han nat but my mete and  
 drinke; 2040  
 And for my sustenance yit wol I swinke,

Right as yow list, that Minos ne no  
wight—

Sin that he saw me never with eyen  
sight—

Ne no man elles, shal me conne espye;  
So slyly and so wel I shal me gye, 2045  
And me so wel disfigure and so lowe, (161)  
That in this world ther shal no man me  
knowe,

To han my lyf, and for to han presence  
Of yow, that doon to me this excellence.  
And to my fader shal I senden here 2050  
This worthy man, that is now your gay-  
lere,

And, him to guerdon, that he shal wel be  
Oon of the grettest man of my contree.

And yif I dorste seyn, my lady bright,  
I am a kinges sone, and eek a knight;  
As wolde god, yif that hit mighte be (171)

Ye weren in my contree, alle three,  
And I with yow, to bere yow companye,  
Than shulde ye seen yif that I ther-of lye!  
And, if I profre yow in low manere 2060  
To ben your page and serven yow right  
here,

But I yow serve as lowly in that place,  
I prey to Mars to yive me swiche a grace  
That shames deeth on me ther mote  
falle,

And deeth and povert to my frendes  
alle; 2065

And that my spirit by nighte mote go (181)  
After my deeth, and walke to and fro;  
That I mote of a traitour have a name,  
For which my spirit go, to do me shame!  
And yif I ever claime other degree, 2070  
But-if ye vouche-sauf to yive hit me,  
As I have seid, of shames deeth I deye!  
And mercy, lady! I can nat elles seye!

A seemly knight was Theseus to see,  
And yong, but of a twenty yeer and  
three; 2075

But who-so hadde y-seyn his counten-  
aunce, (191)

He wolde have wept, for routhe of his  
penaunce;

For which this Adriane in this manere  
Answerde to his profre and to his chere.

'A kinges sone, and eek a knight,'  
quod she, 2080

'To been my servant in so low degree,

God shilde hit, for the shame of women  
alle!

And leve me never swich a cas befall!'  
But sende yow grace and sleighte of  
herte also,

Yow to defende and knightly sleen your  
fo, 2085

And leve hereafter that I may yow finde  
To me and to my suster here so kinde,  
That I repente nat to give yow lyf! (205)  
Yit were hit better that I were your  
wyf,

Sin that ye been as gentil born as I, 2090  
And have a rēaume, nat but faste by,  
Then that I suffred giltles yow to sterve,  
Or that I let yow as a page serve;  
Hit is not profit, as unto your kinrede;  
But what is that that man nil do for  
drede? 2095

And to my suster, sin that hit is so (211)  
That she mot goon with me, if that I go,  
Or elles suffre deeth as wel as I,  
That ye unto your sone as trewely 2099  
Doon her bewedded at your hoom-coming.  
This is the fynal ende of al this thing;  
Ye swere hit heer, on al that may be  
sworn.'

'Ye, lady myn,' quod he, 'or elles torn  
Mote I be with the Minotaur to-morwe!  
And haveth her-of my herte-blood to  
borwe, (220) 2105

Yif that ye wile; if I had knyf or spere,  
I wolde hit leten out, and ther-on swere,  
For than at erst I wot ye wil me leve.  
By Mars, that is the cheef of my bileve,  
So that I mighte liven and nat faille 2110  
To-morwe for t'acheve my bataile,  
I nolde never fro this place flee,  
Til that ye shuld the verray preve see.

For now, if that the sooth I shal yow say,  
I have y-loved yow ful many a day, 2115  
Thogh ye ne wiste hit nat, in my contree.  
And aldermost desyred yow to see (232)

Of any erthly living creature; 2118  
Upon my trouthe I swere, and yow assure,  
Thise seven yeer I have your servant be;  
Now have I yow, and also have ye me,  
My dere herte, of Athenes duchesse!'

This lady smyleth at his stedfastnesse,  
And at his hertly wordes, and his chere,  
And to her suster seide in this manere,

Al softly, 'now, suster myn,' quod she,  
'Now be we duchesses, bothe I and ye,  
And sikered to the regals of Athenes, (243)  
And bothe her-after lykly to be quenes,  
And saved fro his deeth a kinges sone,  
As ever of gentil women is the wone 2131  
To save a gentil man, amforth hir might,  
In honest cause, and namely in his right.  
Me thinketh no wight oghte her-of us  
blame,

Ne beren us ther-for an evel name.' 2135

And shortly of this matere for to make,  
This Theseus of her hath leve y-take, (252)  
And every point performed was in dede  
As ye have in this covenant herd me rede.  
His wepen, his clew, his thing that I have  
said, 2140

Was by the gayler in the hous y-laid  
Ther as this Minotaur hath his dwelling,  
Right faste by the dore, at his entring.  
And Theseus is lad unto his deeth, 2144  
And forth un-to this Minotaur he geeth,  
And by the teching of this Adriane (261)  
He overcom this beste, and was his bane;  
And out he cometh by the clewe again  
Ful prevely, whan he this beste hath  
slain; 2149

And by the gayler gotten hath a barge,  
And of his wyves tresor gan hit charge,  
And took his wyf, and eek her suster free,  
And eek the gayler, and with hem alle  
three

Is stole away out of the lond by nighte,  
And to the contre of Ennopye him  
dighte 2155

Ther as he had a frend of his knowinge.  
Ther festen they, ther dauncen they and  
singe; (272)

And in his armes hath this Adriane,  
That of the beste hath kept him from his  
bane; 2159

And gat him ther a newe barge anon,  
And of his contree-folk a ful gret woon,  
And taketh his leve, and hoomward sail-  
eth he.

And in an yle, amid the wilde see,  
Ther as ther dwelte creature noon  
Save wilde bestes, and that ful many  
oon, 2165

He made his ship a-londe for to sette;  
And in that yle half a day he lette, (282)

And seide, that on the lond he moste him  
reste.

His mariners han doon right as him  
leste;

And, for to tellen shortly in this cas, 2170  
Whan Adriane his wyf a-slepe was,  
For that her suster fairer was than she,  
He taketh her in his hond, and forth  
goth he

To shippe, and as a traitour stal his way  
Why! that this Adriane a-slepe lay, 2175  
And to his contree-ward he sailleth  
blyve— (291)

A twenty devil way the wind him  
dryve!—

And fond his fader drenched in the see.

Me list no more to speke of him, parde;  
These false lovers, poison be hir bane!

But I wol turne again to Adriane 2181  
That is with slepe for werinesse atake.

Ful sorwefully her herte may awake.  
Allas! for thees my herte hath now  
pite!

Right in the dawening awaketh she, 2185  
And gropeth in the bedde, and fond right  
noght. (301)

'Allas!' quod she, 'that ever I was  
wroght!

I am betrayed!' and her heer to-rente,  
And to the stronde bar-fot faste she  
wente,

And cryed, 'Theseus! myn herte swete!  
Wher be ye, that I may nat with yow  
mete, 2191  
And mighte thus with bestes been y-  
alain?'

The holwe rokkes answerde her again;  
No man she saw, and yit shyned the  
mone, 2194

And hye upon a rokke she wente sone,  
And saw his barge sailing in the see. (311)  
Cold wax her herte, and right thus seide  
she.

'Mekere than ye finde I the bestes wilde!'  
Hadde he nat sinne, that her thus be-  
gylde?

She cryed, 'O turne again, for routhe and  
sinne! 2200

Thy barge hath nat al his meiny inne!'  
Her kerchief on a pole up stikked she,  
Assaunce that he sholde hit wel y-see,

And him remembre that she was behinde,  
And turne again, and on the stronde her  
finde; (320) 2205

But al for noght; his way he is y-noon.  
And down she fil a-swown upon a stoon;  
And up she rist, and kiste, in al her care,  
The steppes of his feet, ther he hath fare,  
And to her bedde right thus she speketh  
tho:— 2210

'Thou bed,' quod she, 'that hast receyved  
two,

Thou shalt answere of two, and nat of  
oon!

Wher is thy gretter part away y-noon?  
Allas! wher shal I, wrecched wight, be-  
come!

For, tho so be that ship or boot heer  
come, 2215

Hoom to my contree dar I nat for  
drede; (331)

I can my-selven in this cas nat rede!

What shal I telle more her complein-  
ing?

Hit is so long, hit were an hevye thing.

In her epistle Naso telleth al; 2220

But shortly to the ende I telle shal.

The goddes have her holpen, for pitee;

And, in the signe of Taurus, men may  
see

The stones of her coroun shyne clere.—

I wol no more speke of this matere;

But thus this false lover can begyle 2226

His trewe love. The devil þim quyte  
his whyle! (342)

*Explicit Legenda Adriane de Athens.*

## VII. THE LEGEND OF PHILOMELA.

*Incipit Legenda Philomene.*

*Deus dator formarum.*

Thou yiver of the formes, that hast  
wroght

The faire world, and bare hit in thy  
thought

Eternally, or thou thy werk began, 2230  
Why madest thou, unto the slaundre of  
man,

Or—al be that hit was not thy doing,  
As for that fyn to make swiche a  
thing—

Why suffrest thou that Tereus was bore,  
That is in love so fals and so forswore,  
That, fro this world up to the firste  
hevene, 2236

Corrumpeth, whan that folk his name  
nevene? (10)

And, as to me, so grisly was his dede,  
That, whan that I his foule story rede,  
Myn eyen wexen foule and sore also; 2240  
Yit last the venom of so longe ago,  
That hit enfeteth him that wol beholde  
The story of Tereus, of which I tolde.

Of Trace was he lord, and kin to Marte,  
The cruel god that stant with bloody  
darte; 2245

And wedded had he, with a blisful chere,  
King Pandiones faire doghter dere, (20)  
That highte Progne, flour of her contree,  
Thogh Juno list nat at the feste be,  
Ne Ymeneus, that god of wedding is;  
But at the feste redy been, y-wis, 2251  
The furies three, with alle hir mortal  
bround.

The owle al night aboute the balkes wond,  
That prophet is of wo and of mischaunce.  
This revel, ful of songe and ful of daunce,  
Lasteth a fourteenight, or litel lasse. 2256  
But, shortly of this story for to passe, (30)

For I am wery of him for to telle,  
Five yeer his wyf and he togeder dwelle,  
Til on a day she gan so sore longe 2260  
To seen her suster, that she saw nat longe,  
That for desyr she niste what to seye.  
But to her husband gan she for to preye,  
For goddes love, that she moste ones  
goon 2264

Her suster for to seen, and come anon,  
Or elles, but she moste to her wende,  
She preyde him, that he wolde after her  
sende; (40)

And this was, day by day, al her prayere  
With al humblese of wyfhood, word, and  
chere. 2269

This Tereus let make his shippes yare,  
And into Grece him-self is forth y-fare  
Unto his fader in lawe, and gan him  
preye

To vouche-sauf that, for a month or  
tweye,

That Philomene, his wyves suster, mighte  
On Progne his wyf but ones have a  
sighte— 2275

'And she shal come to yow again anon.  
Myself with her wol bothe come and  
goon, (50)

And as myn hertes lyf I wol her kepe.'

This olde Pandion, this king, gan  
wepe

For tendernesse of herte, for to leve 2280  
His doghter goon, and for to yive her  
leve;

Of al this world he lovede no-thing so;  
But at the laste leve hath she to go.

For Philomene, with salte teres eke,  
Gan of her fader grace to beseke 2285

To seen her suster, that her longeth so;  
And him embraceth with her armes two.

And therwith-al so yong and fair was she  
That, whan that Terēus saw her beautee,

And of array that ther was noon her  
liche, (63) 2290

And yit of bountee was she two so riche,  
He caste his fyrr herte upon her so

That he wol have her, how so that hit go,  
And with his wyles kneled and so preyde,

Til at the laste Pandion thus seyde:—

'Now, sone,' quod he, 'that art to me  
so dere, 2296

I thee betake my yonge doghter here, (70)

That bereth the key of al my hertes lyf.

And grete wel my doghter and thy wyf,

And yive her leve somtyme for to pleye,

That she may seen me ones er I deye.'

And soothly, he hath mad him riche  
feete, 2302

And to his folk, the moste and eek the  
leste,

That with him com; and yaf him yiftes  
grete,

And him conveyeth through the maister-  
strete 2305

Of Athenes, and to the see him broghte,

And turneth hoom; no malice he ne  
thoghte. (80)

The ores pulleth forth the vessel faste,  
And into Trace arriveth at the laste,  
And up into a forest he her ledde, 2310  
And to a cave privily him spedde;

And, in this derke cave, yif her leste,  
Or leste noght, he bad her for to reste;

Of whiche har herte agroos, and seyde  
thus,

'Wher is my suster, brother Tereus?' 2315

And therwith-al she wepte tenderly,

And quook for fere, pale and pitously,

Right as the lamb that of the wolf is  
biten;

Or as the colver, that of the egle is  
smiten,

And is out of his claws forth escaped, 2320

Yet hit is afered and awhaped

Lest hit be hent eft-sones, so sat she.

But utterly hit may non other be.

By force hath he, this traitour, doon that  
dede,

That he hath raft her of her mayden-  
hede, 2325

Mangree her heed, by strengthe and by  
his might. (99)

Lo! here a dede of men, and that a right!

She cryeth 'suster!' with ful loud  
stevane,

And 'fader dere!' and 'help me, god in  
hevene!' 2329

Al helpeth nat; and yet this false theef

Hath doon this lady yet a more mischeef,

For fere lest she sholde his shame crye,

And doon him openly a vilanye,

And with his sward her tong of kerveth  
he,

And in a castel made her for to be 2335

Ful privily in prison evermore,

And kepte her to his usage and his  
store, (110)

So that she mighte him nevermore asterte.

O sely Philomene! wo is thyn herte;

God wreke thee, and sende thee thy  
bone! 2340

Now is hit tyme I make an ende sone.

This Tereus is to his wyf y-come,

And in his armes hath his wyf y-nome,

And pitously he weep, and shook his  
heed,

And swor her that he fond her suster  
deed; 2345



For which this sely Progne hath swich  
wo, (119) 2346

That ny her sorweful herte brak a-two;  
And thus in teres lete I Progne dwelle,  
And of her suster forth I wol yow telle.

This woful lady larned had in youthe  
So that she werken and enbrouden couthe,  
And weven in her stole the radevours  
As hit of women hath be woned yore.  
And, shortly for to seyn, she hath her  
fille

Of mete and drink, and clothing at her  
wille, 2355

And coude 'eek rede, and wel y-nogh  
endyte,

But with a penne coude she nat wryte;  
But lettres can she weven to and fro, (131)

So that, by that the year was al a-go,  
She had y-woven in a stamin large 2360

How she was broght from Athenes in a  
barge,

And in a cave how that she was broght;  
And al the thing that Tereus hath wrought,  
She waf hit wel, and wroot the story  
above,

How she was served for her suster love;  
And to a knave a ring she yaf anon, 2366

And prayed him, by signes, for to goon (140)  
Unto the quene, and beren her that clooth,

And by signes swor him many an ooth,  
She sholde him yeve what she geten  
might. 2370

This knave anon unto the quene him  
dighte,

And took hit her, and al the maner tolde.  
And, whan that Progne hath this thing  
beholde,

No word she spak, for sorwe and eek for  
rage;

But feyned her to goon on pilgrimage 2375  
To Bachus temple; and, in a litel  
stounde,

Her dombe suster sitting hath she founde,  
Weping in the castel her aloon. (151)

Allas! the wo, the complaint, and the  
moon

That Progne upon her dombe suster  
maketh! 2380

In armes everich of hem other taketh,  
And thus I lete hem in hir sorwe dwelle.

The remenant is no charge for to  
telle,

For this is al and som, thus was she  
served,

That never harm a-gilte ne deserved 2385  
Unto this cruel man, that she of wiste.

Ye may be war of man, yif that yow  
liste. (160)

For, al be that he wol nat, for his shame,  
Doon so as Tereus, to lese his name,

Ne serve yow as a mordrour or a knave,  
Ful litel whyle shul ye trewe him have,

That wol I seyn, al were he now my  
brother, 2392

But hit so be that he may have non  
other. (166)

*Explicit Legenda Philomene.*

## VIII. THE LEGEND OF PHYLLIS.

### *Incipit Legenda Phyllis.*

By preve as wel as by auctoritee,  
That wikked fruit cometh of a wikked  
tree, 2395

That may ye finde, if that it lyketh  
yow.

But for this ende I speke this as now,  
To telle you of false Demophon.

In love a falsen herde I never non,  
But-if hit were his fader Theseus. 2400

'God, for his grace, fro swich oon kepe  
us!'

Thus may thise women prayen that hit  
here. (9)

Now to th'effect turne I of my matere.

Destroyed is of Troye the citee; 2404  
This Demophon com sailing in the see

Toward Athenes, to his paleys large;  
With him com many a ship and many a  
barge

Ful of his folk, of which ful many oon  
Is wounded sore, and seek, and wo be-  
goun. 2409

And they han at the sege longe y-lain.  
Behinde him com a wind and eek a rain  
That shoof so sore, his sail ne mighte  
stonde, (19)

Him were lever than al the world a-londe,  
So hunteth him the tempest to and fro.  
So derk hit was, hecoude nowher go; 2415  
And with a wawe brosten was his stere.  
His ship was rent so lowe, in swich  
manere,

That carpenter ne coude hit nat amende.  
The see, by nighte, as any torche brende  
For wood, and posseth him now up now  
doun, 2430

Til Neptune hath of him compassioun,  
And Thetis, Chorus, Triton, and they  
alle,

And maden him upon a lond to falle, (30)  
Wher-of that Phillis lady was and quene,  
Ligurgus doghter, fairer on to sene 2425  
Than is the flour again the brighte sonne.  
Unnethe is Demophon to londre y-wonne,  
Wayk and eek wery, and his folk for-  
pyned

Of werinesse, and also enfamnyed; 2439  
And to the deeth he almost was y-driven.  
His wyse folk to conseil han him yiven  
To seken help and socour of the queen,  
And loken what his grace mighte been, (40)  
And maken in that lond som chevisaunce,  
To kepen him fro wo and fro mischaunce.  
For seek was he, and almost at the deeth;  
Unnethe mighte he speke or drawe his  
breeth, 2437

And lyth in Rodopeya him for to reste.  
Whan he may walke, him thoughte hit  
was the beste

Unto the court to seken for socour. 2440  
Men knewe him wel, and diden him  
honour;

For at Athenes duk and lord was he,  
As Theseus his fader hadde y-be, (50)  
That in his tyme was of greet renoun,  
No man so greet in al his regioun; 2445  
And lyk his fader of face and of stature,  
And fals of love; hit com him of nature;  
As doth the fox Renard, the foxes sone,  
Of kinde he coude his olde faders wone

Withoute lore, as can a drake swimme,  
Whan hit is caught and caried to the  
brimme. 2451

This honourable Phillis doth him chere,  
Her lyketh wel his port and his manere.  
But for I am agroted heer-biforn (61)  
To wryte of hem that been in love for-  
sworn, 2455

And eek to haste me in my legende,  
Which to performe god me grace sende,  
Therfor I passe shortly in this wyse;  
Ye han wel herd of Theseus devyse  
In the betraising of fair Adriane, 2460  
That of her pite kepte him from his  
bane.

At shorte wordes, right so Demophon  
Thesame way, the same path hath gon (70)  
That dide his false fader Theseus.

For unto Phillis hath he sworn thus, 2465  
To wedden her, and her his trouthe  
plighte,  
And piked of her al the good he mighte,  
Whan he was hool and sound and hadde  
his reste;

And doth with Phillis what so that him  
leste.

And wel coude I, yif that me leste so, 2470  
Tellen al his doing to and fro.

He seide, unto his contree moste he  
saile,

For ther he wolde her wedding apparaile  
As fil to her honour and his also. (81)

And openly he took his leve tho, 2475  
And hath her sworn, he wolde nat sojorne,  
But in a month he wolde again retorne.  
And in that lond let make his ordinaunce  
As verray lord, and took the obeisaunce  
Wel and boomyly, and let his shippes  
dighte, 2480

And hoom he goth the nexte way he  
mighte;

For unto Phillis yit ne com he noght.  
And that hath she so harde and sore  
aboght, (90)

Allas! that, as the stories us recorde,  
She was her owne deeth right with a  
corde, 2485  
Whan that she saw that Demophon her  
trayed.

But to him first she wroot and faste  
him prayed

He wolde come, and her deliver of payne,  
As I rehearse shal a word or twayne.

Me list nat vouchesauf on him to swinke,  
Nespende on him a penne ful of inke, 2491  
For fals in love was he, right as his syre;  
The devil sette hir soules bothe a-fyre!  
But of the lettre of Phillis wol I wryte  
A word or twayne, al-thogh hit be but  
lyte. (102) 2495

'Thyn hostesse,' quod she, 'O Demophon,  
Thy Phillis, which that is so wo begon,  
Of Rodopeye, upon yow moot compleyne,  
Over the terme set betwix us twayne,  
That ye ne holden forward, as ye seyde;  
Your anker, which ye in our haven  
leyde, 2501

Highte us, that ye wolde comen, out of  
doute,

Or that the mone ones wente aboute. (110)  
But tymes foure the mone hath hid her  
face

Sin thiilke day ye wente fro this place, 2505  
And foure tymes light the world again.  
But for al that, yif I shal soothly sain,  
Yit hath the stream of Sitho nat y-brought  
From Athenes the ship; yit comth hit  
noght.

And, yif that ye the terme rekne wolde,  
As I or other trewe lovers sholde, 2511  
I pleyne not, god wot, befor my day.'—

But al her lettre wryten I ne may (120)  
By ordre, for hit were to me a charge;  
Her lettre was right long and ther-to  
large; 2515

But here and there in ryme I have hit  
laid,

Ther as me thoughte that she wel hath  
said.—

She seide, 'thy sailles comen nat again,  
Ne to thy word ther nis no fey certain;  
But I wot why ye come nat,' quod she;  
'For I was of my love to you so free. 2521  
And of the goddes that ye han forswore,  
Yif that hir vengeance falle on yow ther-  
fore, (130)

Ye be nat suffisaunt to bere the payne.  
To moche trusted I, wel may I pleyne, 2525

Upon your linage and your faire tonge,  
And on your teres falsly out y-wronge.  
How coude ye wepe so by craft?' quod  
she;

'May ther swiche teres feyned be?  
Now certes, yif ye wolde have in memorie,  
Hit oghte be to yow but litel glorie 2531  
To have a sely mayde thus betrayed!

To god,' quod she, 'preye I, and ofte have  
prayed, (140)

That hit be now the grettest prys of alle,  
And moste honour that ever yow shal  
befalle! 2535

And whan thyn olde auncestres peynted  
be,

In which men may hir worthinesse see,  
Than, preye I god, thou peynted be also,  
That folk may reden, for-by as they go,  
"Lo! this is he, that with his flaterye 2540  
Betrayed hath and doon her vilanye  
That was his trewe love in thoghte and  
dede!"

But sothly, of oo point yit may they rede,  
That ye ben lyk your fader as in this; (151)  
For he begyled Adriane, y-wis, 2545

With swiche an art and swiche sotelte  
As thou thy-selven hast begyled me.

As in that point, al-thogh hit be nat fayr,  
Thou folwest him, certain, and art his eyr.  
But sin thus sinfully ye me begyle, 2550

My body mote ye seen, within a while,  
Right in the haven of Athenes fetinge,  
With-outen sepulture and buryinge; (160)  
Thogh ye ben harder then is any stoon.'

And, whan this lettre was forth sent  
anoon, 2555

And knew how brotel and how fals he  
was,

She for dispeyr for-dide herself, alas!  
Swich sorwe hath she, for she besette her  
so.

Be war, ye women, of your sotil fo, 2559  
Sin yit this day men may ensample see;  
And trusteth, as in love, no man but  
me. (168)

*Explicit Legenda Phillis.*

IX. THE LEGEND OF HYPERMNESTRA.

*Incipit Legenda Ypermistre.*

In Grece whylom weren brethren two,  
Of whiche that oon was called Danao,  
That many a sone hath of his body wonne,  
As swiche false lovers ofte conne. 2565  
Among his sones alle ther was oon  
That aldermost he lovede of everichoon.  
And whan this child was born, this Danao  
Shoop him a name, and called him  
Lino.

That other brother called was Egiste, 2570  
That was of love as fals as ever him  
liste, (10)

And many a doghter gat he in his lyve;  
Of which he gat upon his righte wyve  
A doghter dere, and dide her for to calle  
Ypermistra, yongest of hem alle; 2575  
The whiche child, of her nativitee,  
To alle gode thewes born was she,  
As lyked to the goddes, or she was born,  
That of the shefe she sholde be the  
corn; (18)

The Wirde, that we clepen Destinee, 2580  
Hath shapen her that she mot nedes be  
Pitouse, sadde, wyse, and trewe as steel;  
And to this woman hit accordeth weel.  
For, though that Venus yaf her greet  
beautee,

With Jupiter compouned so was she 2585  
That conscience, trouthe, and drede of  
shame,

And of her wyfhood for to kepe her name,  
This, thoughte her, was felicitie as here.  
And rede Mars was, that tyme of the  
yere,

So feble, that his malice is him raft, 2590  
Repressed hath Venus his cruel craft; (30)  
†What with Venus and other oppressioun  
Of houses, Mars his venim is adoun,  
That Ypermistra dar nat handle a knyf  
In malice, thogh she sholde lese her lyf.  
But natheles, as heven gan tho turne, 2596  
To badde aspectes hath she of Saturne,

That made her for to dayen in prisoun,  
As I shal after make mencioniun.  
To Danao and Egiste also— 2600  
Al-though so be that they were brethren  
two, (40)

For thilke tyme nas spared no linage—  
Hit lyked hem to maken mariage  
Betwix Ypermistra and him Lino,  
And casten swiche a day hit shal beso; 2605  
And ful accorded was hit witterly;  
The array is wrought, the tyme is faste by.  
And thus Lino hath of his fadres brother  
The doghter wedded, and eche of hem  
hath other.

The torches brennen and the lampes  
bryghte, 2610  
The sacrifices been ful redy dighte; (50)  
Th'encens out of the fyre reketh sote,  
The flour, the leef is rent up by the  
rote

To maken garlands and coronnes hye;  
Ful is the place of soun of minstraleye,  
Of songes amorous of mariage, 2616  
As thilke tyme was the pleyn usage.  
And this was in the paleys of Egiste,  
That in his hous was lord, right as him  
liste;

And thus the day they dryven to an  
ende; 2620  
The frendes taken leve, and hoom they  
wende. (60)

The night is come, the bryd shal go to  
bedde;

Egiste to his chambre faste him spedde,  
And privily he let his doghter calle.

Whan that the hous was voided of ham  
alle, 2625

He loked on his doghter with glad  
chere,

And to her spak, as ye shul after here.  
'My righte doghter, tresor of myn  
herte!

Sin first that day that shapen was my  
sherte,

Or by the fatal sustren had my dom, 2630  
So ny myn herte never thing me com (70)  
As thou, myn Ypermistra, doghter  
dere!

Tak heed what I thy fader sey thee  
here,

And werk after thy wyser ever-mo.

For alderfirste, doghter, I love thee so 2635  
That al the world to me nis half so leef;  
Ne I nolde rede thee to thy mischeef  
For al the gode under the colde mone;  
And what I mene, hit shal be seid right  
sone,

With protestacioun, as in this wyse, 2640  
That, but thou do as I shal thee devyse,  
Thou shalt be deed, by him that al hath  
wrought! (81)

At shorte wordes, thou n'escapest noght  
Out of my paleys, or that thou be deed,  
But thou consente and werke after my  
reed; 2645

Tak this to thee for fpl conclusioun.'

This Ypermistra caste her eyen down,  
And quook as dooth the leef of aspe  
grene;

Deed wax her hewe, and lyk as ash to  
sene, 2649

And seyde, 'lord and fader, al your wille,  
After my might, god wot, I shal fulfille,  
So hit to me be no confusioun.' (91)

'I nil,' quod he, 'have noon excepcioun';  
And out he caughte a knyf, as rasour kene;  
'Hyd this,' quod he, 'that hit be nat y-  
sene; 2655

And, whan thyn husbond is to bedde y-go,  
Whyl that he slepeth, cut his throte a-two.  
For in my dremes hit is warned me

How that my newew shal my bane be,  
But whiche I noot, wherfor I wol be  
siker. 2660

Yif thou sey nay, we two shul have a  
biker (100)

As I have seyde, by him that I have  
sworn.'

This Ypermistra hath ny her wit forlon;  
And, for to passen harmles of that place,  
She graunted him; ther was non other  
grace. 2665

And therwith-al a costrel taketh he,  
And seyde, 'herof a draught, or two or  
three;

Yif him to drinke, whan he goth to  
reste,  
And he shal slepe as longe as ever thee  
leste,

The narcotiks and opies been so stronge:  
And go thy way, lest that him thinke  
longe.' (110) 2671

Out comth the bryd, and with ful sober  
chere,

As is of maidens ofte the manere,  
To chambre is broght with revel and with  
songe,

And shortly, lest this tale be to longe, 2675  
This Lino and she ben sone broght to  
bedde;

And every wight out at the dore him  
spedde.

The night is wasted, and he fel a-slepe;  
Ful tenderly beginneth she to wepe.

She rist her up, and dredfully she  
quaketh, 2680

As doth the braunche that Zephirus  
shaketh, (120)

And husht were alle in Argon that citee.  
As cold as any frost now waxeth she;

For pite by the herte her streyneth so,  
And dred of deeth doth her so moche wo,  
That thryes down she fl in swiche a  
were. 2686

She rist her up, and stakereth heer and  
there,

And on her handes faste loketh she.  
'Allas! and shul my handes bloody be?

I am a maid, and, as by my nature, 2690  
And by my semblant and by my vesture,

Myn handes been nat shapen for a knyf,  
As for to reve no man fro his lyf. (132)

What devil have I with the knyf to do?  
And shal I have my throte corve a-two?

Then shal I blede, alas! and me be-  
shende; 2696

And nedes cost this thing mot have an  
ende;

Or he or I mot nedes lese our lyf.  
Now certes,' quod she, 'sin I am his wyf,

And hath my feith, yit is it bet for me  
For to be deed in wyfly honestee (140) 2701

Than be a traitour living in my shama.  
Be as be may, for ernest or for game,

He shal awake, and ryse and go his way  
Out at this goter, or that hit be day!—

And weep ful tenderly upon his face, 2706  
And in her armes gan him to embrace,  
And him she rogeth and awaketh softe;  
And at the window leep he fro the  
lofte

Whan she hath warned him, and doon  
him bote. 2710

This Lino swifte was, and light of fote,  
And from his wyf he ran a ful good pas.

This sely woman is so wayk, alas! (152)

And helples so, that, or that she fer  
wente,

Her cruel fader dide her for to hente. 2715

Allas! Lino! why art thou so unkinde?  
Why ne haddest thou remembred in thy  
minde

To taken her, and lad her forth with  
thee?

For, whan she saw that goon away was he,  
And that she mighte nat so faste go, 2720

Ne folwen him, she sette her down right  
tho, (160)

Til she was caught and fetered in prisoun.

This tale is seid for this conclusioun. . .

(Unfinished.)

# A TREATISE ON THE ASTROLABE.

## PROLOGUS.

LITEL Lowis my sone, I have perceived wel by certeyne evidences thyn abilitie to lerne sciencenz touchinge noumbres and proporciouns; and as wel considere I thy  
5 biy preyere in special to lerne the Tretis of the Astrolabie. Than, for as mechel as a filosofre seith, 'he wrappeth him in his frend, that condescendeth to the rightful prayers of his frend,' ther-for  
10 have I geven thee a suffisaunt Astrolabie as for oure orizonte, compowned after the latitude of Oxenford; up-on which, by mediacion of this litel tretis, I purpose to teche thee a certain nombre of conclu-  
15 sions apertening to the same instrument. I seye a certain of conclusiouns, for three causes. The furste cause is this: truste wel that alle the conclusiouns that han ben founde, or elles possibly mighten be  
20 founde in so noble an instrument as an Astrolabie, ben un-knowe perfilty to any mortal man in this regioun, as I suppose. A-nother cause is this; that sothly, in any tretis of the Astrolabie that I have seyn,  
25 there ben some conclusions that wole nat in alle thinges performen hir bihestes; and some of hem ben to harde to thy tendre age of ten year to conseyye. This tretis, divided in fyve parties, wole I shewe  
30 thee under ful lighte rewles and naked wordes in English; for Latin ne canstow

yit but smal, my lyte sone. But natheles, suffyse to thee thisse trewe conclusiouns in English, as wel as suffyseth to thisse noble clerkes Grekes thisse same conclusiouns in  
35 Greek, and to Arabiens in Arabik, and to Jewes in Ebrew, and to the Latin folk in Latin; whiche Latin folk han hem furst out of othre diverse langages, and writen in hir owne tonge, that is to sein, in  
40 Latin. And god wot, that in alle thisse langages, and in many mo, han thisse conclusiouns ben suffisantly lerned and taught, and yit by diverse rewles, right as diverse pathes leden diverse folk the  
45 righte wey to Rome. Now wol I prey meekly every discreet persone that redeth or hereth this litel tretis, to have my rewde endyting for excused, and my superfluite of wordes, for two causes. The  
50 furste cause is, for that curious endyting and hard sentence is ful hevy atones for swich a child to lerne. And the seconde cause is this, that sothly me semeth betre to wryten un-to a child twyes a good  
55 sentence, than he forgete it ones. And Lowis, yif so be that I shewe thee in my lighte English as trewe conclusiouns touching this matere, and naught only as trewe but as many and as subtil con-  
60 clusiouns as ben shewed in Latin in any commune tretis of the Astrolabie, con me

the more thank; and preye god save the king, that is lord of this langage, and alle  
 5 that him feyth bereth and obeyeth, ever-  
 ech in his degree, the more and the lasse.  
 But considere wel, that I ne usurpe nat to  
 have founde this werk of my labour or of  
 myn engyn. I nam but a lewd com-  
 70 pilatour of the labour of olde Astro-  
 logiens, and have hit translated in myn  
 English only for thy doctryne; and with  
 this sward shal I sleen envye.

I. The firste partie of this tretis shal  
 75 reherse the figures and the membres of  
 thyn Astrolabie, bi-cause that thou shalt  
 han the grette knowing of thyn owne  
 instrument.

II. The second partie shal teche thee  
 80 werken the verrey practik of the forseide  
 conclusiouns, as ferforth and as narwe  
 as may be shewed in so smal an instru-  
 ment portatif aboute. For wel wot every  
 astrologien that smalest fraccions ne wol  
 85 nat ben shewed in so smal an instrument,  
 as in subtil tables calculated for a cause.

III. The thridde partie shal contienen  
 diverse tables of longitudes and latitudes  
 of sterres fixe for the Astrolabie, and  
 90 tables of declinacions of the sonne, and  
 tables of longitudes of citees and of  
 townes; and as wel for the governance

of a klokke as for to finde the altitude  
 meridian; and many another notable  
 conclusioun, after the kalendres of the 95  
 reverent clerkes, frere I. Somer and frere  
 N. Lenne.

IV. The ferthe partie shal ben a theorik  
 to declare the moevinge of the celestial  
 bodies with the causes. The whiche 100  
 ferthe partie in special shal shewen a  
 table of the verrey moeving of the mone  
 from houre to houre, every day and in  
 every signe, after thyn almenak; upon  
 which table ther folwith a canon, suffi- 105  
 sant to teche as wel the maner of the  
 wyrking of that same conclusioun, as to  
 knowe in oure orisonte with which de-  
 gree of the zodiac that the mone ariseth  
 in any latitude; and the arising of any 110  
 planete after his latitude fro the ecliptik  
 lyne.

V. The fifte partie shal ben an intro-  
 ductorie after thestatutz of oure doctours,  
 in which thou maist lerne a gret part of 115  
 the general rewles of theorik in astrologie.  
 In which fifte partie shaltow finde tables  
 of equations of houses after the latitude  
 of Oxenford; and tables of dignetes of  
 planetes, and other noteful thinges, yif 120  
 god wol vouche-sauf and his modur the  
 mayde, mo than I behete, &c.

## PART I.

### HERE BEGINNETH THE DESCRIPCION OF THE ASTROLABIE.

1. Thyn Astrolabie hath a ring to  
 putten on the thombe of thy right  
 hand in taking the heichte of thinges.  
 And tak keep, for from hennes-forthward,  
 5 I wol clepe the heichte of any thing that  
 is taken by thy rewle, the altitude, with-  
 oute mo wordes.

2. This ring renneth in a maner turet,  
 fast to the moder of thyn Astrolabie, in  
 so rowm a space that hit desturbeth nat  
 the instrument to hangen after his righte  
 5 centre.

3. The Moder of thyn Astrolabie is the  
 thikkeste plate, perced with a large hole,  
 that resseyveth in hir wombe the thinne  
 plates compowned for diverse clymatez,  
 and thy rist shapen in manere of a net or 5  
 of a webbe of a loppe; and for the more  
 declaracioun, lo here the figure.

4. This moder is devyded on the bak-  
 half with a lyne, that cometh dessend-  
 inge fro the ring down to the nethereste  
 bordure. The whiche lyne, fro the for-  
 seide ring un-to the centre of the large 5  
 hole amidde, is cleped the south lyne, or  
 elles the lyne meridional. And the  
 remenant of this lyne downe to the bor-



10 dure is cleped the north lyne, or elles the  
lyne of midnight. And for the more  
declaracioun, lo here the figure.

5. Over-thwart this for-seide longe  
lyne, ther crosseth him another lyne of  
the same lengthe from est to west. Of  
the whiche lyne, from a lital croys + in  
5 the bordure un-to the centre of the large  
hole, is cleped the Est lyne, or elles the  
lyne Orientale; and the remenant of this  
lyne fro the forseide + un-to the bordure,  
is cleped the West lyne, or the lyne Occi-  
10 dentale. Now hastow here the foure  
quarters of thin astrolabie, devyded after  
the foure principals plagis or quarters of  
the firmament. And for the more declar-  
acioun, lo here thy figure.

6. The est side of thyn Astrolabie is  
cleped the right side, and the west side  
is cleped the left side. Forget nat this,  
lital Lowis. Put the ring of thyn Astro-  
15 labie upon the thombe of thy right  
hand, and thanne wole his right syde be  
toward thy left syde, and his left syde  
wol be toward thy right syde; tak this  
rewle general, as wel on the bak as on  
10 the wombe-side. Upon the ende of this  
est lyne, as I first seide, is marked a lital  
+, wher-as evere-mo generally is con-  
sidered the entring of the first degree in  
which the sonne aryseth. And for the  
15 more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

7. Fro this lital + up to the ende of  
the lyne meridional, under the ring,  
shaltow finden the bordure devyded with  
90 degrees; and by that same proporcioun  
5 is every quarter of thin Astrolabie de-  
vyded. Over the whiche degrees ther  
ben nombres of augrim, that devyden  
thilke same degrees fro fyve to fyve, as  
sheweth by longe strykes by-twene. Of  
10 whiche longe strykes the space by-twene  
contieneth a mile-way. And every degree  
of the bordure contieneth foure minutes,  
that is to seyn, minutes of an houre.  
And for more declaracioun, lo here the  
15 figure.

8. Under the compas of thilke degrees  
ben writen the names of the Twelve  
Signes, as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer,  
Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius,

Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces; and the 5  
nombres of the degrees of the signes ben  
writen in augrim above, and with longe  
devisiouns, fro fyve to fyve; devyded fro  
tyme that the signe entreth un-to the  
laste ende. But understand wel, that 10  
these degrees of signes ben everich of hem  
considered of 60 minutes, and every  
minute of 60 secondes, and so forth in-to  
smale fraccions infinit, as seith Alka-  
bucius. And ther-for, know wel, that 15  
a degree of the bordure contieneth foure  
minutes, and a degree of a signe con-  
tieneth 60 minutes, and have this in  
minde. And for the more declaracioun,  
lo here thy figure. 20

9. Next this folweth the Cercle of the  
Dayes, that ben figured in maner of  
degrees, that contienen in noubre 365;  
divyded also with longe strykes fro fyve  
to fyve, and the nombres in augrim 5  
writen under that cercle. And for more  
declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

10. Next the Cercle of the Dayes, fol-  
weth the Cercle of the names of the  
Monthes; that is to seyn, Januare,  
Februare, Marcus, Aprile, Mayus, Jun,  
Julius, Augustus, Septembre, October, 5  
Novembre, Decembre. The names of  
these monthes were cleped in Arabiens,  
somme for hir propretees, and some by  
statutz of lordes, some by other lordes of  
Rome. Eek of these monthes, as lyked 10  
to Julius Cesar and to Cesar Augustus,  
some were compowned of diverse nom-  
bres of dayes, as Jul and August. Thanne  
hath Januare 31 dayes, Februare 28,  
March 31, Aprile 30, May 31, Junius 30, 15  
Julius 31, Augustus 31, September 30,  
Octobre 31, Novembre 30, December 31.  
Natheles, al-though that Julius Cesar  
took 2 dayes out of Fevver and put hem  
in his moneth of Juille, and Augustus 20  
Cesar cleped the moneth of August after  
his name, and ordeyned it of 31 dayes,  
yit truste wel, that the sonne dwelleth  
ther-for nevere the more ne lesse in oon  
signe than in another. 25

11. Than folwen the names of the  
Halidayes in the Kalender, and next  
hem the lettres of the Abo. on which

they fallen. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

12. Next the forseide Cerole of the Abc., under the croo-lyne, is marked the scale, in maner of two squyres, or elles in manere of laddres, that serveth by hise 12 poyntes and his devisiouns of ful many a subtil conclusioun. Of this forseide scale, fro the croos-lyne un-to the verre angle, is cleped *tumbra versa*, and the nether partie is cleped the *tumbra recta*, or elles *umbra extensa*. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

18. Thanne hastow a brood Rewle, that hath on either ende a square plate perced with a certain holes, some more and some lesse, to resseyven the streemes of the sonne by day, and eek by mediacioun of thyn eye, to knowe the altitude of starres by nighta. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

14. Thanne is ther a large Pyn, in maner of an extree, that goth thorow the hole, that halt the tables of the clymates and the riet in the wombe of the Moder, thorw which Pyn ther goth a litel wegge which that is cleped 'the hors,' that streyneth alle this parties to-hepe; this forseide grete Pyn, in maner of an extree, is imagined to be the Pol Artik in thyn Astrolabie. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

15. The wombe-side of thyn Astrolabie is also devyded with a longe croys in foure quarters from est to west, fro south to north, fro right syde to left syde, as is the bak-syde. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

16. The bordure of which wombe-side is devyded from the poynt of the est lyne un-to the poynt of the south lyne under the ring, in 90 degrees; and by that same proporcioun is every quarter devyded as is the bak-syde, that amonteth 360 degrees. And understand wel, that degrees of this bordure ben answering and consentrik to the degrees of the Equinoxial, that is devyded in the same nombre as every othere cercle is in the heye hevене. This same bordure is devyded also with 23 lettres capitals and a smal croys +

above the south lyne, that sheweth the 24 houres equals of the klokke; and, as I have said, 5 of these degrees maken a mile-wey, and 3 mile-wey maken an hourea. And every degree of this bordure conteneth 4 minutes, and every minut 60 secondes; now have I told thee twye. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

17. The plate under thy riet is descryved with 3 principal cercles; of whiche the leste is cleped the cercle of Cancer, by-cause that the heved of Cancer turneth evermor consentrik up-on the same cercle. In this heved of Cancer is the grettest declinacioun northward of the sonne. And ther-for is he cleped the Solsticioun of Somer; whiche declinacioun, aftur Ptholome, is 23 degrees and 50 minutes, as wel in Cancer as in Capricorne. This signe of Cancer is cleped the Tropik of Somer, of *tropos*, that is to seyn 'agaynward'; for thanne by-ginneth the sonne to passe fro us ward. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

The middell cercle in wydnesse, of these 3, is cleped the Cerle Equinoxial; up-on whiche turneth evermo the hedes of Aries and Libra. And understand wel, that evermo this Cerle Equinoxial turneth justly fro verrey est to verrey west; as I have shewed thee in the spere solide. This same cerle is cleped also the Weyere, equator, of the day; for whan the sonne is in the hevedes of Aries and Libra, than ben the dayes and the nightes illyke of lengthe in al the world. And therefore ben these two signes called the Equinoxies. And alle that moeveth within the hevedes of these Aries and Libra, his moeving is cleped north-ward; and alle that moeveth with-out these hevedes, his moeving is cleped south-ward as fro the equinoxial. Tak keep of these latitudes north and south, and forget it nat. By this Cerle Equinoxial ben considered the 24 houres of the klokke; for evermo the arysing of 15 degrees of the equinoxial maketh an hourea equal of the klokke. This equinoxial is cleped the girdel of

the firste moeving, or elles of the *angulus primi motus vel primi mobilis*. And nota, 45 that firste moeving is cleped 'moeving' of the firste moeuable of the 8 speres, whiche moeving is fro est to west, and eft agayn in-to est; also it is clepid 'girdel' of the first moeving, for it 50 departeth the firste moeuable, that is to seyn, the speres, in two ilke parties, evens-distantz fro the poles of this world.

The wydeste of thise three principal cerocles is cleped the Cerole of Capricorne, 55 by-cause that the heved of Capricorne turneth evermo consentrik up-on the same cerole. In the heved of this forseide Capricorne is the grettest declinacioun southward of the sonne, and ther- 60 for is it cleped the Solsticioun of Winter. This signe of Capricorne is also cleped the Tropik of Winter, for thanne bygineth the sonne to come agayn to us-ward. And for the more declaracioun, lo here 65 thy figure.

18. Upon this forseide plate ben compassed certain cerocles that highten Almicanteras, of which som of hem semen perfit cerocles, and somme semen inperfit. 5 The centre that standith a-middes the narwest cerole is cleped the Senith; and the netherest cerole, or the firste cerole, is clepid the Orisonta, that is to seyn, the cerole that devydeh the two emi- 10 speries, that is, the partie of the hevене a-bove the erthe and the partie be-nethe. Thise Almicanteras ben compowned by two and two, al-be-it so that on divers Astrolabies some Almicanteras ben de- 15 vyded by oon, and some by two, and somme by three, after the quantite of the Astrolabia. This forseide senith is imageden to ben the verrey point over the crowne of thyn heved; and also this 20 senith is the verrey pool of the orisonte in every regioun. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

19. From this senith, as it semeth, ther come a maner crokede strykes lyke to the clawes of a loppe, or elles like to the werk of a womanes calle, in kerving over- 5 thwart the Almikanteras. And thise same strykes or divisionns ben cleped

Azimuths. And they devyden the orisonte of thyn Astrolabe in four and twenty devisiounns. And thise Azimutx 10 serven to knowe the costes of the firmament, and to othere conclusionns, as for to knowe the cenith of the sonne and of every sterre. And for more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

20. Next thise azimutx, under the Cerole of Cancer, ben ther twelve devisiounns embelif, moche like to the shap of the azimutes, that shewen the spaces 5 of the houres of planetes; and for more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

21. The Riet of thyn Astrolabe with thy zodiak, shapen in maner of a net or of a loppe-webbe after the olde descripcioun, which thow mayst tornen up and down as thy-self lyketh, conteneth 5 certain nombre of sterres fixes, with hir longitudes and latitudes determinat; yif so be that the makere have nat erred. The names of the sterres ben written in the margin of the riet ther as they sitte; 10 of whiche sterres the smale poynt is cleped the Centre. And understand also that alle sterres sittinge with-in the zodiak of thyn Astrolabe ben cleped 'sterres of the north,' for they arysen 15 by northe the est lyne. And alle the remenant fixed, out of the zodiak, ben cleped 'sterres of the south;' but I sey nat that they arysen alle by southe the est lyne; witnesse on Aldeberan and 20 Algomeysa. Generally understand this rewle, that thilke sterres that ben cleped sterres of the north arysen rather than the degree of hir longitude, and alle the sterres of the south arysen after the 25 degree of hir longitude; this is to seyn, sterres fixed in thyn Astrolabia. The mesure of this longitude of sterres is taken in the lyne ecliptik of hevене, under which lyne, whan that the sonne 30 and the mone ben lyne-right or elles in the superfiice of this lyne, than is the eclips of the sonne or of the mone; as I shal declare, and eek the cause why. But sothly the Ecliptik Lyne of thy 35 zodiak is the outtereste bordure of thy zodiak, ther the degrees ben marked.

Thy Zodiak of thyn Astrolabe is shapen  
as a compas which that conteneth a large  
40 brede, as after the quantite of thyn  
Astrolabe; in ensample that the zodiak  
in hevene is imagined to ben a superfice  
conteneng a latitude of twelve degrees,  
wheras al the remenant of cercles in the  
45 hevene ben imagined verrey lynes with-  
oute eny latitude. Amiddes this celestial  
zodiak ys imagined a lyne, which that is  
cleped the Ecliptik Lyne, under which  
lyne is evermo the wey of the sonne.  
50 Thus ben ther six degrees of the zodiak  
on that oon side of the lyne, and six  
degrees on that other. This zodiak is  
devided in twelve principal devisiouns,  
that departen the twelve signes. And,  
55 for the streitnes of thin Astrolabe, than  
is every smal devisioun in a signe de-  
partid by two degrees and two; I mene  
degrees contening sixty minutes. And  
this forseide hevenish zodiak is cleped  
60 the Cercele of the Signes, or the Cercele  
of the Bestes; for *codia* in langage of  
Greek sowneth 'bestes' in Latin tonge;  
and in the zodiak ben the twelve signes  
that han names of bestes; or elles, for  
65 whan the sonne entreteth in any of the  
signes, he taketh the propretee of swich  
bestes; or elles, for that the sterres that  
ben there fixed ben disposed in signes of  
bestes, or shape like bestes; or elles,  
70 whan the planetes ben under thilke  
signes, they causen us by hir influence  
operaciouns and effectes lyk to the opera-  
ciouns of bestes. And understonde also,  
that whan an hot planete cometh in-to  
75 an hot signe, than encreaseth his hete;

and yif a planete be cold, thanne amen-  
useth his coldnesse, by-cause of the hote  
signe. And by this conclusioun maystow  
take ensample in alle the signes, be they  
moist or drye, or moeble or fix; rekeneng 80  
the qualitee of the planete as I first  
seide. And everich of thise twelve signes  
hath respecte to a certain parcello of the  
body of a man and hath it in governance;  
as Aries hath thyn heved, and Taurns thy 85  
nekke and thy throte, Gemini thyn  
armholes and thyn armes, and so forth;  
as shal be shewed more pleyn in the fifte  
partie of this tretis. This zodiak, which  
that is part of the eighte spere, over- 90  
kerveth the equinoxial; and he over-  
kerveth him again in evene parties, and  
that on half declineth southward, and  
that other northward, as pleynly de-  
clareth the tretis of the spere. And for 95  
more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

22. Thanne hastow a label, that is  
schapen lyk a rewle, save that it is streit  
and hath no plates on either ende with  
holes; but, with the smale point of the  
forseide label, shaltow calcule thyne 5  
equaciouns in the bordure of thin Astro-  
labe, as by thyn almury. And for the  
more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

23. Thyn Almury is cleped the Denticle  
of Capricorne, or elles the Calculer. This  
same Almury sit fix in the heed of Capri-  
corne, and it serveth of many a neces-  
sarie conclusioun in equaciouns of thinges, 5  
as shal be shewed; and for the more  
declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

*Here endeth the description of the  
Astrolabe.*

## PART II.

HERE BEGINNETH THE CONCLUSIONS OF  
THE ASTROLABIE.

1. To fynde the degree in which the sonne is  
day by day, after hir cours a-boute.

Rekene and knowe which is the day  
of thy monthe; and ley thy rewle up  
that same day; and thanne wol the  
verray point of thy rewle sitten in the

bordure, up-on the degree of thy sonne. 5  
Ensample as thus; the yeer of oure lord  
1391, the 12 day of March at midday,  
I wolde knowe the degree of the sonne.  
I soughte in the bak-half of myn Astro-  
labe, and fond the cercele of the dayes, 10  
the which I knowe by the names of the  
monthes writen under the same cercele.  
Tho leide I my rewle over this forseide

day, and fond the point of my rewle in  
 15 the bordure up-on the firste degree of  
 Aries, a litel with-in the degree; and  
 thus knowe I this conclusioun. Another  
 day, I wolde knowe the degree of my  
 sonne, and this was at midday in the  
 20 13 day of Decembre; I fond the day of  
 the monthe in maner as I seide; tho  
 leide I my rewle up-on this forseide 13  
 day, and fond the point of my rewle in  
 the bordure up-on the first degree of  
 25 Capricorne, a lite with-in the degree;  
 and than hadde I of this conclusioun the  
 ful experience. And for the more declar-  
 acioun, lo here thy figure.

2. *To knowe the altitude of the sonne, or  
 of othre celestial bodies.*

Put the ring of thyn Astrolabie up-on  
 thy right thombe, and turne thy lift  
 syde agayn the light of the sonne. And  
 remeve thy rewle up and down, til that  
 5 the stremes of the sonne shyne thorgh  
 bothe holes of thy rewle. Loke thanne  
 how many degrees thy rewle is areised  
 fro the litel crois up-on thyn est line, and  
 tak ther the altitude of thy sonne. And  
 10 in this same wyse maistow knowe by  
 nighte the altitude of the mone, or of  
 brightesterres. This chapitre is so general  
 ever in oon, that ther nedith no more  
 declaracion; but forget it nat. And for  
 15 the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

3. *To knowe every tyme of the day by light  
 of the sonne, and every tyme of the night  
 by the sterres fixe, and eke to knowe by  
 night or by day the degree of any signe  
 that assendeth on the Est Orisonte, which  
 that is cleped communly the Assendent,  
 or elles Oruscupum.*

Tak the altitude of the sonne whan  
 thee list, as I have said; and set the  
 degree of the sonne, in cas that it be  
 by-form the middel of the day, among  
 5 thyn almikanteras on the est side of thyn  
 Astrolabie; and yif it be after the middel  
 of the day, set the degree of thy sonne  
 up-on the west side; tak this manere of  
 setting for a general rewle, ones for  
 10 evere. And whan thou hast set the

degree of thy sonne up as many almi-  
 kanteras of heyghte as was the altitude  
 of the sonne taken by thy rewle, ley over  
 thy label, up-on the degree of the sonne;  
 and thanne wol the point of thy label  
 15 sitten in the bordure, up-on the verrey  
 tyd of the day. Ensamble as thus: the  
 yer of our lord 1391, the 12 day of  
 March, I wold knowe the tyd of the day.  
 I took the altitude of my sonne, and  
 20 fond that it was 25 degrees and 30 of  
 minutes of heyghte in the bordure on the  
 bak-syde. Tho turnede I myn Astrola-  
 bie, and by-cause that it was by-form  
 midday, I turnede my riet, and sette the  
 25 degree of the sonne, that is to seyn, the  
 1 degree of Aries, on the right syde of  
 myn Astrolabie, up-on that 25 degrees  
 and 30 of minutes of heyghte among myn  
 almikanteras; tho leide I my label up-on  
 30 the degree of my sonne, and fond the  
 poynte of my label in the bordure, up-on  
 a capital lettre that is cleped an X; tho  
 rekened I alle the capitalles lettres fro  
 the lyne of midnight un-to this forseide  
 35 lettre X, and fond that it was 9 of the  
 klokke of the day. Tho loked I down  
 up-on the est orisonte, and fond there  
 the 20 degree of Geminis assending;  
 which that I tok for myn assendent. 40  
 And in this wyse hadde I the experience  
 for ever-mo in which maner I sholde  
 knowe the tyd of the day, and eek myn  
 assendent. Tho wolde I wite the same  
 night folwing the hour of the night, and  
 45 wroughte in this wyse. Among an heep  
 of sterris fixe, it lyked me for to take the  
 altitude of the feire white sterre that is  
 cleped Alhabor; and fond hir sitting on  
 the west side of the lyne of midday, 50  
 †18 degrees of heyghte taken by my rewle  
 on the bak-syde. Tho sette I the centre  
 of this Alhabor up-on †18 degrees among  
 myn almikanteras, up-on the west syde;  
 by-cause that she was founden on the  
 55 west syde. Tho leide I my label over  
 the degree of the sonne that was de-  
 scended under the weste orisonte, and  
 rikened alle the lettres capitals fro the  
 lyne of midday un-to the point of my  
 60 label in the bordure; and fond that it

was passed  $\dagger 8$  of the klokke the space of  $\dagger 2$  degrees. Tho loked I down up-on myn  
est orizonte, and fond ther  $\dagger 23$  degrees of  
65 *Libra* assending, whom I tok for myn  
assendent; and thus lerned I to knowe  
ones for ever in which manere I shuld  
come to the houre of the night and to  
myn assendent; as verreyly as may be  
70 taken by so smal an instrument. But  
natheles, in general, wolde I warne thee  
for evere, ne mak thee nevere bold to  
have take a just assendent by thyn  
Astrolabie, or elles to have set justly  
75 a klokke, whan any celestial body by  
which that thow wenest governe thilke  
thinges ben ney the south lyne; for trust  
wel, whan that the sonne is ney the  
meridional lyne, the degree of the sonne  
80 renneth so longe consentrisk up-on the  
almikanteras, that sothly thou shalt erre  
fro the just assendent. The same con-  
clusionioun sey I by the centre of any sterre  
fix by night; and more-over, by experi-  
85 ence, I wot wel that in oure orizonte,  
from 11 of the klokke un-to oon of the  
klokke, in taking of a just assendent in  
a portatif Astrolabie, hit is to hard to  
knowe. I mene, from 11 of the klokke  
90 biforn the houre of noon til oon of the  
klokke next folwing. And for the more  
declaracion, lo here thy figure.

#### 4. Special declaracion of the assendent.

The assendent sothly, as wel in alle  
nativitez as in questiouns and elecciouns  
of tymes, is a thing which that thise  
astrologiens gretly observen; wherfore  
5 me semeth convenient, sin that I speke  
of the assendent, to make of it special  
declaracioun. The assendent sothly, to  
take it at the largeste, is thilke degree  
that assendeth at any of thise forseide  
10 tymes upon the est orizonte; and there-  
for, yif that any planet assende at that  
same tyme in thilke for-seide  $\dagger$ degree of  
his longitude, men seyn that thilke  
planete is in *horoscopo*. But sothly, the  
15 hous of the assendent, that is to seyn,  
the firste hous or the est angle, is a thing  
more brood and large. For after the  
statutz of astrologiens, what celestial body

that is 5 degrees above thilk degree that  
assendeth, or with-in that noubre, that 20  
is to seyn, nere the degree that assendeth,  
yit rikne they thilke planet in the as-  
sendent. And what planete that is under  
thilke degree that assendith the space  
of  $\dagger 25$  degrees, yit seyn they that thilke 25  
planete is lyk to him that is in the hous  
of the assendent; but sothly, yif he passe  
the bondes of thise forseide spaces, above  
or bynethe, they seyn that the planete is  
failing fro the assendent. Yit sein thise 30  
astrologiens, that the assendent, and eke  
the lord of the assendent, may be shapen  
for to be fortunat or infortunat, as thus:  
a fortunat assendent clepen they whan  
that no wikkid planete, as Saturne or 35  
Mars, or elles the Tail of the Dragon,  
is in the hous of the assendent, ne that  
no wikkid planete have non aspecte of  
enemite up-on the assendent; but they  
wol caste that they have a fortunat 40  
planete in hir assendent and yit in his  
felicitee, and than sey they that it is wel.  
Forther-over, they seyn that the infor-  
tuning of an assendent is the contrarie  
of thise forseide thinges. The lord of 45  
the assendent. sey they, that he is for-  
tunat, whan he is in good place for the  
assendent as in angle; or in a succodent,  
where-as he is in his dignitee and con-  
forted with frendly aspectes of planetes 50  
and wel received, and eek that he may  
seen the assendent, and that he be nat  
retrograd ne combust, ne joigned with  
no shrewe in the same signe; ne that he  
be nat in his descencioun. ne joigned with 55  
no planete in his descencioun, ne have  
up-on him non aspecte infortunat; and  
than sey they that he is wel. Natheles,  
thise ben observancez of judicial matiere  
and rytes of payens, in which my spirit 60  
ne hath no feith, ne no knowing of hir  
*horoscopus*; for they seyn that every  
signe is departed in 3 evene parties by  
10 degrees, and thilke porcioun they clepe  
a Face. And al-thogh that a planete 65  
have a latitude fro the ecliptik, yit sey  
some folk, so that the planete aryse in  
that same signe with any degree of the  
forseide face in which his longitude is

70 rekned, that yit is the planete in *horoscopo*, be it in nativite or in eleccioun, &c. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

5. *To knowe the verrey equactioun of the degree of the sonne, yif so be that it falle by-twixe thyn Almikanteras.*

For as moche as the almikanteras in thyn Astrolabie been compounded by two and two, where-as some almikanteras in sondry Astrolabies ben compounded by 5 noon and oon, or elles by two and two, it is necessarie to thy lerning to teche thee first to knowe and worke with thyn owne instrument. Wher-for, whan that the degree of thy sonne falleth by-twixe 10 two almikanteras, or elles yif thyn almikanteras ben graven with over gret a point of a compas, (for bothe thise thinges may causen errour as wel in knowing of the tyd of the day as of the 15 verrey assendent), thou most werken in this wyse. Set the degree of thy sonne up-on the heyer almikanteras of bothe, and waite wel wher as thin almyr toucheth the bordure, and set 20 ther a prikke of inke. Set doun agayn the degree of thy sonne up-on the nethere almikanteras of bothe, and set ther another prikke. Remewe thanne thyn almyr in the bordure evene amid- 25 des bothe prikkes, and this wol lede justly the degree of thy sonne to sitte by-twixe bothe almikanteras in his right place. Ley thanne thy label over the degree of thy sonne; and find in the 30 bordure the verrey tyde of the day or of the night. And as verreyly shaltow finde up-on thyn est orisonte thyn assendent. And for more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

6. *To knowe the spring of the dawing and the ende of the evening, the which ben called the two crepusculis:*

Set the nadir of thy sonne up-on 18 degrees of heighte among thyn almikanteras on the west syde, and ley thy label on the degree of thy sonne, and thanne 5 shal the poynt of thy label schewe the spring of day. Also set the nadir of thy

sonne up-on 18 degrees of heighte a-mong thyn almikanteras on the est side, and ley over thy label up-on the degree of the sonne, and with the point of thy label 10 find in the bordure the ende of the evening, that is, verrey night. The nadir of the sonne is thilke degree that is opposit to the degree of the sonne, in the seventhe signe, as thus: every degree 15 of Aries by ordre is nadir to every degree of Libra by ordre; and Taurus to Scorpion; Gemini to Sagittare; Cancer to Capricorne; Leo to Aquarie; Virgo to Pisces; and yif any degree in thy sodiak 20 be dirk, his nadir shal declare him. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

7. *To knowe the arch of the day, that some folk callen the day artificial, from the sonne arysing til hil go to reste.*

Set the degree of thy sonne up-on thyn est orisonte, and ley thy label on the degree of the sonne, and at the poynt of thy label in the bordure set a prikke. Turn thanne thy rist aboute til the 5 degree of the sonne sit up-on the west orisonte, and ley thy label up-on the same degree of the sonne, and at the point of thy label set a-nother prikke. Rekne thanne the quantitee of tyme in 10 the bordure by-twixe bothe prikkes, and tak ther thyn ark of the day. The remenant of the bordure under the orisonte is the ark of the night. Thus maistow rekne bothe arches, or every porcion, 15 of whether that thee lyketh. And by this manere of wyrking maistow see how longe that any sterre fix dwalleth a-bove the erthe, fro tyme that he ryseth til he go to reste. But the day natural, that 20 is to seyn 24 houres, is the revolucioun of the equinoxial with as moche partie of the sodiak as the sonne of his propre moevinge passeth in the mene whyle. And for the more declaracioun, lo here 25 thy figure.

8. *To turn the houres in-euales in houres equales.*

Knowe the nombre of the degrees in the houres in-euales, and departe hem

by 15, and tak ther thyn houres equales. And for the more declaracioun, lo here 5 thy figure.

9. To knowe the quantitee of the day vulgare, that is to seyn, from spring of the day un-to verrey night.

Know the quantitee of thy crepusculis, as I have taught in the chapitre bi-forn, and adde hem to the arch of thy day artificial; and tak ther the space of alle 5 the hole day vulgar, un-to verrey night. The same manere maystow worke, to knowe the quantitee of the vulgar night. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

10. To knowe the quantite of houres inequales by day.

Understond wel, that these houres inequales ben cleped houres of planetes, and understond wel that som-tyme ben they lenger by day than by night, and 5 som-tyme the contrarie. But understond wel, that overmo, generally, the hour in-equal of the day with the heure in-equal of the night contenen 30 degrees of the bordure, whiche bordure is ever-mo 10 answering to the degrees of the equinoxial; wher-for departe the arch of the day artificial in 12, and tak ther the quantitee of the heure in-equal by day. And yif thou abate the quantitee of the 15 heure in-equal by days out of 30, than shal the remenant that levethe performe the heure inequal by night. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

11. To knowe the quantite of houres equales.

The quantitee of houres equales, that is to seyn, the houres of the klokke, ben departed by 15 degrees al-redy in the bordure of thyn Astrolabie, as wel by 5 night as by day, generally for evere. What nedeth more declaracioun? Wher-for, whan thee list to know how manye houres of the klokke ben passed, or any part of any of these houres that ben 10 passed, or elles how many houres or partie of houres ben to come, fro swich a tyme to swich a tyme, by day or by night, knowe the degree of thy sonne,

and ley thy label on it; turne thy riet aboute joyntly with thy label, and with 15 the point of it rekne in the bordure fro the sonne aryse un-to the same place ther thou desirest, by day as by nighte. This conclusioun wol I declare in the laste chapitre of the 4 partie of this tretis 20 so openly, that ther shal lakke no worde that nedeth to the declaracioun. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

12. Special declaracioun of the houres of planetes.

Understond wel, that evere-mo, fro the arysing of the sonne til it go to reste, the nadir of the sonne shal shewe the heure of the planetes, and fro that tyme forward 5 al the night til the sonne aryse; than 5 shal the verrey degree of the sonne shewe the heure of the planetes. Ensample as thus. The 13 day of March fil up-on a Saterdag per aventure, and, at the arising of the sonne, I fond the secounde 10 degree of Aries sitting up-on myn est orisonte, al-be-it that it was but lite; than fond I the 2 degree of Libra, nadir of my sonne, descending on my west orisonte, up-on which west orisonte every 15 day generally, at the sonne ariste, entreth the heure of any planetes, after which planetes the day bereth his name; and endeth in the nexte stryk of the plate under the forseide west orisonte; and 20 evere, as the sonne climbeth uppere and uppere, so goth his nadir dounere and dounere, teching by swich strykes the houres of planetes by ordre as they sitten 25 in the hevene. The first heure inequal of every Saterdag is to Saturne; and the secounde, to Jupiter; the 3, to Mars; the 4, to the Sonne; the 5, to Venus; the 6, to Mercurius; the 7, to the Mone; and thanne agayn, the 8 is to Saturne; the 9, 30 to Jupiter; the 10, to Mars; the 11, to the Sonne; the 12, to Venus; and now is my sonne gon to reste as for that Setterday. Thanne sheweth the verrey degree of the sonne the heure of Mercurie 35 entring under my west orisonte at eve; and next him succedeth the Mone; and so



forth by ordre, planete after planete, in  
 40 sonne aryse. Now ryseth the sonne that  
 Sonday by the morwe; and the nadir of  
 the sonne, up-on the west orizonte,  
 sheweth me the entring of the houre of  
 the forseide sonne. And in this maner  
 45 succedeth planete under planete, fro  
 Saturne un-to the Mone, and fro the  
 Mone up a-gayn to Saturne, houre after  
 houre generally. And thus knowe I this  
 conclusioun. And for the more declara-  
 50 cioun, lo here the figura.

13. *To knowe the altitudo of the sonne in  
 middes of the day, that is cleped the  
 altitude meridian.*

Set the degree of the sonne up-on the  
 lyne meridional, and rikene how many  
 degrees of almikanteras ben by-twixe  
 thyn est orizonte and the degree of the  
 5 sonne. And tak ther thyn altitude  
 meridian; this is to seyne, the heyest of  
 the sonne as for that day. So maystow  
 knowe in the same lyne, the heyest  
 cours that any sterre fix olimbeth by  
 10 night; this is to seyn, that whan any  
 sterre fix is passed the lyne meridional,  
 than by-ginneth it to descende, and so  
 doth the sonne. And for the more  
 declaracioun, lo here thy figura.

14. *To knowe the degree of the sonne by  
 thy riet, for a maner curiositee, &c.*

Sek bysily with thy rewle the heyest  
 of the sonne in midde of the day; turne  
 thanne thyn Astrolabe, and with a  
 prikke of ink marke the nombre of that  
 5 same altitude in the lyne meridional.  
 Turne thanne thy riet aboute til thou  
 fynde a degree of thy zodiak acordyng  
 with the prikke, this is to seyn, sittinge  
 on the prikke; and in sooth, thou shalt  
 10 fynde but two degrees in al the zodiak  
 of that condicioun; and yit thilke two  
 degrees ben in diverse signes; than  
 maistow lightly by the sesoun of the yere  
 knowe the signe in whiche that is the  
 15 sonne. And for the more declaracioun,  
 lo here thy figura.

15. *To know which day is lyk to which day  
 as of lengthe, &c.*

Loke whiches degrees ben y-lyke fer fro  
 the hevedes of Cancer and Capricorne;  
 and lok, whan the sonne is in any of  
 thilke degrees, than ben the dayes y-lyke  
 of lengthe. This is to seyn, that as long 5  
 is that day in that monthe, as was swich  
 a day in swich a month; ther varieth  
 but lite. Also, yif thou take two dayes  
 naturally in the yere y-lyke fer fro eyther  
 pointe of the equinoxial in the opposit 10  
 parties, than as long is the day artificial  
 of that on day as is the night of that  
 othere, and the contraria. And for the  
 more declaracioun, lo here thy figura.

16. *This chapitre is a maner declaracioun  
 to conclusiouns that folowen.*

Understond wel that thy zodiak is  
 departid in two halfe cerceles, as fro the  
 heved of Capricorne un-to the heved of  
 Cancer; and agaynward fro the heved of  
 Cancer un-to the heved of Capricorne. 5  
 The heved of Capricorne is the lowest  
 point, wher-as the sonne goth in winter;  
 and the heved of Cancer is the heyest  
 point, in whiche the sonne goth in somer.  
 And ther-for understond wel, that any 10  
 two degrees that ben y-lyke fer fro any  
 of these two hevedes, truste wel that  
 thilke two degrees ben of y-lyke decli-  
 nacioun, be it southward or northward;  
 and the dayes of hem ben y-lyke of 15  
 lengthe, and the nightes also; and the  
 shadwes y-lyke, and the altitudes y-lyke  
 at midday for evere. And for more  
 declaracioun, lo here thy figura.

17. *To knowe the verrey degree of any  
 maner sterre straunge or unstraunge after  
 his longitude, though he be indeterminat  
 in thyn Astrolabe; sothly to the trouthe,  
 thus he shal be knowe.*

Tak the altitude of this sterre whan he  
 is on the est side of the lyne meridional,  
 as ney as thou mayst geesse; and tak  
 an assendent a-non right by som maner  
 sterre fix which that thou knowest; and 5  
 for-get nat the altitude of the firste sterre,  
 ne thyn assendent. And whan that this  
 is don, espye diligently whan this same

firste sterre passeth any-thing the south  
westward, and hath him a-non right in  
the same noubre of altitude on the  
west side of this lyne meridional as he  
was caught on the est side; and tak  
a newe assendent a-non right by som  
maner sterre fixe which that thou know-  
est; and for-geat nat this secunde as-  
sendent. And whan that this is don,  
rikne thanne how manye degrees ben  
by-twixe the firste assendent and the  
seconde assendent, and rikne wel the  
middel degree by-twene bothe assendentes,  
and set thilke middel degree up-on thin  
est orisonte; and waite thanne what  
degree that sit up-on the lyne meri-  
dional, and tak ther the verrey degree  
of the ecliptik in which the sterre stond-  
eth for the tyme. For in the ecliptik  
is the longitude of a celestial body  
rekened, evens fro the heved of Aries  
un-to the ende of Pisces. And his latitude  
is rikned after the quantitee of his decli-  
nacion, north or south to-wardes the  
poles of this world; as thus. Yif it be  
of the sonne or of any fix sterre, rekene  
his latitude or his declinacioun fro the  
equinoxial cerle; and yif it be of a  
planete, rekne than the quantitee of his  
latitude fro the ecliptik lyne. Al-be-it  
so that fro the equinoxial may the decli-  
nacion or the latitude of any body celest-  
ial be rikned, after the site north or  
south, and after the quantitee of his de-  
clinacion. And right so may the latitude  
or the declinacion of any body celestial,  
save only of the sonne, after his site  
north or south, and after the quantitee  
of his declinacioun, be rekned fro the  
ecliptik lyne; fro which lyne alle planetes  
som tyme deolynen north or south, save  
only the for-seide sonne. And for the  
more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

18. *To knowe the degrees of the longitudes  
of fixe sterres after that they ben deter-  
minat in thin Astrolabe, yif so be that  
they ben treuly set.*

Set the centre of the sterre up-on the  
lyne meridional, and tak keep of thy  
zodiak, and loke what degree of any signe

that sit on the same lyne meridional at  
that same tyme, and tak the degree in  
which the sterre standeth; and with  
that same degree comth that same sterre  
un-to that same lyne fro the orisonte.  
And for more declaracioun, lo here thy  
figure.

19. *To knowe with which degree of the zodiak  
any sterre fixe in thyn Astrolabe aryseth  
up-on the est orisonte, al-though his dwell-  
ing be in a-nother signe.*

Set the centre of the sterre up-on the  
est orisonte, and loke what degree of any  
signe that sit up-on the same orisonte at  
that same tyme. And understond wel,  
that with that same degree aryseth that  
same sterre; and this merveyllous arysing  
with a strange degree in another signe  
is by-cause that the latitude of the sterre  
fix is either north or south fro the equi-  
noxiol. But sothly, the latitudes of  
planetes ben comunly rekned fro the  
ecliptik, bi-cause that non of hem de-  
clineth but fewe degrees out fro the brede  
of the zodiak. And tak good keep of  
this chapitre of arysing of the celestial  
bodies; for truste wel, that neyther mone  
ne sterre as in oure embelif orisonte  
aryseth with that same degree of his  
longitude, save in oo cas; and that is,  
whan they have no latitude fro the  
ecliptik lyne. But natheles, som tyme  
is everiche of thise planetes under the  
same lyne. And for more declaracioun,  
lo here thy figure.

20. *To knowe the declinacioun of any degree  
in the zodiak fro the equinoxial cerle, &c.*

Set the degree of any signe up-on the  
lyne meridional, and rikne his altitude  
in almikanteras fro the est orizonte up  
to the same degree set in the forseide  
lyne, and set ther a prikke. Turne up  
thanne thy riet, and set the heved of  
Aries or Libra in the same meridional  
lyne, and set ther a-nother prikke. And  
whan that this is don, considere the  
altitudes of hem bothe; for sothly the  
difference of thilke altitudes is the decli-  
nacion of thilke degree fro the equinoxial.  
And yif so be that thilke degree be north-

ward fro the equinoxial, than is his  
15 declinacion north; yif it be southward,  
than is it south. And for the more  
declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

21. *To knowe for what latitude in any  
regions the almikanteras of any table  
ben compounded.*

Rikne how manye degrees of almikan-  
teras, in the meridional lyne, be fro the  
cercle equinoxial un-to the senith; or  
olles fro the pool artik un-to the north  
5 orisonte; and for so gret a latitude or for  
so smal a latitude is the table compounded.  
And for more declaracion, lo here thy  
figure.

22. *To knowe in special the latitude of  
oure country, I mene after the latitude  
of Oxenford, and the heighte of oure pol.*

Understond wel, that as fer is the heved  
of Aries or Libra in the equinoxial from  
oure orisonte as is the senith from the pole  
artik; and as hey is the pol artik fro the  
5 orisonte, as the equinoxial is fer fro the  
senith. I prove it thus by the latitude  
of Oxenford. Understond wel, that the  
heyghte of oure pool artik fro oure north  
orisonte is 51 degrees and 50 minutes;  
10 than is the senith from oure pool artik  
38 degrees and 10 minutes; than is the  
equinoxial from oure senith 51 degrees  
and 50 minutes; than is oure south  
orisonte from oure equinoxial 38 degreee  
15 and 10 minutes. Understond wel this  
rekning. Also for-get nat that the senith  
is 90 degrees of heyghte fro the orisonte,  
and oure equinoxial is 90 degrees from  
oure pool artik. Also this shorte rewle  
20 is soth, that the latitude of any place in  
a region is the distance from the senith  
unto the equinoxial. And for more  
declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

23. *To prove evidently the latitude of any  
place in a region, by the prove of the  
heyghte of the pol artik in that same  
place.*

In some winters night, whan the fir-  
mament is clere and thikke-sterred, waite  
a tyme til that any sterre fix sit lyne-right  
perpendicular over the pol artik, and  
5 clepe that sterre A. And wayte a-nother

sterre that sit lyne-right under A, and  
under the pol, and clepe that sterre F.  
And understond wel, that F is nat con-  
sidered but only to declare that A sit  
evene overe the pool. Tak thanne a-mon 10  
right the altitude of A from the orisonte,  
and forget it nat. Lat A and F go farwel  
til agayns the dawening a gret whyle;  
and come thanne agayn, and abyd til  
that A is evene under the pol and under 15  
F; for sothly, than wol F sitte over the  
pool, and A wol sitte under the pool.  
Tak than eft-sones the altitude of A from  
the orisonte, and note as wel his secounde  
altitude as his firste altitude; and whan 20  
that this is don, rikne how manye degrees  
that the firste altitude of A exceedeth  
his secounde altitude, and tak half thilke  
porcioun that is exceeded, and adde it to  
his secounde altitude; and tak ther the 25  
elevacioun of thy pool, and eke the  
latitude of thy region. For thise two  
ben of a nombre; this is to seyn, as  
many degrees as thy pool is elevat, so  
michel is the latitude of the region. 30  
Ensample as thus: par aventure, the  
altitude of A in the evening is 56 degrees  
of heyghte. Than wol his secounde altitude  
or the dawing be 48; that is 8 lasse than  
56, that was his firste altitude at even. 35  
Take thanne the half of 8, and adde it to  
48, that was his secounde altitude, and  
than hastow 52. Now hastow the heyghte  
of thy pol, and the latitude of the region.  
But understond wel, that to prove this 40  
conclusioun and many a-nother fair con-  
clusioun, thou most have a plomet hang-  
ing on a lyne heyer than thin heved  
on a perche; and thilke lyne mot  
hange evene perpendicular by-twixe the 45  
pool and thyn eye; and thanne shaltow  
seen yif A sitte evene over the pool and  
over F at evene; and also yif F sitte  
evene over the pool and over A or day.  
And for more declaracion, lo here thy 50  
figure.

24. *Another conclusioun to prove the heyghte  
of the pool artik fro the orisonte.*

Tak any sterre fixe that nevere dis-  
sendeth under the orisonte in thilke

region, and considers his heyest altitude and his lowest altitude fro the orisonte; and make a nombre of bothe thise altitudes. Tak thanne and abate half that nombre, and tak ther the elevacioun of the pol artik in that same region. And for more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

25. *A-nother conclusioun to prove the latitude of the region, &c.*

Understand wel that the latitude of any place in a region is verreyly the space by-twix the senith of hem that dwellen there and the equinoxial cerkle, north or southe, taking the mesure in the meridional lyne, as sheweth in the almikanteras of thyn Astrolabie. And thilke space is as moche as the pool artik is hey in the same place fro the orisonte. And than is the depressioun of the pol antartik, that is to seyn, than is the pol antartik by-nethe the orisonte, the same quantite of space, neither more ne lasse. Thanne, yif thou desire to knowe this latitude of the region, tak the altitude of the sonne in the middel of the day, whan the sonne is in the hevedes of Aries or of Libra; (for thanne moeveth the sonne in the lyne equinoxial); and abate the nombre of that same sonnes altitude out of 90, and thanne is the remenaunt of the noubre that leveth the latitude of the region. As thus: I suppose that the sonne is thilke day at noon 38 degrees and 10 minutes of heyghte. Abate thanne thise degrees and minutes out of 90; so leveth there 51 degrees and 50 minutes, the latitude. I sey nat this but for ensample; for wel I wot the latitude of Oxenforde is certain minutes lasse, as I mighte prove. Now yif so be that thes semeth to long a taryinge, to abyde til that the sonne be in the hevedes of Aries or of Libra, thanne waite whan the sonne is in any other degree of the zodiak, and considere the degree of his declinacion fro the equinoxial lyne; and yif it so be that the sonnes declinacion be northward fro the equinoxial, abate thanne fro the sonnes altitude at noon the nombre of his de-

clinacion, and thanne hastow the heyghte of the hevedes of Aries and Libra. As thus: my sonne is, par aventure, in the firste degree of Leoun, 48 degrees and 45 10 minutes of heyghte at noon and his declinacion is almost 40 degrees northward fro the equinoxial; abate thanne thilke 40 degrees of declinacion out of the altitude at noon, than leveth thes 50 38 degrees and odde minutes; lo ther the heved of Aries or Libra, and thyn equinoxial in that region. Also yif so be that the sonnes declinacion be southward fro the equinoxial, adde thanne thilke declinacion to the altitude of the sonne at noon; and tak ther the hevedes of Aries and Libra, and thyn equinoxial. Abate thanne the heyghte of the equinoxial out of 90 degrees, and thanne 60 leveth there the distans of the pole, 51 degrees and 50 minutes, of that region fro the equinoxial. Or elles, yif thee lest, take the heyest altitude fro the equinoxial of any starre fix that thou 65 knowest, and tak his nethere elongacioun lengthing fro the same equinoxial lyne, and wirke in the maner forseid. And for more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

26. *Declaracioun of the assensioun of signes, &c.*

The excellence of the spere solide, amonges other noble conclusiouns, sheweth manifeste the diverse assensiouns of signes in diverse places, as wel in the righte cerkle as in the embelif cerkle. Thise auctours wryten that thilke signe is cleped of right ascensioun, with which more part of the cerkle equinoxial and lasse part of the zodiak ascendeth; and thilke signe assendeth embelif, with 10 whiche lasse part of the equinoxial and more part of the zodiak assendeth. Ferther-over they seyn, that in thilke cuntry where as the senith of hem that dwellen there is in the equinoxial lyne, and her orisonte passing by the poles of this worlde, thilke folke han this right cerole and the right orisonte; and evermo the arch of the day and the arch of the night is ther y-like long, and the sonne 20

twyes every yeer passage thorow the sonith of her heved; and two someres and two winteres in a yeer han this forseide poeple. And the almikanteras  
 25 in her Astrolabies ben streighte as a lyne, so as sheweth in this figura. The utilite to knowe the assenciouns in the righte cerce is this: truste wel that by mediacion of thilke assenciouns thise astrologiens, by hir tables and hir instrumentz, knowen verreyly the assencioun of every degree and minut in al the zodiak, as shal be shewed. And nota, that this forseid righte orisonte, that is cleped  
 30 *orison rectum*, divydeh the equinoxial in-to right angles; and the embelif orisonte, wher-as the pol is enhansed up-on the orisonte, overkerveth the equinoxial in embelif angles, as sheweth in the figura.  
 40 And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figura.

27. *This is the conclusioun to knowe the assenciouns of signes in the right cerce, that is, circulus directus, &c.*

Set the heved of what signe thee liste to knowe his assending in the right cerce up-on the lyne meridional; and waite wher thyn almury toucheth the bordure,  
 5 and set ther a prikke. Turne thanne thy riet westward til that the ende of the forseide signe sitte up-on the meridional lyne; and eft-sones waite wher thyn almury toucheth the bordure, and set  
 10 ther another prikke. Rikne thanne the nombre of degrees in the bordure by-twixe bothe prikkas, and tak the assencioun of the signe in the right cerce. And thus maystow wyrke with every  
 15 porcioun of thy zodiak, &c. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figura.

28. *To knowe the assencions of signes in the embelif cerce in every regioun, I mene, in circulo obliquo.*

Set the heved of the signe which as thee list to knowe his ascensioun up-on the est orisonte, and waite wher thyn almury toucheth the bordure, and set  
 5 ther a prikke. Turne thanne thy riet upward til that the ende of the same

signe sitte up-on the est orisonte, and waite eft-sones wher as thyn almury toucheth the bordure, and set ther a-nother prikke. Rikne thanne the  
 10 noubre of degrees in the bordure by-twixe bothe prikkas, and tak ther the assencioun of the signe in the embelif cerce. And understond wel, that alle signes in thy zodiak, fro the heved of 15 Aries unto the ende of Virgo, ben cleped signes of the north fro the equinoxial; and these signes arysen by-twixe the verrey est and the verrey north in oure orisonte generally for evere. And alle  
 20 signes fro the heved of Libra un-to the ende of Pisces ben cleped signes of the south fro the equinoxial; and thise signes arysen ever-mo by-twixe the verrey est and the verrey south in oure orisonte.  
 25 Also every signe by-twixe the heved of Capricorne un-to the ende of Geminis aryseth on oure orisonte in lasse than two houres equales; and thise same signes, fro the heved of Capricorne un-to the  
 30 ende of Geminis, ben cleped 'tortuos signes' or 'croked signes,' for they arisen embelif on oure orisonte; and thise crokede signes ben obedient to the signes that ben of right assencioun. The signes  
 35 of right assencioun ben fro the heved of Cancer to the fende of Sagittare; and thise signes arysen more upright, and they ben called eke sovereyn signes; and everich of hem aryseth in more space  
 40 than in two houres. Of which signes, Gemini obeyeth to Cancer; and Taurns to Leo; Aries to Virgo; Pisces to Libra; Aquarius to Scorpioun; and Capricorne to Sagittare. And thus ever-mo two  
 45 signes, that ben y-lyke far fro the heved of Capricorne, obeyen everich of hem til other. And for more declaracioun, lo here the figura.

29. *To knowe justly the foure quarters of the world, as est, west, north, and south.*

Take the altitude of thy sonne whan thee list, and note wel the quarter of the world in which the sonne is for the tyme by the asimutz. Turne thanne thy Astrolabe, and set the degree of the 5

sonne in the almikanteras of his altitude, on thilke side that the sonne stant, as is the manere in taking of houres; and ley thy label on the degree of the sonne, and rikene how many degrees of the bordure ben by-twice the lyne meridional and the point of thy label; and note wel that noumbra. Turne thanne a-gayn thyn Astrolabie, and set the point of thy gret rewle, ther thou takest thyne altitudes, up-on as many degrees in his bordure fro his meridional as was the point of thy label fro the lyne meridional on the wombe-ayde. Tak thanne thyn Astrolabie with bothe handes sadly and aleyly, and lat the sonne shyne thorow bothe holes of thy rewle; and aleyly, in thilke shynginge, lat thyn Astrolabie couch adoun evene up-on a smothe grond, and thanne wol the verrey lyne meridional of thyn Astrolabie lye evene south, and the est lyne wole lye est, and the west lyne west, and north lyne north, so that thou werke softly and avisyly in the couching; and thus hastow the 4 quarters of the firmament. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

80. *To knowe the altitude of planetes fro the wey of the sonne, whether so they be north or south fro the forside wey.*

Lok whan that a planete is in the lyne meridional, yif that hir altitude be of the same heyghte that is the degree of the sonne for that day, and than is the planete in the verrey wey of the sonne, and hath no latitude. And yif the altitude of the planete be heyere than the degree of the sonne, than is the planete north fro the wey of the sonne swich a quantite of latitude as sheweth by thyn almikanteras. And yif the altitude of the planete be lasse than the degree of the sonne, thanne is the planete south fro the wey of the sonne swich a quantite of latitude as sheweth by thyn almikanteras. This is to seyn, fro the wey wher-as the sonne wente thilke day, but nat from the wey of the sonne in every place of the zodiak. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

81. *To knowe the senith of the arysing of the sonne, this is to seyn, the partie of the orizonte in which that the sonne aryseth.*

Thou most first considere that the sonne aryseth nat al-wey verrey est, but some tyme by north the est, and som tyme by southe the est. Sothly, the sonne aryseth never-mo verrey est in oure orizonte, but he be in the heved of Aries or Libra. Now is thyn orizonte departed in 24 parties by thy asimutz, in significacion of 24 parties of the world; al-be-it so that shipmen rikne thilke partiez in 32. Thanne is ther no more but waite in which asimut that thy sonne entreth at his arysing; and take ther the senith of the arysing of the sonne. The manere of the devisioun of thyn Astrolabie is this; I mene, as in this cas. First is it divided in 4 plages principals with the lyne that goth from est to west, and than with a-nother lyne that goth fro south to north. Than is it divided in smale parties of 20 asimutz, as est, and est by southe, whereas is the firste asimut above the est lyne; and so forth, fro partie to partie, til that thou come agayn un-to the est lyne. Thus maistow understond also the senith of any sterre, in which partie he ryseth, &c. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

82. *To knowe in which partie of the firmament is the conjunccioun.*

Consider the tyme of the conjunccion by thy kalender, as thus; lok how many houres thilke conjunccion is fro the mid-day of the day precedent, as sheweth by the canoun of thy kalender. Rikne thanne thilke nombre of houres in the bordure of thyn Astrolabie, as thou art wont to do in knowing of the houres of the day or of the night; and ley thy label over the degree of the sonne; and thanne wol the point of thy label sitte up-on the hour of the conjunccion. Loke thanne in which asimut the degree of thy sonne sitteth, and in that partie of the firmament is the conjunccioun. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

33. *To knowe the semith of the altitude of the sonne, &c.*

This is no more to seyn but any tyme of the day tak the altitude of the sonne; and by the asimut in which he stondest, maystou seen in which partie of the firmament he is. And in the same wyse  
 5 maystou seen, by the night, of any sterre, whether the sterre sitte est or west or north, or any partie by-twene, after the name of the azimuth in which is the sterre.  
 10 And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

34. *To knowe sothly the degree of the longitude of the mone, or of any planete that hath no latitude for the tyme fro the ecliptik lyne.*

Tak the altitude of the mone, and rikne thyn altitude up among thyne almikanteras on which syde that the mone stande; and set there a prikke. Tak  
 5 thenne anon-right, up-on the mones syde, the altitude of any sterre fix which that thou knowest, and set his centre up-on his altitude among thyn almikanteras ther the sterre is founde. Waite thanne  
 10 which degree of the zodiak toucheth the prikke of the altitude of the mone, and tak ther the degree in which the mone standeth. This conclusioun is verrey sooth, yif the sterres in thyn Astrolabie  
 15 stonden after the trowthe; of comune, tretis of Astrolabie ne make non exceptioun whether the mone have latitude, or non; ne on whether syde of the mone the altitude of the sterre fix be taken. And  
 20 nota, that yif the mone shewe himself by light of day, than maystow wyrke this same conclusioun by the sonne, as wel as by the fix sterre. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

35. *This is the workinge of the conclusioun, to knowe yif that any planete be directe or retrograde.*

Tak the altitude of any sterre that is cleped a planete, and note it wel. And tak eek anon the altitude of any sterre fix that thou knowest, and note it wel  
 5 also. Come thanne agayn the thridde or

the ferthe night next folwing; for thanne shaltow aperceyve wel the moeving of a planete, whether so he moeve forthward or bakward. Awaite wel thanne whan that thy sterre fix is in the same altitude  
 10 that she was whan thou toke hir firste altitude; and tak than eftsones the altitude of the forside planete, and note it wel. For trust wel, yif so be that the planete be on the right syde of the meridional lyne, so that his seconde altitude  
 15 be lesse than his firste altitude was, thanne is the planete directe. And yif he be on the west syde in that condicion, thanne is he retrograd. And yif so be  
 20 that this planete be up-on the est syde whan his altitude is taken, so that his seconde altitude be more than his firste altitude, thanne is he retrograde, and yif  
 25 he be on the west syde, than is he directe. But the contrarie of thise parties is of the cours of the mone; for sothly, the mone moeveth the contrarie from othere planetes as in hir episicle, but in non other  
 30 manere. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

36. *The conclusiouns of equaciouns of houses, after the Astrolabie, &c.*

Set the by-ginning of the degree that assendeth up-on the ende of the 8 houre unequal; thanne wol the by-ginning of  
 the 2 hous sitte up-on the lyne of mid-  
 night. Remeve thanne the degree that  
 5 assendeth, and set him on the ende of the 10 hour unequal; and thanne wol the by-ginning of the 3 hous sitte up-on the  
 midnight lyne. Bring up agayn the same  
 degree that assendeth first, and set him  
 10 up-on the orizonte; and thanne wol the beginning of the 4 hous sitte up-on the lyne of midnight. Tak thanne the nadir of the degree that first assendeth, and  
 15 set him on the ende of the 2 houre unequal; and thanne wol the beginning of the 5 hous sitte up-on the lyne of midnight; set thanne the nadir of the assendent on the ende of the 4 houre, than wol  
 the beginning of the 6 house sitte on the  
 20 midnight lyne. The beginning of the 7 hous is nadir of the assendent, and

the beginning of the 8 hous is nadir of the 2; and the beginning of the 9 hous is nadir of the 3; and the beginning of the 10 hous is the nadir of the 4; and the beginning of the 11 hous is nadir of the 5; and the beginning of the 12 hous is nadir of the 6. And for the more declaracion, 30 lo here the figure.

37. *A-nother manere of equaciouns of houses by the Astrolabe.*

Tak thyn assendent, and thanne hastow thy 4 angles; for wel thou wost that the opposit of thyn assendent, that is to seyn, thy beginning of the 7 hous, sit up-on the 5 west orizonte; and the beginning of the 10 hous sit up-on the lyne meridional; and his opposit up-on the lyne of mid-night. Thanne ley thy label over the degree that assendeth, and rekne fro the 10 point of thy label alle the degrees in the bordure, til thou come to the meridional lyne; and departe alle thilke degrees in 3 evene parties, and take the evene equacion of 3; for ley thy label over 15 everich of 3 parties, and than maistow see by thy label in which degree of the zodiak [is] the beginning of everich of these same houses fro the assendent: that is to seyn, the beginning of the 20 12 house next above thyn assendent; and thanne the beginning of the 11 house; and thanne the 10, up-on the meridional lyne; as I first seide. The same wyse wirke thou fro the assendent down to the 25 lyne of midnight; and thanne thus hastow other 3 houses, that is to seyn, the beginning of the 2, and the 3, and the 4 houses; thanne is the nadir of these 3 houses the beginning of the 3 houses 30 that folwen. And for the more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

38. *To finde the lyne merydional to dwelle fix in any certein place.*

Tak a rond plate of metal; for warping, the brodere the better; and make ther-upon a just compas, a lite with-in the bordure; and ley this ronde plate up-on 5 an evene grond, or on an evene ston, or on an evene stok fix in the gronde; and

ley it even by a level. And in centre of the compas stike an evene pin or a wyr upright; the smallere the betere. Set thy pin by a plom-rewle evene upright; 10 and let this pin be no lenger than a quarter of the diametre of thy compas, fro the centre. And waite biaily aboute 10 or 11 of the klokke; and whan the sonne shyneth, whan the shadwe of the 15 pin entreth any-thing with-in the cercle of thy plate an heer-male, and mark ther a prikke with inke. Abyde thanne stille waiting on the sonne after 1 of the klokke, til that the schadwe of the wyr or of the 20 pin passe any-thing out of the cercle of the compas, be it never so lyte; and set ther a-nother prikke of inke. Take than a compas, and mesure evene the middel by-twixe bothe prikkes; and set ther a 25 prikke. Take thanne a rewle, and draw a stryke, evene a-lyne fro the pin un-to the middel prikke; and tak ther thy lyne meridional for evere-mo, as in that same place. And yif thou drawe a cros-lyne 30 over-thwart the compas, justly over the lyne meridional, than hastow est and west and south; and, par consequence, than the nadir of the south lyne is the north lyne. And for more declaracioun, 35 lo here thy figure.

39. *Description of the meridional lyne, of longitudes, and latitudes of citees and townes from on to a-nother of clymata.*

This lyne meridional is but a maner descripcion of lyne imagined, that passeth upon the poles of this world and by the senith of oure heved. And hit is y-cleped the lyne meridional; for in what place 5 that any maner man is at any tyme of the yeer, whan that the sonne by moeving of the firmament cometh to his verrey meridian place, than is hit verrey midday, that we clepen oure noon, as to thilke 10 man; and therefore is it cleped the lyne of midday. And nota, for evermo, of 2 citees or of 2 townes, of whiche that o toun aprocheth more toward the est than doth that other toun, truste wel that 15 thilke townes han diverse meridians. Nota also, that the arch of the equinozial,



that is conteyned or bounded by-twixe the  
 2 meridians, is cleped the longitude of  
 20 the toun. And yif so be that two tounes  
 have y-lyke meridian, or con meridian,  
 than is the distance of hem bothe y-lyke  
 fer fro the est; and the contrarie. And  
 in this manere they chaunge nat her  
 25 meridian, but sothly they chaungen her  
 almikanteras; for the enhausing of the  
 pool and the distance of the sonne. The  
 longitude of a clymat is a lyne imagined  
 fro est to west, y-lyke distant by-twene  
 30 them alle. The latitude of a clymat is a  
 lyne imagined from north to south the  
 space of the erthe, fro the byginning of  
 the firste clymat unto the verrey ende of  
 the same climat, evens directe agayns  
 35 the pole artik. Thus seyn some auctours;  
 and somme of hem seyn that yif men  
 clepen the latitude, thay mene the arch  
 meridian that is contiened or intercept  
 by-twixe the senith and the equinozial.  
 40 Thanne sey they that the distaunce fro  
 the equinozial unto the ende of a clymat,  
 evens agayns the pole artyk, is the lati-  
 tude of a clymat for sothe. And for  
 more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

40. *To knowe with which degree of the  
 zodiak that any planete ascendith on the  
 orizonte, whether so that his latitude be  
 north or south.*

Knowe by thyn almenak the degree of  
 the ecliptik of any signe in which that  
 the planete is rekned for to be, and that  
 is cleped the degree of his longitude; and  
 5 knowe also the degree of his latitude fro  
 the ecliptik, north or south. And by  
 thise samples folwinge in special, may-  
 stow wirke † for sothe in every signe of  
 the zodiak. The degree of the longitude,  
 10 par aventure, of Venus or of another  
 planete, was 6 of Capricorne, and the  
 latitude of him was northward 2 degrees  
 fro the ecliptik lyne. I tok a subtil com-  
 pas, and cleped that con poynt of my  
 15 compas A, and that other poynt F. Than  
 tok I the point of A, and set it in the  
 ecliptik lyne evens in my zodiak, in the  
 degree of the longitude of Venus, that is  
 to seyn, in the 6 degree of Capricorne;

and thanne sette I the point of F upward  
 in the same signe, bycause that the lati-  
 tude was north, up-on the latitude of  
 Venus, that is to seyn, in the 6 degree fro  
 the heved of Capricorne; and thus have  
 I 2 degrees by-twixe my two prikkes.  
 25 Than leide I down softly my compas,  
 and sette the degree of the longitude  
 up-on the orizonte; tho tok I and wexede  
 my label in maner of a peyre tables to  
 resceyve distinctly the prikkes of my  
 30 compas. Tho tok I this forseide label,  
 and leide it fix over the degree of my  
 longitude; tho tok I up my compas, and  
 sette the point of A in the wex on my  
 label, as evens as I coude gesse over the  
 35 ecliptik lyne, in the ende of the longi-  
 tude; and sette the point of F endlang  
 in my label up-on the space of the lati-  
 tude, inwarde and over the zodiak, that  
 is to seyn, north-ward fro the ecliptik.  
 40 Than leide I down my compas, and lokede  
 wel in the wey upon the prikke of A and  
 of F; tho turned I my riet til that the  
 prikke of F sat up-on the orizonte; than  
 saw I wel that the body of Venus, in hir  
 45 latitude of 2 degrees septentrionalis,  
 assended, in the ende of the 6 degree,  
 in the heved of Capricorne. And nota,  
 that in the same maner maistow wirke  
 with any latitude septentrional in alle  
 50 signes; but sothly the latitude meridional  
 of a planete in Capricorne may not be  
 take, by-cause of the lital space by-twixe  
 the ecliptik and the bordure of the Astro-  
 labie; but sothly, in alle other signes it  
 55 may.

Also the degree, par aventure, of Jupi-  
 ter or of a-nother planete, was in the  
 first degree of Pisces in longitude, and  
 his latitude was 3 degrees meridional;  
 60 tho tok I the point of A, and sette it in  
 the firste degree of Pisces on the ecliptik,  
 and thanne sette I the point of F down-  
 ward in the same signe, by-cause that the  
 latitude was south 3 degrees, that is to  
 65 seyn, fro the heved of Pisces; and thus  
 have I 3 degrees by-twixe bothe prikkes;  
 thanne sette I the degree of the longitude  
 up-on the orizonte. Tho tok I my label,  
 and leide it fix upon the degree of the

longitude; the sette I the point of A on my label, evens over the ecliptik lyne, in the ende evens of the degree of the longitude, and sette the point of F endlang in my label the space of 3 degrees of the latitude fro the zodiak, this is to seyn, southward fro the ecliptik, toward the bordure; and turned my riet til the prikke of F sat up-on the orizonte; 80 thanne saw I wel that the body of Jupiter, in his latitude of 3 degrees meridional, ascended with 14 degrees of Pisces in horoscope. And in this maner maistow wirke with any latitude meridional, as I first seide, save in Capricorne. And yif thou wolt playe this craft with

the arysing of the mone, luke thou rekne wel hir cours houre by houre; for she ne dwelleth nat in a degree of hir longitude but a litel whyle, as thou wel knowest; 90 but natheles, yif thou rekne hir verreye moeving by thy tables houre after houre, †thou shalt do wel y-now.

*Explicit tractatus de Conclusionibus Astrolabii, compilatus per Galfridum Chauci-  
ciens ad Filium suum Lodovicum,  
scholarem tunc temporis Ozonie, ac sub  
tutela illius nobilissimi philosophi Ma-  
gistri N. Strode, etc.*

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## SUPPLEMENTARY PROPOSITIONS.

### 41. *Umbra Recta.*

Yif it so be that thou wilt werke by *umbra recta*, and thou may come to the bas of the toure, in this maner thou schalt werke. Tak the altitude of the 5 tour by bothe holes, so that thy rewle ligge even in a poynt. Ensample as thus: I see him thorw at the poynt of 4; than mete I the space be-tween me and the tour, and I finde it 20 feet; than 10 be-holde I how 4 is to 12, right so is the space betwixe thee and the tour to the altitude of the tour. For 4 is the thridde part of 12, so is the space be-tween thee and the tour the thridde part of the 15 altitude of the tour; than thryes 20 feet is the heyghte of the tour, with adding of thyn owne persone to thyn eye. And this rewle is so general in *umbra recta*, fro the poynt of oon to 12. And yif thy 20 rewle falle upon 5, than is 5 12-partyes of the heyghte the space be-tween thee and the toure; with adding of thyn owne heyght.

### 42. *Umbra Versa.*

Another maner of werkinge, by *umbra versa*. Yif so be that thou may nat come

to the bas of the tour, I see him thorw the nombre of 1; I sette ther a prikke at my fote; than go I neer to the tour, and 5 I see him thorw at the poynt of 2, and there I sette a-nother prikke; and I beholde how 1 hath him to 12, and ther finde I that it hath him twelfe sythes; than beholde I how 2 hath him to 12, and 10 thou shalt finde it sexe gythes; than thou shalt finde that as 12 above 6 is the nombre of 6, right so is the space between thy two prikkes the space of 6 15 tymes thyn altitude. And note, that at the ferste altitude of 1, thou settest a prikke; and afterward, whan thou seest him at 2, ther thou settest an-other prikke; than thou findest between two prikkys 60 feet; than thou shalt finde 20 that 10 is the 6-party of 60. And then is 10 feet the altitude of the tour. For other poyntis, yif it fille in *umbra versa*, as thus: I sette caas it fill upon †2, and at the secunde upon †3; than schalt thou 25 finde that 2 is 6 partyes of 12; and 3 is 4 partyes of 12; than passeth 6 4, by nombre of 2; so is the space between two prikkes twyes the heyghte of the tour. And yif the differens were thryes, than 30

shulde it be three tymes; and thus mayst thou werke fro 2 to 12; and yif it be 4, 4 tymes; or 5, 5 tymes; *et sic de ceteris*.

#### 43. Umbra Recta.

An-other maner of wyrking be *umbra recta*. Yif it so be that thou mayst nat come to the baas of the tour, in this maner thou schalt werke. Sette thy rewle upon 1 till thou see the altitude, and sette at thy foot a prikke. Than sette thy rewle upon 2, and beholde what is the difference be-tween 1 and 2, and thou shalt finde that it is 1. Than mete the space be-tween two prikkes, and that is the 12 partie of the altitude of the tour. And yif ther were 2, it were the 6 partye; and yif ther were 3, the 4 partye; *et sic deinceps*. And note, yif it were 5, it were the 5 party of 12; and 7, 7 party of 12; and note, at the altitude of thy conclusion, adde the stature of thyn heyghte to thyn eye.

\* \* \* \* \*

44. Another maner conclusion, to knowe the mene mote and the argumentis of any planete. To know the mene mote and the argumentis of every planete fro yere to yere, from day to day, from houre to houre, and from smale fraccionis infinite.

In this maner shalt thou worche: consider thy rote first, the whiche is made the beginning of the tables fro the yere of oure lord 1397, and entere hit in-to thy slate for the laste meridie of Decem-ber; and than consider the yere of oure lord, what is the date, and be-hold whether thy date be more or lasse than the yere 1397. And yf hit so be that hit be more, loke how many yeres hit passeth, and with so many entere into thy tables in the first lyne ther-as is writen *anni collecti et expansi*. And loke where the same planet is written in the hede of thy table, and than loke what thou findest in directe of the same yere of oure lord whiche is passid, be hit 8, or 9, or 10, or

what nombre that evere it be, til the tyme that thou come to 20, or 40, or 60. And that thou findest in directe *†wryte* in thy slate under thy rote, and adde hit to-geder, and that is thy mene mote, for the laste meridian of the December, for the same yere whiche that thou hast purposed. And if hit so be that hit passe 20, consider wel that fro 1 to 20 ben *anni expansi*, and fro 20 to 3000 ben *anni collecti*; and if thy nombre passe 20, than take that thou findest in directe of 20, and if hit be more, as 6 or 18, than take that thou findest in directe ther-of, that is to sayen, signes, degrees, minutes, and seconds, and adde to-gedere un-to thy rote; and thus to make rotes. And note, that if hit so be that the yere of oure lord be *†lasse* than the rote, which is the yere of oure lord 1397, than shalt thou wryte in the same wyse furst thy rote in thy slate, and after entere in-to thy table in the same yere that be lasse, as I taught be-fore; and than consider how many signes, degrees, minutes, and seconds thyn entringe conteyneth. And so be that ther be 2 entrees, than adde hem togeder, and after with-drawe hem from the rote, the yere of oure lord 1397; and the residue that leveth is thy mene mote fro the laste meridie of December, the whiche thou hast purposed; and if hit so be that thou wolt weten thy mene mote for any day, or for any fraccioun of day, in this maner thou shalt worche. Make thy rote fro the laste day of Decembere in the maner as I have taught, and after-ward behold how many monethes, dayes, and houres ben passid from the meridie of Decembere, and with that entere with the laste moneth that is ful passed, and take that thou findest in directe of him, and wryte hit in thy slate; and entere with as many dayes as be more, and wryt that thou findest in directe of the same planete that thou worchest for; and in the same wyse in the table of houres, for houres that ben passed, and adde all these to thy rote; and the residue is the mene mote for the same day and the same houre.

45. *Another manere to knowe the mene mote.*

Whan thou wilt make the mene mote of eny planete to be by Arsechieles tables, take thy rote, the whiche is for the yere of oure lord 1397; and if so be that thy yere be passed the date, wryte that date, and than wryte the numbere of the yeres. Than with-drawe the yeres out of the yeres that ben passed that rote. Ensampl as thus: the yere of oure lord 1400, ¶ I wolde witen, precise, my rote; than wroot I first 1400. And under that numbere I wrote a 1397; than withdrew I the laste numbere out of that, and than fond I the residue was 3 yere; I wiste that 3 yere was passed fro the rote, the whiche was written in my tables. Than after-ward soghte I in my tables the *annis collectis et expansis*, and amonge myn expance yeres fond I 3 yeer. Than tok I alle the signes, degrees, and minutes, that I fond directe under the same planete that I wroughte for, and wroot so many signes, degrees, and minutes in my slate, and after-ward added I to signes, degrees, minutes, and secondes, the whiche I fond in my rote the yere of oure lord 1397; and kepte the residue; and than had I the mene mote for the laste day of Decembere. And if thou woldest wete the mene mote of any planete in March, Aprile, or May, other in any other tyme or moneth of the yere, loke how many monethes and dayes ben passed from the laste day of Decembere, the yere of oure lord 1400; and so with monethes and dayes entere in-to thy table ther thou findest thy mene mote y-written in monethes and dayes, and take alle the signes, degrees, minutes, and secondes that thou findest y-write in directe of thy monethes, and adde to signes, degrees, minutes, and secondes that thou findest with thy rote the yere of oure lord 1400, and the residue that leveth is the mene mote for that same day. And note, if hit so be that thou woldest wete the mene mote in any yere that is lasse than thy

rote, with-drawe the numbere of so many yeres as hit is lasse than the yere of oure lord a 1397, and kepe the residue; and so many yeres, monethes, and dayes entere in-to thy tabelis of thy mene mote. And take alle the signes, degrees, and minutes, and secondes, that thou findest in directe of alle the yeres, monethes, and dayes, and wryte hem in thy slate; and above thilke numbere wryte the signes, degrees, minutes, and secondes, the whiche thou findest with thy rote the yere of oure lord a 1397; and with-drawe alle the nethere signes and degrees fro the signes and degrees, minutes, and secondes of other signes with thy rote; and thy residue that leveth is thy mene mote for that day.

46. *For to knowe at what houre of the day, or of the night, shal be flosde or ebbe\*.*

First wite thou certainly, how that haven stondesth, that thou list to werke for; that is to say in whiche place of the firmament the mone being, maketh fulle see. Than awayte thou redily in what degree of the zodiak that the mone at that tyme is inne. Bringe furth than the labelle, and set the point therof in that same cest that the mone maketh flosde, and set thou there the degree of the mone according with the egge of the label. Than afterward awayte where is than the degree of the sonne, at that tyme. Remeve thou than the label fro the mone, and bringe and sette it justly upon the degree of the sonne. And the point of the label shal than declare to thee, at what houre of the day or of the night shal be flosde. And there also maist thou wite by the same point of the label, whether it be, at that same tyme, flosde or ebbe, or half flosde, or quarter flosde, or ebbe, or half or quarter ebbe; or ellis at what houre it was last, or shal be next by night or by day, thou than shalt esely knowe, &c. Furthermore, if it so be that thou happe to werke for this matere aboute the tyme of the conjunction, bringe furthe the degree of the

\* Perhaps not genuine.

30 mone with the labelle to that coste as it  
is before sayd. But than thou shalt  
understonde that thou may not bringe  
furthe the label fro the degree of the  
mone as thou dide before; for-why the  
35 sonne is than in the same degree with  
the mone. And so thou may at that  
tyme by the point of the labelle un-  
remeved knowe the houre of the flode or  
of the ebbe, as it is before seyde, &c. And  
40 evermore as thou findest the mone passe

fro the sonne, so remeve thou the labelle  
than fro the degree of the mone, and  
bringe it to the degree of the sonne.  
And worke thou than as thou dide before,  
&c. Or elles knowe thou what houre it 45  
is that thou art inne, by thyn instru-  
ment. Than bringe thou furth fro  
thennes the labelle and ley it upon the  
degree of the mone, and therby may  
thou wite also whan it was flode, or whan 50  
it wol be next, be it night or day; &c.

# THE CANTERBURY TALES.

## GROUP A. THE PROLOGUE.

Here biginneth the Book of the Tales of Caunterbury.

WHAN that Aprille with his shoures sote  
The droghte of Marche hath perced to  
the rote,

And bathed every veyne in swich licour,  
Of which vertu engendred is the flour ;  
Whan Zephirus seek with his swete breeth 5  
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth  
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,  
And smale fowles maken melodye,  
That slepen al the night with open yē, 10  
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages) :  
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages  
(And palmers for to seken straunge  
strondes)

To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes ;  
And specially, from every shires ende 15  
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,  
The holy blisful martir for to seke,  
That hem hath holpen, whan that they  
were seke.

Bifel that, in that seson on a day,  
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay 20  
Bedy to wenden on my pilgrimage  
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,  
At night was come in-to that hostelrye  
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,  
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle 25  
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,  
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde ;  
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,  
And wel we weren esed atte beste.  
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,

So hadde I spoken with hem everichon, 31  
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,  
And made forward erly for to ryse,  
To take our way, ther as I yow devyse.

But natheles, whyl I have tyme and  
space, 35

Er that I farther in this tale pace,  
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,  
To telle yow al the condicioun  
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,  
And whiche they weren, and of what  
degree ; 40

And eek in what array that they were  
inne :

And at a knight than wol I first beginne.  
A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy  
man, Knight.

That fro the tyme that he first bigan  
To ryden out, he loved chivalrye, 45  
Trouthe and honour, fredom and cur-  
teisye.

Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,  
And therto hadde he riden (no man  
ferre)

As wel in Cristendom as hethenesse,  
And ever honoured for his worthinesse. 50

At Alisaundre he was, whan it was  
wonne ;

Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne  
Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.

In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Ruce,  
No Cristen man so ofte of his degree. 55  
In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be

Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.  
At Lyeyes was he, and at Satalye,  
Whan they were wonne; and in the  
Grete See

At many a noble aryve hadde he be. 60  
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,  
And foughten for our feith at Tramissene  
In listes thryes, and ay slayn his fo.  
This ilke worthy knight had been also  
Somytyme with the lord of Palatye, 65  
Ageyn another hethen in Turkye:  
And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.  
And though that he were worthy, he was  
wys,

And of his port as meke as is a mayde.  
He never yet no vileinye ne sayde 70  
In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.  
He was a verray parfit gentil knight.  
But for to tellen yow of his array,  
His hors were gode, but he was nat gay.  
Of fustian he wered a gipoun 75  
Al bismotered with his habergeoun;  
For he was late y-come from his viage,  
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone, a yong  
Squire, Squier.  
A lovyere, and a lusty bachelor, 80  
With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in  
presse.

Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.  
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,  
And wonderly deliver, and greet of  
strength.

And he had been somtyme in chivachye, 85  
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye,  
And born him wel, as of so lital space,  
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.  
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede  
Al ful of freshe floures, whyte and rede. 90  
Singing he was, or floytinge, al the day;  
He was as fresh as is the month of May.  
Short was his gowne, with sleeves longe  
and wyde.

Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.  
He coude songes make and wel endyte, 95  
Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye  
and wryte.

So hote he lovede, that by nightertale  
He sleep namore than dooth a nightingale.  
Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,  
And carf hirom his fader at the table. 100

A YEMAN hadde he, and servaunts namo  
At that tyme, for him liste ryde so;  
And he was clad in cote and hood of  
grene; Yeman.

A sheef of pecok-arwes brighte and  
kene.

Under his belt he bar ful thriftily; 105  
(Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:  
His arwes drouped noght with fetheres  
lowe),

And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe.  
A not-heed hadde he, with a broun visage.  
Of wode-craft wel coude he al the usage. 110  
Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,  
And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler,  
And on that other syde a gay daggere,  
Harneised wel, and sharp as point of  
spere;

A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene. 115  
An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of  
grene;

A forster was he, soothly, as I gesse.  
Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,  
That of hir smyling was ful simple and  
coy; Prioresse.

Hir gretteste ooth was but by seynt  
Loy; 120

And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.  
Ful wel she song the service divyne,  
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;  
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,  
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe, 125  
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.  
At mete wel y-taught was she with alle;  
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,  
Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.  
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel  
kepe, 130

That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.  
In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest.  
Hir over lippe wypped she so clepe,  
That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene  
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir  
draughte. 135

Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,  
And sikerly she was of greet disport,  
And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port,  
And peyned hir to countrefete chere  
Of court, and been estailish of manere, 140  
And to ben holden dign of reverence.  
But, for to speken of hir conscience,

She was so charitable and so pitous,  
 She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous  
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or  
 bledde. 145

Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde  
 With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel-  
 breed.

But sore weep she if oon of hem were  
 deed,

Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte :  
 And al was conscience and tendre herte.  
 Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was ; 151  
 Hir nose tretys ; hir eyen greye as glas ;  
 Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and  
 reed ;

But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed ;  
 It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe ; 155  
 For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.  
 Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.  
 Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar  
 A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene ;  
 And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful  
 shene, 160

On which ther was first write a crowned A,  
 And after, *A mor vincit omnia*. Nonne.

Another Nonne with hir hadde she,  
 That was hir chapeleyn, and ~~PRESTRES~~  
 THREE. 3 ~~PRESTRES~~

A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrye,  
 An out-rydere, that lovede venerye ; 166  
 A manly man, to been an abbot able.  
 Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in  
 stable : Monk.

And, whan he rood, men mighte his  
 brydel here

Ginglen in a whistling wind as clere, 170  
 And eek as loude as dooth the chapel-  
 belle

Ther as this lord was keper of the cello.  
 The reule of seint Maure or of seint  
 Beneit,

By-cause that it was old and som-del  
 streit,

This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace, 175  
 And held after the newe world the  
 space.

He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,  
 That seith, that hunters been nat holy  
 men ;

Ne that a monk, whan he is cloisterlees,  
 Is lykned til a fish that is waterlees ; 180

This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.  
 But thilke text held he nat worth an  
 oistre ;

And I seyde, his opinioun was good.  
 What sholde he studie, and make him-  
 salven wood,

Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure, 185  
 Or swinken with his handes, and laboure,  
 As Austin bit ? How shal the world be  
 served ?

Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.  
 Therfore he was a pricasour aright ;  
 Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel  
 in flight ; 190

Of priking and of hunting for the hare  
 Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he  
 spare.

I seigh his aleves purfild at the hond  
 With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond ;  
 And, for to festne his hood under his  
 chin, 195

He hadde of gold y-wrought a curious pin :  
 A love-knotte in the gretter ende ther was.  
 His heed was balled, that shoon as any  
 glas,

And eek his face, as he had been anoint.  
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point ; 200  
 His eyen stepe, and rollinge in his heed,  
 That stemed as a forneys of a leed ;  
 His botes souple, his hors in greet estat.  
 Now certainly he was a fair prelat ;  
 He was nat pale as a for-pyned goost. 205  
 A fat swan loved he best of any roost.  
 His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.

A ~~FREERE~~ ther was, a wantoun and a  
 merye, Frere.

A limitour, a ful solempne man. 209

In alle the ordres foure is noon that can  
 So muche of daliaunce and fair langage.  
 He hadde maad ful many a mariage  
 Of yonge wommen, at his owne cost.  
 Un-to his ordre he was a noble post.  
 Ful wel bilowed and famulier was he 215  
 With frankeleyns over-al in his contree,  
 And eek with worthy wommen of the  
 toun :

For he had power of confessioun,  
 As seyde him-self, more than a curat,  
 For of his ordre he was licentiat. 220  
 Ful swetely herde he confessioun,  
 And plesaunt was his absolucioun ;



He was an esy man to yeve penaunce  
 Ther as he wiste to han a good pitaunce ;  
 For unto a povre ordre for to yive 225  
 Is signe that a man is wel y-shrive.  
 For if he yaf, he dorste make avaunt,  
 He wiste that a man was repentaunt.  
 For many a man so hard is of his herte,  
 He may nat wepe al-though him sore  
 smerte. 230

Therefore, in stede of weping and preyeris,  
 Men moot yeve silver to the povre freres.  
 His tipet was ay farsed ful of knyves  
 And pinnes, for to yeven faire wyves.  
 And certainly he hadde a mery note ; 235  
 Wel coude he singe and playen on a rote.  
 Of yeddinges he bar utterly the prys.  
 His nekke whyt was as the flour-de-lys ;  
 Ther-to he strong was as a champion.  
 He knew the tavernes wel in every toun,  
 And everich hostiler and tappestere 241  
 Bet than a lazar or a beggestere ;  
 For un-to swich a worthy man as he  
 Accorded nat, as by his facultes, 244  
 To have with seke lazars aqueyntaunce.

It is nat honest, it may nat avaunce  
 For to delen with no swich poraille,  
 But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.  
 And over-al, ther as profit sholde aryse,  
 Curteys he was, and lowly of servyse. 250  
 Ther nas no man no-wher so vertuous.  
 He was the beste beggere in his hous ;  
 †And yaf a certeyn ferme for the  
 graunt ; 252 b  
 †Noon of his bretheren cam ther in his  
 haunt ; 252 c  
 For thogh a widwe hadde noght a sho,  
 So plesaunt was his '*In principio*,'  
 Yet wolde he have a ferthing, er he  
 wente. 255

His purchas was wel bettre than his rente.  
 And rage he coude, as it were right a  
 whelpe.  
 In love-dayes ther coude he muchel  
 helpa. (260)  
 For there he was nat lyk a cloisterer,  
 With a thredbar cope, as is a povre  
 scolier, 260  
 But he was lyk a maister or a pope.  
 Of double worsted was his semi-cope,  
 That rounded as a belle out of the presse.  
 Somwhat he lipped, for his wantownesse,

To make his English swete up-on his  
 tonge ; 265  
 And in his harping, whan that he had  
 songe,

His eyen twinkled in his heed aright,  
 As doon the sterres in the frosty  
 night. (270)

This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.  
 A MERCHANT was ther with a forked  
 berd, Marchant.

In motteles, and hye on horse he sat, 271  
 Up-on his heed a Flaundrish bever hat ;  
 His botes claspaid faire and fetialy.  
 His resons he spak ful solempnely, 274  
 Sounninge alway th'encrees of his winning.  
 He wolde the see were kept for any thing  
 Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.  
 Wel coude he in eschaunge sheeldes  
 selle. (280)

This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette ;  
 Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,  
 So estatly was he of his governaunce, 281  
 With his bargaynes, and with his chevi-  
 saunce.

For sothe he was a worthy man with-alle,  
 But sooth to seyn, I noot how men him  
 calle. Clerk.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,  
 That un-to logik hadde longe y-go. 286  
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,  
 And he nas nat right fat, I undertake ; (290)  
 But loked holwe, and ther-to soberly.  
 Ful thredbar was his overest coupey ; 290  
 For he had gotten him yet no benefyce,  
 Ne was so worldly for to have offyce.  
 For him was lever have at his beddes  
 heed

Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,  
 Of Aristotle and his philosophye, 295  
 Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sauntrya.  
 But al be that he was a philosophe,  
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre ; (300)  
 But al that he mighte of his freendes  
 hente,

On bokes and on lerninge he it spente, 300  
 And bisily gan for the soules preye  
 Of hem that yaf him wher-with to scoleye.  
 Of studie took he most cure and most  
 hede.

Noght o word spak he more than was  
 nede,

And that was seyde in forme and reverence,  
And short and quik, and ful of hy  
sentence.

Souninge in moral vertu was his speche,  
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly  
teche. **Man of Lawe.** (310)

A **SERGEANT OF THE LAWE**, war and wys,  
That often hadde been at the parvyys, 310  
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.  
Discreet he was, and of greet reverence:  
He semed swich, his wordes weren so  
wyse.

Justyce he was ful often in assayse, 314  
By patente, and by pleyn commissioun;  
For his science, and for his heigh re-  
noun

Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.  
So greet a purchasour was no-wher  
noon. (320)

Al was fee simple to him in effect,  
His purchasinge mighte nat been infect. 320  
No-wher so bisy a man as he ther nas,  
And yet he semed bisier than he was.  
In termes hadde he caas and domes alle,  
That from the tyme of king William were  
falle.

Therto he coude endyte, and make a  
thing, 325  
Ther coude no wight pinche at his  
wryting;

And every statut coude he pleyn by rote.  
He rood but hoornly in a medlee cote (330)  
Girt with a ceint of silk, with barres  
smale;

Of his array telle I no lenger tale. 330

A **FRANKLEYN** was in his companye;  
Whyt was his berd, as is the dayesye.  
Of his complexion he was sangwyn.  
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in  
wyn. **Frankleyn.**

To liven in delyt was ever his wone, 335  
For he was Epicurus owne sone,  
That heeld opinioun, that pleyn delyt  
Was verrailly felicitee parfyt. (340)

An housholdere, and that a greet, was he;  
Seint Julian he was in his contree. 340  
His breed, his ale, was alwey after oon;  
A bettre envyned man was no-wher noon.  
With-oute bake mete was never his hous,  
Of fish and flesh, and that so plentevous,

It snewed in his hous of mete and  
drinke, 345

Of alle deyntees that men coude thinke.  
After the sondry seasons of the yeer, (349)  
So chaunged he his mete and his soper.  
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in  
mewe,

And many a breem and many a luce in  
stewe. 350

Wo was his cook, but-if his sance were  
Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his gere.  
His table dormant in his halle alway  
Stood redy covered al the longe day.

At sessions ther was he lord and sire; 355  
Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the shire.  
An anlas and a gipeer al of silk (359)  
Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk.  
A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour;  
Was no-wher such a worthy vavasour. 360

**AN HABERDASSHER** and a **CARPENTER**,  
**Haberdassher. Carpenter.**

A **WEBBE**, and a **DYER**, and a **TAPICER**,  
**Webbe. Dyere. Tapicer.**

Were with us eek, clothed in o liverree,  
Of a solempne and greet fraternitee. 364  
Ful fresh and newe hir gere apyked was;  
Hir knyves were y-chaped noght with  
bras,

But al with silver, wrought ful clene and  
weel, (369)

Hir girdles and hir pouches every-deel.  
Wel semed ech of hem a fair burgeys,  
To sitten in a yeldhalle on a days. 370  
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,  
Was shaply for to been an alderman.

For catel hadde they y-nogh and rente,  
And eek hir wyves wolde it wel assente;  
And elles certain were they to blame. 375  
It is ful fair to been y-clept 'ma dame,'  
And goon to vigilyes al bifore,  
And have a mantel royalliche y-bore. (380)

A **COOK** they hadde with hem for the  
nones, **Cook.**

To boille the chiknes with the mary-  
bones, 380  
And poudre-marchant tart, and galingale.  
Wel coude he knowe a draughte of  
London ale.

He coude roste; and sethe, and broille,  
and frye,

Maken mortreux, and wel bake a pye.

But greet harm was it, as it thoughte  
me, 385  
That on his shine a mormal hadde he;  
For blankmanger, that made he with the  
beste. (389)

A SHIPMAN was ther, woning fer by  
weste: Shipman.

For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.  
He rood up-on a rouncy, as he couthe, 390  
In a gowne of falding to the knee.

A daggere hanging on a laas hadde he  
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.  
The hote somer had maad his hewe al  
broun;

And, certainly, he was a good felawe. 395  
Ful many a draughte of wyn had he  
y-drawe

From Burdeux-ward, whyl that the chap-  
man sleep.

Of nyce conscience took he no keep. (400)  
If that he faught, and hadde the hyer  
hond,

By water he sente hem hoom to every  
lond. 400

But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,  
His stremes and his daungers him bisydes,  
His herberwe and his mone, his lode-  
menage,

Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to  
Cartage.

Hardy he was, and wys to undertake; 405  
With many a tempest hadde his berd  
been shake.

He knew wel alle the havenes, as they  
were, (409)

From Gootlond to the cape of Finistere,  
And every cryke in Britayne and in  
Spayne; 409

His barge y-cleped was the Maudelayne.

With us ther was a DOCTOR or PHISIK,  
In al this world ne was ther noon him  
lyk Doctour.

To speke of phisik and of surgerye;  
For he was grounded in astronomye.

He kepte his pacient a ful greet del 415  
In houres, by his magik naturel.

Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent  
Of his images for his pacient. (420)

He knew the cause of everich maladye,  
Were it of hoot or cold, or moiste, or  
drye, 420

And where engendred, and of what  
humour;

He was a verrey parfit practisour.

The cause y-knowe, and of his harm the  
rote,

Anon he yaf the seke man his bota.

Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries, 425

To sende him drogges and his letuaries,  
For ech of hem made other for to  
winne;

Hir frendschipe nas nat newe to biginne.

Wel knew he th'olde Esculapius, (431)

And Delscorides, and eek Rufus, 430

Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;

Serapion, Raxis, and Avicenn;

Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn;

Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.

Of his diete mesurable was he, 435

For it was of no superfluitee,

But of greet norissing and digestible.

His studie was but litel on the bible. (440)

In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,

Lyned with taffata and with sendal; 440

And yet he was but eey of dispence;

He kepte that he wan in pestilence.

For gold in phisik is a cordial,

Therefore he lovede gold in special. 444

A good WYF was ther of biyde Bathie,

But she was som-del deaf, and that was  
scathe. Wyf of Bathie.

Of clooth-making she hadde swiche an  
haunt, (459)

She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.

In al the parishe wyf ne was ther  
noon

That to th' offering bifore hir sholde  
goon; 450

And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was  
she,

That she was out of alle charitee.

Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground;

I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound

That on a Sunday were upon hir heed. 455

Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,

Ful streite y-teyd, and shooes ful moiste  
and newe.

Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of  
hewe. (460)

She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,  
Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde  
fyve, 460

Withouten other companye in youthe ;  
But therof nedeth nat to speke as nouth.  
And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem ;  
She hadde passed many a straunge  
stream ; 464

At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,  
In Galice at seint Jame, and at Coloigne.  
She coude muche of wandring by the  
weye :

Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.  
Up-on an amblere esily she sat, (471)  
Y-wimpled wel, and on hir heed an hat  
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe ; 471  
A foot-mantel aboute hir hipes large,  
And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.  
In felawship wel coude she laughe and  
carpe.

Of remedies of love she knew per-  
chance, 475  
For she coude of that art the olde daunce.

Persoun.

A good man was ther of religioun,  
And was a povre Persoun of a toun ; (480)  
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.  
He was also a lerned man, a clerk, 480  
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche ;  
His parissheis devoutly wolde he teche.  
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,  
And in adversitee ful pacient ;  
And swich he was y-preved ofte sythes.  
Ful looth were him to cursen for his  
tythes, 486

But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,  
Un-to his povre parissheis aboute (490)  
Of his offring, and eek of his substaunce.  
He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.

Wyf was his parisshe, and houses fer  
a-sonder, 491

But he ne lasse nat, for reyn ne thonder,  
In siknes nor in meschief, to visyte  
The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and  
lyte,

Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf. 495  
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,  
That first he wroghte, and afterward he  
taughte ;

Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte ;  
And this figure he added eek ther-to, (501)  
That if gold ruste, what shal iren do ? 500  
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,  
No wonder is a lewed man to ruste ;

And shame it is, if a preest take keep,  
A shiten shepherde and a clene sheep.  
Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive,  
By his clenness, how that his sheep  
shold live. 506

He sette nat his benefice to hyre,  
And leet his sheep encombred in the  
myre, (510)

And ran to London, un-to saynt Poules,  
To seken him a chaunterie for soules, 510  
Or with a bretherhed to been withholde ;  
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his  
folde,

So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie ;  
He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.  
And though he holy were, and vertuous, \*  
He was to sinful man nat despitous, 516  
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digné,  
But in his teching discreet and benigne.

To drawn folk to heven by fairnesse (521)  
By good ensample, was his bisinesse : 520  
But it were any persone obstinat,  
What-so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,  
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the  
nones.

A bettre preest, I trowe that nowher  
noon is.

He wayted after no pompe and reverence,  
Ne made him a spyced conscience, 526  
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
He taughte, and first he folwed it him-  
selve. (530)

With him ther was a PLOWMAN, was his  
brother, PLOWMAN.

That hadde y-lad of dong ful many a  
fother, 530

A trewe swinker and a good was he,  
Livinge in pees and parfit charitee.

God loved he best with al his hole herte  
At alle tymes, thogh him gamed or  
smerte,

And thanne his neighebour right as him-  
selve. 535

He wolde thresshe, and ther-to dyke and  
delve,

For Cristes sake, for every povre wight,  
Withouten hyre, if it lay in his might.  
His tythes payed he ful faire and wel, (541)  
Bothe of his propre swink and his catel.  
In a tabard he rood upon a mere. 541

Ther was also a Reve and a Millere,

A Somnour and a Pardoner also,  
A Maunciple, and my-self; ther were  
namo.

The MILLER was a stout carl, for the  
nones, Miller.  
Ful big he was of braun, and eek of  
bones; 546

That proved wel, for over-al ther he cam,  
At wrastling he wolde have alwey the  
ram. (550)

He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke  
knarre,

Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of  
harre, 550

Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.

His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,  
And ther-to brood, as though it were  
a spade.

Up-on the cop right of his nose he hade  
A werte, and ther-on stood a tuft of heres,  
Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres; 556  
His nose-thirles blake were and wyde.

A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde;  
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.  
He was a jangler and a goliardeys, 560  
And that was moost of sinne and har-  
lotryes. (563)

Wel coude he stolen corn, and tollen  
thryes;

And yet he hadde a thombe of gold,  
pardee.

A whyt cote and a blew hood wared he.

A baggepype wel coude he blowe and  
sowne, 565

And ther-with-al he broghte us out of  
towne. Maunciple.

A gentil MAUNCIPLE was ther of a temple,  
Of which achatours mighte take exemple  
For to be wyse in bying of vitaille (571)  
For whether that he payde, or took by  
taille, 570

Algate he wayted so in his achat,  
That he was ay bifrom and in good stat.  
Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace,  
That swich a lewed mannes wit shal pace  
The wisdom of an heep of lerned men? 575  
Of maistres hadde he mo than thryes  
ten,

That were of lawe expert and ourious;  
Of which ther were a doseyn in that  
hous

Worthy to been stiwardes of rente and  
lond (581)

Of any lord that is in Engelond, 580

To make him live by his propre good,  
In honour detteles, but he were wood,  
Or live as scarcely as him list desire;  
And able for to helpen al a shire

In any cas that mighte falle or happe; 585  
And yit this maunciple sette hir aller  
cappe. Reve.

The REVE was a sclendre colerik man,  
His berd was shave as ny as ever he  
can. (590)

His heer was by his eres round y-shorn.

His top was dokked lyk a preest bifrom.

Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,

Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.

Wel coude he kepe a gerner and a binne;

Ther was noon auditour coude on him  
winne.

Wel wiste he, by the droghte, and by the  
reyn, 595

The yelding of his seed, and of his  
greyn.

His lordes sheep, his neet, his dayerye,

His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his  
pultrye, (600)

Was hoodly in this reves governing, 599

And by his covenaut yaf the rekening,

Sin that his lord was twenty yeer of age;

Ther coude no man bringe him in  
arrerage.

Ther nas baillif, ne herde, ne other hyne,  
That he ne knew his sleighte and his  
covyne; 604

They were adrad of him, as of the deeth.

His woning was ful fair up-on an heeth.

With grene treës shadwed was his place.

He coude better than his lord purchase.

Ful riche he was astored prively, (611)

His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly, 610

To yeve and lene him of his owne good,

And have a thank, and yet a cote and  
hood.

In youthe he lerned hadde a good mister;

He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.

This reve sat up-on a ful good stot, 615

That was al pomely grey, and highte  
Scot.

A long surcote of pers up-on he hade,

And by his syde he bar a rusty blade. (620)

Of Northfolk was this reve, of which I  
telle, 619

Bisyde a tonn men clepen Baldeswelle.  
Tukked he was, as is a frere, aboute,  
And ever he rood the hindreste of our  
route.

A Somnour was ther with us in that  
place, Somnour.

That hadde a fyr-reed cherubynnes face,  
For sawcesfeem he was, with eyen narwe.  
As hoot he was, and lecherous, as a  
sparwe; 626

With scalled browes blake, and piled berd;  
Of his visage children were aferd. (630)  
Ther nas quik-silver, litarge, ne brim-  
ston,

Boras, ceruce, ne oille of tartre noon, 630  
Ne oynement that wolde clense and  
byte,

That him mighte helpen of his whelkes  
whyte,

Nor of the knobbes sittinge on his chekes.  
Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek  
lekes,

And for to drinken strong wyn, reed as  
blood. 635

Than wolde he speke, and crye as he  
were wood.

And when that he wel dronken hadde the  
wyn, (639)

Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.  
A fewe termes hadde he, two or three,  
That he had lerned out of som decree; 640  
No wonder is, he herde it al the day;  
And eek ye knownen wel, how that a jay  
Can clepen 'Watte,' as well as can the  
pope.

But who-so coude in other thing him  
grope, 644

Thanne hadde hespent al his philosophye;  
Ay 'Questio quid iuris' wolde he crye.  
He was a gentil harlot and a kinde; (649)  
A better felawe sholde men noight finde.

He wolde suffre, for a quart of wyne;  
A good felawe to have his concubyn 650

A twelf-month, and excuse him atte fulle:  
Ful prively a finch eek coude he pulle.

And if he fond o-wher a good felawe,  
He wolde techen him to have non awe,  
In swich cas, of the erchedeknes curs, 655  
But-if a mannes soule were in his purs;

For in his purs he sholde y-punished be.  
'Purs is the erchedeknes helle,' seyde  
he. (660)

But wel I woot he lyed right in dede;  
Of cursing oghte ech gilty man him  
drede— 660

For curs wol slee, right as assailling  
saveth—

And also war him of a *significavit*.  
In daunger hadde he at his owne gyse  
The yonge girles of the diocese,  
And knew hir counsell, and was al hir  
reed. 665

A gerland hadde he set up-on his heed,  
As greet as it were for an ale-stake;  
A bokaler hadde he maad him of a cake.

With him ther rood a gentil PARDONER  
Of Bouncival, his freend and his compeer,  
That streight was comen fro the court of  
Rome. PARDONER.

Ful loude he song, 'Com hider, love, to  
me.' (670) 672

This somnour bar to him a stif burdoun,  
Was never trompe of half so greet a soun.  
This pardoner hadde heer as yelow as  
wex, 675

But smothe it heng, as dooth a strike of  
flex;

By ounces henge his lokkes that he hadde,  
And ther-with he his shuldres over-  
spradde; (680)

But thinne it lay, by colpons oon and  
oon;

But hood, for jolitee, ne wared he noon,  
For it was trussed up in his walet. 681  
Him thoughte, he rood al of the newe jet;  
Dischevele, save his cappe, he rood al  
bare.

Swiche glaringe eyen hadde he as an  
hare.

A vernicle hadde he sowed on his cappe.  
His walet lay biforn him in his lappe, 686  
Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al  
hoot. (689)

A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.  
No berd hadde he, ne never sholde have,  
As smothe it was as it were late y-shave;  
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare. 691  
But of his craft, fro Berwik into Ware,  
Ne was ther swich another pardoner.  
For in his male he hadde a pilwe-beer,

Which that, he seyde, was our lady  
veyl : 695

He seyde, he hadde a gobet of the seyl  
That seynt Peter hadde, whan that he  
wente (699)

Up-on the see, til Jesu Crist him hente.  
He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones,  
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones. 700  
But with thise reliques, whan that he  
fond

A povre person dwelling up-on lond,  
Up-on a day he gat him more moneye  
Than that the person gat in monthes  
tweya.

And thus, with feyned flaterye and japes,  
He made the person and the peple his  
apea. 706

But trewely to tellen, atte laste, (709)  
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste.  
Wel coude he rede a lessoun or a storie,  
But alderbest he song an offertorie; 710  
For wel he wiste, whan that song was  
songe,

He moste preche, and wel affyle his  
tonge,

To winne silver, as he ful wel coude ;  
Therefore he song so meriely and louda.

Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,  
Th'estat, th'array, the nombre, and eek the  
cause 716

Why that assembled was this compaignye  
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,  
That highte the Tabard, faste by the  
Belle. (721)

But now is tyme to yow for to telle 720  
How that we baren us that ilke night,  
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.  
And after wol I telle of our viage,

And al the remenaunt of our pilgrimage.  
But first I pray yow, of your curteisye, 725  
That ye n'arette it nat my vileinye,  
Thogh that I pleylny speke in this  
matere, (729)

To telle yow hir wordes and hir chere ;  
Ne thogh I speke hir wordes properly.  
For this ye knowen al-so wel as I, 730  
Who-so shal telle a tale after a man,  
He moot reherce, as ny as ever he can,  
Everich a word, if it be in his charge,  
Al speke he never so rudeliche and  
large;

Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewa, 735  
Or feyne thing, or finde wordes newe.

He may nat spare, al-though he were his  
brother ; (739)

He moot as wel seye o word as another.  
Crist spak him-self ful brode in holy  
writ,

And wel ye woot, no vileinye is it. 740  
Eek Plato seith, who-so that can him  
rede,

The wordes mote be cosin to the deda.  
Also I prey yow to foryeve it me,  
Al have I nat set folk in hir degree  
Here in this tale, as that they sholde  
stonde ; 745

My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.  
Gretchere made our hostes everichon,  
And to the soper sette us anon ; (750)  
And served us with vitaille at the besta.  
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke  
us leste. 750

A semely man our hoste was with-alle  
For to han been a marshal in an halle ;  
A large man he was with eyen stepe,  
A fairer burgeys is ther noon in Chepe:  
Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel  
y-taught, 755

And of manhod him lakked right naught.  
Eek therto he was right a mery man,  
And after soper playen he bigan, (760)  
And spak of mirthe amonges othere  
thinges,

Whan that we hadde maad our reken-  
inges ; 760

And seyde thus : ' Now, lordinges, trewely,  
Ye been to me right welcome hertely:  
For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat  
lye,

I ne saugh this yeer so mery a compaignye  
At ones in this harborwe as is now. 765  
Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste  
I how.

And of a mirthe I am right now bihtoght,  
To doon yow ese, and it shal coste  
noght. (770)

Ye goon to Caunterbury ; God yow  
spede,

The blisful martir quyte yow your  
mede. 770

And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,  
Ye shapen yow to talen and to playe ;

For trewely, confort ne mirthe is noon  
To ryde by the weye doumb as a stoon;  
And therefore wol I maken yow disport,  
As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort. 776

And if yow lyketh alle, by oon assent,  
Now for to stonden at my jugement, (780)  
And for to werken as I shal yow seye,  
To-morwe, whan ye ryden by the weye,  
Now, by my fader soule, that is deed, 781  
But ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn heed.

Hold up your hond, withouten more  
speche.'

Our counsell was nat longe for to  
seche;  
Us thoughte it was noght worth to make  
it wys, 785  
And graunted him withouten more  
avyys,  
And bad him seye his verdit, as him  
leste.

'Lordinges,' quod he, 'now herkneth  
for the beste; (790)

But tak it not, I prey yow, in desdeyn;  
This is the poynt, to speken short and  
pleyn, 790  
That ech of yow, to shorte with your  
weye,

In this viage, shal telle tales tweye,  
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,  
And hom-ward he shal tellen othere  
two,

Of aventures that whylom han bifalle. 795  
And which of yow that bereth him best  
of alle,

That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas  
Tales of best sentence and most solas, (800)  
Shal have a soperat our aller cost  
Here in this place, sitting by this post,  
Whan that we come agayn fro Caunter-  
bury. 801

And for to make yow the more mery,  
I wol my-selven gladly with yow ryde,  
Right at myn owne cost, and be your  
gyde.

And who-so wol my jugement withseye  
Shal paye al that we spenden by the  
weye. 806

And if ye vouche-sauf that it be so,  
Tel me anon, with-outen wordes mo, (810)

And I wol erly shape me therfore.'

This thing was graunted, and our othes  
swore 810

With ful glad herte, and preyden him  
also

That he wold vouche-sauf for to do so,  
And that he wolde been our governour,  
And of our tales juge and reportour,  
And sette a soper at a certeyn prys; 815  
And we wold reuled been at his devys,  
In heigh and lowe; and thus, by oon  
assent,

We been acorded to his jugement. (820)  
And ther-up-on the wyn was fet anon;  
We drunken, and to reste wente echon,  
With-outen any lenger taryinge. 821

A-morwe, whan that day bigan to springe,  
Up roos our host, and was our aller  
cok,

And gadrede us togidre, alle in a flock,  
And forth we riden, a litel more than  
pas, 825

Un-to the watering of seint Thomas.  
And there our host bigan his hors areste,  
And seyde; 'Lordinges, herkneth, if yow  
leste. (830)

Ye woot your forward, and I it yow re-  
corde.

If even-song and morwe-song acorde, 830  
Lat see now who shal telle the firste  
tala.

As ever mote I drinke wyn or ale,  
Who-so be rebel to my jugement  
Shal paye for al that by the weye is  
spent.

Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer  
twinne; 835

He which that hath the shortest shal  
biginne.

Sire knight,' quod he, 'my maister and  
my lord, (836)

Now draweth cut, for that is myn acord.  
Cometh neer,' quod he, 'my lady prior-  
esse;

And ye, sir clerk, lat be your shamfast-  
nesse, 840

Ne studieth noght; ley hond to, every  
man.'

Anon to drawen every wight bigan,  
And shortly for to tellen, as it was,  
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,



The sothe is this, the cut fil to the knight,  
Of which ful blythe and glad was every  
wight; 846  
And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,  
By forward and by composicioun, (850)  
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?  
And whan this gode man saugh it  
was so, 850  
As he that wys was and obedient  
To kepe his forward by his free assent,

He seyde: 'Sin I shal beginne the  
game,  
What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes  
name!  
Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I  
seye.' 855  
And with that word we riden forth our  
weye; (856)  
And he bigan with right a mery chere  
His tale anon, and seyde in this manere.

Here endeth the prolog of this book; and here biginneth the first tale,  
which is the **Knighes Tale.**

THE KNIGHTS TALE.

*Iamque domos patrias, Scithice post aspera gentis*

*Prelia, laurigero, &c.*

[Statius, *Theb.* xii. 519.]

**Warner**, as olde stories tellen us,  
 Ther was a duk that highte Theseus; 860  
 Of Athenes he was lord and governour,  
 And in his tyme swich a conquerour,  
 That gretter was ther noon under the  
 sonne.  
 Ful many a riche contree hadde he  
 wonne; 864  
 What with his wisdom and his chivalrye,  
 He conquered al the regne of Femenye,  
 That whylom was y-cleped Scithia;  
 And weddede the queene Ipolita, (10)  
 And broghte hir hoome with him in his  
 contree 869  
 With muchel glorie and greet solemnpnitee,  
 And eek hir yonge suster Emelye.  
 And thus with victorie and with melodye

Lete I this noble duk to Athenes  
ryde,  
And al his hoost, in armes, him bisyde.  
And certes, if it nere to long to here, 875  
I wolde han told yow fully the manere,  
How wonnen was the regne of Femenye  
By Theseus, and by his chivalrye; (20)  
And of the grete bataills for the nones  
Bitwixen Athenes and Amazonas; 880  
And how asseged was Ipolita,  
The faire hardy quene of Sciothis;  
And of the feste that was at hir weddinge,  
And of the tempest at hir hoom-cominge;  
But al that thing I moot as now forbere.  
I have, God woot, a large feeld to ere, 886  
And wayke been the oxen in my plough.  
The remenant of the tale is long y-nough.

I wol nat letten eek noon of this route ;  
 Lat every falawe telle his tale aboute, 890  
 And lat see now who shal the soper  
 winne ; (33)

And ther I lefte, I wol ageyn biginne.

This duk, of whom I make mencion,un,  
 When he was come almost unto the  
 toun,

In al his wele and in his moste pryde, 895  
 He was war, as he caste his eye asyde,  
 Wher that ther kneled in the hye weye  
 A compagne of ladies, twaye and tweye,  
 Ech after other, clad in clothes blake ; (41)  
 But swich a cry and swich a wo they  
 make, 900

That in this world nis creature livinge,  
 That herde swich another weymentinge ;  
 And of this cry they nolde never stanten,  
 Til they the reynes of his brydal henten.

'What folk ben ye, that at myn hoom-  
 cominge 905

Perturben so my feste with cryinge ?'  
 Quod Theseus, 'have ye so greet envye  
 Of myn honour, that thus compleyne and  
 crye ? (50)

Or who hath yow misboden, or offended ?  
 And telleth me if it may been amended ;  
 And why that ye ben clothed thus in  
 blak ?' 911

The eldest lady of hem alle spak,  
 When she hadde swowned with a deedly  
 chere,

That it was rounthe for to seen and here,  
 And seyde : 'Lord, to whom Fortune hath  
 yiven 915

Victorie, and as a conquerour to liven,  
 Noght greveth us your glorie and your  
 honour ;

But we biseken mercy and socour. (60)  
 Have mercy on our wo and our distresse.  
 Som drope of pitee, thurgh thy gentil-  
 esse, 920

Up-on us wrecched women lat thou falle.  
 For certes, lord, ther nis noon of us alle,  
 That she nath been a duchesse or a queene ;  
 Now be we caitifs, as it is wel sene :

Thanked be Fortune, and hir false wheel,  
 That noon estat assureth to be weel. 926  
 And certes, lord, t'abyden your presence,  
 Here in the temple of the goddesse  
 Clemence 930

We han ben waytinge al this fourtenight ;  
 Now help us, lord, sith it is in thy might.

I wreoche, which that wepe and waille  
 thus, 931

Was whylom wyf to king Capaneus,  
 That starf at Thebes, cursed be that day !  
 And alle we, that been in this array,  
 And maken al this lamentacioun, 935  
 We losten alle our housbondes at that  
 toun,

Why! that the sege ther-aboute lay.  
 And yet now th'olde Creon, weylaway !  
 The lord is now of Thebes the citee, (81)  
 Fulfil of ire and of inquitee, 940  
 He, for despyt, and for his tirannye,

To do the dede bodyes vileinye,  
 Of alle our lordes, whiche that ben slawe,  
 Hath alle the bodyes on an heep y-drawe,  
 And wol nat suffren hem, by noon assent,  
 Neither to been y-buried nor y-brent, 946  
 But maketh houndes ete hem in despyt.  
 And with that word, with-outen more  
 respyt, (90)

They fillen gruf, and cryden pitously,  
 'Have on us wrecched women som  
 mercy, 950  
 And lat our sorwe sinken in thyn herte.'

This gentil duk down from his courser  
 sterte

With herte pitous, whan he herde hem  
 speke.

Him thoughte that his herte wolde breke,  
 Whan he saugh hem so pitous and so  
 mat, 955

That whylom weren of so greet estat.  
 And in his armes he hem alle up hente,  
 And hem comforteth in ful good entente ;  
 And swoor his ooth, as he was trewe  
 knight, (101)

He wolde doon so ferforthly his might 960  
 Up-on the tyraunt Creon hem to wreke,  
 That al the peple of Grece sholde speke  
 How Creon was of Theseus y-served,  
 As he that hadde his deeth ful wel de-  
 served. 964

And right anon, with-outen more abood,  
 His baner he displayeth, and forth rood  
 To Thebes-ward, and al his host bisyde ;  
 No neer Athenes wolde he go ne ryde,  
 Ne take his ese fully half a day, (111)  
 But onward on his way that night he lay ;

And sente anon Ipolita the quene, 971  
 And Emelye hir yonge suster shene,  
 Un-to the toun of Athenes to dwelle;  
 And forth he rit; ther nis namore to  
 tella.

The rede statue of Mars, with spere  
 and targe, 975  
 So shyneth in his whyte baner large,  
 That alle the feeldes gliteren up and down;  
 And by his baner born is his penoun (120)  
 Of gold ful riche, in which ther was  
 y-bete

The Minotaur, which that he slough in  
 Crete. 980

Thus rit this duk, thus rit this conquerour,  
 And in his host of chivalrye the flour,  
 Til that he cam to Thebes, and alighte  
 Faire in a feeld, ther as he thoughte fighte.  
 But shortly for to spoken of this thing, 985  
 With Creon, which that was of Thebes  
 king,

He faught, and alough him manly as  
 a knight

In playn bataille, and putte the folk to  
 flight; (130)

And by assaut he wan the citee after,  
 And rente adoun bothe wal, and sparre,  
 and rafter; 990

And to the ladyes he restored agayn  
 The bones of hir housbondes that were  
 slayn,

To doon obsequies, as was tho the gyse.  
 But it were al to long for to devyse 994  
 The grete clamour and the waymentinge

That the ladyes made at the brenninge  
 Of the bodyes, and the grete honour  
 That Theseus, the noble conquerour, (140)

Doth to the ladyes, whan they from him  
 wente; 999

But shortly for to telle is myn entente.  
 Whan that this worthy duk, this Theseus,  
 Hath Creon slayn, and wonne Thebes  
 thus,

Stille in that feeld he took al night his  
 reste,

And dide with al the contree as him  
 leste. 1004

To ransake in the tas of bodyes dede,  
 Hem for to strepe of harneys and of wede,  
 The pilours didn businesse and cure,  
 After the bataille and disconfiture. (150)

And so bifel, that in the tas they founde,  
 Thurgh-girt with many a grevous bloody  
 wounde, 1010

Two yonge knightes ligging by and by,  
 Bothe in oon armes, wrought ful richely,  
 Of whiche two, Arcite hight that oon,  
 And that other knight hight Palamon.  
 Nat fully quike, ne fully dede they were,  
 But by hir cote-armures, and by hir gere,  
 The heraudes knewe hem best in special.  
 As they that waren of the blood royal (160)  
 Of Thebes, and of sustren two y-born.

Out of the tas the pilours han hem torn,  
 And han hem caried softe un-to the  
 tente 1021

Of Theseus, and he ful sone hem sente  
 To Athenes, to dwellen in prisoun  
 Perpetually, he nolde no ransoun.

And whan this worthy duk hath thus  
 y-don, 1025

He took his host, and hoom he rood anon  
 With laurer crowned as a conquerour;  
 And there he liveth, in joye and in  
 honour, (170)

Terme of his lyf; what nedeth wordes  
 mo?

And in a tour, in angwish and in wo, 1030  
 Dwellen this Palamoun and eek Arcite,  
 For evermore, ther may no gold hem  
 quyte.

This passeth yeer by yeer, and day by  
 day,

Til it fil ones, in a morwe of May,  
 That Emelye, that fairer was to sene 1035  
 Than is the lillie upon his stalke grene,  
 And fresher than the May with floures  
 newe— (179)

For with the rose colour stroof hir hewe,  
 I noot which was the fairer of hem two—  
 Er it were day, as was hir wone to do, 1041

She was arisen, and al redy dight;  
 For May wol have no slogardye a-night.  
 The sesoun priketh every gentil herte,

And maketh him out of his sleep to sterte,  
 And seith, 'Arys, and do thyn obser-  
 vaunce.' (187) 1045

This maketh Emelye have remembrance  
 To doon honour to May, and for to ryse.  
 Y-clothed was she fresh, for to devyse;  
 Hir yelow heer was broyded in a tresse,  
 Bihinde hir bak, a yerde long, I gesse.

And in the gardin, at the sorne up-riste,  
She walketh up and down, and as hir  
liste

She gadereth floures, party whyte and  
rede,

To make a sotil gerland for hir hede,  
And as an sungel hevenly she song. 1055  
The grete tour, that was so thikke and  
strong,

Which of the castel was the chief don-  
geoun, (109)

(Ther-as the knightes weren in prisoun,  
Of whiche I tolde yow, and tellen shal)  
Was evene joynant to the gardin-wal, 1060  
Ther as this Emelye hadde hir pleyng.  
Bright was the sonne, and cleer that  
morweninge,

And Palamon, this woful prisoner,  
As was his wone, by leve of his gayler,  
Was risen, and romed in a chambre on  
heigh, 1065

In which he al the noble citee seigh,  
And eek the gardin, ful of braunches  
grene, (209)

Ther-as this fresche Emelye the shene  
Was in hir walk, and romed up and  
down. 1069

This sorweful prisoner, this Palamoun,  
Goth in the chambre, roming to and fro,  
And to him-self compleyning of his wo;  
That he was born, ful ofte he seyde, 'alas!'  
And so bifel, by aventure or cas,  
That thurgh a window, thikke of many  
a barre 1075

Of yren greet, and square as any sparre,  
He caste his eye upon Emelya,  
And ther-with-al he bleynte, and cryde  
'a!' (220)

As thurgh he stongen were un-to the  
herte. 1079

And with that cry Arcite anon up-sterde,  
And seyde, 'Cosin myn, what eyleth  
thee,

That art so pale and deedly on to see?  
Why crydestow? who hath thee doon  
offence?

For Goddes love, tak al in pacience 1084  
Our prisoun, for it may non other be;  
Fortune hath yeven us this adversitee.  
Som wikke aspect or disposicioun  
Of Saturne, by sum constellacioun, (230)

Hath yeven us this, al-though we hadde  
it sworn;

So stood the heven whan that we were  
born; 1090  
We moste endure it: this is the short and  
pleyn.'

This Palamon answerde, and seyde  
ageyn,

'Cosyn, for sothe, of this opinioun  
Thou hast a veyn imaginacioun.

This prison caused me nat for to crye. 1095  
But I was hurt right now thurgh-out  
myn y8

In-to myn herte, that wol my bane be.  
The fairnesse of that lady that I see (240)  
Yond in the gardin romen to and fro,  
Is cause of al my crying and my wo. 1100  
I noot wher she be womman or goddesse;  
But Venus is it, soothly, as I gesse.'

And ther-with-al on kneess down he fl,  
And seyde: 'Venus, if it be thy wil  
Yow in this gardin thus to transfigure 1105  
Bifore me, sorweful wrecche creature,  
Out of this prisoun help that we may  
scapen.

And if so be my destinee be shapen (250)  
By eterne word to dyen in prisoun,  
Of our linage have som compassioun, 1110  
That is so lowe y-brought by tirannye.'

And with that word Arcite gan espye  
Wher-as this lady romed to and fro.  
And with that sighte hir beantee hurte  
him so, 1114

That, if that Palamon was wounded sore,  
Arcite is hurt as muche as he, or more.

And with a sigh he seyde pitously: (259)  
'The fresche beantee sleeth me sodeynly  
Of hir that rometh in the yonder place;  
And, but I have hir mercy and hir grace,  
That I may seen hir atte leeste weye, 1121  
I nam but deed; ther nis namore to seye.'

This Palamon, whan he tho wordes  
herde,

Disputounly he loked, and answerde:  
'Whether seistow this in earnest or in  
pley?' 1125

'Nay,' quod Arcite, 'in earnest, by my  
fey!

God help me so, me list ful yvele pleye.'  
This Palamon gan knitte his browes  
tweye: (270)

'It nere,' quod he, 'to thes no greet honour

For to be fals, ne for to be traytour 1130  
To me, that am thy cosin and thy brother  
Y-sworn ful depe, and ech of us til other,  
That never, for to dyen in the peyne,  
Til that the deeth departe shal us tweyne,  
Neither of us in love to hindren other, 1135  
Ne in non other cas, my leve brother;  
But that thou sholdest trewely forthren me  
In every cas, and I shal forthren thee. (280)  
This was thyn ooth, and myn also, certeyn;  
I wot right wel, thou darst it natwithseyn.  
Thus artow of my counseil, out of doute.  
And now thou woldest falsly been aboute  
To love my lady, whom I love and serve,  
And ever shal, til that myn herte sterve.  
Now certes, fals Arcite, thou shalt nat so.  
I loved hir first, and tolde thes my wo 1146  
As to my counseil, and my brother sworn  
To forthre me, as I have told biforn. (290)  
For which thou art y-bounden as a knight  
To helpen me, if it lay in thy might, 1150  
Or elles artow fals, I dar wel seyn.'

This Arcite ful proudly spak ageyn,  
'Thou shalt,' quod he, 'be rather fals than I;

But thou art fals, I telle thee utterly;  
For *par amour* I loved hir firster thow. 1155  
What wiltow seyn? thou wistest nat yet now

Whether she be a womman or goddesse!  
Thyn is affeccoun of holinesse, (300)  
And myn is love, as to a creature;  
For which I tolde thes myn aventure 1160  
As to my cosin, and my brother sworn.  
I pose, that thou lovedest hir biforn;  
Wostow nat wel the olde clerkes sawe,  
That "who shal yeve a lover any lawe?"  
Love is a gretter lawe, by my pan, 1165  
Than may be yeve to any erthly man.  
And therefore positif lawe and swich decrees

Is broke al-day for love, in ech degree. (310)  
A man moot nedes love, maugree his heed.  
He may nat fleen it, thogh he sholde be deed, 1170

Al be she mayde, or widwe, or elles wyf.  
And eek it is nat lykly, al thy lyf,  
To stonden in hir grace; namore shal I;  
For wel thou woost thy-selven, verrailly,

That thou and I be dampned to prison  
Perpetuelly; us gayneth no raunsoun.

We stryve as dide the houndes for the boon, 1177

They foughte al day, and yet hir part was noon; (320)

Ther cam a kyte, whyl that they were wrothe,

And bar away the boon bitwixe hem botha. 1180

And therefore, at the kinges court, my brother,

Ech man for him-self, ther is non other.

Love if thes list; for I love and ay shal;

And soothly, leve brother, this is al

Here in this prison mote we endure, 1185

And everich of us take his aventure.'

Greet was the stryf and long bitwixe hem tweye,

If that I hadde leyser for to seye; (330)

But to th'effect. It happed on a day,

(To telle it yow as shortly as I may) 1190

A worthy duk that highte Perotheus,

That felawe was un-to duk Theseus

Sin thilke day that they were children lyte,

Was come to Athenes, his felawe to visyte,

And for to pleye, as he was wont to do,

For in this world he loved no man so: 1196

And he loved him as tendrely ageyn.

So wel they loved, as olde bokes seyn, (340)

That whan that oon was deed, sothly to telle,

His felawe wente and soghte him down in helle; 1200

But of that story list me nat to wryte.

Duk Perotheus loved wel Arcite,

And hadde him knowe at Thebes year by yere;

And fynally, at requeste and preyere 1204

Of Perotheus, with-oute any raunsoun,

Duk Theseus him leet out of prison,

Freely to goon, wher that him liste over-al,

In swich a gyse, as I you tellen shal. (350)

This was the forward, pleynly for t'endyte,

Bitwixen Theseus and him Arcite: 1210

That if so were, that Arcite were y-founde

Ever in his lyf, by day or night or stounde

In any contree of this Theseus,

And he were caught, it was accorded thus,

That with a sword he sholde lese his  
heed; 1215

Ther nas non other remedye ne reed,  
But taketh his leve, and homward he him  
spedde; (359)

Let him be war, his nakke lyth to wedde!  
How greet a sorwe suffreth now Arcite!  
The deeth he feleth thurgh his herte  
smyte; 1220

He wepeth, wayleth, cryeth pitouly;  
To sleen him-self he wayteth prively.  
He seyde, 'Allas that day that I was born!  
Now is my prison worse than biforn;  
Now is me shape eternally to dwelle 1225  
Noght in purgatorie, but in hella.

Allas! that ever knew I Perotheus!  
For elles hadde I dwelled with Theseus  
Y-fetered in his prisoun ever-mo. (371)  
Than hadde I been in blisse, and nat in wo.  
Only the sighte of hir, whom that I serve,  
Though that I never hir grace may deserve,  
Wolde han suffised right y-nough for me.  
O dere cosin Palamon,' quod he,

'Thyn is the victorie of this aventure, 1235  
Ful blisfully in prison maistow dure;  
In prison? certes nay, but in paradys!  
Wel hath fortune y-turned thee the dys,  
That hast the sighte of hir, and I th'ab-  
sence. (381) 1239

For possible is, sin thou hast hir presence,  
And art a knight, a worthy and an able,  
That by som cas, sin fortune is chaunge-  
able,

Thou mayst to thy desyr som tyme atteyne.  
But I, that am exyled, and bareyne  
Of alle grace, and in so greet despeir, 1245  
That ther nis erthe, water, fyr, ne air,  
Ne creature, that of hem maketh is,  
That may me helpe or doon confort in this:  
Wel oughte I sterve in wanhope and dis-  
trese; (391)

Farwel my lyf, my lust, and my gladnesse!  
Allas, why pleyen folk so in commune  
Of purveyaunce of God, or of fortune,  
That yeveth hem ful ofte in many a gyse  
Wel better than they can hem-self devyse?  
Som man desyreth for to han richesse, 1255  
That cause is of his mordre or greet sik-  
nesse.

And som man wolde out of his prison fayn,  
That in his hous is of his maynee slayn.

Infinite harmes been in this matere; (401)  
We witen nat what thing we preyen here.  
We faren as he that dronke is as a  
mous; 1261

A dronke man wot wel he hath an hous,  
But he noot which the righte way is thider;  
And to a dronke man the way is slider.  
And certes, in this world so faren we;  
We seken faste after felicitee, 1266  
But we goon wrong ful often, trewely.  
Thus may weseyen alle, and namely I, (410)  
That wende and hadde a greet opinioun,  
That, if I mighte escapen from prisoun,  
Than hadde I been in joye and perfit  
hale, 1271

Ther now I am exyled fro my wela.  
Sin that I may nat seen yow, Emelye,  
I nam but deed; ther nis no remedye.'

Up-on that other syde Palamon, 1275  
Whan that he wiste Arcite was agon,  
Swich sorwe he maketh, that the grete  
tour

Resouneth of his youling and clamour.  
The pure fettres on his shynes grete (421)  
Weren of his bittre salte teres wete. 1280  
'Allas!' quod he, 'Arcite, cosin myn,  
Of al our stryf, God woot, the fruyt is thyn.  
Thow walkest now in Thebes at thy large,  
And of my wo thou yvest litel charge.  
Thou mayst, sin thou hast wisdom and  
manhede, 1285

Assemblen alle the folk of our kinrede,  
And make a werre so sharp on this citee,  
That by som aventure, or som trettee,  
Thou mayst have hir to lady and to wyf,  
For whom that I mot nedes lese my lyf.  
For, as by wey of possibilitee, (433) 1291  
Sith thou art at thy large, of prison free,  
And art a lord, greet is thyn avauntage,  
More than is myn, that sterve here in a  
cage. 1294

For I mot wepe and wayle, why! I live,  
With al the wo that prison may me give,  
And eek with payne that love me yiveth  
also, (439)  
That doubleth al my torment and my wo.  
Ther-with the fyr of jelousye up-sterre  
With-inne his brest, and hente him by  
the herte 1300

So woodly, that he lyk was to biholde  
The box-tree, or the aschen dede and colde.

Tho seyde he; 'O cruel goddes, that  
governe

This world with binding of your word  
eterne,

And wryten in the table of athamaunt 1305  
Your parlement, and your eterne graunt,  
What is mankinde more un-to yow holde  
Than is the sheep, that rouketh in the  
folde? (450)

For slayn is man right as another beste,  
And dwelleth eek in prison and areste,  
And hath siknesse, and greet adversitee,  
And ofte tymes giltelees, pardes! 1312

What governaunce is in this prescience,  
That giltelees tormenteth innocence?

And yet encreseth this al my penaunce,  
That man is bounden to his observaunce,  
For Goddes sake, to letten of his wille,  
Ther as a beest may al his lust fulfillle. (460)  
And whan a beest is deed, he hath no  
peyne;

But man after his deeth moot wepe and  
pleyne, 1320

Though in this world he have care and wo:  
With-uten doute it may stonden so.  
Th' answer of this I lete to divynia,  
But wel I woot, that in this world gret  
pyne is.

Allas! I see a serpent or a thief, 1325  
That many a trewe man hath doon mee-  
cheef,

Goon at his large, and wher him list may  
turne. (469)

But I mot been in prison thurgh Saturne,  
And eek thurgh Juno, jealous and eek wood,  
That hath destroyed wel ny al the blood  
Of Thebes, with his waste wallis wyde.  
And Venus sleeth me on that other syde  
For jelousye, and fere of him Arcite.'

Now wol I stinte of Palamon a lyte,  
And lete him in his prison stille dwelle,  
And of Arcite forth I wol yow telle. 1336

The somer passeth, and the nightes  
longe (479)

Encresen double wyse the peynes stronge  
Bothe of the lovers and the prisoner.  
I noot which hath the wofullere mester.  
For shortly for to seyn, this Palamoun  
Perpetuelly is dampned to prison, 1342  
In cheynes and in fetters to ben deed;  
And Arcite is cryled upon his heed

For ever-mo as out of that contree, 1345  
Ne never-mo he shal his lady see.

Yow lovers axe I now this questicoun,  
Who hath the worse, Arcite or Palamoun?  
That oon may seen his lady day by day,  
But in prison he moot dwelle alway. 1350  
That other wher him list may ryde or go,  
But seen his lady shal he never-mo. (494)  
Now demeth as yow liste, ye that can,  
For I wol telle forth as I bigan.

### Explicit prima Pars.

### Sequitur pars secunda.

Whan that Arcite to Thebes comen was,  
Ful ofte a day he sweile and seyde 'allas.'  
For seen his lady shal he never-mo. 1357  
And shortly to concluden al his wo, (501)  
So muche sorwe had never creature  
That is, or shal, whyl that the world may  
dure. 1361

His aleep, his mete, his drink is him biraft,  
That lene he wex, and drye as is a shaft.  
His eyen holwe, and grisly to biholde;  
His hewe falwe, and pale as asshen colde.  
And solitarie he was, and ever allone, 1365  
And wailling al the night, making his  
mone.

And if he herde song or instrument,  
Then wolde he wepe, he mighte nat be  
stent; (510)

So feble eek were his spirits, and so  
lowe, 1361

And chaunged so, that no man coude knowe  
His speche nor his vois, though men it  
herde.

And in his gere, for al the world he ferde  
Nat oonly lyk the lovers maladye  
Of Heroes, but rather lyk manye  
Engendred of humour malencolyk, 1375  
Biforen, in his celle fantastyk.  
And shortly, turned was al up-so-doun  
Bothe habit and eek disposicioun (520)  
Of him, this woful loveur dann Arcite.

What sholde I al-day of his wo endyte?  
Whan he endured hadde a yeer or two  
This cruel torment, and this peyne and wo,  
At Thebes, in his contree, as I seyde,  
Up-on a night, in sleep as he him leyde,  
Him thoughte how that the winged god  
Mercurie 1385

Biforn him stood, and bad him to be murye.

His slepy yerde in hond he bar uprighte;  
 An hat he werede up-on his heres brighte.  
 Arrayed was this god (as he took keep)  
 As he was whan that Argus took his sleep;  
 And seyde him thus: 'T' Athénès shalton  
 wende; (533) 1391

Ther is thes shapen of thy wo an ende.'  
 And with that word Arcite wook and sterte.  
 'Now trewely, how sore that me smerte,'  
 Quod he, 't' Athénès right now wol I fare;  
 Ne for the drede of deeth shal I nat spare  
 To see my lady, that I love and serve;  
 In hir presence I recoche nat to starve.' (540)

And with that word he caughte a greet  
 mirour, 1399

And saugh that chaunged was al his colour,  
 And saugh his visage al in another kinde.  
 And right anon it ran him in his minde,  
 That, sith his face was so disfigured  
 Of maladye, the which he hadde endured,  
 He mighte wel, if that he bar him lowe,  
 Live in Athénès ever-more unknowe, 1406  
 And seen his lady wel ny day by day.

And right anon he chaunged his array,  
 And cladde him as a povre laborer, (551)  
 And al allone, save oonly a squyer, 1410  
 That knew his privetee and al his cas,  
 Which was disguysed povrely, as he was,  
 T' Athénès is he goon the nexte way.  
 And to the court he wente up-on a day,  
 And at the gate he profreth his servyse,  
 To drugge and draws, what so men wol  
 devyse. 1416

And shortly of this matere for to seyn,  
 He fil in office with a chamberleyn, (560)  
 The which that dwelling was with Emelye;  
 For he was wys, and coude soon aspye 1420  
 Of every servaunt, which that serveth  
 here.

Wel coude he hewen wode, and water bere,  
 For he was yong and mighty for the nones,  
 And ther-to he was strong and big of bones  
 To doon that any wight can him devyse.

A yeer or two he was in this servyse,  
 Page of the chambre of Emelye the brighte;  
 And 'Philostrate' he seide that he highte.  
 But half so wel biloved a man as he (571)  
 Ne was ther never in court, of his degree;  
 He was so gentil of condicioun, 1431  
 That thourghout al the court was his re-  
 noun.

They seyden, that it were a charitee  
 That Theseus wolde enhauncen his degree,  
 And putten him in worshipful servyse,  
 Ther as he might; his vertu excercyse.  
 And thus, with-inne a whyle, his name is  
 spronge 1437

Bothe of his dedes, and his goode tonge,  
 That Theseus hath taken him so neer (581)  
 That of his chambre he made him a squyer,  
 And yaf him gold to mayntene his degree;  
 And eek men broghte him out of his  
 contree

From yeer to yeer, ful prively, his rente;  
 But honestly and slyly he it spente,  
 That no man wondred how that he it  
 hadde. 1445

And three yeer in this wyse his lyf he  
 ladde,

And bar him so in pees and eek in werre,  
 Ther nas no man that Theseus hath derre.  
 And in this blisse leté I now Arcite, (591)  
 And speke I wol of Palamon a lyte. 1450

In derknesse and horrible and strong  
 prisoun

This seven yeer hath seten Palamoun,  
 Forpynd, what for wo and for distresse.  
 Who feleth double soor and hevynesse  
 But Palamon? that love destreyneth so,  
 That wood out of his wit he gooth for wo;  
 And eek therto he is a prisoner 1457  
 Perpetnally, noight oonly for a yeer. (600)  
 Who coude ryme in English proprely  
 His martirdom? for sothe, it am nat I;  
 Therefore I passe as lightly as I may.

It fel that in the seventhe yeer, in May,  
 The thridde night, (as olde bokes seyn,  
 That al this storie tallen more pleyne,)  
 Were it by aventure or destinee, 1465  
 (As, whan a thing is shapen, it shal be,)  
 That, sone after the midnight, Palamoun,  
 By helping of a freend, brak his prisoun,  
 And fleeth the citee, faste as he may go;  
 For he had yive his gayler drinke so 1470  
 Of a clarree, maad of a certeyn wyn, (613)  
 With narcotikes and opie of Thebes fyn,  
 That al that night, thogh that men wolde  
 him shake,

The gayler sleep, he mighte nat awake;  
 And thus he fleeth as faste as ever he  
 may. 1475

The night was short, and faste by the day,



That nedes-cost he moste him-selven hyde,  
And til a grove, faste ther besyde, (620)  
With dredful foot than stalketh Palamoun.

For shortly, this was his opinioun, 1480  
That in that grove he wolde him hyde al day,  
And in the night than wolde he take his way

To Thebes-ward, his freendes for to preye  
On Theseus to helpe him to werreye;  
And shortly, outhur he wolde lese his lyf,  
Or winnen Emelye un-to his wyf; 1486  
This is th'effect and his entente playn.

Now wol I torne un-to Arcite ageyn, (630)  
That litel wiste how ny that was his care,  
Til that fortune had broght him in the snare. 1490

The bisy larke, messenger of day,  
Salueth in hir song the morwe gray;  
And fyry Phebus ryseth up so brighte,  
That al the orient laugheth of the lighte,  
And with his stremes dryeth in the greves  
The silver dropes, hanging on the leues.  
And Arcite, that is in the court royal  
With Theseus, his squyer principal, (640)  
Is risen, and loketh on the myrie day.  
And, for to doon his observaunce to May,  
Remembring on the poynt of his desyr,  
He on a courser, sterting as the fyr, 1502  
Is riden in-to the feeldes, him to pleye,  
Out of the court, were it a myle or tweye;  
And to the grove, of which that I yow tolde, 1505

By aventure, his way he gan to holde,  
To maken him a gerland of the greves,  
Were it of wodebinde or hawethorn-leves,  
And loude he song ageyn the sonne shene:  
'May, with alle thy floures and thy grene,  
Wel-come be thou, faire fresshe May, 1511  
I hope that I som grene gete may.' (654)  
And from his courser, with a lusty herte,  
In-to the grove ful hastily he sterte,  
And in a path he rometh up and down,  
Ther-as, by aventure, this Palamoun 1516  
Was in a bush, that no man mighte him see,

For sore afered of his deeth was he. (660)  
No-thing ne knew he that it was Arcite:  
God wot he wolde have trowed it ful lyte.

But sooth is seyde, gon sithen many yeres,  
That 'feeld hath eyen, and the wode hath eres.' 1522

It is ful fair a man to bere him evene,  
For al-day meteth men at unset stevene.  
Ful litel woot Arcite of his felawe, 1525  
That was so ny to herkenen al his sawe,  
For in the bush he sitteth now ful stille.

Whan that Arcite had romed al his fille,  
And songen al the roundel lustily, (671)  
In-to a studie he fil sodeynly, 1530  
As doon thise lovers in hir queynte geres,  
Now in the croppes, now down in the breres,  
Now up, now down, as boket in a walla.  
Right as the Friday, soothly for to telle,  
Now it shyneth, now it reyneth faste, 1535  
Right so can gery Venus overcaste  
The hertes of hir folk; right as hir day  
Is gerful, right so chaungeth she array.  
Selde is the Friday al the wyke y-lyke.

Whan that Arcite had songe, he gan to syke, (682) 1540

And sette him down with-outen any more:  
'Alas!' quod he, 'that day that I was bore!  
How longe, Juno, thurgh thy crueltee,  
Woltow werreyen Thebes the citee?  
Allas! y-broght is to confusioun 1545  
The blood royal of Cadme and Amphion;  
Of Cadmus, which that was the firste man (689)

That Thebes bulte, or first the toun bigan,  
And of the citee first was crowned king,  
Of his linage am I, and his of-spring 1550  
By verray ligne, as of the stok royal:  
And now I am so caitif and so thral,  
That he, that is my mortal enemy,  
I serve him as his squyer povrely. 1554  
And yet doth Juno me wel more shame,  
For I dar noght biknowe myn owne name;  
But ther-as I was wont to highte Arcite,  
Now highte I Philostrate, noght worth a myte. (700)

Allas! thou felle Mars, alas! Juno, 1559  
Thus hath your ire our kinrede al fordo,  
Save only me, and wretched Palamoun,  
That Theseus martyreth in prisoun.  
And over al this, to sleen me utterly,  
Love hath his fyry dart so brenningly  
Y-stiked thurgh my trewe careful herte,  
That shapen was my deeth erst than my sherte. 1566

Ye sleen me with your eyen, Emelye;  
 Ye been the cause wherfor that I dye. (710)  
 Of al the remenant of myn other care  
 Ne sette I nat the mounsaunce of a tare,  
 So that I coude don aught to your ple-  
 saunce! 1571

And with that word he fil down in a  
 traunce

A longe tyme; and after he up-sterde.

This Palamoun, that thoughte that  
 thurgh his herte (716) 1574

He felte a cold swerd sodeynliche glyde,  
 For ire he quook, no lenger wolde he hyde.  
 And whan that he had herd Arcites tale,  
 As he were wood, with face deed and pale,  
 He sterte him up out of the buskes thikke,  
 And seyde: 'Arcite, false traitour wikke,  
 Now artow hent, that lovest my lady so,  
 For whom that I have al this payne and  
 wo, 1582

And art my blood, and to my counseil  
 sworn,

As I ful ofte have told thee heer-biforn,  
 And hast by-japed here duk Theseus, 1585  
 And falsly changed hast thy name thus;  
 I wol be deed, or elles thou shalt dye.

Thou shalt nat love my lady Emelye, (730)  
 But I wol love hir only, and namo;  
 For I am Palamoun, thy mortal fo. 1590  
 And though that I no wepne have in this  
 place,

But out of prison am astert by grace,  
 I drede noght that outhur thou shalt dye,  
 Or thou ne shalt nat loven Emelye.  
 Chees which thou wilt, for thou shalt nat  
 asterte.' 1595

This Arcite, with ful despitous herte,  
 Whan he him knew, and hadde his tale  
 herd,

As fiers as leoun, pulled out a swerd, (740)  
 And seyde thus: 'by God that sit above,  
 Nere it that thou art sik, and wood for love,  
 And eek that thou no wepne hast in this  
 place, 1601

Thou sholdest never out of this grove pace,  
 That thou ne sholdest dyen of myn hond.  
 For I defye the seurtee and the bond  
 Which that thou seyst that I have maad  
 to thee. 1605

What, verray fool, think wel that love is  
 free, (748)

And I wol love hir, maugre al thy might!  
 But, for as muchethou art a worthy knight,  
 And wilnest to darreynne hir by batayle,  
 Have heer my trouthe, to-morwe I wol  
 nat fayle, 1610

With-outen witing of any other wight,  
 That here I wol be founden as a knight,  
 And bringen harneys right y-nough for  
 thee;

And chees the beste, and leve the worste  
 for me.

And mete and drinke this night wol I  
 bringe 1615

Y-nough for thee, and clothes for thy  
 beddinge. (758)

And, if so be that thou my lady winne,  
 And slee me in this wode ther I am inne,  
 Thou mayst wel have thy lady, as for me.  
 This Palamon answerde: 'I graunte it  
 thee.' 1620

And thus they been departed til a-morwe,  
 When ech of hem had leyd his feith to  
 borwe.

O Cupide, out of alle charitee!

O regne, that wolt no felawe have with  
 thee!

Ful sooth is seyde, that love ne lordshipe  
 Wol noght, his thankes, have no felawe-  
 shipe; 1626

Wel finden that Arcite and Palamoun.  
 Arcite is riden anon un-to the toun, (770)  
 And on the morwe, er it were dayes  
 light,

Ful prively two harneys hath he dight, 1630  
 Bothe suffisaunt and mete to darreynne  
 The bataille in the feild bitwix hem  
 tweyne.

And on his hors, allone as he was born,  
 He carieth al this harneys him biforn;  
 And in the grove, at tyme and place y-set,  
 This Arcite and this Palamon ben met.  
 Tho changen gan the colour in hir face;  
 Right as the hunter in the regne of Trace,  
 That stondeth at the gape with a spere,  
 Whan hunted is the leoun or the bere,  
 And hereth him come russhing in the  
 graves, (783) 1641

And breketh bothe bowes and the loves,  
 And thinketh, 'heer cometh my mortal  
 enemy,

With-oute faille, he moot be deed, or I;

For outhur I mot sleen him at the gappe,  
Or he mot sleen me, if that me mishappe :'  
So ferdn they, in chaunging of hir  
hewe, 1647

As fer as everich of hem other knewe. (790)  
Ther nas no good day, ne no saluing ;  
But straight, with-outen word or reharsing,  
Everich of hem halp for to armen other,  
As frendly as he were his owne brother ;  
And after that, with sharpe speres stronge  
They foynen ech at other wonder longe.  
Thou mightest wene that this Palamoun  
In his fighting were a wood leoun, 1656  
And as a cruel tygre was Arcite :

As wilde bores gonne they to smyte, (800)  
That frothen whyte as foom for ire  
wood.

Up to the ancle foghte they in hir blood.  
And in this wyse I lete hem fighting dwelle ;  
And forth I wol of Theseus yow telle.

The destinee, ministre general,  
That executeth in the world over-al  
The purveyaunce, that God hath seyn  
biforn, 1665  
So strong it is, that, though the world  
had sworn

The contrarie of a thing, by ye or nay,  
Yet somtyme it shal fallen on a day (810)  
That falleth nat eft with-inne a thousand  
yere.

For certainly, our appetytes here, 1670  
Be it of werre, or pees, or hate, or love,  
Al is this reuled by the sighte above.  
This mene I now by mighty Theseus,  
That for to honten is so desirous,  
And namely at the grete hert in May, 1675  
That in his bed ther daweth him no  
day,

That he nis clad, and redy for to ryde  
With hunte and horn, and houndes him  
bisgide. (820)

For in his hunting hath he swich delyt,  
That it is al his joye and appetyt 1680  
To been him-self the grete hertes bane ;  
For after Mars he serveth now Diane.

Cleer was the day, as I have told er this,  
And Theseus, with alle joye and blis,  
With his Ipolita, the fayre quene, 1685  
And Emelye, clothed al in grene,  
On hunting be they riden royally.  
And to the grove, that stood ful faste by,

In which ther was an hert, as men him  
tolde, (831)

Duk Theseus the straichte way hath  
holde. 1690

And to the launde he rydeth him ful right,  
For thider was the hert wont have his  
flight,

And over a brook, and so forth on his weye.  
This duk wol han a cours at him, or tweye.  
With houndes, swiche as that him list  
comaunde. 1695

And whan this duk was come un-to the  
launde,

Under the sonne he loketh, and anon  
He was war of Arcite and Palamon, (840)  
That foughten breme, as it were bores two ;  
The brighte swerdes wenten to and fro 1700  
So hidously, that with the leeste strook  
It seemed as it wolde felle an ook ;  
But what they were, no-thing he ne woot.  
This duk his courser with his spores  
smoot,

And at a start he was bitwix hem two, 1705  
And pulled out a sword and cryed, 'ho !  
Namore, up payne of lesing of your heed.  
By mighty Mars, he shal anon be deed, (850)  
That smyteth any strook, that I may seen !  
But telleth me what mister men ye been,  
That been so hardy for to fighten here 1711  
With-outen juge or other officers,  
As it were in a listes royally ?'

This Palamon answerde hastily .

And seyde : 'sire, what nedeth wordes  
mo ? 1715

We have the deeth deserved bothe two.

Two woful wrecches been we, two cay-  
tyves, (859)

That been encombred of our owne lyves ;  
And as thou art a rightful lord and juge,  
Ne yeve us neither mercy ne refuge, 1720  
But slee me first, for seynte charitee ;  
But slee my felawe ook as wel as me.

Or slee him first ; for, though thou knowe  
it lyte,

This is thy mortal fo, this is Arcite, 1724  
That fro thy lond is banished on his heed,  
For which he hath deserved to be deed.

For this is he that cam un-to thy gate,  
And seyde, that he highte Philostrate. (870)  
Thus hath he japed thee ful many a yeer,  
And thou has makid him thy chiefsquyer :

And this is he that loveth Emelye. 1731  
 For with the day is come that I shal dye,  
 I make pleylnly my confessioun,  
 That I am thilke woful Palamoun,  
 That hath thy prison broken wikkedly.  
 I am thy mortal fo, and it am I 1736  
 That loveth so hote Emelye the brighte,  
 That I wol dye present in hir sighte. (880)  
 Therefore I axe deeth and my juwyse;  
 But salue my felawe in the same wyse, 1740  
 For bothe han we deserved to be slayn.'

This worthy duk answerde anon agayn,  
 And seyde, 'This is a short conclusioun :  
 Your owne mouth, by your confessioun,  
 Hath dampned you, and I wol it recorde,  
 It nedeth nocht to pyne yow with the  
 corde. 1746  
 Ye shul be deed, by mighty Mars the  
 rede!'

The quene anon, for verray womman-  
 hede, (890)  
 Gan for to wepe, and so dide Emelye,  
 And alle the ladies in the companye. 1750  
 Gret pitee was it, as it thoughte hem alle,  
 That ever swich a chaunce sholde falle;  
 For gentil men they were, of greet estat,  
 And no-thing but for love was this debat;  
 And sawe hir bloddy woundes wyde and  
 sore; 1755  
 And alle cryden, bothe lasse and more,  
 'Have mercy, lord, up-on us wommen  
 alle!'

And on hir bare knees adoun they falle,  
 And wolde have kist his feet ther-as he  
 stood, (901)  
 Til at the laste aslaked was his mood; 1760  
 For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte.  
 And though he first for ire quook and  
 sterte,  
 He hath considered shortly, in a clause,  
 The trespas of hem bothe, and eek the  
 cause:

And al-though that his ire hir gilt  
 accused, (907) 1765  
 Yet in his reson he ham bothe excused;  
 As thus: he thoghte wel, that every man  
 Wol helpe him-self in love, if that he can,  
 And eek delivere him-self out of prisoun;  
 And eek his herte had compassioun 1770  
 Of wommen, for they wepen ever in oon;  
 And in his gentil herte he thoghte anon,

And softe un-to himself he seyde: 'fy  
 Up-on a lord that wol have no mercy,  
 But been a leoun, bothe in word and  
 dede, 1775  
 To hem that been in repentaunce and  
 drede

As wel as to a proud despitous man (919)  
 That wol maynteyne that he first bigan!  
 That lord hath litel of discrecioun,  
 That in swich cas can no division, 1780  
 But weyeth pryde and humblesse after  
 oon.'

And shortly, whan his ire is thus agoon,  
 He gan to loken up with eyen lighte,  
 And spak thise same wordes al on  
 highte:—

'The god of love, a! *benedicite*, 1785  
 How mighty and how greet a lord is he!  
 Ayeins his might ther gayneth none  
 obstacles,

He may be cleped a god for his miracles;  
 For he can maken at his owne gyse (931)  
 Of everich herte, as that him list devyse.  
 Lo heer, this Arcite and this Palamoun,  
 That quytly weren out of my prisoun, 1792  
 And mighte han lived in Thebes royally,  
 And witen I am hir mortal enemy,  
 And that hir deeth lyth in my might  
 also; 1795

And yet hath love, maugree hir eyen two,  
 Y-brought hem hider bothe for to dye!  
 Now loketh, is nat that an heigh folye?  
 Who may been a fool, but-if he love? (941)  
 Bihold, for Goddes sake that sit above, 1800  
 Se how they blede! be they nocht wel  
 arrayed?

Thus hath hir lord, the god of love,  
 y-paid

Hir wages and hir fees for hir servyse!  
 And yet they wenen for to been ful wyse  
 That serven love, for sought that may  
 bifalle! 1805

But this is yet the beste game of alle,  
 That she, for whom they han this jolitee,  
 Can hem ther-for as moche thank as me;  
 She woot namore of al this hote fare, (951)  
 By God, than woot a cokkow or an hare!  
 But al mot been assayed, hoot and cold;  
 A man mot been a fool, or yong or old;  
 I woot it by my-self ful yore agoon: 1813  
 For in my tyme a servant was I oon.

And therfore, sin I knowe of loves peyne,  
 And woot how sore it can a man distreynen,  
 As he that hath ben caught ofte in his las,  
 I yow foryeve al hoolly this trespass, (960)  
 Atrerequisite of the quene that kneleth here,  
 And eek of Emelye, my suster dera. 1820  
 And ye shul bothe anon un-to me swere,  
 That never-mo ye shul my contree dera,  
 Ne make werre up-on me night ne day,  
 But been my freendes in al that ye may ;  
 I yow foryeve this trespass every del' 1825  
 And they him swore his axing fayre and wel,

And him of lordshipe and of mercy preyde,  
 And he hem graunteth grace, and thus he seyde : (970)

'To speke of royal linage and richesse,  
 That that she were a quene or a prin-  
 cesse, 1830

Ech of yow bothe is worthy, dountlees,  
 To wedden whan tyme is, but nathelees  
 I speke as for my suster Emelye,  
 For whom ye have this stryf and jelouyse;  
 Ye woot your-self, she may not wedden two  
 At ones, though ye fighten ever-mo : 1836  
 That on of yow, al be him looth or leef,  
 He moot go pypen in an ivy-leef ; (980)  
 This is to seyn, she may nat now han bothe,

Al be ye never so jelous, ne so wrothe. 1840  
 And for-thy I yow putte in this degree,  
 That ech of yow shal have his destinee  
 As him is shape ; and herkneith in what wyse ;

Lo, heer your ende of that I shal devyse.

My wil is this, for plat conclusioun, 1845  
 With-outen any replicacioun,  
 If that yow lyketh, tak it for the beste,  
 That everich of yow shal gon wher him leste (990)

Frely, with-outen raunson or daunger ;  
 And this day fifty wykes, fer ne ner, 1850  
 Everich of yow shal bringe an hundred knightes,

Armed for listes up at alle rightes,  
 Al redy to darreynen hir by bataille.  
 And this bihote I yow, with-outen faille,  
 Up-on my trouthe, and as I am a knight,  
 That whether of yow bothe that hath might, (998) 1856

This is to seyn, that whether he or thou

May with his hundred, as I spak of now,  
 Sleen his contrarie, or out of listes dryve,  
 Him shal I yewe Emelye to wyve, 1860  
 To whom that fortune yeveth so fair a grace.

The listes shal I maken in this place,  
 And God so wisly on my soule rewe,  
 As I shal even juge been and trewe. 1864  
 Ye shul non other ende with me maken,  
 That on of yow ne shal be deed or taken.  
 And if yow thinketh this is wel y-sayd,  
 Seyeth your avys, and holdeth yow apayd.  
 This is your ende and your conclusioun.'

Who loketh lightly now but Palamoun?  
 Who springeth up for joye but Arcite? 1871  
 Who couthe telle, or who couthe it endyte,  
 The joye that is makid in the place  
 Whan Theseus hath doon so fair a grace?  
 But down on knees wente every maner  
 wight, 1875

And thanked him with al her herte and might,

And namely the Thebans ofte sythe.

And thus with good hope and with herte  
 blythe (1020)

They take hir leve, and hom-ward gonne  
 they ryde

To Thebes, with his olde walles wyde. 1880  
 Explicit secunda pars.

#### Sequitur pars tertia.

I trowe men wolde deme it negligence,  
 If I foryete to tellen the dispence  
 Of Theseus, that goth so bisily  
 To maken up the listes royally ;  
 That swich a noble theatre as it was, 1885  
 I dar wel seyn that in this world ther nas.

The circuit a myle was aboute, (1029)  
 Walled of stoon, and diked al with-oute.  
 Round was the shap, in maner of compas,  
 Ful of degrees, the heighte of sixty pas, 1890  
 That, whan a man was set on o degree,  
 He letted nat his felawe for to see.

Est-ward ther stood a gate of marbel  
 whyt,

West-ward, right swich another in the  
 opposit. 1894

And shortly to concluden, swich a place  
 Was noon in erthe, as in so litel space ;  
 For in the lond ther nas no crafty man,  
 That geometrie or ars-metrik can, (1040)

Ne purtreyour, ne kerver of images,  
That Theseus ne yaf him mete and wages  
The theatre for to maken and devyse. 1901  
And for to doon his ryte and sacrificyse,  
He est-ward hath, up-on the gate above,  
In worship of Venus, goddess of love,  
Don make an auter and an oratorie; 1905  
And west-ward, in the minde and in  
memorie

Of Mars, he maketh hath right swich  
another,

That coste largely of gold a fother. (1050)  
And north-ward, in a touret on the wal,  
Of alabastre whyt and reed coral 1910  
An oratorie riche for to see,  
In worship of Dyane of chastitee,  
Hath Theseus don wrought in noble wyse.

But yet hadde I foryeten to devyse  
The noble karving, and the portreitures,  
The shap, the countenaunce, and the  
figures, 1916  
That weren in thise oratories three.

First in the temple of Venus maystow  
see (1060)

Wrought on the wal, ful pitous to biholde,  
The broken sleses, and the sykes colde;  
The sacred teres, and the waymenting;  
The fyrr strokes of the desiring, 1922  
That loves servaunts in this lyf enduren;  
The othes, that hir covenants assuren;  
Pleaunce and hope, desyr, fool-hardi-  
nesse, 1925

Beautee and youthe, bauderie, richesse,  
Charmes and force, lesinges, flaterye,  
Dispense, bisynesse, and jelousye, (1070)  
That wered of yelwe goldes a gerland,  
And a cokkow sitting on hir hand; 1930  
Festes, instruments, caroles, daunces,  
Lust and array, and alle the circum-  
staunces

Of love, whiche that I rekne and rekne  
shal,

By ordre weren peynted on the wal, 1934  
And mo than I can make of mencionn.  
For soothly, al the mount of Citheroun,  
Ther Venus hath hir principal dwelling,  
Was shewed on the wal in portreyng,  
With al the gardin, and the lustynesse.  
Nat was foryeten the porter Ydelnesse,  
Ne Narcissus the faire of yore agon, 1941  
Ne yet the folye of king Salamon, (1084)

Ne yet the grete strengthe of Hercules—  
Th'enchautements of Medea and Circes—  
Ne of Turnus, with the hardy fiers corage,  
The riche Cresus, caytif in servage. 1946  
Thus may ye seen that wisdom ne  
richesse,

Beautee ne sleighte, strengthe, ne hardi-  
nesse, (1090)

Ne may with Venus holde champartye;  
For as hir list the world than may she  
gye. 1950

Lo, alle thise folk so caught were in  
hir las,

Til they for wo ful ofte seyde 'allas!'  
Suffyoeth heer ensamples oon or two,  
And though I coude rekne a thousand mo.

The statue of Venus, glorious for to see,  
Was naked fleting in the large see, 1956  
And fro the navel doun all covered  
was

With wawes grene, and bryghte as any  
glas. (1100)

A citole in hir right hand hadde she,  
And on hir heed, ful semely for to see, 1960  
A rose gerland, fresh and wel smellinge;  
Above hir heed hir dowves flikeringe.

Biforn hir stood hir sone Cupido,  
Up-on his shuldres winges hadde he two;  
And blind he was, as it is ofte sene; 1965  
A bowe he bar and arwes bryghte and  
kene.

Why sholde I noght as wel eek telle  
yow al

The portreiture, that was up-on the wal  
With-inne the temple of mighty Mars the  
rede? (1111)

Al peynted was the wal, in lengthe and  
brede, 1970

Lyk to the estres of the grisly place,  
That highte the grete temple of Mars in  
Trace,

In thilke colde frosty region,  
Ther-as Mars hath his sovereyn mansioun.

First on the wal was peynted a foreste,  
In which ther dwelleth neither man ne  
beste, 1976

With knotty knarry bareyn trees olde  
Of stubbes sharpe and hidous to biholde;  
In which ther ran a rumbel and a swough,  
As though a storm sholde bresten every  
bough: 1980

And downward from an hille, under a  
bente, (1123) 1981  
Ther stood the temple of Mars armi-  
potente,  
Wrought al of burned steel, of which  
thentree  
Was long and strait, and gastly for to see.  
And ther-out cam a rage and such a vese,  
That it made al the gates for to ree. 1986  
The northren light in at the dores shoon,  
For windowe on the wal ne was ther noon,  
Thurgh which men mighten any light  
discerne. (1131)  
The dores were alle of adamant eterne,  
Y-clenched overthwart and endelong 1991  
With iren tough; and, for to make it  
strong,  
Every pilier, the temple to sustene,  
Was tonne-greet, of iren bright and shene.  
Ther saugh I first the derke imagining  
Of felonye, and al the compassing; 1996  
The cruel ire, reed as any glede; (1139)  
The pykepurs, and eek the pale drede;  
The smyler with the knyf under the cloke;  
The shepne brenning with the blake  
smoke; 2000  
The treson of the mording in the bedde;  
The open werre, with woundes al bi-  
bledde;  
Contek, with bloody knyf and sharp  
manace;  
Al ful of chirking was that sory place.  
The sleere of him-self yet saugh I ther, 2005  
His herte-blood hath bathed al his heer;  
The nayl y-driven in the shode a-night;  
The colde deeth, with mouth gaping up-  
right. (1150)  
Amides of the temple sat meschaunce,  
With disconfort and sory contenaunce.  
Yet saugh I woodnesse laughing in his  
rage; 2011  
Armed compleint, out-hees, and fiers  
outrage.  
The careyne in the bush, with throte  
y-corve;  
A thousand slayn, and nat of qualm  
y-storve; 2014  
The tiraunt, with the prey by force y-raft;  
The toun destroyed, ther was no-thing left.  
Yet saugh I brent the shippes hoppesteres;  
The hunte strangled with the wilde beres:

The sowe freten the child right in the  
cradel; (1161)  
The cook y-scalded, for al his longe ladel,  
Noght was forgeten by th'infortune of  
Marte; 2021  
The carter over-riden with his carte,  
Under the wheel ful lowe he lay adoun.  
Ther were also, of Martes divisoun,  
The barbour, and the bocher, and the  
smith 2025  
That forgeth sharpe swerdes on his stith.  
And al above, depeynted in a tour, (1169)  
Saw I conquest sittings in greet honour,  
With the sharpe swerde over his heed  
Hanginge by a sotil twynes threed. 2030  
Depeynted was the slaughtre of Julius,  
Of grete Nero, and of Antonius;  
Al be that thilke tyme they were unborn,  
Yet was hir deeth depeynted ther-biforn,  
By manasinge of Mars, right by figure;  
So was it shewed in that portreiture  
As is depeynted in the sterres above, (1179)  
Who shal be slayn or elles deed for love.  
Suffyceth con ensample in stories olde,  
I may not rekne hem alle, thogh I wolde.  
The statue of Mars up-on a carte stood,  
Armed, and loked grim as he were wood;  
And over his heed ther shynen two figures  
Of sterres, that been cleped in scriptures  
That con Puella, that other Rubeus. 2045  
This god of armes was arrayed thus:—  
A wolf ther stood biforn him at his feet  
With eyen rede, and of a man he eet; (1190)  
With sotil pencil was depeynt this storie,  
In redoutinge of Mars and of his glorie.  
Now to the temple of Diane the chaste  
As shortly as I can I wol me haste, 2052  
To telle yow al the descripcioun.  
Depeynted been the walles up and down  
Of hunting and of shamfast chastitee. 2055  
Ther saugh I how woful Calistopee, (1198)  
Whan that Diane agreed was with here,  
Was turned from a woman til a bere,  
And after was she maad the lode-sterre;  
Thus was it peynt, I can say yow no  
ferre; 2060  
Hir sone is eek a sterre, as men may see.  
Ther saugh I Dane, y-turned til a tree,  
I mene nat the goddesse Diane,  
But Pennens doughter, which that highte  
Dane. 2064

Ther saugh I Attheon an hert y-maked,  
For vengeance that he saugh Diane al  
naked;

I saugh how that his houndes have him  
caught,

And freten him, for that they knewe him  
naught. (1210)

Yet peynted was a litel forther-moor,  
How Atthalante hunted the wilde boor,  
And Meleagre, and many another mo, 2071  
For which Diane wroughte him care and wo.

Ther saugh I many another wonder storie,  
The whiche me list nat drawn to  
memorie. 2074

This goddesse on an hert ful hye seet,  
With smale houndes al aboute hir feet;  
And undernethe hir feet she hadde a  
mone, (1219)

Wexing it was, and sholde wanie sone.  
In gaude grene hir statue clothed was,  
With bowe in honde, and arwes in a cas.  
Hir eyen caste she ful lowe adoun, 2081  
Ther Pluto hath his derke regioun.

A womman travaillinge was hir biforn,  
But, for hir child so longe was unborn,  
Ful pitously Lucyna gan she calle, 2085  
And seyde, 'help, for thou mayst best of  
alle.'

Wel couthe he peynten lyfy that it  
wroughte, (1229)

With many a florin he the hewes boghte.  
Now been thise listes maad, and  
Theseus,

That at his grete cost arrayed thus 2090  
The temples and the theatre every del,  
Whan it was doon, him lyked wonder  
wel.

But stinte I wol of Theseus a lyte,  
And speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

The day approcheth of hir retourninge,  
That everich sholde an hundred knightes  
bring, 2096

The bataille to darreyne, as I yow tolde;  
And til Athènes, hir covenant for to holde,  
Hath everich of hem broght an hundred  
knightes (1241)

Wel armed for the werre at alle rightes.  
And sikerly, ther trowed many a man 2101  
That never, sithen that the world bigan,  
As for to speke of knightthod of hir bond,  
As fer as God hath maked see or lond,

Nas, of so fewe, so noble a companye. 2105  
For every wight that lovede chivalrye,  
And wolde, his thankes, han a passant  
name,

Hath preyed that he mighte ben of that  
game; (1250)

And wel was him, that ther-to chosen was.  
For if ther fille to-morwe swich a cas, 2110  
Ye knowen wel, that every lusty knight,  
That loveth paramours, and hath his  
might,

Were it in Engelond, or elles-where,  
They wolde, hir thankes, wilnen to be  
there.

To fighte for a lady, *ben'cite* / 2115  
It were a lusty sighte for to see.

And right so ferden they with Palamon.  
With him ther wenten knightes many  
oon; (1260)

Som wol ben armed in an habergeoun,  
In a brest-plat and in a light gipoun; 2120  
And somme woln have a peyre plates  
large;

And somme woln have a Puce sheld, or a  
targe;

Somme woln benarmed on hir legges weel,  
And have an ax, and somme a mace of  
steel. 2124

Ther nis no newe gyse, that it nas old.  
Armed were they, as I have you told,  
Everich after his opinioun.

Ther maistow seen coming with Pala-  
moun (1270)

Ligurge him-self, the grete king of Trace;  
Blak was his berd, and manly was his  
face.

The cercles of his eyen in his heed, 2131  
They gloweden bitwixe yelow and reed.  
And lyk a griffon loked he aboute,  
With kempe heres on his browes stoute;  
His limes grete, his braunes harde and  
stronge, 2135  
His shuldres brode, his armes rounde and  
longe.

And as the gyse was in his contree,  
Ful hye up-on a char of gold stood he,  
With foure whyte boles in the trays. (1281)  
In-stede of cote-armure over his harnays,  
With nayles yelwe and brighte as any  
gold, 2141  
He hadde a bare skin, col-blak, for-old.



His longe heer was kembd bihinde his bak,  
As any ravenes fether it shoon for-blak :  
A wrethe of gold arm-greet, of huge  
wighte, 2145

Upon his heed, set ful of stones brighte,  
Of fyne rubies and of dyamaunts.  
Aboute his char ther wenten whyte  
alaunts, (1290)

Twenty and mo, as grete as any steer,  
To hunten at the leoun or the deer, 2150  
And folwed him, with mosel faste  
y-bounde,

Colers of gold, and torets fyled rounde.  
An hundred lordes hadde he in his route  
Armed ful wel, with hertes sterne and  
stoute.

With Arcita, in stories as men finde, 2155  
The grete Emetreus, the king of Inde,  
Up-on a stede bay, trapped in steel,  
Covered in cloth of gold diaped weel, (1300)  
Cam ryding lyk the god of armes, Mars.  
His cote-armure was of cloth of Tars, 2160  
Couched with perles whyte and rounde  
and grete.

His sadel was of brend gold newe y-bete ;  
A mantelet upon his shuldre hanginge  
Bret-ful of rubies rede, as fyr sparklinge.  
His criske heer lyk ringes was y-ronne, 2165  
And that was yelow, and glittered as the  
sonne.

His nose was heigh, his eyen bright citryn,  
His lippes rounde, his colour was sangwyn,  
A fewe fraknes in his face y-spreynd, (1311)  
Betwixen yelow and somdel blak y-meynd,  
And as a leoun he his loking caste. 2171  
Of fyve and twenty year his age I caste.

His berd was wel bigonne for to springe ;  
His voys was as a trompe thunderinge.  
Up-on his heed he wered of laurer grene  
A garland fresch and lusty for to sene. 2176  
Up-on his hand he bar, for his deduyt,  
An egle tame, as eny lillie whyt. (1320)  
An hundred lordes hadde he with him  
there,

Al armed, sauf hir heddes, in al hir gere,  
Ful richely in alle maner thinges. 2181  
For trusteth wel, that dukes, erles, kinges,  
Were gadered in this noble compaignye,  
For love and for encrees of chivalrye.  
Aboute this king ther ran on every part  
Ful many a tame leoun and lepart. 2186

And in this wyse this lordes, alle and  
some,

Ben on the Sunday to the citee come (1330)  
Aboute pryme, and in the town alight.

This Theseus, this duk, this worthy  
knight, 2190

Whan he had broght hem in-to his citee,  
And inned hem, everich in his degree,  
He festeth hem, and dooth so greet labour  
To esen hem, and doon hem al honour,  
That yet men weneth that no mannes wit  
Of noon estat ne coude amenden it. 2196  
The ministraloys, the service at the feste,  
The grete yiftes to the moste and leste,  
The riche array of Theseus paleys, (1341)  
Ne who sat first ne last up-on the days,  
Whatladies fairest been or best daunsinge,  
Or which of hem can dauncen best and  
singe, 2202

Ne who most felingly speketh of love :  
What hawkes sitten on the perche above,  
What houndes ligen on the floor adoun :  
Of al this make I now no mencioniun ; 2206  
But al th'effect, that thinketh me the  
beste ;

Now comth the poynt, and herkneith if  
yow leste. (1350)

The Sunday night, er day bigan to  
springe,

When Palamon the lark herde singe, 2210  
Although it nere nat day by houres two,  
Yet song the lark, and Palamon also.  
With holy herte, and with an heigh courage  
He roos, to wenden on his pilgrimage  
Un-to the blisful Cithereas benigne, 2215  
I mene Venus, honourable and digna.  
And in hir houre he walketh forth a pas  
Un-to the listes, ther hir temple was, (1360)  
And doun he kneleth, and with humble  
chere 2219

And herte soor, he seyde as ye shul here.  
Faireste of faire, o lady myn, Venus,  
Doughter to Jove and spouse of Vulcanus,  
Thou glader of the mount of Cithereoun,  
For thilke love thou haddest to Adoun,  
Have pitee of my bitter teres smerte, 2225  
And tak myn humble preyer at thyn herte.  
Allas ! I ne have no langage to telle (1369)  
Th'effectes ne the tormentes of myn helle :  
Myn herte may myne harmes nat biwreye ;  
I am so confus, that I can noght seye. 2230

But mercy, lady bright, that knowest weel  
My thought, and seest what harmes that  
I feel,

Consideres al this, and rewe up-on my  
sore,

As wisely as I shal for evermore, 2234  
Emforth my might, thy trewe servant be,  
And holden werre alway with chastitee;  
That make I myn avow, so ye me helpe.  
I kepe noght of armes for to yelpe, (1380)  
Ne I ne axe nat to-morwe to have victorie,  
Ne renoun in this cas, ne veyne glorie 2240  
Of pris of armes blowen up and down,  
But I wolde have fully possessioun  
Of Emelye, and dye in thy servyse;  
Find thou the maner how, and in what  
wyse.

I reoche nat, but it may bettre be, 2245  
To have victorie of hem, or they of me,  
So that I have my lady in myne armes.  
For though so be that Mars is god of  
armes, (1390)

Your vertu is so greet in hevne above,  
That, if yow list, I shal wel have my love.  
Thy temple wol I worshipe evermo, 2251  
And on thyn auter, wher I ryde or go,  
I wol don sacrifice, and fyres bete.  
And if ye wol nat so, my lady swete, 2254  
Than preyre I thee, to-morwe with a spere  
That Arcite me thurgh the herte bere.  
Thanne rekke I noght, whan I have lost  
my lyf, (1399)

Though that Arcite winne hir to his wyf.  
This is th'effect and ende of my preyre,  
Yif me my love, thou blisful lady dera.'

Whan th'orisoun was doon of Palamon,  
His sacrifice he dide, and that anon 2262  
Ful pitously, with alle circumstaunces,  
Al telle I noght as now his observaunces.  
But atte laste the statue of Venus shook,  
And made a signe, wher-by that he took  
That his preyre accepted was that day.  
For thogh the signe shewed a delay, (1410)  
Yet wiste he wel that graunted was his  
bone;

And with glad herte he wente him hoom  
ful sone. 2270

The thridde houre inequal that Palamon  
Bigan to Venus temple for to goon,  
Up roos the sonne, and up roos Emelye,  
And to the temple of Diane gan hye.

Hir maydens, that she thider with hir  
ladde, 2275

Ful redily with hem the fyr they hadde,  
Th'encens, the clothes, and the remenant  
al

That to the sacrificye longen shal; (1420)  
The hornes fulle of meth, as was the gyse;  
Ther lakked noght to doon hir sacrificye.  
Smoking the temple, ful of clothes faire,  
This Emelye, with herte debonaire, 2282  
Hir body wessh with water of a welle;  
But how she dide hir ryte I dar nat telle,  
But it be any thing in general; 2285  
And yet it were a game to heren al;  
To him that meneth wel, it were no  
charge:

But it is good a man ben at his large. (1430)  
Hir brighte heer was kempt, untressed al;  
A coronne of a grene ook cerial 2290  
Up-on hir heed was set ful fair and mete.  
Two fyres on the auter gan she bete,  
And dide hir thinges, as men may biholde  
In Stace of Thebes, and thise bokes olde.  
Whan kindled was the fyr, with pitous  
chere 2295  
Un-to Diane she spak, as ye may here.

'O chaste goddesse of the wodes grene,  
To whom bothe heven and erthe and see  
is sene, (1440)

Quene of the regne of Pluto derk and  
lowe,

Goddess of maydens, that myn herte hast  
knowe 2300

Ful many a yeer, and woost what I desire,  
As keep me fro thy vengeance and thyn  
ire,

That Attheon boughte cruelly.  
Chaste goddesse, wel worstow that I  
Desire to been a mayden al my lyf, 2305  
Ne never wol I be no love ne wyf.  
I am, thou woost, yet of thy companye,  
A mayde, and love hunting and venerye,  
And for to walken in the wodes wilde,  
And noght to been a wyf, and be with  
childe. (1452) 2310

Noght wol I knowe companye of man.  
Now help me, lady, sith ye may and can,  
For tho thre formes that thou hast in thee.  
And Palamon, that hath swich love to me,  
And eek Arcite, that loveth me so sore,  
This grace I preyre thee with-oute more,

As sende love and pees bitwixe hem two ;  
 And fro me turne away hir hertes so, (1460)  
 That al hir hote love, and hir desyr,  
 And al hir bisy torment, and hir fyr 2320  
 Be queynt, or turned in another place ;  
 And if so be thou wolt not do me grace,  
 Or if my destinee be shapen so,  
 That I shal nedes have oon of hem two,  
 As sende me him that most desireth me.  
 Bihold, goddesse of clene chastitee, 2326  
 The bittre teres that on my chekes falle.  
 Sin thou are mayde, and keper of us alle,  
 My maydenhede thou kepe and wel  
 conserve, (1471)  
 And whyl I live a mayde, I wol thee  
 serve.' 2330

The fyres brenne up-on the auter clere,  
 Whyl Emelye was thus in hir prayere ;  
 But sodeinly she saugh a sighte queynte,  
 For right anon oon of the fyres queynte,  
 And quiked agayn, and after that anon  
 That other fyr was queynt, and al agon ;  
 And as it queynte, it made a whistelinge,  
 As doon thise wete brondes in hir bren-  
 ninge, (1480)

And at the brondes ende out-ran anon  
 As it were bloody drops many oon ; 2340  
 For which so sore agast was Emelye,  
 That she was wel ny mad, and gan to crye,  
 For she ne wiste what it signified ;  
 But only for the fere thus hath she cryed,  
 And weep, that it was pitee for to here.  
 And ther-with-al Diane gan appere, 2346  
 With bowe in hond, right as an hunter-  
 esse,

And seyde : 'Doghter, stint thyn hevi-  
 nesse. (1490)

Among the goddes hye it is affermed,  
 And by eterne word write and confermed,  
 Thou shalt ben wedded un-to oon of tho  
 That han for thee so muchel care and wo ;  
 But un-to which of hem I may nat telle.  
 Farwel, for I ne may no lenger dwalle.  
 The fyres which that on myn auter  
 brenne 2355

Shul thee declaren, er that thou go henne,  
 Thyn aventure of love, as in this cas.'  
 And with that word, the arwes in the cas  
 Of the goddesse clateren faste and ringe,  
 And forth she wente, and made a vanissh-  
 inge ; (1502) 2360

For which this Emelye astoned was,  
 And seyde, 'What amounteth this, alas !  
 I putte me in thy proteccioun,  
 Diane, and in thy disposicioun.'  
 And hoom she gooth anon the nexte  
 weye. 2365

This is th'effect, thar is namore to seye.

The nexte houre of Mars folwinge this,  
 Arcite un-to the temple walked is (1510)  
 Of fierse Mars, to doon his sacrificye,  
 With alle the rytes of his payen wyse. 2370  
 With pitous herte and heigh devocioun,  
 Right thus to Mars he seyde his oracioun :  
 'O stronge god, that in the regnes colde  
 Of Trace honoured art, and lord y-holde,  
 And hast in every regne and every lond  
 Of armes al the brydel in thyn hond, 2376  
 And hem fortunest as thee list devyse,  
 Accept of me my pitous sacrificye. (1520)  
 If so be that my youthe may deserve,  
 And that my might be worthy for to  
 serve 2380

Thy godhede, that I may been oon of  
 thyne,

Than preye I thee to rewe up-on my pyne.  
 For thilke peyne, and thilke hote fyr,  
 In which thou whylom brendest for desyr,  
 Whan that thou usedest the grete beautee  
 Of fayre yonge freshe Venus free, 2386  
 And haddeest hir in armes at thy wille,  
 Al-though thee ones on a tyme misfille  
 Whan Vulcanus had caught thee in his  
 las, (1531)

And fond thee ligging by his wyf, alas !  
 For thilke sorwe that was in thyn herte,  
 Have routhe as wel up-on my paynes  
 smerte. 2392

I am yong and unkonning, as thou wost,  
 And, as I trowe, with love offended  
 most,

That ever was any lyves creature ; 2395  
 For she, that dooth me al this wo endure,  
 Ne reccheth never wher I sinke or flete.

And wel I woot, er she me mercy hete,  
 I moot with strengthe winne hir in the  
 place ; (1541)

And wel I woot, withouten help or grace  
 Of thee, ne may my strengthe nocht  
 availle. 2401

Than help me, lord, to-morwe in my  
 bataille,

For thilke fyr that whylom brente thee,  
As wel as thilke fyr now brenneth me;  
And do that I to-morwe have victoria. 2405  
Myn be the travaille, and thyn be the  
glorie!

Thy soverain temple wol I most honouren  
Of any place, and alwey most labouren  
In thy plessaunce and in thy craftes  
stronge, (1551)

And in thy temple I wol my baner honge,  
And alle the armes of my compayne; 2411  
And evere-mo, un-to that day I dye,  
Eterne fyr I wol biforn thee finde.  
And eek to this avow I wol me binde:  
My berd, myn heer that hongeth long  
adoun, 2415

That never yet ne felte offenscioun  
Of rasour nor of share, I wol thee yive,  
And been thy trewe servant why! I live.  
Now lord, have routhe up-on my sorwes  
sore, (1561)

Yif me victorie, I aske thee namore.' 2420

The prayere stinte of Arcita the stronge,  
The ringes on the temple-dore that honge,  
And eek the dores, clatereden ful faste,  
Of which Arcita som-what him agaste.  
The fyres brende up-on the anter brighte,  
That it gan al the temple for to lighte;  
And swete smel the ground anon up-yaf,  
And Arcita anon his hand up-haf, (1570)  
And more encens in-to the fyr he caste,  
With othere rytes mo; and atte laste 2430  
The statue of Mars bigan his hauberk  
ringe.

And with that soun he herde a murmur-  
inge

Ful lowe and dim, that sayde thus,  
'Victorie':

For which he yaf to Mars honour and  
gloria.

And thus with joye, and hope wel to fare,  
Arcite anon un-to his inne is fare, 2436  
As fayn as fowel is of the brighte sonne.

And right anon swich stryf ther is bi-  
gonne (1580)

For thilke graunting, in the hevene above,  
Bitwixe Venus, the goddessse of love, 2440  
And Mars, the sterne god armipotent,  
That Jupiter was bisy it to stente;  
Til that the pale Saturnus the colde,  
That knew so manye of adventures olde,

Fond in his olde experience an art, 2445  
That he ful sone hath plesed every part.  
As sooth is sayd, elde hath greet advantage;  
In elde is bothe wisdom and usage; (1590)  
Men may the olde at-renne, and noght  
at-reda.

Saturne anon, to stinten stryf and drede,  
Al be it that it is agayn his kynde, 2451  
Of al this stryf he gan remedie fynde.

'My dere doghter Venus,' quod Saturne,  
'My coura, that hath so wyde for to turne,  
Hath more power than wot any man. 2455  
Myn is the drenching in the see so wan;  
Myn is the prison in the derke cote;  
Myn is the strangling and hanging by the  
throte; (1600)

The murmure, and the cherles rebelling,  
The groyning, and the pryvee empoysoun-  
ing; 2460

I do vengeance and playn correccioun  
Why! I dwelle in the signe of the Leoun.  
Myn is the ruine of the hye halles,  
The falling of the toures and of the walles  
Up-on the mynour or the carpenter. 2465  
I slow Sampson in shaking the pillar;  
And myne be the maladyes colde,  
The derke tresons, and the castes olde;  
My loking is the fader of pestilence. (1611)  
Now weep namore, I shal doon diligence  
That Palamon, that is thyn owne knight,  
Shal have his lady, as thou hast him hight.  
Though Mars shal helpe his knight, yet  
natheles

Bitwixe yow ther moot be som tyme pees,  
Al be ye noght of o complexioun, 2475  
That causeth al day swich divioun.

I am thin aye, redy at thy wille;  
Weep thou namore, I wol thy lust ful-  
fille.' (1620)

Now wol I stinten of the goddes above,  
Of Mars, and of Venus, goddessse of love,  
And telle yow, as playnly as I can, 2481  
The grete effect, for which that I bigan.

Explicit tercia pars.

Sequitur pars quarta.

Greet was the feste in Athenes that day,  
And eek the lusty secon of that May  
Made every wight to been in swich  
plessaunce, 2485  
That al that Monday justen they and  
daunce,

And spenden it in Venus heigh servyse.  
 But by the cause that they sholde ryse  
 Erly, for to seen the grete fight, (1631)  
 Unto hir reste wente they at night. 2490  
 And on the morwe, whan that day gan  
 springe,  
 Of hors and harneys, noyse and clateringe  
 Ther was in hostelryes al aboute ;  
 And to the paleys rood ther many a  
 route  
 Of lordes, up-on stedes and palfreys. 2495  
 Ther maystow seen devysing of harneys  
 So uncouth and so riche, and wrought so  
 weel  
 Of goldsmithria, of browding, and of  
 steel ; (1640)  
 The sheeldes brighte, testers, and trap-  
 pures ;  
 Gold-hewen helmes, hauberkis, cote-ar-  
 mures ; 2500  
 Lordes in paraments on hir courseres,  
 Knightes of retenue, and eek squyeres  
 Nailinge the speres, and helmes bokelinge,  
 Gigginge of sheeldes, with layneres la-  
 oinge ;  
 Ther as need is, they weren no-thing ydel ;  
 The fomy stedes on the golden brydel 2506  
 Gnawinge, and faste the armurers also  
 With fyle and hamer prikinge to and  
 fro ; (1650)  
 Yemen on fote, and communes many oon  
 With shorte staves, thikke as they may  
 goon ; 2510  
 Pypes, trompes, nakers, clarionnes,  
 That in the bataille blowen bloody sounes ;  
 The paleys ful of peples up and down,  
 Heer thre, ther ten, holding hir ques-  
 tioun,  
 Divyninge of thise Theban knightes two.  
 Somme seyden thus, somme seyde it shal  
 be so ; 2516  
 Somme helden with him with the blake  
 berd,  
 Somme with the balled, somme with the  
 thikke-hard ; (1660)  
 Somme sayde, he loked grim and he  
 wolde fighte ;  
 He hath a sparth of twenty pound of  
 wighte. 2520  
 Thus was the halle ful of divyninge,  
 Longe after that the sonne gan to springe.

The grete Theseus, that of his sleep  
 awaked  
 With minstrelaye and noyse that was  
 made,  
 Held yet the chambre of his paleys riche,  
 Til that the Thebane knightes, bothe y-  
 liche 2526  
 Honourd, were into the paleys fet.  
 Duk Theseus was at a window set, (1670)  
 Arrayed right as he were a god in trone.  
 The peple precesseth thider-ward ful sone  
 Him for to seen, and doon heigh reverence,  
 And eek to herkne his heest and his  
 sentence.  
 An heraud on a scaffold made an ho,  
 Til al the noyse of peple was y-do ;  
 And whan he saugh the peple of noyse al  
 stille, 2535  
 Tho showed he the mighty dukes willa.  
 'The lord hath of his heigh discrecioun  
 Considered, that it were destruccioun (1680)  
 To gentil blood, to fighten in the gyse  
 Of mortal bataille now in this emprise ;  
 Wherefore, to shapen that they shul not  
 dye, 2541  
 He wol his firste purpos modifia.  
 No man therfor, up peyne of los of lyf,  
 No maner shot, ne pollax, ne short knyf  
 Into the listes sende, or thider bringe ; 2545  
 Ne short sward for to stoke, with poynt  
 bytinge,  
 No man ne drawe, ne bere it by his syde.  
 Ne no man shal un-to his felaweryde (1690)  
 But o cours, with a sharp y-grounde spere ;  
 Foyne, if him list, on fote, him-self to  
 were. 2550  
 And he that is at meschief, shal be take,  
 And noght slayn, but be broght un-to the  
 stake  
 That shal ben ordeyned on either syde ;  
 But thider he shal by force, and ther  
 abyde.  
 And if so falle, the chieftayn be take 2555  
 On either syde, or elles glee his make,  
 No lenger shal the turneyinge laste.  
 God spede yow ; goth forth, and ley on  
 faste. (1700)  
 With long sward and with maces fight  
 your fille.  
 Goth now your way ; this is the lordes  
 willa.' 2560

The voys of peple touchede the hevене,  
 So loude cryden they with mery stevene :  
 ' God save swich a lord, that is so good,  
 He wilneth no destruccioun of blood !'  
 Up goon the trompes and the melodye. 2565  
 And to the listes rit the companye  
 By ordinaunce, thurgh-out the citee large,  
 Hanged with cloth of gold, and nat with  
 sarge. (1710)

Ful lyk a lord this noble duk gan ryde,  
 Thise two Thebanes up-on either syde ; 2570  
 And after rood the quene, and Emelye,  
 And after that another companye  
 Of oon and other, after hir degree.  
 And thus they passen thurgh-out the  
 citee,

And to the listes come they by tyme. 2575  
 It nas not of the day yet fully pryme,  
 Whan set was Theseus ful riche and hye,  
 Ipolita the quene and Emelye, (1720)  
 And other ladies in degrees aboute.  
 Un-to the seetes precesseth al the route. 2580  
 And west-ward, thurgh the gates under  
 Marte,

Arcite, and eek the hundred of his parte,  
 With baner reed is entred right anon ;  
 And in that selve moment Palamon  
 Is under Venus, est-ward in the place, 2585  
 With baner whyt, and hardy chere and  
 face.

In al the world, to saken up and down,  
 So even with-outen variacioun, (1730)  
 Ther nere swiche companyes tweye.  
 For ther nas noon so wys that coude  
 seye, 2590

That any hadde of other avauntage  
 Of worthinesse, ne of estaat, ne age,  
 So even were they chosen, for to geesse.  
 And in two renges faire they hem dresse.  
 Whan that hir names rad were everi-  
 choon, 2595

That in hir nombre gyle were ther noon,  
 Tho were the gates shet, and cryed was  
 loude :

' Do now your devoir, yonge knightes  
 proude !' (1740)

The heraudes lefte hir priking up and  
 down ; 2599

Now ringen trompes loude and clarioun ;  
 Ther is namore to seyn, but west and est  
 In goon the speres ful sadly in arest ;

In goth the sharpe spore in-to the syde.  
 Ther seen men who can juste, and who  
 can ryde ;

Ther shiveren shaftes up-on sheeldes  
 thikke ; 2605

He feleth thurgh the herte-spoon the  
 prikke.

Up springen speres twenty foot on highte ;  
 Out goon the ȝwerdes as the silver  
 brighte. (1750)

The helmes they to-hewan and to-shrede ;  
 Out brest the blood, with sterne stremes  
 rede. 2610

With mighty maces the bones they to-  
 breste.

He thurgh the thikkeste of the throng  
 gan threste.

Ther stomblen stedes stronge, and down  
 goth al.

He rolleth under foot as dooth a bal. 2614  
 He foyneth on his feet with his tronchoun,  
 And he him hurtleth with his hors adoun.  
 He thurgh the body is hurt, and sithen  
 y-take,

Maugree his heed, and broght un-to the  
 stake, (1760)  
 As forward was, right ther he moste  
 abyde ;

Another lad is on that other syde. 2620  
 And som tyme dooth hem Theseus to reste,  
 Hem to refreshe, and drinken if hem  
 leste.

Ful ofte a-day han thise Thebanes two  
 Togidre y-met, and wrought his felawe wo ;  
 Unhorsed hath ech other of hem tweye.  
 Ther nas no tygre in the yale of Galgo-  
 pheye, 2626

Whan that hir whelp is stole, whan it is  
 lyte,

So cruel on the hunte, as is Arcite (1770)  
 For jelous herte upon thise Palamoun :  
 Ne in Belmarye ther nis so fel leoun, 2630  
 That hunted is, or for his hunger wood,  
 Ne of his praye desireth so the blood,  
 As Palamon to sleen his fo Arcite.

The jelous strokes on hir helmes byte ;  
 Out renneth blood on both hir sydes  
 rede. 2635

Som tyme an ende ther is of every dede ;  
 For er the sonne un-to the reste wente,  
 The stronge king Emetreus gan hente

This Palamon, as he faught with Arcite,  
And made his sword depe in his flesh to  
byte; (1782) 2640

And by the force of twenty is he take  
Unyolden, and y-drawe unto the stake.  
And in the rescous of this Palamoun  
The stronge king Ligurge is born adoun;  
And king Emetreus, for al his strengthe,  
Is born out of his sadel a swardes lengthe,  
So hitte him Palamon er he were take;  
But al for noght, he was broght to the  
stake. (1790)

His hardy herte mighte him helpe naught;  
He moste abyde, whan that he was caught  
By force, and eek by composicioun. 2651

Who sorweth now but woful Palamoun,  
That moot namore goon agayn to fighte?  
And whan that Theseus had seyn this  
sight, 2654

Un-to the folk that foghten thus echoon  
He cryde, 'Ho! namore, for it is doon!  
I wol be trewe juge, and no partye.  
Arcite of Thebes shal have Emelye, (1800)  
That by his fortune hath hir faire y-  
wonne.'

Anon ther is a noyse of peple bigonne 2660  
For joye of this, so loude and heigh with-  
alle,

It semed that the listes sholde falle.

What can now faire Venus doon above?  
What seith she now? what dooth this  
quene of love?

But wepeth so, for wanting of hir wille,  
Til that hir teres in the listes fille; 2666  
She seyde: 'I am ashamed, douteles.'  
Saturnus seyde: 'Doghter, hold thy pees.  
Mars hath his wille, his knight hath al  
his bone, (1811)

And, by myn heed, thou shalt ben esed  
sone.' 2670

The trompes, with the loude minstrel-  
eye,

The heraudes, that ful loude yolle and  
crye,

Been in hir wele for joye of daun Arcite.  
But herkneth me, and stinteth now a  
lyte,

Which a miracle ther bifel anon. 2675

This fiers Arcite hath of his helm y-don,  
And on a coursar, for to shewe his face,  
He priketh endalong the large place, (1820)

Loking upward up-on this Emelye; 2679  
And she agayn him caste a freendlich yē,  
(For wommen, as to spoken in comune.

They folwen al the favour of fortune);  
And she was al his chere, as in his herte.  
Out of the ground a furie infernal sterte,  
From Pluto sent, at requeste of Saturne.  
For which his hors for fere gan to turne.  
And leep asyde, and foundred as he leep;  
And, er that Arcite may taken keep, (1830)  
He pighte him on the pomel of his heed.  
That in the place he lay as he were  
deed, 2690

His brest to-brosten with his sadel-bowe.  
As blak he lay as any cole or crowe,  
So was the blood y-ronnen in his face.  
Anon he was y-born out of the place  
With herte soor, to Theseus paleys. 2695  
Tho was he corven out of his harneys,  
And in a bed y-brought ful faire and  
blyve,

For he was yet in memorie and alyve, (1840)  
And alway crying after Emelye.

Duk Theseus, with al his companye, 2700  
Is comen hoom to Athenes his citee.  
With alle blisse and greet solempnitee.  
Al be it that this aventure was falle,

He nolde noght disconforten hem alle.  
Men seyde eek, that Arcite shal nat dye:

He shal ben heled of his maladye. 2706  
And of another thing they were as fayn,  
That of hem alle was ther noon y-slayn.  
Al were they sore y-hurt, and namely con.  
That with a spere was thirled his brest-  
boon. (1852) 2710

To othere woundes, and to broken armes,  
Some hadden selves, and some hadden  
charmes;

Fermacies of herbes, and eek save  
They dronken, for they wolde hir limes  
have.

For which this noble duk, as he wel can.  
Conforteth and honoureth every man, 2716  
And made revel al the longe night,

Un-to the straunge lordes, as was right.  
Ne ther was holden no disconfitinge, (1861)  
But as a justes or a tourneyinge; 2720

For soothly ther was no disconfiture,  
For falling nis nat but an aventure;  
Ne to be lad with fors un-to the stake  
Unyolden, and with twenty knightes take.

O persone allone, with-outen mo, 2725  
And haried forth by arme, foot, and to,  
And eek his stede driven forth with staves,  
With footmen, bothe yemen and eek  
knaves, (1870)

It nas aretted him no vileinye, 2729  
Ther may no man clepen it cowardye.

For which anon duk Theseus leet crye,  
To stinten alle rancour and envye,  
The gree as wel of o syde as of other,  
And either syde y-lyk, as otherees brother;  
And yaf hem yiftes after hir degree, 2735  
And fully heeld a feste dayes three;  
And conveyed the kinges worthily  
Out of his toun a journee largely. (1880)  
And hoom wente every man the righte  
way.

Ther was namore, but 'far wel, have good  
day!' 2740

Of this bataille I wol namore endyte,  
But speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

Swelleth the brest of Arcite, and the  
sore

Encresseth at his herte more and more.  
The clothered blood, for any lechecraft,  
Corrupteth, and is in his bouk y-laft, 2746  
That neither veyne-blood, ne ventusinge,  
Ne drinke of herbes may ben his helpinge.

The vertu expulsif, or animal, (1891)  
Fro thilke vertu cleped natural 2750

Ne may the venim voyden, ne expella.  
The pyperes of his longes gonne to swelle,  
And every facerte in his brest adoun  
Is ahent with venim and corrupeoun.  
Him gayneth neither, for to gete his lyf,  
Vornynt upward, ne downward laxatif; 2756

Al is to-brosten thilke regioun,  
Nature hath now no dominacioun. (1900)  
And certainly, ther nature wol nat wirche,  
Far-wel, phisyk! go ber the man to  
chirche! 2760

This al and som, that Arcite mot dye,  
For which he sendeth after Emelye,  
And Palamon, that was his cosin dere;  
Than seyde he thus, as ye shul after  
here.

'Naught may the woful spirit in myn  
herte 2765

Declare o poynt of alle my sorwes smerte  
To yow, my lady, that I love most;  
But I biquethe the service of my gost (1910)

To yow aboven every creature,  
Sin that my lyf may no longer dure. 2770  
Allas, the wo! alas, the peynes stronge,  
That I for yow have suffred, and so longe!  
Allas, the deeth! alas, myn Emelye!  
Allas, departing of our companye! 2774  
Allas, myn hertes quene! alas, my wyf!  
Myn hertes lady, endere of my lyf!  
What is this world? what asketh men to  
have?

Now with his love, now in his colde grave  
Allone, with-outen any companye. (1921)  
Far-wel, my swete fo! myn Emelye! 2780  
And softe tak me in your armes tweye,  
For love of God, and herkneth what I seye.

I have heer with my cosin Palamon  
Had stryf and rancour, many a day a-gon,  
For love of yow, and for my jelousya. 2785  
And Jupiter so wis my soule gye,  
To speken of a servant proprely,  
With alle circumstaunces trewely, (1930)  
That is to seyn, trouthe, honour, and  
knightheede,

Wisdom, humblesse, estaat, and heigh  
kinrede, 2790  
Fredom, and al that longeth to that art,  
So Jupiter have of my soule part,  
As in this world right now ne knowe I non  
So worthy to ben loved as Palamon, 2794  
That serveth yow, and wol don al his lyf.  
And if that ever ye shul been a wyf,  
Foryet nat Palamon, the gentil man.' (1939)  
And with that word his speche faille gan,  
For from his feet up to his brest was come  
The cold of deeth, that hadde him over-  
come. 2800

And yet more-over, in his armes two  
The vital strengthe is lost, and al ago.  
Only the intellect, with-outen more,  
That dwelled in his herte eyk and sore,  
Gan failen, when the herte felte deeth,  
Dusked his eyen two, and failed breeth.  
But on his lady yet caste he his y6; (1949)  
His laste word was, 'mercy, Emelye!'  
His spirit chaunged hous, and wente ther,  
As I cam never, I can nat tellen wher. 2810  
Therfor I stinte, I nam no divinistre;  
Of soules finde I nat in this registre,  
Ne me ne list thilke opiniouns to telle  
Of hem, though that they wryten wher  
they dwella.



Arcite is cold, ther Mars his soule gye;  
 Now wol I spoken forth of Emelye. 2816  
 Shrighte Emelye, and howleth Palamon,  
 And Theseus his suster took anon (1960)  
 Swowninge, and bar hir fro the corps away.  
 What helpeth it to tarien forth the day,  
 To tellen how she weep, bothe eve and  
 morwe? 2821

For in swich cas wommen have swich  
 sorwe,

Whan that hir housbonds been from hem  
 ago,

That for the more part they sorwen so,  
 Or elles fallen in swich maladye, 2825  
 That at the laste certainly they dye.

Infinite been the sorwes and the teres  
 Of olde folk, and folk of tendre yeres, (1970)  
 In al the toun, for deeth of this Theban;  
 For him ther wepeth bothe child and  
 man; 2830

So greet a weping was ther noon, certayn,  
 Whan Ector was y-brought, al fresh y-slayn,  
 To Troye; alas! the pitee that was ther,  
 Cراعching of chekes, rending eek of heer.  
 'Why woldestow be deed,' thise women  
 crye, 2835

'And haddest gold y-nough, and Emelye?'  
 No man mighte gladen Theseus,  
 Savings his olde fader Egeus, (1980)  
 That knew this worldes transmutacioun,  
 As he had seyn it chaungen up and down,  
 Joye after wo, and wo after gladnesse:  
 And shewed hem ensamples and lyknesse.

'Right as ther deyed never man,' quod  
 he, 2843

'That he ne livede in erthe in som degree,  
 Right so ther livede never man,' he seyde,  
 'In al this world, that som tyme he ne  
 deyde. (1988) 2846

This world nis but a thurghfare ful of wo,  
 And we ben pilgrimes, passinge to and fro;  
 Deeth is an ende of every worldly sore.'  
 And over al this yet seyde he muchel more  
 To this effect, ful wysly to enhorte 2851  
 The peple, that they sholde hem reconforte.

Duk Theseus, with al his bisy cure,  
 Caste now wher that the sepulture  
 Of good Arcite may best y-maked be, 2855  
 And eek most honourable in his degree.  
 And at the laste he took conclusioun, (1990)  
 That ther as first Arcite and Palamoun

Hadden for love the bataille hem bitwene,  
 That in that selve grove, swote and grene,  
 Ther as he hadde his amorous desires, 2861  
 His compleynt, and for love his hote fires,  
 He wolde make a fyr, in which th'office  
 Funeral he mighte al accomplyce;  
 And leet comaunde anon to hakke and  
 hewe (2007) 2865

The okes olde, and leye hem on a rewe  
 In colpons wel arrayed for to brenne;  
 His officers with swifte feet they renne  
 And ryde anon at his comaundement.  
 And after this, Theseus hath y-sent 2870  
 After a bere, and it al over-spradde  
 With cloth of gold, the richest that he  
 hadde.

And of the same suyte he cladde Arcite;  
 Upon his hondes hadde he gloves whyte;  
 Eek on his heed a croune of laurer  
 grene, 2875

And in his hond a sward ful bright and  
 kene. (2018)

He leyde him bare the visage on the bere,  
 Therwith he weep that pitee was to here.  
 And for the peple sholde seen him alle,  
 Whan it was day, he broghte him to the  
 halle, 2880

That roreth of the crying and the soun.

Tho cam this woful Theban Palamoun,  
 With flotery berd, and ruggy aschy heres,  
 In clothes blake, y-dropped al with teres;  
 And, passing othere of weping, Emelye,  
 The rewfulleste of al the companye. 2886  
 In as muche as the service sholde be  
 The more noble and riche in his degree,  
 Duk Theseus leet forth three stedes bringe,  
 That trapped were in steel al gliteringe,  
 And covered with the armes of daun  
 Arcite. (2033) 2891

Up-on this stedes, that weren grete and  
 whyte,

Ther seten folk, of which oon bar hissheeld,  
 Another his spere up in his hondes heeld;  
 The thridde bar with him his bowe Tur-  
 keys, 2895

Of brend gold was the cas, and eek the  
 harneys; (2038)

And riden forth a pas with sorweful chere  
 Toward the grove, as ye shul after here.  
 The nobleste of the Grekes that ther were  
 Upon hir shuldres carieden the bere, 2900

With slakke pas, and eyen rede and wete,  
Thurgh-out the citee, by the maister-strete,  
That sprad was al with blak, and wonder  
hye

Right of the same is al the strete y-wrye.  
Up-on the right hond wente old Egeus, 2905  
And on that other syde duk Theseus,  
With vessels in hir hand of gold ful fyn,  
Al ful of hony, milk, and blood, and wyn;  
Eek Palamon, with ful greet companye;  
And after that cam woful Emelye, 2910  
With fyr in honde, as was that tyme the  
gyse, (2053)

To do th'office of funeral servyse.

Heigh labour, and ful greet apparailinge  
Was at the service and the fyr-makinge,  
That with his grene top the heven raughte,  
And twenty fadme of brede the armes  
straughte; 2916

This is to seyn, the bowes were so brode.  
Of stree first ther was leyd ful many a  
lode. (2060)

But how the fyr was maked up on highte,  
And eek the names how the tretis highte,  
As oke, firre, birch, asp, alder, holm,  
popler, 2921

Willow, elm, plane, ash, box, chasteyn,  
lind, laurer,

Mapul, thorn, beech, hazel, ew, whippel-  
tree,

How they weren feld, shal nat be told for  
me;

Ne how the goddes ronnen up and down,  
Disherited of hir habitacioun, 2926

In which they woneden in reste and pees,  
Nymphes, Faunes, and Amadrides; (2070)

Ne how the bestes and the briddes alle  
Fledden for fere, whan the wode was falle;

Ne how the ground agast was of the light,  
That was nat wont to seen the sonne bright;

Ne how the fyr was couched first with stree,  
And than with drye stokkes cloven a thre,

And than with grene wode and spyce, 2936  
And than with cloth of gold and with  
perrye,

And gerlandes hanging with ful many  
a flour,

The mirre, th'encens, with al so greet  
odour;

Ne how Arcite lay among al this, (2081)  
Ne what richesse aboute his body is; 2940

Ne how that Emelye, as was the gyse,  
Putte in the fyr of funeral servyse;  
Ne how she swowned whan men made the  
fyr,

Ne what she spak, ne what was hir desyr;  
Ne what Jeweles men in the fyr tho caste,  
Whan that the fyr was greet and brente  
faste; 2946

Ne how som caste hir sheeld, and som hir  
spere,

And of hir vestiments, whiche that they  
were, (2090)

And cuppes ful of wyn, and milk, and  
blood,

Into the fyr, that brente as it were wood;  
Ne how the Grekes with an huge route

Thryes riden al the fyr aboute 2952  
Up-on the left hand, with a loud shoutinge,

And thryes with hir speres clateringe;  
And thryes how the ladies gonne crye; 2955

Ne how that lad was hom-ward Emelye;  
Ne how Arcite is brent to ashen colde;

Ne how that liehe-wake was y-holde (2100)  
Al thilke night, ne how the Grekes pleye

The wake-pleyes, ne kepe I nat to seye; 2960  
Who wrestleth best naked, with oille  
enoynt,

Ne who that bar him best, in no disjoynt.  
I wol nat tellen eek how that they goon

Hoom til Athenes, whan the play is doon;  
But shortly to the poynt than wol I wende,

And maken of my longe tale an ende. 2966  
By procees and by lengthe of certeyn  
yeres

Al stinted is the moorning and the tere.  
Of Grekes, by oon general assent, (2111)

Than semed me ther was a parlement 2970  
At Athenes, up-on certeyn poynts and cas;

Among the whiche poynts y-spoken was  
To have with certeyn contrees alliaunce,

And have fully of Thebens obeisaunce.  
For which this noble Theseus anon 2975

Leet senden after gentil Palamon,  
Unwist of him what was the cause and

why;

But in his blake clothes sorwefully (2120)  
He cam at his comaundement in hie.

Tho sente Theseus for Emelye. 2980  
Whan they were set, and hust was al the  
place,

And Theseus abiden hadde a space

Er any word cam from his wyse brest,  
His eyen sette he ther as was his lest,  
And with a sad visage he syked stille, 2985  
And after that right thus he seyde his wille.

'The firste moevere of the cause above,  
Whan he first made the faire cheyne of  
love, (2130)

Greet was th'effect, and heigh was his  
entente;

Wel wiste he why, and what ther-of he  
mente; 2990

For with that faire cheyne of love he bond  
The fyr, the eyr, the water, and the  
lund

In certeyn boundes, that they may nat fle;  
That same prince and that moevere, 'quod  
he,

'Hath stablissed, in this wrecched world  
adoun, 2995

Certeine dayes and duracioun

To al that is engendred in this place, (2139)

Over the whiche day they may nat paca,

Al mowe they yet tho dayes wel abregge;

Ther needeth non auctoritee allegge, 3000

For it is preved by experience,

But that me list declaren my sentence.

Than may men by this ordre wel discerne,

That thilke moevere stable is and eterne.

Wel may men knowe, but it be a fool, 3005

That every part deryveth from his hool.

For nature hath nat take his beginning

Of no party ne cantel of a thing, (2150)

But of a thing that parfit is and stable,

Descending so, til it be corruptible. 3010

And therefore, of his wyse purveyaunce,

He hath so wel biset his ordinaunce,

That speses of thinges and progressiouns

Shullen endure by successiouns,

And nat eterne be, with-oute lyf: 3015

This maistow understonde and seen at yf.

'Lo the ook, that hath so long a noris-  
shings

From tyme that it first biginneth springe,

And hath so long a lyf, as we may see, (2161)

Yet at the laste wasted is the tree. 3020

'Considereth eek, how that the harde  
stoon

Under our feet, on which we trede and  
goon,

Yit wasteth it, as it lyth by the weye.

The brode river somtyme waxeth dreye.

The grete tounes see we wane and wende.  
Than may ye see that al this thing hath  
ende. 3025

'Of man and womman seen we wel also,

That nedeth, in oon of thise termes two,

This is to seyn, in youthe or elles age, (2171)

He moot ben deed, the king as shal a

page; 3030

Som in his bed, som in the depe see,

Som in the large feeld, as men may se;

Ther helpeth noght, al goth that ilke weye.

Thanne may I seyn that al this thing moot

deye. 3034

What maketh this but Jupiter the king?

The which is prince and cause of alle thing,

Converting al un-to his propre wells,

From which it is deryved, sooth to telle.

And here-agayns no creature on lyve (2181)

Of no degree availleth for to stryve. 3040

'Thanne is it wisdom, as it thinketh me,

To maken vertu of necessitee,

And take it wel, that we may nat eschue,

And namely that to us alle is due.

And who-so gruccheth ought, he dooth

folye, 3045

And rebel is to him that al may gye.

And certainly a man hath most honour

To dyen in his excellence and flour, (2190)

Whan he is siker of his gode name;

Than hath he doon his freend, ne him, no

shame. 3050

And gladder oghte his freend ben of his

deeth,

Whan with honour up-yolden is his breeth,

Than whan his name apalled is for age;

For al forgeten is his vasselage.

Than is it best, as for a worthy fame, 3055

To dyen whan that he is best of name.

The contrarie of al this is wilfulnesse.

Why grucchen we? why have we hev-  
nesse, (2200)

That good Arcite, of chivalrye flour

Departed is, with duetee and honour, 3060

Out of this foule prison of this lyf?

Why grucchen heer his cosin and his wyf

Of his wel-fare that loved ham so weel?

Can he hem thank? nay, God wot, never  
a deel,

That bothe his soule and eek hem-self  
offende, 3065

And yet they mowe hir lustes nat amende.

'What may I conclude of this longeserie,  
But, after wo, I rede us to be merie, (2210)  
And thanken Jupiter of al his grace?

And, er that we departen from this  
place, 3070

I rede that we make, of sorwes two,  
O parfyt joye, lasting ever-mo;  
And loketh now, wher most sorwe is her-  
inne,

Ther wol we first amenden and biginne.

'Suster,' quod he, 'this is my fulle assent,  
With al th'avys heer of my parlement, 3076

That gentil Palamon, your owne knight,  
That serveth yow with wille, herte, and  
might, (2220)

And ever hath doon, sin that ye first him  
knewe, 3079

That yeshul, of your grace, up-on him rewe,  
And taken him for housbonde and for  
lord :

Leen me your hond, for this is our acord.

Lat see now of your wommanly pitee.

He is a kinges brother sone, pardee;

And, though he were a povre bachelor, 3085

Sin he hath served yow so many a year,

And had for yow so greet adversitee,  
It moste been considered, leveth me; (2230)  
For gentil mercy oghte to passen right.'

Than seyde he thus to Palamon fulright;

'I trowe ther nedeth litel sermoning 3091  
To make yow assente to this thing.

Com neer, and tak your lady by the hond.'  
Bitwixen ham was maad anon the bond,

That highte matrimoine or mariage, 3095  
By al the counseil and the baronage.

And thus with alle blisse and melodye  
Hath Palamon y-wedded Emelye. (2240)

And God, that al this wyde world hath  
wrought,

Sende him his love, that hath it dere  
a-boght. 3100

For now is Palamon in alle wele,  
Living in blisse, in richesse, and in hele;

And Emelye him loveth so tendrely,  
And he hir serveth al-so gentilly,

That never was ther no word hem bitwene  
Of jelousye, or any other tene. 3106

Thus endeth Palamon and Emelye;

And God save al this faire compaignie!--  
Amen. (2250)

Here is ended the Knightes Tale.

## THE MILLER'S PROLOGUE.

Here folwen the wordes bitwene the Host and the Millere.

WHAN that the Knight had thus his tale  
y-told,

In al the route nas ther yong ne old 3110  
That he ne seyde it was a noble storie,

And worthy for to drawen to memorie;

And namely the gentils everichoon.

Our Hoste lough and swoor, 'so moot I goon,

This gooth aright; unboked is the male;

Lat see now who shal telle another tale:

For trewely, the game is wel bigonne. 3117

Now telleth ye, sir Monk, if that ye conne,

'Sumwhat, to quyte with the Knightes  
tale.' (11)

The Miller, that for-dronken was al  
pale, 3120

So that unnethe up-on his hors he sat,

He nolde avalen neither hood ne hat,

Ne abyde no man for his curteisye,

But in Pilates vois he gan to crye,

And swoor by armes and by blood and  
bones, 3125

'I can a noble tale for the nones,

With which I wol now quyte the Knightes tale.'

Our Hoste saugh that he was dronke of ale, (20)

And seyde: 'abyd, Robin, my leve brother, Som better man shal telle us first another: Abyd, and lat us werken thriftily.' 3131

'By goddes soul,' quod he, 'that wol nat I;

For I wol speke, or elles go my way.'

Our Hoste answerde: 'tel on, a devel wey!

Thou art a fool, thy wit is overcome.' 3135

'Now herkneth,' quod the Miller, 'alle and some!

But first I make a protestacioun

That I am dronke, I knowe it by my soun; (30)

And therefore, if that I misspeke or seye,

Wyte it the ale of Southwerk, I yow preye; 3140

For I wol telle a legende and a lyf

Bothe of a Carpenter, and of his wyf,

How that a clerk hath set the wrightes cappe.'

The Reve answerde and seyde, 'stint thy clappe,

Lat be thy lewed dronken harlotrye. 3145

It is a sinne and eek a greet folye

To speiren any man, or him diffame,

And eek to bringen wyves in swich fame. (40)

Thou mayst y-nogh of othere thinges seyn.'

This dronken Millerspak fulsoneageyn,

And seyde, 'leve brother Osewold, 3151

Who hath no wyf, he is no cokewold.

But I sey nat therefore that thou art oon;

Ther been ful gode wyves many oon,

†And ever a thousand gode ayayns oon badde, 3155

†That knowestow wel thy-self, but-if thou madde.

Why artow angry with my tale now?

I have a wyf, pardee, as well as thou, (50)

Yet nolde I, for the oxen in my plogh,

Taken up-on me more than y-nogh, 3160

As demen of my-self that I were oon;

I wol beleve wel that I am noon.

An housbond shal nat been inquisitif

Of goddes privetee, nor of his wyf.

So he may finde goddes foyson there, 3165

Of the remenant nedeth nat enquere.'

What sholde I more seyn, but this Millere

Henoldehis wordes forno man forbere, (60)

But tolde his cherles tale in his manere;

Methinketh that I shal reherce it here. 3170

And therfore every gentil wight I preye,

For goddes love, demeth nat that I seye

Of evel entente, but that I moot reherce

Hir tales alle, be they better or worse,

Or elles falsen som of my matere. 3175

And therefore, who-so list it nat y-here,

Turne over the leef, and chese another tale; (69)

For he shal finde y-nowe, grete and smale,

Of storial thing that toucheth gentillesse,

And eek moralitee and holinesse; 3180

Blameth nat me if that ye chese amis.

The Miller is a cherl, ye knowe wel this;

So was the Reve, and othere many mo,

And harlotrye they tolden bothe two.

Avyseth yow and putte me out of blame;

And eek men shal nat make ernest of game. (78) 3186

Here endeth the prologe.

## THE MILLERES TALE.

Here biginneth the Millere his tale.

Whylom ther was dwellinge at Oxenford  
A riche gnof, that gastes heeld to bord,  
And of his craft he was a Carpenter.  
With him ther was dwellinge a povre  
scoler, 3190

Had lerned art, but al his fantasye  
Was turned for to lerne astrologye,  
And coude a certeyn of conclusouns  
To demen by interrogaciouns,  
If that men axed him in certein houres, 3195  
Whan that men sholde have droghte or  
elles shoures, (10)

Or if men axed him what sholde bifalle  
Of every thing, I may nat rekene hem alle.

This clerk was cleped hende Nicholas;  
Of derne love he coude and of solas; 3200  
And ther-to he was sleigh and ful privee,  
And lyk a mayden meke for to see.

A chambre hadde he in that hostelrye  
Allone, with-outen any compagne,  
Ful fetisly y-dight with herbes swote; 3205  
And he him-self as swete as is the rote (20)  
Of licorys, or any cetewale.

His Almageste and bokes grete and smale,  
His astrelabie, longinge for his art,  
His augrim-stones layen faire a-part 3210  
On shelves couched at his beddes heed:  
His presse y-covered with a falding reed.  
And al above ther lay a gay sautrye,  
On which he made a nightes melodye  
So swetely, that al the chambre rong; 3215  
And *Angelus ad virginem* he song; (30)  
And after that he song the kinges note;  
Ful often blessed was his mery throte.

And thus this swete clerk his tyme spent  
After his freendes finding and his rente.

This Carpenter had wedded newe a wyf  
Which that he lovede more than his lyf;  
Of eightetene year she was of age.  
Jalous he was, and heeld hir narwe in cage,

For she was wilde and yong, and he was  
old, (39) 3225  
And demed him-self ben lyk a cokewold.  
He knew nat Catoun, for his wit was rude,  
That bad man sholde wedde his similitude.  
Men sholde wedden after hir estaat,  
For youthe and elde is often at debate. 3230  
But sith that he was fallen in the snare,  
He moste endure, as other folk, his care.

Fair was this yonge wyf, and ther-with-al  
As any wesele hir body gent and smal.

A ceynt she werede barred al of silk, 3235  
A barmclooth eek as whyt as morne milk  
Up-on hir lendes, ful of many a gore. (51)  
Whyt was hir smok and brondeled al bifore  
And eek bihinde, on hir coler aboute,  
Of col-blak silk, with-inne and eek with-  
oute. 3240

The tapes of hir whyte voluper  
Were of the same suyte of hir coler;  
Hir filet brood of silk, and set ful hye:  
And sikerly she hadde a likerous yf. 3244  
Ful smale y-pulled were hir browes two,  
And the were bent, and blake as any  
sloo. (60)

She was ful more blisful on to see  
Than is the newe pere-jonette tree; 3248  
And softer than the wolfe is of a wether.  
And by hir girdel heeng a purs of lether  
Tasseld with silk, and perled with latoun.  
In al this world, to saken up and down,  
There nis no man so wys, that coude  
thenche

So gay a popelote, or swich a wenche. 3254  
Ful brighter was the shyning of hir hewe  
Than in the tour the noble y-forged newe.  
But of hir song, it was as loude and yerne  
As any swalwe sittinge on a berne. (72)  
Ther-to she coude skippe and make game,  
As any kide or calf folwinge his dama. 3260

Hir mouth was swete as bragot or the meeth,

Or hord of apples layd in hey or heeth. Winsinge she was, as is a joly colt, Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.

A brooch she bear up-on hir lowe coler, 3265 As brood as is the bos of a bocler. (80)

Hir shoes were laced on hir legges hye; She was a prymerole, a pigges-nye For any lord to leggen in his bedde, Or yet for any good yeman to wedde. 3270

Now sire, and eft sire, so bifel the cas, That on a day this hende Nicholas Fil with this yonge wyf to rage and pleye, Why! that hir housbond was at Oseneye, As clerkes ben ful subtile and ful queynte; And prively he caughte hir by the queynte, And seyde, 'y-wis, but if ich have my wille, (91) 3277

For derne love of thee, lemman, I spille.' And heeld hir harde by the haunche-bones, And seyde, 'lemman, love me al at-ones, Or I wol dyen, also god me save!' 3281 And she sprong as a colt doth in the trave, And with hir heed she wryed faste away, And seyde, 'I wol nat kisse thee, by my fey, Why, lat be,' quod she, 'lat be, Nicholas, Or I wol crye out "harrow" and "allas." Do wey your handes for your curteisye.'

This Nicholas gan mercy for to crye, And spak so faire, and profred hir so faste, That she hir love him graunted atte laste, (104) 3290

And swoor hir ooth, by saint Thomas of Kent,

That she wol been at his comandement, When that she may hir leyser wel espye.

'Myn housbond is so ful of jalousye, That but ye wayte wel and been prives, 3295 I woot right wel I nam but deed,' quod she. 'Ye mooste been ful derne, as in this cas.'

'Nay ther-of care thee noght,' quod Nicholas, (112)

'A clerk had litherly biset his whyle, But if he coude a carpenter bigyle.' 3300 And thus they been accorded and y-sworn To wayte a tyme, as I have told biforn. Whan Nicholas had doon thus everydeel, And thanked hir aboute the lendes weel, He kist hir swete, and taketh his sautrye, And playeth faste, and maketh melodye,

Than fil it thus, that to the parish-chirche, (121)

Cristes owne werkes for to wirche, This gode wyf wente on an haliday; Hir forheed shoon as bright as any day, 3310 So was it wasshen when she leet hir werk.

Now was ther of that chirche a parish-clerk,

The which that was y-cleped Absolon. Crul was his heer, and as the gold it shoon, And strouted as a fanne large and brode; Ful straight and even lay his joly shode. His rode was reed, his eyen greye as goos; With Powles window corven on his shoon, In hoses rede he wente fetisly. (133)

Y-clad he was ful smal and proprely, 3320 Al in a kirtel of a light wachet; Ful faire and thikke been the poyntes set. And ther-up-on he hadde a gay surpys As whyt as is the blomse up-on the rye. A mery child he was, so god me save, 3325 Wel coude he laten blood and clippe and shave, (140)

And make a chartre of lond or acquitaunce. In twenty manere coude he trippe and daunce

After the scole of Oxenforde tho, And with his legges casten to and fro, 3330 And pleyen songes on a small rubile; Ther-to he song som-tyme a loud quynile; And as wel coude he pleye on his giterne. In al the toun nas brewhous ne tavernne That he ne visited with his solas, 3335 Ther any gaylard tappestere was. (150) But sooth to seyn, he was somdel squaymons Of farting, and of speche daungerous.

This Absolon, that jolif was and gay, Gooth with a sencer on the haliday, 3340 Sensinge the wyves of the parish faste; And many a lovely look on hem he caste, And namely on this carpenteres wyf. To loke on hir him thoughte a mery lyf, She was so propre and swete and likerous. I dar wel seyn, if she had been a mous, (160) And he a cat, he wolde hir hente anon.

This parish-clerk, this joly Absolon, Hath in his herte swich a love-longinge, That of no wyf he took he noon offringe; For curteisye, he seyde, he wolde noon. The mone, when it was night, ful brighte shoon, 3352

And Absolon his giterne hath y-take,  
 For paramours, he thoughte for to wake.  
 And forth he gooth, jolif and amorous, 3355  
 Til he cam to the carpenteres hous (170)  
 A lital after cokkes hadde y-crowe;  
 And dressed him up by a shot-windowe  
 That was up-on the carpenteres wal  
 He singeth in his vois gentil and smal,  
 'Now, dere lady, if thy wille be, 3361  
 I preye yow that ye wol rewe on me,  
 Ful wel accordaunt to his giterninge.  
 This carpenter awook, and herde him  
 singe,  
 And spak un-to his wyf, and seyde  
 anon, 3365  
 'What! Alison! herestow nat Absolon  
 That chaunteth thus under our boures  
 wal?' (181)  
 And she answerde hir housbond ther-  
 with-al,  
 'Yis, god wot, John, I here it every-dal'  
 This passeth forth; what wol ye bet  
 than wel? 3370  
 Fro day to day this joly Absolon  
 So woth hir, that him is wo bigon.  
 He waketh al the night and al the day;  
 He kempte hise lokkes brode, and made  
 him gay; 3374  
 He woth hir by menes and brocage,  
 And swoor he wolde been hir owne  
 page; (190)  
 He singeth, brokkinge as a nightingale;  
 He sente hir piment, naeth, and spyood  
 ale,  
 And wafres, pypping hote out of the glede;  
 And for she was of toun, he profred  
 mede. 3380  
 For som folk wol ben wonnen for richesse,  
 And som for strokes, and som for gentil-  
 lesse.  
 Somtyme, to shewe his lightnesse and  
 maistrye,  
 He pleyeth Herodes on a scaffold hye.  
 But what availleth him as in this cas? 3385  
 She loveth so this hende Nicholas, (200)  
 That Absolon may blowe the bukkes horn;  
 He ne hadde for his labour but a scorn;  
 And thus she maketh Absolon hir ape,  
 And al his ernest turneth til a jape. 3390  
 Ful sooth is this proverbe, it is no lye,  
 Men seyn right thus, 'alwey the nye alye

Maketh the ferre leve to be looth.'  
 For though that Absolon be wood or  
 wrooth, 3394  
 By-cause that he fer was from hir sighte,  
 This nye Nicholas stood in his lighte. (210)  
 Now bere thee wel, thou hende Nicho-  
 las!  
 For Absolon may waille and singe 'allas.'  
 And so bifel it on a Saturday,  
 This carpenter was goon til Osenay; 3400  
 And hende Nicholas and Alisoun  
 Accorded been to this conclusioun,  
 That Nicholas shal shapen him a wyle  
 This sely jealous housbond to bigyle;  
 And if so be the game wente aright, 3405  
 She sholde slepen in his arm al night,  
 For this was his desyr and hir also. (221)  
 And right anon, with-outen wordes mo,  
 This Nicholas no lenger wolde tarie,  
 But doth ful softe un-to his chambre  
 carie 3410  
 Bothe mete and drinke for a day or  
 tweye,  
 And to hir housbonde bad hir for to seye,  
 If that he axed after Nicholas,  
 She sholde seye she niste where he was,  
 Of al that day she saugh him nat with y8;  
 She trowed that he was in maladye, (230)  
 For, for no cry, hir mayde coude him  
 calle; 3417  
 He nolde answer, for no-thing that  
 mighte falle.  
 This passeth forth al thilke Saturday,  
 That Nicholas stille in his chambre lay,  
 And eet and sleep, or dide what him  
 leste, 3421  
 Til Sunday, that the sonne gooth to reste.  
 This sely carpenter hath greet merveyle  
 Of Nicholas, or what thing mighte him  
 eyle, 3424  
 And seyde, 'I am adrad, by seint Thomas,  
 It stondeh nat aright with Nicholas. (240)  
 God shilde that he deyde sodeynly!  
 This world is now ful tikel, sikerly;  
 I saugh to-day a cors y-born to chirche  
 That now, on Monday last, I saugh him  
 wirche. 3430  
 Go up,' quod he un-to his knave anon,  
 'Clepe at his dore, or knocke with a stoon,  
 Loke how it is, and tel me boldly.'  
 This knave gooth him up ful sturdily,



And at the chambre-dore, whyl that he  
stood, 3435  
He cryde and knocked as that he were  
wood :— (250)

'What! how! what do ye, maister  
Nicholay?

How may ye slepen al the longe day?'

But al for noght, he herde nat a word ;  
An hole he fond, ful lowe up-on a bord,  
Ther as the cat was wont in for to  
crepe; 3441

And at that hole he looked in ful depe,  
And at the laste he hadde of him a sighte.  
This Nicholas sat gaping ever up-righte,  
As he had kyked on the newe mone. 3445  
Adoun he gooth, and tolde his maister  
sone (260)

In what array he saugh this ilke man.

This carpenter to blessen him bigan,  
And seyde, 'help us, seinte Frideswyde!  
A man woot litel what him shal bityde.  
This man is falle, with his astromye, 3451  
In som woodnesse or in som agonye;  
I thoughte ay wel how that it sholde be!  
Men sholde nat knowe of goddes privete.  
Ye, blessed be alwey a lewed man, 3455  
That noght but only his bileve can! (270)  
So ferde another clerk with astromye;  
He walked in the feeldes for to pryde  
Up-on the starres, what ther sholde bifalle,  
Til he was in a marle-pit y-falle; 3460  
He saugh nat that. But yet, by seint  
Thomas,

Me reweth sore of hende Nicholas.

He shal be rated of his studying,  
If that I may, by Jesus, hevene king!

Get me a staf, that I may underspore,  
Whyl that thou, Robin, hevest up the  
dore. (280) 3466

He shal out of his studying, as I gesse'—  
And to the chambre-dore he gan him  
dresse.

His knave was a strong carl for the nones,  
And by the haspe he haf it up atones;  
In-to the floor the dore fil anon. 3471

This Nicholas sat ay as stille as stoon,  
And ever gaped upward in-to the air.  
This carpenter wende he were in despair,  
And hente him by the sholdres mightily,  
And shook him harde, and cryde spit-  
oually, (290) 3476

'What! Nicholay! what, how! what!  
loke adoun!

Awake, and thenk on Cristes passioun;  
I crouchethee from elves and fro wightes!  
Ther-with the night-spel seyde he anon-  
rightes 3480

On foure halves of the hous aboute,  
And on the threshold of the dore with-  
oute :—

'Jesu Crist, and seynt Benedight,  
Blesse this hous from every wikked  
wight,

For nightes verye, the white *pater-  
noster*!— 3485

Where wentestow, seynt Petres soster?'  
And atte laste this hende Nicholas (301)  
Gan for to syke sore, and seyde, 'allas!  
Shal al the world be lost eftsones now?'

This carpenter answerde, 'what  
seystow? 3490

What! thenk on god, as we don, men  
that swinke.'

This Nicholas answerde, 'fecche me  
drinke;

And after wol I speke in privete  
Of certeyn thing that toucheth me and  
thee; 3494

I wol telle it non other man, certeyn.'

This carpenter goth down, and comth  
ageyn, (310)

And broghte of mighty ale a large quart;  
And whan that ech of hem had dronke  
his part,

This Nicholas his dore faste shette, 3499  
And down the carpenter by him he sette.

He seyde, 'John, myn hoste lief and  
dere,

Thou shalt up-on thy tronthe swere me  
here,

That to no wight thou shalt this conseil  
wreye;

For it is Cristes conseil that I seye, 3504  
And if thou telle it man, thou art forlore;  
For this vengauce thou shalt han ther-  
fore, (320)

That if thou wreye me, thou shalt be  
wood!'

'Nay, Crist forbede it, for his holy blood!'  
Quod tho this sely man, 'I nam no labbe,  
Ne, though I seye, I nam nat lief to  
gabbe. 3510

Sey what thou wolt, I shal it never telle  
To child ne wyf, by him that harwed  
helle!

'Now John,' quod Nicholas, 'I wol nat  
lye;

I have y-founde in myn astrologye,  
As I have loked in the mone bright, 3515  
That now, a Monday next, at quarter-  
night, (330)

Shal falle a reyn and that so wilde and  
wood,

That half so greet was never Noës flood.  
This world,' he seyde, 'in lasse than in  
an hour

Shal al be dreynt, so hidous is the shour;  
Thus shal mankynde drenche and lese  
hir lyf.' 3521

This carpenter answerde, 'allas, my wyf!  
And shal she drenche? alas! myn Ali-  
soun!'

For sorwe of this he fil almost adoun,  
And seyde, 'is ther no remedie in this  
cas?' 3525

'Why, yis, for gode,' quod hende  
Nicholas, (340)

'If thou wolt werken after lore and reed;  
Thou mayst nat werken after thyn owene  
heed.

For thus seith Salomon, that was ful  
trewe,

"Werk al by conseil, and thou shalt nat  
rewa." 3530

And if thou werken wolt by good conseil,  
I undertake, with-outen mast and seyl,  
Yet shal I saven hir and thee and me.

Hastow nat herd how saved was Noë,  
Whan that our lord had warned him  
biforn 3535

That al the world with water sholde be  
lorn?' (350)

'Yis,' quod this carpenter, 'ful yore  
ago.'

'Hastow nat herd,' quod Nicholas, 'also  
The sorwe of Noë with his felawshipe, 3539  
Er that he mighte gete his wyf to shipe?  
Him had be lever, I dar wel undertake,  
At thilke tyme, than alle hise wetheres  
blake,

That she hadde had a ship hir-self allone.  
And therfore, wostou what is best to  
done? 3544

This asketh haste, and of an hastif thing  
Men may nat preche or maken taryng.

Anon go gete us faste in-to this in (361)  
A kneding-trogh, or elles a kimelin,  
For ech of us, but loke that they be  
large,

In whiche we mowe swimme as in a barge,  
And han ther-inne vitaille suffisant 3551  
But for a day; fy on the remenant!

The water shal aslake and goon away  
Aboute pryme up-on the nexte day.  
But Robin may nat wite of this, thy  
knave, (369) 3555

Ne eek thy mayde Gille I may nat save;  
Axe nat why, for though thou aske me,  
I wol nat tellen goddes privtee.

Suffiseth thee, but if thy wittes madde,  
To han as greet a grace as Noë hadde. 3560  
Thy wyf shal I wel saven, out of doute,  
Go now thy way, and speed thee heer-  
aboute.

But whan thou hast, for hir and thee  
and me,

Y-geten us thise kneding-tubbes thre,  
Than shaltow hange hem in the roof ful  
hye, 3565

That no man of our purveyaunce spyne.  
And whan thou thus hast doon as I have  
seyd, (381)

And hast our vitaille faire in hem y-leyd,  
And eek an ax, to smyte the corde atwo  
When that the water comth, that we  
may go, 3570

And broke an hole an heigh, up-on the  
gable,

Unto the gardin-ward, over the stable,  
That we may frely passen forth our way  
Whan that the grete shour is goon away—  
Than shaltow swimme as myrie, I under-  
take, 3575

As doth the whyte doke after hir drake.  
Than wol I clepe, "how! Alison! how!  
John!" (391)

Be myrie, for the flood wol passe anon."  
And thou wolt seyn, "hayl, maister  
Nicholas!

Good morwe, I se thee wel, for it is day."  
And than shul we be lordes al our lyf 3581  
Of al the world, as Noë and his wyf.

But of o thyng I warne thee ful right,  
Be wel avysed, on that ilke night 3584

That we ben entred in-to shippes bord,  
That noon of us ne speke nat a word, (400)  
Ne clepe, no crye, but been in his prayere;  
For it is goddes owne heste dera.

Thy wyf and thou mote hange fer  
a-twinne,

For that bitwixe yow shal be no sinne  
No more in looking than ther shal in  
dede; 359

This ordinance is seyde, go, god thee spede!  
Tomorwe at night, whan men bon alle  
aslepe,

In-to our kneding-tubbes wol we crepe,  
And sitten ther, abyding goddes grace.  
Go now thy way, I have no longer space  
To make of this no longer sermoning. (411)  
Men seyn thus, "send the wyse, and sey  
no-thing;" 3598

Thou art so wys, it nedeth thee nat teche;  
Go, save our lyf, and that I thee biseche.'

This sely carpenter goth forth his way.  
Ful ofte he seith 'allas' and 'weylawey,'  
And to his wyf he tolde his privetee;  
And she was war, and knew it bet, than  
he, (418) 3604

What al this queynte cast was for to seye.  
But natheles she ferde as she wolde deye,  
And seyde, 'allas! go forth thy wey anon,  
Help us to scape, or we ben lost echon;  
I am thy trewe verray wedded wyf;  
Go, dere spouse, and help to save our  
lyf.' 3610

Lo! which a greet thyng is affeccioun!  
Men may dye of imaginacioun,  
So depe may impressioun be take.

This sely carpenter biginneth quake; 3614  
Him thinketh verrailly that he may see  
Noes flood come walwing as the see (430)  
To drenchen Alisoun, his hony dera.

He wepeth, weyleth, maketh sory chere,  
He syketh with ful many a sory swogh.  
He gooth and geteth him a kneding-trogh,  
And after that a tubbe and a kimelin, 3621  
And prively he sente hem to his in,  
And heng hem in the roof in privetee.

His owne hand he made laddres three,  
To climben by the ronges and the stalkes  
Un-to the tubbes hanginge in the balkes,  
And hem vitailled, bothe trogh and tubbe,  
With breed and chese, and good ale in  
a jubbe, (442) 3628

Suffysinge right y-nogh as for a day.

But er that he had maad al this array,  
He sente his knave, and cek his wenche  
also, 3631

Up-on his nede to London for to go.  
And on the Monday, whan it drow to  
night,

He shette his dore with-oute candel-light,  
And dressed al thing as it sholde be. 3635  
And shortly, up they clomben alle three;  
They sitten stille wel a furlong-way. (451)

'Now, *Pater-noster*, clom!' seyde Nicho-  
lay,

And 'clom,' quod John, and 'clom,' seyde  
Alisoun.

This carpenter seyde his devocioun, 3640  
And stille he sit, and biddeth his preyere,  
Awaytinge on the reyn, if he it here.

The dede sleep, for wery businessse,  
Fil on this carpenter right, as I gesse,  
Aboute oorfew-tyme, or litel more; 3645  
For travaill of his goost he groneth  
sore, (460)

And eft he routeth, for his heed mislay.  
Doun of the laddre stalketh Nicholay.  
And Alisoun, ful softe adoun she spedde;  
With-uten wordes mo, they goon to  
bedde 3650

Ther-as the carpenter is wont to lye.  
Ther was the revel and the melodye;  
And thus lyth Alison and Nicholas,  
In businessse of mirthe and of solas, 3654  
Til that the belle of laudes gan to ringe,  
And freres in the chaunceel gomme singe.

This parish-clerk, this amorous Ab-  
solon, (471)

That is for love alwey so wo bigon,  
Up-on the Monday was at Oseneye  
With companye, him to disporte and  
playe, 3660

And axed up-on cas a cloisterer  
Ful prively after John the carpenter;  
And he drough him a-part out of the  
chirche,

And seyde, 'I noot, I saugh him here nat  
wirohe

Sin Saturday; I trow that he be went 3665  
For timber, ther our abbot hath him  
sent; (480)

For he is wont for timber for to go,  
And dwellen at the grange a day or two;

Or elles he is at his hous, certeyn ; 3669  
Wher that he be, I can nat sothly seyn.'

This Absolon ful joly was and light,  
And thoughte, 'now is tyme wake al night;  
For sikirly I saugh him nat stiringe 3673  
Aboute his dore sin day bigan to springe.  
So moot I thryve, I shal, at cokkes crowe,  
Ful prively knokken at his windowe (490)  
That stant ful lowe up-on his boures wal.  
To Allison now wol I tallen al  
My love-longing, for yet I shal nat  
misse

That at the leste wey I shal hir kisse. 3680  
Som maner confort shal I have, parfay,  
My mouth hath ioched al this longe  
day ;

That is a signe of kissing atte leste.  
Al night me mette eek, I was at a feste.  
Therfor I wol gon slepe an houre or  
tweya, 3685  
And al the night than wol I wake and  
pleye.' (500)

Whan that the firste cok hath crowe,  
anon

Up rist this joly lover Absolon,  
And him arrayeth gay, at point-devys.  
But first he cheweth grayn and lycorys,  
To smellen swete, er he had kembd his  
heer. 3691

Under his tonge a trewe love he beer,  
For ther-by wende he to ben gracious.  
He rometh to the carpenteres hous,  
And stille he stant under the shot-  
windowe ; (509) 3695

Un-to his brest it raughte, it was so lowe ;  
And softe he cogheth with a semi-soun—  
'What do ye, hony-comb, swete Allison ?  
My faire brid, my swete cinamome,  
Awaketh, lemman myn, and spekethe to  
me ! 3700

Wel litel thenken ye up-on my wo,  
That for your love I swete ther I go.  
No wonder is thogh that I swelte and  
swete ;

I moorne as doth a lamb after the tete.  
Y-wis, lemman, I have swich love-long-  
inge, 3705

That lyk a turtel trewe is my moorninge ;  
I may nat ete na more than a mayde.' (521)  
'Go fro the window, Jakke fool,' she  
sayde,

'As help me god, it wol nat be "comi ha  
me," 3709

I love another, and elles I were to blame,  
Wel bet than thee, by Jesu, Absolon !  
Go forth thy way, or I wol caste a ston,  
And lat me slepe, a twenty deval wey !'

'Allas,' quod Absolon, 'and weylaway !  
That trewe love was ever so yvel biset !  
Than kisse me, sin it may be no bet, (530)  
For Jesus love and for the love of me.'

'Wiltow than go thy wey ther-with ?'  
quod she.

'Ye, certes, lemman,' quod this Ab-  
solon.

'Thanne make thee redy,' quod she,  
'I come anon ;' 3720

†And un-to Nicholas she seyde stille,  
†'Now hust, and thou shalt laughen al  
thy fille.'

This Absolon doun sette him on his  
knees,

And seyde, 'I am a lord at alle degrees ;  
For after this I hope ther cometh more !  
Lemman, thy grace, and swete brid, thyn  
ore !' (540) 3726

The window she undoth, and that in  
haste,

'Have do,' quod she, 'oom of, and speed  
thee faste,

Lest that our neighbores thee espye.'

This Absolon gan wype his mouth ful  
drye ; 3730

Derk was the night as pich, or as the cole,  
And at the window out she putte hir hole,  
And Absolon, him fil no bet ne wers,  
But with his mouth he kiste hir naked  
ers

Ful savourly, er he was war of this. 3735  
Abak he sterte, and thoughte it was  
amis, (550)

For wel he wiste a womman hath no  
berd ;

He felte a thing al rough and long y-herd,  
And seyde, 'fy ! alas ! what have I do ?'

'Tehee !' quod she, and clapte the  
window to ; 3740

And Absolon goth forth a sory pas.

'A berd, a berd !' quod hende Nicholas,  
'By goddes corpus, this goth faire and  
weel !'

This sely Absolon herde every deel, 3744

And on his lippe he gan for anger byte;  
And to him-self he seyde, 'I shal thee  
quyte!' (560)

Who rubbeth now, who froteth now his  
lippes

With dust, with sond, with straw, with  
clooth, with chippes,

But Absolon, that seith ful ofte, 'allas!  
My soule bitake I un-to Sathanas, 3750  
But me wer lever than al this toun,'  
quod he,

'Of this despyt awroken for to be!  
Allas!' quod he, 'allas! I ne hadde y-  
bleynt!'

His hote love was cold and al y-queynt;  
For for that tyme that he had kiste hir  
ers, 3755

Of paramours he sette nat a kers, (570)

For he was heled of his maladye;  
Ful ofte paramours he gan deffye,  
And weep as dooth a child that is y-bete.

A softe paas he wente over the strete 3760  
Un-til a smith man cleped daun Gerveys,  
That in his forge smithed plough-harneys;  
He sharpeth shaar and culter bimily.

This Absolon knokketh al esily,  
And seyde, 'undo, Gerveys, and that  
anon.' 3765

'What, who artow?' 'It am I, Ab-  
solon.' (580)

'What, Absolon! for Cristes swete tree,  
Why ryse ye so rathe, ey, *ben'eite*!  
What eyleth yow? som gay gerd, god it  
woot, 3669

Hath brought yow thus up-on the viritoot;  
By sýnt Note, ye woot wel what I mene.'

This Absolon ne roghte nat a bene  
Of al his pley, no word agayn he yaf;  
He hadde more tow on his distaf  
Than Gerveys knew, and seyde, 'freend  
so dere, (589) 3775

That hote culter in the chimenee here,  
As lene it me, I have ther-with to done,  
And I wol bringe it thee agayn ful sone.'

Gerveys answerde, 'certes, were it gold,  
Or in a poke nobles alle untold, 3780  
Thou sholdest have, as I am trewe smith;  
Ey, Cristes foo! what wol ye do ther-  
with?'

'Ther-of,' quod Absolon, 'be as he may;  
I shal wel telle it thee to-morwe day'—

And caughte the culter by the colde  
stele. 3785

Ful softe out at the dore he gan to stele.  
And wente un-to the carpenteres wal. (601)  
He cogheth first, and knokketh ther-  
with-al

Upon the windowe, right as he dide er.  
This Alison answerde, 'Who is ther 3790  
That knokketh so? I warante it a theef.'

'Why, nay,' quod he, 'god woot, my  
swete leef,

I am thyn Absolon, my dereling!  
Of gold,' quod he, 'I have thee brought  
a ring;

My moder yaf it me, so god me save, 3795  
Ful fyn it is, and ther-to wel y-grave; (610)  
This wol I yeve thee, if thou me kisse!'

This Nicholas was risen for to pisse,  
And thoughte he wolde amenden al the  
jape, 3799

He sholde kisse his ers er that he scape.

And up the windowe dide he hastily,  
And out his ers he putteth prively  
Over the buttok, to the haunche-bon;  
And ther-with spak this clerk, this  
Absolon,

'Spek, swete brid, I noot nat wher thou  
art.' 3805

This Nicholas anon leet flee a fart, (620)  
As greet as it had been a thonder-dent,  
That with the strook he was almost  
y-blant;

And he was redy with his iren hoot,  
And Nicholas amidde the ers he smoot.

Of gooth the skin an hande-brede  
aboute, 3811

The hote culter brande so his tonte,  
And for the smart he wende for to dye.  
As he were wood, for wo he gan to crye—  
'Help! water! water! help, for goddes  
herte!' 3815

This carpenter out of his slomber sterte,  
And herde oon cryen 'water' as he were  
wood, (631)

And thoughte, 'Allas! now comth Nowélis  
flood!'

He sit him up with-onten wordes mo, 3819  
And with his ax he smoot the corde a-two,  
And donne goth al; he fond neither to  
selle,

Ne breed ne ale, til he cam to the selle

Up-on the floor; and ther aswowne he lay.

Up starte hir Alison, and Nicholay,  
And cryden 'out' and 'harrow' in the  
strete. (639) 3825

The neighebores, bothe smale and grete,  
In ronnen, for to gauren on this man,  
That yet aswowne he lay, bothe pale and  
wan;

For with the fal he brosten hadde his  
arm;

But stonde he moste un-to his owne  
harm. 3830

For whan he spak, he was anon bore  
down

With hende Nicholas and Alisoun.

They tolden every man that he was  
wood,

He was agast so of 'Nowélis flood'

Thurgh fantasye, that of his vanitee 3835

He hadde y-boght him kneding-tubbes  
threa. (650)

And hadde hem hanged in the roof above;  
And that he preyed hem, for goddes love,  
To sitten in the roof, *par companye*. 3839

The folk gan laughen at his fantasye;  
In-to the roof they kyken and they gape,  
And turned al his harm un-to a jape.

For what so that this carpenter answerde,  
It was for noght, no man his reson herde;  
With othes grete he was so sworn adoun,  
That he was holden wood in al the toun;  
For every clark anon-right heeld with  
other. (661) 3847

They seyde, 'the man is wood, my leve  
brother;'

And every wight gan laughen of this stryf.

Thus swyved was the carpenteres wyf,  
For al his keping and his jalousye; 3851

And Absolon hath kist hir nether yð;

And Nicholas is scalded in the toute.

This tale is doom, and god save al the  
route! (668) 3854

Here endeth the Millere his tale

## THE REEVE'S PROLOGUE.

The prologe of the Reeves tale.

WHAN folk had laughen at this nyce cas  
Of Absolon and hende Nicholas, 3856

Diverse folk diversely they seyde;  
But, for the more part, they loughen and  
pleyde,

Ne at this tale I saugh no man him greve,  
But it were only Ossewold the Reve, 3860

By-cause he was of carpenteres craft.

A litel ire is in his herte y-laft,

He gan to grucche and blamed it a lyte.

'So thees'k,' quod he, 'ful wel coude

I yow quyte (67)

With blaring of a proud milleres yð, 3865

If that me liste speke of ribaudye.

But ik am old, me list not pley for age;

Gras-tyme is doom, my fodder is now  
forage,

This whyte top wryteth myne olde yeres,  
Myn herte is al-so mowled as myne heres,  
But-if I fare as dooth an open-ers; 3871

That ilke fruit is ever leng the wers,

Til it be roten in mullok or in stree.

We olde men, I drede, so fare we; (20)

Til we be roten, can we nat be rype; 3875

We hopen ay, whyl that the world wol  
pype.

For in oure wil ther stiketh ever a nayl,

To have an hoor heed and a grene tayl,

As hath a leek; for thogh our might be  
goon,

Our wil desireth folie ever in oon. 3880

For whan we may nat doon, than wol we  
speke;

Yet in our aschen olde is fyr y-reke.

Foure gledes han we, whiche I shal  
devyse,

Avaunting, lying, anger, coveityse; (30)  
Thise four sparkle longen un-to elde.

Our olde lemes mowe wel been unwelde,  
But wil ne shal nat faillen, that is sooth.

And yet ik have alwey a coltes tooth, 3888  
As many a year as it is passed henne

Sin that my tappe of lyf bigan to renne.  
For sikerly, whan I was bore, anon 3891

Deeth drogh the tappe of lyf and leet it  
gon;

And ever sith hath so the tappe y-ronne,  
Til that almost al empty is the tonne. (40)

The stream of lyf now droppeth on the  
chimbe; 3895

The sely tonge may wel ringe and chimbe  
Of wrochednesse that passed is ful yore;

With olde folk, save dotage, is namore.'

Whan that our host hadde herd this  
sermoning,

He gan to speke as lordly as a king; 3900

He seide, 'what amounteth al this wit?  
What shul we speke alday of holy writ?

The devel made a reve for to preche,  
And of a souter a shipman or a lecha. (50)

Sey forth thy tale, and tarie nat the tyme,  
Lo, Depeford! and it is half-way pryme.

Lo, Grenewich, ther many a shrewe is  
inne; 3907

It were al tyme thy tale to biginne.'

'Now, sires,' quod this Osewold the Reve,  
'I pray yow alle that ye nat yow greve,

Thogh I answer and somdel sette his  
howve; 3911

For leveful is with force force of-showve.

This dronke millere hath y-told us heer,  
How that bigyled was a carpenteer, (60)

Peraventure in scorn, for I am oon. 3915  
And, by your leve, I shal him quyte anon;

Right in his cherles termes wol I speke.

I pray to god his nekke mote brake;

He can wel in myn y3 seen a stalke, 3919

But in his owne he can nat seen a balke.

## THE REVES TALE.

Here biginneth the Reves tale.

At Trumpington, nat fer fro Cantebrigge,  
Ther goth a brook and over that a brigge,

Up-on the whiche brook therstant a melle;  
And this is verray soth that I yow telle.

A Miller was ther dwelling many a day;  
As eny pecok he was proud and gay. 3926

Pypen he coude and fissahe, and nettes  
bete,

And turne coppes, and wel wrastle and  
shete;

And by his belt he bear a long panade,  
And of a sword ful trenchant was the

blade. 3930  
A joly popper baar he in his pouche; (11)

Ther was no man for peril dorste him  
touche,

A Sheffield thwitel baar he in his hose;  
Round was his face, and camuse was his  
nose.

As piled as an ape was his skullo. 3935

He was a market-beter atte fulla.

Ther dorste no wight hand up-on him  
legge,

That he ne swoor he sholde anon abogge.

A theef he was for sothe of corn and mele,  
And that a sly, and ussunt for to stele.

His name was hoten dēynous Simkin. (21)

A wyf he hadde, y-comen of noble kin;

The person of the toun hir fader was.

With hir he yaf ful many a panne of bras,

For that Simkin sholde in his blood allye.

She was y-fostred in a nonnerye; 3946

For Simkin wolde no wyf, as he sayde,  
 But she were wel y-norissed and a mayde,  
 To saven his estaat of yomanrye. 3949  
 And she was proud, and pert as is a pye.  
 A ful fair sighte was it on hem two; (31)  
 On haly-dayes biforn hir wolde he go  
 With his tipet bounden about his heed,  
 And she cam after in a gyte of reed;  
 And Simkin hadde hosen of the same.  
 Ther dorste no wight clepen hir but  
 'dame.' 3956

Was noon so hardy that wente by the  
 weye

That with hir dorste rage or ones playe,  
 But-if he wolde be slayn of Simkin 3959  
 With panade, or with knyf, or boydekin.  
 For jalous folk ben perilous evermo, (41)  
 Algate they wolde hir wyves wenden so.  
 And eek, for she was somdel smoterlich,  
 She was as digne as water in a dich;  
 And ful of hoker and of bisemare. 3965  
 Hir thoughte that a lady sholde hir  
 spare,

What for hir kinrede and hir nortelrye  
 That she had lerned in the nonnerye.

A doghter hadde they bitwixe hem two  
 Of twenty year, with-uten any mo, 3970  
 Savinge a child that was of half-year age;  
 In cradel it lay and was a propre page.  
 This wenche thikke and wel y-grownen  
 was, (53)

With camuse nose and yēn greye as glas;  
 With buttokes brode and brestes rounde  
 and hye, 3975

But right fair was hir heer, I wol nat lye.

The person of the toun, for she was feir,  
 In purpos was to maken hir his heir  
 Bothe of his catel and his message, 3979  
 And straunge he made it of hir mariage.  
 His purpos was for to bistowe hir hye (61)  
 In-to som worthy blood of auncestrye;  
 For holy chirches good moot been de-  
 spended

On holy chirches blood, that is descended.  
 Therefore he wolde his holy blood honoure,  
 Though that he holy chirche sholde de-  
 voure. 3986

Gretsoken hath this miller, out of doute,  
 With whete and malt of al the land aboute;  
 And nameliche ther was a greet college,  
 Men clepen the Soler-halle at Cantebregge,

Ther was hir whete and eek hir malt  
 y-grounde. (71) 3991

And on a day it happed, in a stounde,  
 Sik lay the maunciple on a maladye;  
 Men wenden wisly that he sholde dye.  
 For which this miller stal bothe male and  
 oorn 3995

An hundred tyme more than biforn;  
 For ther-biforn he stal but curteisly,  
 But now he was a thief outrageously,  
 For which the wardeyn chidde and made  
 fare. (79)

But ther-of sette the miller nat a tare; 4000  
 He craketh boost, and swoor it was nat so.

Then were ther yonge povre clerkes two,  
 That dwelten in this halle, of which I seye.  
 Testif they were, and lusty for to playe,  
 And, only for hir mirthe and revelrye,  
 Up-on the wardeyn bisly they crye, 4006  
 To yeve hem leve but a litel stounde  
 To goon to mille and seen hir corn y-  
 grounde;

And hardily, they dorste leye hir nekke,  
 The miller shold nat stele hem half a  
 pekke (90) 4010

Of corn by sleighte, ne by force hem reve;  
 And at the laste the wardeyn yaf hem leve.  
 John hight that oon, and Aleyn hight  
 that other;

Of o toun were they born, that highte  
 Strother, 4014

Fer in the north, I can nat telle where.  
 This Aleyn maketh redy al his gere,  
 And on an hors the sak he caste anon.  
 Forth goth Aleyn the clerk, and also John,  
 With good sward and with bokeler by hir  
 syde. (99) 4019

John knew the wey, hem nedede no gyde,  
 And at the mille the sak adoun he layth.  
 Aleyn spak first, 'al hayl, Symond, y-fayth;  
 How fares thy faire doghter and thy wyf?'

'Aleyn! welcume,' quod Simkin, 'by my  
 lyf,

And John also, how now, what do ye heer?'  
 'Symond,' quod John, 'by god, nede  
 has na peer; 4026

Him boes serve him-selve that has na  
 swayn,

Or elles he is a fool, as clerkes sayn.  
 Our manciple, I hope he wil be deed, 4029  
 Swa werkes ay the wanges in his heed.



And forthy is I come, and eek Alayn, (111)  
To grinde our corn and carie it ham agayn;  
I pray yow spede us hethen that ye  
may.'

'It shal be doon,' quod Simkin, 'by my  
fay; 4034

What wol ye doon whyl that it is in hande?'

'By god, right by the hoper wil I stande,'

Quod John, 'and so how that the corn  
gas in;

Yet saugh I never, by my fader kin, 4038  
How that the hoper waggis til and fra'

Aleyn answerde, 'John, and wiltow swa,  
Than wil I be byneth, by my croun, (121)  
And so how that the mele falles doun  
In-to the trough; that sal be my disport.  
For John, in faith, I may been of your  
sort;

I is as ille a miller as are ye.' 4045

This miller smyled of hir nycetee,  
And thoghte, 'al this nis doon but for a  
wyle;

They wene that no man may hem bigyle;  
But, by my thrift, yet shal I blere hir y8  
For al the sleighte in hir philosophye. 4050  
The more queynte cokes that they make,  
The more wol I stele whan I take. (132)  
In stede of flour, yet wol I yeve hem  
bren.

"The gretteste clerkes been noght the  
wysest men,"

As whylom to the wolf thus spak the  
mare; 4055

Of al hir art I counte noght a tare.'

Out at the dore he gooth ful prively,  
Whan that he saugh his tyme, softly;  
He loketh up and doun til he hath founde  
The clerkes hors, ther as it stood y-bounde  
Bihinde the mille, under a levesel; 4061  
And to the hors he gooth him faire and  
wel; (142)

He strepeth of the brydel right anon.

And whan the hors was loos, he ginneth  
gon

Toward the fen, ther wilde mares renne,  
Forth with wehes, thurgh thikke and  
thurgh thenne. 4066

This miller gooth agayn, no word he  
seyde,

But dooth his note, and with the clerkes  
pleyde,

Til that hir corn was faire and wel y-  
grounde.

And whan the mele is sakked and y-  
bounde, (150) 4070

This John goth out and fynt his hors away,  
And gan to crye 'harrow' and 'waylawe!  
Our hors is lorn! Alayn, for goddes banes,  
Step on thy feet, com out, man, al at anes!  
Allas, our wardeyn has his palfrey lorn.'  
This Aleyn al forgat, bothe mele and corn,  
Al was out of his mynde his housbondrye.  
'What? whilk way is he geen?' he gan  
to crye.

The wyf cam leping inward with a ren,  
She seyde, 'allas! your hors goth to the  
fen (160) 4080

With wilde mares, as faste as he may go.  
Unthank come on his hand that bond  
him so,

And he that bettre sholde han knit the  
reyna.'

'Allas,' quod John, 'Aleyn, for Cristes  
peyne,

Lay doun thy sward, and I wil mynalswa;  
I is ful wight, god waat, as is a raa; 4086  
By goddes herte he sal nat scape us bathe.  
Why nadstow pit the capul in the lathe?  
Il-hayl, by god, Aleyn, thou is a fomme!'

This sely clerkes han ful faste y-ronne  
To-ward the fen, bothe Aleyn and eek  
John. (171) 4091

And whan the miller saugh that they  
were gon,

He half a busshel of hir flour hath take,  
And bad his wyf go kneede it in a cake.  
He seyde, 'I trowe the clerkes were aferd;  
Yet can a miller make a clerkes berd 4096  
For al his art; now lat hem goon hir weye.  
Lo wher they goon, ye, lat the children  
pleye;

They gete him nat so lightly, by my croun!'

Thise sely clerkes rennen up and doun  
With 'keep, keep, stand, stand, josses,  
warderere, (181) 4101

Ge whistle thou, and I shal kepe him  
here!'

But shortly, til that it was verray night,  
They coude nat, though they do al hir  
might, 4104

Hir capul cacche, he ran alwey so faste,  
Til in a dich they caughte him atte laste,

Wery and weest, as beste is in the reyn,  
Comth sely John, and with him comth  
Aleyn.

'Allas,' quod John, 'the day that I was  
born!

Now are we drive til hething and til  
scorn. (190) 4110

Our corn is stole, men wil us foles calle,  
Bathe the wardeyn and our felawes alle,  
And namely the miller; weylaway!

Thus pleyneth John as he goth by the  
way

Toward the mille, and Bayard in his hond.  
The miller sitting by the fyr he fond, 4116  
For it was night, and forther mighte they  
nought;

But, for the love of god, they him bisoght  
Of herberwe and of ese, as for hir peny.

The miller seyde agayn, 'if ther be eny,  
Swich as it is, yet shal ye have your part.  
Myn hous is streit, but ye han lerned art;  
Ye conne by argumentes make a place  
A myle brood of twenty foot of space. (204)  
Lat see now if this place may suffyse, 4125  
Or make it roum with speche, as is youre  
gyse.'

'Now, Symond,' seyde John, 'by seint  
Cutberd,

Ay is thou mery, and this is faire answerd.  
I have herd seyde, man sal taa of twa  
thinges 4129

Slykas he fyndes, or taa slyk as he bringes.  
But specially, I pray thee, hoste dore, (211)  
Get us som mete and drinks, and make  
us chere,

And we wil payen trewely atte fulle.

With empty hand men may na hankes  
tulle;

Lo here our silver, redy for to spende.' 4135

This miller in-to toun his doghter sende  
For ale and breed, and rosted hem a goos,  
And bond hir hors, it sholde nat gon loose;  
And in his owne chambre hem made a  
bed (219) 4139

With shetes and with chalons faire y-sprede,  
Noght from his owne bed ten foot or twelve.  
His doghter hadde a bed, al by hir-selfe,  
Right in the same chambre, by and by;  
It mighte be no bet, and cause why, 4144  
Ther was no roumer herberwe in the place.  
They soupen and they speke, hem to solace,

And drinken ever strong ale atte beste.  
Aboute midnight wente they to reste.

Wel hath this miller vernissed his  
heed;

Ful pale he was for-dronken, and nat  
reed. 4150

He yexeth, and he speketh thurgh the  
nose (231)

As he were on the quakke, or on the  
pose.

To bedde he gooth, and with him goth  
his wyf.

As any jay she light was and jolyf,  
So was hir joly whistle wel y-wet. 4155

The cradel at hir beddes feet is set,  
To rokken, and to yeve the child to souke,  
And whan that dronken al was in the  
crouke,

To bedde went the doghter right anon;  
To bedde gooth Aleyn and also John; 4160  
Ther nas na more, hem nedede no dwale.  
This miller hath so wisly bibbed ale, (242)  
That as an hors he smorteth in his sleep,  
Ne of his tayl bihinde he took no keep.  
His wyf bar him a burdon, a ful strong,  
Men mighte hir routing here two furlong;  
The wenche routeth eek *par companye*.

Aleyn the clerk, that herd this melodye,  
He poked John, and seyde, 'alepestow?

Herdestow ever slyk a sang er now? 4170  
Lo, whilk a compline is y-mel hem alle!  
A wilde fyr up-on thair bodyes falle! (252)  
Wha herknede ever slyk a ferly thing?

Ye, they sal have the flour of il ending.  
This lange night ther tydes me na reste;  
But yet, na fors; al sal be for the beste.

For John,' seyde he, 'als ever moot I  
thryve,

If that I may, yon wenche wil I swyve.  
Som esement has lawe y-shapen us; 4179  
For John, ther is a lawe that says thus,  
That gif a man in a point be y-greved, (261)  
That in another he sal be releved.

Our corn is stoln, shortly, it is na nay,  
And we han had an il fit al this day.

And sin I sal have neen amendement, 4185  
Agayn my los I wil have esement.

By goddes saule, it sal neen other be!

This John answerde, 'Alayn, avyse thee,  
The miller is a perilous man,' he seyde,  
'And gif that he out of his sleep abreyde

He mighte doon us bathe a vileinye.' (271)

Aleyn answerde, 'I count him nat a flye;' 4192

And up he rist, and by the wenche he crepta.

This wenche lay upright, and faste slepte, Til he so ny was, er she mighte espye, 4195

That it had been to late for to crye, And shortly for to seyn, they were at on;

Now play, Aleyn! for I wol speke of John.

This John lyth stille a furlong-wey or two,

And to him-self he maketh routhe and wo: (280) 4200

'Allas!' quod he, 'this is a wikked jape;

Now may I seyn that I is but an ape.

Yet has my felawe som-what for his harm;

He has the milleris doghter in his arm.

He aunted him, and has his nedes sped, And I lye as a draf-sek in my bed; 4206

And when this jape is tald another day, I sal been halde a daf, a cokenay!

I wil aryse, and aunte it, by my fayth!

"Unhardy is unseely," thus men sayth.'

And up he roos and softly he wente (291)

Un-to the cradel, and in his hand it hente,

And bear it softe un-to his beddes feet.

Some after this the wyf hir routing leet,

And gan awake, and wante hir out to pisse, 4215

And cam agayn, and gan hir cradel misse,

And groped heer and ther, but she fond noon.

'Allas!' quod she, 'I hadde almost mis-

goon;

I hadde almost gon to the clerkes bed.

Ey, *ben'cite*! thanne hadde I foule y-spel:'

And forth she gooth til she the cradel fond. (301) 4221

She gropeth alwey forther with hir hond,

And fond the bed, and thoughte noght but good,

By-cause that the cradel by it stood, 4224

And niste wher she was, for it was derk;

But faire and wel she creep in to the clerk,

And lyth ful stille, and wolde han caught a sleep.

With-inne a whyl this John the clerk up leep, 4228

And on this gode wyf he leyth on sore.

So mery a fit ne hadde she nat ful yore;

He priketh harde and depe as he were mad. (311)

This joly lyf han thise two clerkes lade

Til that the thridde cok bigan to singe.

Aleyn wex wery in the dawenings, 4234

For he had swonken al the longe night;

And seyde, 'far wel, Malin, swete wight!

The day is come, I may no longer hyde;

But evermo, wher so I go or ryde,

I is thyn awen clerk, swa have I seel!'

'Now dere lemman,' quod she, 'go, far weel! (320) 4240

But er thou go, o thing I wol thee telle,

Whan that thou wendest homward by the melle,

Right at the entree of the dore bihinde,

Thou shalt a cake of half a bussel finde

That was y-maked of thyn owne mele,

Which that I heelp my fader for to stele.

And, gode lemman, god thee save and kepe!' 4247

And with that word almost she gan to wepe.

Aleyn up-rist, and thoughte, 'er that it dawe,

I wol go crepen in by my felawe; 4250

And fond the cradel with his hand anon,

'By god,' thoughte he, 'al wrang I have misgon; (332)

Myn heed is toty of my swink to-night,

That maketh me that I go nat aright. 4254

I woot wel by the cradel, I have misgo,

Heer lyth the miller and his wyf also.'

And forth he goth, a twenty devel way,

Un-to the bed ther-as the miller lay.

He wende have copen by his felawe John;

And by the miller in he creep anon, 4260

And caughte hym by the nekke, and softe he spak: (341)

He seyde, 'thou, John, thou swynes-heed,

awak

For Cristes saule, and heer a noble game.

For by that lord that called is seint Jame,

As I have thryes, in this shorte night, 4265

Swyved the milleres doghter bolt-upright,

Whyl thou hast as a coward been agast.'

'Ye, false harlot,' quod the miller,

'hast?

A! false traitour! false clerk!' quod he,

'Thou shalt be deed, by goddes dignitee!

Who dorste be so bold to disparage (351)  
 My doghter, that is come of swich linage?'  
 And by the throte-bolle he caughte Alayn.  
 And he hente hym despitously agayn,  
 And on the nose he smoot him with his  
 fest. 4275

Doun ran the blodystream up-on his brest;  
 And in the floor, with nose and mouth  
 to-broke,

They walwe as doon two pigges in a poke.  
 And up they goon, and doun agayn anon,  
 Til that the miller sporned at a stoon, 4280  
 And doun he fil bakward up-on his wyf,  
 That wiste no-thing of this nyce stryf;  
 For she was falle aslepe a lyte wight (363)  
 With John the clerk, that waked hadde  
 al night.

And with the fal, out of hir sleep she  
 breyde— 4285

'Help, holy croys of Bromeholm,' she  
 seyde,

'*In manus tuas!* lord, to thee I calle!  
 Awak, Symond! the feend is on us falle,  
 Myn herte is broken, help, I nam but  
 deed;

There lyth oon up my wombe and up  
 myn heed; 4290

Help, Simkin, for the false clerkes fighte.'  
 This John sterte up as faste as ever he  
 mighte, (372)

And graspeth by the walles to and fro,  
 To finde a staf; and she sterte up also,  
 And knew the estrys bet than dide this  
 John, 4295

And by the wal a staf she fond anon,

And saugh a lital shimering of a light,  
 For at an hole in shoon the mone bright;  
 And by that light she saugh hem bothe  
 two,

But sikerly she niste who was who, 4300  
 But as she saugh a whyt thing in hir yē.  
 And whan she gan the whyte thing espye,  
 She wende the clerk hadde wered a volu-  
 peer. (383)

And with the staf she drough ay neer and  
 neer, 4304

And wende han hit this Alayn at the fulle,  
 And smoot the miller on the pyled skulle,  
 That doun he gooth and cryde, 'harrow!  
 I dye!'

Thise clerkes bete him weel and lete him  
 lye;

And greythen hem, and toke hir horsanon,  
 And eek hir mele, and on hir way they  
 gon. (390) 4310

And at the mille yet they toke hir cake  
 Of half a busschel flour, ful wel y-bake.

Thus is the proude miller wel y-bete,  
 And hath y-lost the grinding of the whete,  
 And payed for the soper every-deel 4315  
 Of Alayn and of John, that bette him weel.  
 His wyf is swyved, and his doghter als;  
 Lo, swich it is a miller to be fals!

And therefore this proverbe is seyde ful  
 sooth, 4319

'Him thar nat wene wel that yvel dooth;  
 A gylour shal him-self bigyled be.' (401)  
 And God, that sitteth heighe in magestee,  
 Save al this companye grete and smale!  
 Thus have I quit the miller in my tale.

Here is ended the Reves tale.

## THE COOK'S PROLOGUE.

## The prologe of the Cokes tale.

THE Cook of London, whyl the Reve spak,  
For joye, him thoughte, he clawed him  
on the bak, 4326

'Ha! ha!' quod he, 'for Cristes passioun,  
This miller hadde a sharp conelusioun  
Upon his argument of herbergage!  
Wel seyde Salomon in his langage, 4330  
"Ne bringe nat every man in-to thyn  
hous;"

For herberwing by nighte is perillous.  
Wel oghte a man avyseed for to be (9)  
Whom that he broghte in-to his privtee.  
I pray to god, so yeve me sorwe and care,  
If ever, sith I highte Hogge of Ware, 4336  
Herde I a miller bettre y-set a-werk.  
He hadde a jape of malice in the derk.  
But god forbode that we stinten here;  
And therefore, if ye vouches-sauf to here  
A tale of me, that am a porre man, 4341  
I wol yow telle as wel as ever I can  
A litel jape that fil in our citee.'

Our host answerde, and seide, 'I graunte  
it thee; (20) 4344

Now telle on, Roger, loke that it be good;  
For many a pastee hastow laten blood,  
And many a Jakke of Dover hastow sold  
That hath been twyes hoot and twyes cold.  
Of many a pilgrim hastow Cristes cura,  
For of thy persly yet they fare the worse,  
That they han eten with thy stubbel-goose;  
For in thy shoppe is many a flye loos. (28)  
Now telle on, gentil Roger, by thy name.  
But yet I pray thee, benat wrooth for game,  
A man may seye ful sooth in game and  
pley.' 4355

'Thou seist ful sooth,' quod Roger, 'by  
my fey,  
But "sooth pley, quaad pley," as the Flem-  
ing seith; (33)  
And ther-fore, Herry Bailly, by thy feith,  
Be thou nat wrooth, er we departen heer,  
Though that my tale be of an hostileer.  
But natheless I wol nat telle it yit, 4361  
But er we parte, y-wis, thou shalt be quit.'  
And ther-with-al he lough and made chere,  
And seyde his tale, as ye shul after here.

## Thus endeth the Prologe of the Cokes tale.

## THE COKES TALE.

## Heer bigynneth the Cokes tale.

A PRENTIS whylom dwelled in our citee,  
And of a craft of vitailers was he; 4366  
Gaillard he was as goldfinch in the shawe,  
Broun as a berie, a propre short felawe,  
With lokkes blake, y-kempt ful fetisly.  
Dauncen he coude so wel and jolily, 4370  
That he was cleped Perkin Revelour.  
He was as ful of love and paramour

As is the hyve ful of hony swete;  
Wel was the wenche with him mighte  
mete. (10)  
At every brydale wolde he singe and  
hoppe, 4375  
He loved bet the tavern than the shoppe.  
For whan ther any ryding was in Chepe,  
Out of the shoppe thider wolde he lepe.

Til that he hadde al the sighte y-seyn,  
And daunced wel, he wolde nat come  
ageyn. 4380

And gadered him a mainee of his sort  
To hope and singe, and maken swich  
disport.

And ther they setten steven for to mete  
To playen at the dys in swich a strete. (20)  
For in the toune nas ther no prentys, 4385  
That fairer coude caste a paire of dys  
Than Perkin coude, and ther-to he was free  
Of his dispense, in place of privetee.

That fond his maister wel in his chaffare;  
For often tyme he fond his box ful bare.

For sikerly a prentis revelour, 4391  
That haunteth dys, riot, or paramour,  
His maister shal it in his shoppe abyde,  
Al have he no part of the ministralcye; (30)  
For thefte and riot, they ben convertible,  
Al conne he playe on giterne or ribible.  
Revel and trouthe, as in a low degree,  
They been ful wrothe al day, as men may  
see.

This joly prentis with his maister bood,  
Til he were ny out of his prentishood, 4400  
Al were he snibbed bothe erly and late,  
And somtyme lad with revel to Newgate;  
But atte laste his maister him bithoghte,

Up-on a day, whan he his paper soghte, (40)  
Of a proverbe that seith this same word,  
'Wel bet is roten appel out of hord 4406  
Than that it rotie al the remenaunt.'

So fareth it by a riotous servaunt;  
It is wel lasse harm to lete him pace,  
Than he shende alle the servants in the  
place. 4410

Therefore his maister yaf him acquitance,  
And bad him go with sorwe and with  
meschance;

And thus this joly prentis hadde his  
leve.

Now lat him riote al the night or leve. (50)

And for ther is no theef with-oute a  
louke, 4415

That helpeth him to wasten and to souke

Of that he brybe can or borwe may,

Anon he sente his bed and his array

Un-to a compeer of his owne sort,

That lovede dys and revel and disport, 4420

And hadde a wyf that heeld for count-  
enance (57)

A shoppe, and swyved for hir sustenance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of this Cokes tale maketh Chaucer  
na more.

## GROUP B.

# INTRODUCTION TO THE MAN OF LAW'S PROLOGUE.

The wordes of the Hoost to the companye.

Oure Hoste sey wel that the brighte sonne  
Th'ark of his artificial day had ronne  
The fourthe part, and half an houre, and  
more;

And though he were not depe expert in  
lore,

He wiste it was the eightetethe day 5  
Of April, that is messager to May;

And sey wel that the shadwe of every tree  
Was as in lengthe the same quantitee  
That was the body erect that caused it.

And therfor by the shadwe he took his wit  
That Phebus, which that shoon so clere  
and brighte, 11

Degrees was fyve and fourty clombe on  
highte;

And for that day, as in that latitude,  
It was ten of the klokke, he gan conclude,  
And sodeynly he plighte his hors aboute.

'Lordinges,' quod he, 'I warne yow, al  
this route, 16

The fourthe party of this day is goon;  
Now, for the love of god and of seint  
John,

Leseth no tyme, as ferforth as ye may;  
Lordinges, the tyme wasteth night and  
day, 20

And steleth from us, whatprivelyslepinge,  
And what thurgh negligence in our  
wakinge,

As dooth the stream, that turneth never  
agayn,

Descending fro the montaigne in-to playn.  
Wel can Senek, and many a philosophe 25  
Biwailen tyme, more than gold in cofre.

"For los of catel may recovered be,  
But los of tyme shendeth us," quod he.

It wol nat come agayn, with-uten drede,  
Na more than wol Malkins maydenhede,  
Whanshe hath lost it in hir wantownesse;

Let us nat moulten thus in ydelnesse. 32  
Sir man of lawe,' quod he, 'so have ye  
blis,

Tel us a tale anon, as forward is;  
Ye been submitted thurgh your free  
assent 35

To stonde in this cas at my jugement.  
Acquiteth yow, and holdeth your biheste,  
Than have ye doon your devoir atte leste.'

'Hoste,' quod he, '*depardieuz* ich as-  
sente,

To breke forward is not myn entente. 40  
Biheste is dette, and I wol holde sayn  
Al my biheste; I can no better seyn.

For swich lawe as man yeveth another  
wight,

He sholde him-selven use it by right; 44  
Thus wol our text; but natheles certeyn  
I can right now no thrifty tale seyn,

†But Chaucer, though he can but lewedly  
On metres and on ryming craftily,  
Hath seyde hem in swich English as he can

Of olde tyme, as knoweth many a man. 50  
And if he have not seyde hem, leve brother,  
In o book, he hath seyde hem in another.

For he hath told of lovers up and doun  
Mo than Ovyde made of mencioun

In his Epistelles, that been ful olde. 55  
What sholde I tellen hem, sin they ben  
tolde?

In youthe he made of Ceyx and Alcion,  
And sithen hath he spoke of everichon,  
Thise noble wyves and thise lovers eke.

Who-so that wol his large volume seke 60  
Cleped the Seintes Legende of Cupyde,  
Ther may he seen the large woundes wyde

Of Lucesse, and of Babilan Tisbee;  
The swerd of Dido for the false Enee;  
The tree of Phillis for hir Demophon; 65

The pleinte of Dianire and Hermion,  
Of Adriane and of Isiphilee;  
The bareyne yle stonding in the see;

The dreynate Leander for his Erro;  
The tere of Eleyne, and eek the wo 70  
Of Brixseyde, and of thee, Ledombe;

The crueltee of thee, queen Medea,  
Thy litel children hanging by the hals  
For thy Jason, that was of love so fals!

O Ypermistra, Penelopee, Alceste, 75  
Your wyfthod he comendeth with the beste!  
But certainly no word ne wryteth he

Of thilke wikke ensample of Canacee,  
That lovede hir owne brother sinfully;  
Of swiche cursed stories I say "fy"; 80

Or elles of Tyro Apollonius,  
How that the cursed king Antiochus  
Brafte his doghter of hir maydenhede,

That is so horrible a tale for to rede,  
Whan he hir threw up-on the pavement.  
And therfor he, of ful avysement, 86

Nolde never wryte in none of his sermons  
Of swiche unkinde abhominaciouns,  
Ne I wol noon rehearse, if that I may.

But of my tale how shal I doon this day?  
Me were looth be lykned, douteles, 91  
To Muses that men clepe Pierides—

*Metamorphoseos* wot what I mene:—  
But natheles, I recche nought a bene 94  
Though I come after him with hawe-bake;

I speke in prose, and lat him rymes make.  
And with that word he, with a sobre chere,  
Bigan his tale, as ye shal after here.

#### The Prologe of the Mannes Tale of Lawe.

O hateful harm! condicion of poverté.  
With thurst, with cold, with hunger so  
confounded! 100

To asken help thee shameth in thyn  
herte;

If thou noon aske, with nede artow so  
wounded,

That verray nede unwrappeth al thy  
wounde hid!

Mangres thyn heed, thou most for indig-  
gence 104

Or stale, or begga, or borwe thy despence!

Thou blamest Crist, and seyst ful bitterly,  
He misdeparteth richesse temporal;

Thy neighebour thou wytest sinfully, (20)  
And seyst thou hast to lyte, and he hath al.

'Parfay,' seistow, 'somtyme he rekne shal,  
Whan that his tayl shal brennen in the  
glede, 111

For he noght helpeth needfulle in hir  
nede.'

Herkne what is the sentence of the  
wyse:—

'Bet is to dyen than have indigence;' 114

'Thy selve neighebour wol thee despyse;'

If thou be povre, farwel thy reverence!  
Yet of the wyse man tak this sentence:—  
'Alle the dayes of povre men ben wikke;'  
Be war therfor, er thou come in that  
prikke! (21)

'If thou be povre, thy brother hateth  
thee, 120

And alle thy freendes fleen fro thee, alas!'

O riche marchaunts, ful of wele ben ye,

O noble, o prudent folk, as in this cas!

Your bagges been nat filled with *ambes as*,

But with *sis cink*, that renneth for your

chauce; 125

At Cristemasse merie may ye daunce!

Ye seken lond and see for your winniges,

As wyse folk ye knowen al th'estaat (30)

Of regnes; ye ben fadres of tydinges

And tales, bothe of pees and of debat. 130

I were right now of tales desolat,

Nere that a marchaunt, goon is many a

yeve,

Me taughte a tale, which that yeshal here.

## THE TALE OF THE MAN OF LAWE.

### Here beginneth the Man of Lawe his Tale.

Is Surrie whylom dwelte a companye  
Of chapmen riche, and therto sadde and  
trewe, 135

That wyde-where senten her spycerye,  
Clothes of gold, and satins riche of hewe;

Herchaffar was so thrifty and so newe, (40)

That every wight hath deyntee to chaffare  
With hem, and eek to sellen hem hir

ware. 140

Now fel it, that the maistres of that sort  
Han shapen hem to Rome for to wende;

Were it for chapmanhode or for disport,

Non other message wolde they thider  
sende,

But comen hem-self to Rome, this is the  
ende; 145

And in swich place, as thoughte hem  
avantage

For her entente, they take her herbergage.

Sojourned han thise marchants in that  
toun (50)

A certain tyme, as fel to hir plesance.

And so bifel, that th'excellent renoun 150

Of th'emperoures doghter, dame Custance,

Reported was, with every circumstance,

Un-to thise Surrien marchants in swich

wysse,

Fro day to day, as I shal yow devyse.



This was the commune vois of every  
man— 155

'Our Emperour of Rome, god him see,  
A doghter hath that, ain the world bigan,  
To rekne as wel hir goodnesse as beautee,  
Nas never swich another as is she; (61)  
I prey to god in honour hir sustene, 160  
And wolde she were of al Europe the  
quene.

In hir is heigh beautee, with-oute pryde,  
Yowthe, with-oute grenehede or folye;  
To alle hir werkes vertu is hir gyde,  
Humbleesse hath slayn in hir al tirannye.  
She is mirour of alle curteisye; (68) 166  
Hir herte is verray chambre of holinesse,  
Hir hand, ministre of fredom for almesse.'

And al this vois was soth, as god is trewe,  
But now to purpos lat us turne agayn; 170  
Thise marchants han doon fraught hir  
shippes newe,  
And, whan they han this blisful mayden  
seyne,

Hoom to Surrye been they went ful fayn,  
And doon her nedes as they han don yore,  
And liven in wele; I can sey yow nomore.

Now fel it, that thise marchants stode in  
grace 176

Of him, that was the sowdan of Surrye;  
For whan they came from any strange  
place, (80)

He wolde, of his benigne curteisye,  
Make hem good chere, and bisilly espye 180  
Tydings of sondry regnes, for to lere  
The wondres that they mighte seen or here.

Amonges othere thinges, specially  
Thise marchants han him told of dame  
Custance,

So gret noblesse in earnest, ceriously, 185  
That this sowdan hath caught so gret  
plesance

To han hir figure in his remembrance,  
That al his lust and al his bisy cure (90)  
Was for to love hir whyl his lyf may dure.

Paraventure in thilke large book 190  
Which that men clepe the heven, y-written  
was

With sterres, whan that he his birthetook,  
That he for love shulde han his deeth, allas!  
For in the sterres, clerer than is glas,  
Is writen, god wot, who-socoude it rede, 195  
The deeth of every man, withouten drede.

In sterres, many a winter ther-biforn,  
Was writen the deeth of Ector, Achilles,  
Of Pompey, Julius, er they were born; (101)  
The stryf of Thebes; and of Ercules, 200  
Of Sampson, Turnus, and of Socrates  
The deeth; but mennes wittes been so  
dulle,  
That no wight can wel rede it atte fulla.

This sowdan for his privee conseil sente,  
And, shortly of this mater for to pace, 205  
He hath to hem declared his entente,  
And seyde hem certain, 'but he mighte  
have grace (109)  
To han Custance with-inne a litel space,  
He nas but deed;' and charged hem, in  
hye,  
To shapen for his lyf som remedye. 210

Diverse men diverse thinges seyden;  
They argumenten, casten up and down  
Many a subtil resoun forth they leyden,  
They spoken of magik and abusioun;  
But finally, as in conclusioun, 215  
They can not seen in that non advantage.  
Ne in non other way, save mariage. (119)

Than sawe they ther-in swich difficultee  
By way of resoun, for to speke al playn,  
By-cause that ther was swich diversitee 220  
Bitwene hir bothe lawes, that they sayn,  
They trowe 'that no cristen prince wolde  
fayn  
Wedden his child under oure lawes swete  
That us were taught by Mahoun our  
prophete.'

And he answerde, 'rather than I lese 225  
Custance, I wol be cristned douteles;  
I mot ben hires, I may non other chese.  
I prey yow holde your arguments in  
pees; (130)  
Saveth my lyf, and beeth noght reccheles  
To geten hir that hath my lyf in cure; 230  
For in this wo I may not longe endure.'

What nedeth gretter dilatacioun?  
 I seye, by tretis and embassadrye,  
 And by the popes mediacioun,  
 And al the chiroche, and al the chivalrye,  
 That, in destruccioun of Maumetrye, 236  
 And in encrees of Cristes lawe dere,  
 They ben acorded, so as ye shal here; (140)

How that the sowdan and his baronage  
 And alle his liges shulde y-cristned be, 240  
 And he shal han Custance in mariage,  
 And certein gold, I noot what quantitee,  
 And her-to founden suffisant seurtee;  
 This same acord was sworn on eyther syde;  
 Now, faire Custance, almighty god thee  
 gyde! 245

Now wolde som men waiten, as I gesse,  
 That I shulde tellen al the purveyance  
 That th'emperour, of his grete noblesse,  
 Hath shapen for his doghter dame Cus-  
 tance. (151)  
 Wel may men knowe that so gret ordin-  
 ance 250

May no man tellen in a litel clause  
 As was arrayed for so heigh a cause.

Bisshopes ben shapen with hir for to  
 wende,  
 Lordes, ladyes, knightes of renoun,  
 And other folk y-nowe, this is the ende;  
 And notified is thurgh-out the town 256  
 That every wight, with gret devocioun,  
 Shulde preyen Crist that he this mariage  
 Receyve in gree, and spede this viage. (161)

The day is comen of hir departinge. 260  
 I sey, the woful day fatal is come,  
 That ther may be no longer taryinge,  
 But forthward they hem dresen, alle and  
 some;

Custance, that was with sorwe al over-  
 come, 264  
 Ful pale arist, and dreseth hir to wende;  
 For wel she seeth ther is non other ende.

Allas! what wonder is it though she wepte,  
 That shal be sent to strange nacioun (170)  
 Fro freendes, that so tendrely hir kepte,  
 And to be bounden under subieccioun 270  
 Of oon, she knoweth not his condicioun.

Housbondes been alle gode, and han ben  
 yore,  
 That knowen wyves, I dar say yow no more.

'Fader,' she sayde, 'thy wrecched child  
 Custance,  
 Thy yonge doghter, fostred up so softe, 275  
 And ye, my moder, my soverayn plesance  
 Over alle thing, out-taken Crist on-lofte,  
 Custance, your child, hir recomandeth  
 ofte (180)  
 Un-to your grace, for I shal to Surrye,  
 Ne shal I never seen yow more with y8. 280

Allas! un-to the Barbre nacioun  
 I moste anon, sin that it is your wille;  
 But Crist, that starf for our redempcioun,  
 So yeve me grace, his hestes to fulfille;  
 I, wrecche womman, no fors though I  
 spilla. 285  
 Wommen are born to thraldom and  
 penance,  
 And to ben under mannes governance.'

I trowe, at Troye, whan Pirrus brak the  
 wal (190)  
 Or Ylion brende, at Thebes the citee, 289  
 N'at Rome, for the harm thurgh Hanibal  
 That Romayns hath venquished tymes  
 three,  
 Nas herd swich tendre weping for pitee  
 As in the chambre was for hir departinge;  
 Bot forth she moot, wher-so she wepe or  
 singe.

O firste moeving cruel firmament, 295  
 With thy diurnal sweigh that crowdest ay;  
 And hurlest al from Est til Occident, (199)  
 That naturelly wolde holde another way,  
 Thy crowding set the heven in swich array  
 At the beginning of this fiers viage, 300  
 That cruel Mars hath slayn this mariage.

Infortunat ascendent tortuous,  
 Of which the lord is helples falle, alas!  
 Out of his angle in-to the darkest hous.  
 O Mars, O Atasir, as in this cas! 305  
 O feble mone, unhappy been thy pas!  
 Thou knittest thee ther thou art nat  
 receyved,  
 Ther thou were weel, fro thennes artow  
 weyved. (210)

Imprudent emperor of Rome, alas ! 309  
 Was ther no philosophre in al thy toun ?  
 Is no tyme bet than other in swich cas ?  
 Of viage is ther noon eleccioun,  
 Namely to folk of heigh condicioun,  
 Nat whan a rote is of a birthe y-knowe ?  
 Alas ! we ben to lewed or to slowe. 315

To shippe is brought this woful faire mayde  
 Solempnely, with every circumstance.  
 'Now Jesu Crist be with yow alle,' she  
 sayde ; (220)  
 Ther nis namore but 'farewel ! faire  
 Custance !' 319  
 She peyneth hir to make good countenance,  
 And forth I lete hir sayle in this manere,  
 And turne I wol agayn to my matere.

The moder of the sowdan, welle of vyces,  
 Espyd hath hir sones pleyn entente,  
 How he wol lete his olde sacrifyces, 325  
 And right anon she for hir conseil sente ;  
 And they ben come, to knowe what she  
 mente.

And when assembled was this folk in-fere,  
 She sette hir down, and sayde as ye shal  
 here. (231)

'Lorde,' quod she, 'ye knowen everichon,  
 How that my sone in point is for to lete 331  
 The holy lawes of our Alkaron,  
 Yeven by goddes message Makometa.  
 But oon avow to grete god I hete, 334  
 The lyf shal rather out of my body sterte  
 Than Makometes lawe out of myn herte !

What shulde us tyden of this newe lawe  
 But thraldom to our bodies and penance ?  
 And afterward in helle to be drawe (241)  
 For we reneyed Mahoun our creance ? 340  
 But, lordes, wol ye maken assurance,  
 As I shal seyn, assenting to my lore,  
 And I shall make us sauf for evermore ?'

They sworn and assenten, every man, 344  
 To live with hir and dye, and by hir stonde ;  
 And everich, in the beste wyse he can,  
 To strengthen hir shal alle his freendes  
 fonde ;  
 And she hath this empyse y-take on  
 honde, (250)

Which ye shal heren that I shal devyse,  
 And to hem alle she spak right in this  
 wyse. 350

'We shul first seyne us cristendom to take,  
 Cold water shal not greve us but a lyte ;  
 And I shal wike a feste and revel make,  
 That, as I trowe, I shal the sowdan quyte.  
 For though his wyf be cristned never so  
 whyte, 355  
 She shal have nede to washe away the  
 rede,  
 Thogh she a font-ful water with hir lede.'

O sowdanesse, rote of iniquitee, (260)  
 Virago, thou Semyram the secounde,  
 O serpent under femininitee, 360  
 Lyk to the serpent depe in helle y-bounde,  
 O feyned womman, al that may confounde  
 Vertu and innocence, thurgh thy malyce,  
 Is bred in thee, as nest of every vyce !

O Satan, envious sin thilke day 365  
 That thou were chased from our heritage.  
 Wel knowestow to wommen the olde way !  
 Thou madest Eva bringe us in servage. (270)  
 Thou wolt fordoon this cristen mariage.  
 Thyn instrument so, weylaway the whyle !  
 Makestow of wommen, whan thou wolt  
 begyle. 371

This sowdanesse, whom I thus blame and  
 warie,  
 Leet prively hir conseil goon hir way.  
 What sholde I in this tale lenger tarie ?  
 She rydeth to the sowdan on a day, 375  
 And seyde him, that she wolde reneye  
 hir lay,  
 And cristendom of preestes handes fonge.  
 Repenting hir she hethen was so longe, (280)

Biseching him to doon hir that honour,  
 That she moste han the cristen men to  
 feste ; 380  
 'To plesen hem I wol do my labour.'  
 The sowdan seith, 'I wol don at your heste.'  
 And kneling thanketh hir of that requeste.  
 So glad he was, he niste what to seye ;  
 She kiste hir sone, and hoom she gooth  
 hir weye. 385

Explicit prima para. Sequitur  
 para secunda.

Arryved ben this Cristen folk to londe,  
 In Surrie, with a greet solempne route,  
 And hastily this sowdan sente his sonde,  
 First to his moder, and al the regne  
 aboute, (291)  
 And seyde, his wyf was comen, out of  
 doute, 390  
 And preyde hir for to ryde agayn the  
 quene,  
 The honour of his regne to sustene.

Gret was the prees, and riche was th'array  
 Of Surriens and Romayns met y-fere;  
 The moder of the sowdan, riche and gay,  
 Receyveth hir with al-so glad a chere 396  
 As any moder mighte hir doghter dere,  
 And to the nexte citee ther bisyde (300)  
 A softe pas solempnely they ryde.

Noght trowe I the triumphe of Julius, 400  
 Of which that Lucan maketh swich a bost,  
 Was royaller, ne more curious  
 Than was th'assemblee of this blisful host.  
 But this scorpioun, this wikked gost,  
 The sowdanesse, for al hir flateringe, 405  
 Caste under this ful mortally to stinge.

The sowdan comth him-self sone after this  
 So royally, that wonder is to telle, (310)  
 And welcometh hir with alle joye and blis.  
 And thus in merthe and joye I lote hem  
 dwelle. 410

The fruyt of this matere is that I telle.  
 Whan tyme cam, men thoughte it for the  
 beste  
 That revel stinte, and men goon to hir  
 resta.

The tyme cam, this olde sowdanesse 414  
 Ordeyned hath this feste of which I tolde,  
 And to the feste Cristen folk hem dresse  
 In general, ye! bothe yonge and olde. (319)  
 Here may men feste and royaltee biholde,  
 And deyntees mo than I can yow devyse,  
 But al to dere they boughte it er they ryse.

Osodeyn wo! that ever art successour 421  
 To worldly blisse, spreyned with bitter-  
 nesse;  
 Th'ende of the joye of our worldly labour;  
 Wo occupieth the fyn of our gladnesse.  
 Herke this conseil for thy sikernes, 425

Up-on thy glade day have in thy minde  
 The unwar wo or harm that comth bi-  
 hinde.

For shortly for to tellen at o word, (330)  
 The sowdan and the Cristen everichone  
 Ben al-to-hewe and stiked at the bord, 430  
 But it were only dame Custance allone.  
 This olde sowdanesse, cursed crone,  
 Hath with hir frendes doon this cursed  
 dede,  
 For she hir-self wolde al the contree lede.

Ne ther was Surrien noon that was con-  
 verted 435  
 That of the conseil of the sowdan woot,  
 That he nas al to-hewe er he asterted.  
 And Custance han they take anon, foot-  
 hoot, (340)  
 And in a shippe al sterelees, god woot,  
 They han hir set, and bidde hir lerne  
 sayle 440  
 Out of Surrye agaynward to Itayle.

A certain tresor that she thider ladde,  
 And, sooth to sayn, vitaille gret plentee  
 They han hir yeven, and clothes eek she  
 hadde,  
 And forth she sayleth in the salte see. 445  
 O my Custance, ful of benignitee,  
 O emperoures yonge doghter dere, (349)  
 He that is lord of fortune be thy stere!

She blesseth hir, and with ful pitous voys  
 Un-to the croys of Crist thus seyde she,  
 'O clere, o welful auter, holy croys, 451  
 Reed of the lambes blood full of pitee,  
 That wesch the world fro the olde iniquitee,  
 Me fro the feend, and fro his clawes kepe,  
 That day that I shal drenchen in the  
 depa. 455

Victorious tree, proteccioun of trewe,  
 That only worthy were for to bere (359)  
 The king of heven with his woundes newe,  
 The whyte lamb, that hurt was with the  
 spere, 459  
 Flemer of feendes out of him and here  
 On which thy limes feithfully extenden,  
 Me keep, and yif me might my lyf t'amen-  
 den.'

Yeres and dayes fleet this creature  
Thurghout the see of Grece un-to the  
strayte

Of Marrok, as it was hir aventure; 465  
On many a sory meel now may she bayte;  
After her deeth ful often may she wayte,  
Er that the wilde wawes wol hir dryve  
Un-to the plaçe, ther she shal arryve. (371)

Men mighten asken why she was not  
slayn? 470

Eek at the feste who mighte hir body save?  
And I answer to that demaunde agayn,  
Who saved Daniel in the horrible cave,  
Ther every wight save he, maister and  
knave, 474  
Was with the leoun frete er he asterte?  
No wight but god, that he bar in his herte.

God liste to shewe his wonderful miracle  
In hir, for we sholde seen his mighty  
werkes; (380)

Crist, which that is to every harm triacle,  
By certein menes ofte, as knowen clerkes,  
Doth thing for certein ende that ful  
derk is 481

To mannes wit, that for our ignorance  
Ne conne not knowe his prudent pur-  
veyance.

Now, sith she was not at the feste y-slawe,  
Who kepte hir fro the drenching in the  
see? 485

Who kepte Jonas in the fishes mawe  
Til he was spouted up at Ninivee?  
Wel may men knowe it was no wight  
but he (390)

That kepte peple Ebraik fro hir drench-  
inge,  
With drye feet thurgh-out the see pass-  
inge. 490

Who bad the foure spirits of tempest,  
That power han t'anoyen land and see,  
'Bothe north and south, and also west  
and est,

Anoyeth neither see, ne land, ne tree?'  
Sothly, the comaundour of that was he,  
That fro the tempest ay this womman  
kepte 496

As wel whan [that] she wook as whan she  
slepte.

Wher mighte this womman mete and  
drinke have? (400)

Three yer and more how lasteth hir  
vitaille? 499

Who fedde the Egipcien Marie in the cave,  
Or in desert? no wight but Crist, sans  
faillie.

Fyve thousand folk it was as gret mer-  
vaille

With loves fyve and fishes two to fede.  
God sente his foison at hir grete nede.

She dryveth forth in-to our oceau 505  
Thurgh-out our wilde see, til, atte laste,  
Under an hold that nempnen I ne can,  
Fer in Northumberland the wawe hir  
caste, (410)

And in the sond hir ship stiked so faste,  
That thennes wolde it noght of al a tyde,  
The wille of Crist was that she shulde  
abyde. 511

The constable of the castel down is fare  
To seen this wrak, and al the ship he  
soghte,

And fond this very womman ful of care;  
He fond also the tresor that she broghte.  
In hir langage mercy she bisoghte 516  
The lyf out of hir body for to twinne, (419)  
Hir to deliver of wo that she was inne.

A maner Latin corrupt was hir speche,  
But algates ther-by was she understonde;  
The constable, whan him list no lenger  
seche, 521

This woful womman broghte he to the  
londe;  
She kneleth down, and thanketh goddes  
sonde.

But what she was, she wolde no man seye,  
For foul ne fair, thogh that she shulde  
daye. 525

She seyde, she was so mased in the see  
That she forgat hir minde, by hir trouthe;  
The constable hath of hir so greet pitee,  
And eek his wyf, that they wepen for  
routhe, (431) 530

She was so diligent, with-outen slounthe,  
To serve and plesen everich in that place,  
That alle hir loven that loken on hir face.

This constable and dame Hermengild his  
wyf

Were payens, and that contree every-  
where;

But Hermengild lovede hir right as hir  
lyf, 535

And Custance hath so longe sojourned  
there,

In orisons, with many a bitter tere,  
Til Jesu hath converted thurgh his grace  
Dame Hermengild, constableness of that  
place. (441) 539

In al that lond no Cristen durste route,  
Alle Cristen folk ben fled fro that contree  
Thurgh payens, that conquereden al  
aboute

The plages of the North, by land and see;  
To Walis fled the Cristianitee  
Of olde Britons, dwellinge in this yle; 545  
Ther was hir refut for the mene whyle.

But yet nere Cristen Britons so exyled (449)  
That ther nere somme that in hir privete  
Honoured Crist, and hethen folk bigyled;  
And ny the castel swiche ther dwelten  
three. 550

That oon of hem was blind, and mighte  
nat see

But it were with thilke yē of his minde,  
With whiche men seen, after that they  
ben blinde.

Bright was the sonne as in that someres  
day, 554

For which the constable and his wyf also  
And Custance han y-take the righte way  
Toward the see, a furlong wey or two,  
To playen and to romen to and fro; (460)  
And in hir walk this blinde man they  
mette 559

Croked and old, with yē faste y-shette.

'In name of Crist,' cryde this blinde  
Britoun,

'Dame Hermengild, yif me my sighte  
agayn.'

This lady wex affrayed of the soun,  
Lest that hir housbond, shortly for to  
sayn,

Wolde hir for Jesu Cristes love han slayn,

Til Custance made hir bold, and bad hir  
werche 566

The wil of Crist, as doghter of his chirche.

The constable wex abashed of that sight,  
And seyde, 'what amounteth al this fare?'

Custance answerde, 'sire, it is Cristes  
might, (472) 570

That helpeth folk out of the feendes snare.'  
And so ferforth she gan our lay declare,  
That she the constable, er that it were eve,  
Converted, and on Crist made him bileve.

This constable was no-thing lord of this  
place (477) 575

Of which I speke, ther he Custance fond,  
But kepte it strongly, many wintresspace,  
Under Alla, king of al Northumberlond,  
That was ful wys, and worthy of his hond  
Agayn the Scottes, as men may wel here,  
But turne I wol agayn to my matere. 581

Sathan, that ever us waiteth to bigyle,  
Saug of Custance al hir perfeccioun,  
And caste anon how he mighte quyte hir  
whyte,

And made a yong knight, that dwelte in  
that toun, 585

Love hir so hote, of foul affeccioun,  
That verraily him thoughte he shulde  
spille (489)

But he of hir mighte ones have his wille.

He woweth hir, but it availleth noght,  
She wolde do no sinne, by no weye; 590  
And, for despyt, he compassed in his  
thoght

To maken hir on shamful deth to deye.  
He wayteth whan the constable was aweye,  
And prively, up-on a night, he crepte 594  
In Hermengildes chambre whyl she slepte.

Wery, for-waked in her orisouns,  
Slepeth Custance, and Hermengild also.

This knight, thurgh Sathanas tempta-  
cions, (500)

Al softly is to the bed y-go,  
And kitte the throte of Hermengild a-two,  
And leyde the bloody knyf by dame  
Custance, 601

And wente his wey, ther god yewe him  
meschance!

Sone after comth this constable hoom  
agayn,

And eek Alla, that king was of that lond,  
And saugh his wyf despitously y-alayn, 605  
For which ful ofte he weep and wrong his  
hond,

And in the bed the bloddy knyf he fond  
By dame Custance; alas! what mighte  
she seye? (510)

For verray wo hir wit was al aweye.

To king Alla was told al this meschance,  
And eek the tyme, and where, and in  
what wyse 611

That in a ship was founden dame Custance,  
As heer-biforn that ye han herd devyse.  
The kinges herte of pitee gan agryse,  
Whan he saugh so benigne a creature 615  
Falle in disese and in misaventure.

For as the lomb toward his deeth is broght,  
So stant this innocent bfore the king;  
This false knight that hath this tresoun  
wroght (521)

Berth hir on hond that she hath doon  
this thing. 620

†But natheless, ther was [ful] greet  
moorning

Among the peple, and seyn, 'they can not  
gesse

That she hath doon so greet a wikked-  
nesse. 623

For they han seyn hir ever so vertuous,  
And loving Hermengild right as her lyf.  
Of this bar witness everich in that hous  
Save he that Hermengild slow with his  
knif.

This gentil king hath caught a gret motyf  
Of this witness, and thoghte he wolde  
enquere (531)  
Depper in this, a trouthe for to lere. 630

Allas! Custance! thou hast no championn,  
Ne sighte canstow nought, so weylaway!  
But he, that starf for our redempcioun  
And bond Sathan (and yit lyth ther he  
lay)

So be thy stronge championn this day! 635  
For, but-if Crist open miracle kythe,  
Withouten gilt thou shalt be slayn as  
swythe.

She sette her down on knees, and thus  
she sayde, (540)

'Immortal god, that savedest Susanne  
Fro false blame, and thou, merciful  
mayde, 640

Mary I mene, doghter to Seint Anne,  
Bifore whos child aungeles singe Osaune.  
If I be giltyes of this felonye,  
My socour be, for elles I shal dye!' 644

Have ye nat seyn som tyme a pale face,  
Among a prees, of him that hath be lad  
Toward his deeth, wher-as him gat no  
grace,

And swich a colour in his face hath had.  
Men mighte knowe his face, that was  
bisted, (551)

Amonges alle the faces in that route: 650  
So stant Custance, and loketh hir aboute.

O quenes, liveinge in prosperitee,  
Duchesses, and ye ladies everichone,  
Haveth som routhe on hir adversitee;  
An emperoures doghter stant allone; 655  
She hath no wight to whom to make hir  
mone.

O blood royal, that stondest in this drede,  
Fer ben thy freendes at thy grete nede!

This Alla king hath swich compassioun.  
As gentil herte is fulfild of pitee, (562) 660  
That from his yē ran the water down.  
'Now hastily do fecche a book,' quod he,  
'And if this knight wol sweren how that  
she

This womman slow, yet wole we us avyse  
Whom that we wole that shal ben our  
justyse.' 665

A Briton book, writen with Evangyles,  
Was fet, and on this book he swoor anon  
She gilty was, and in the mene whyles  
A hand him smoot upon the nekke-boon,  
That down he fil stones as a stoon, (572) 670  
And bothe his yē broste out of his face  
In sight of every body in that place.

A vois was hard in general audiance,  
And seyde, 'thou hast desolaundred  
giltyes

The doghter of holy chirche in hey  
presence; 675

Thus haston doon, and yet holde I my  
pees.'

Of this mervaille agast was al the prees;  
As mased folk they stoden everichone, (580)  
For drede of wreche, save Custance allone.

Greet was the drede and eek the repent-  
ance 680

Of hem that hadden wrong suspeccioun  
Upon this sely innocent Custance;  
And, for this miracle, in conclusioun,  
And by Custances mediacioun,  
The king, and many another in that  
place, 685  
Converted was, thanked be Cristes grace!

This false knight was slayn for his un-  
trouthe

By judgement of Alla hastify; (590)  
And yet Custance hadde of his deeth gret  
routhe.

And after this Jesus, of his mercy, 690  
Made Alla wedden ful solempnely  
This holy mayden, that is so bright and  
shene,

And thus hath Crist y-maad Custance  
a quene.

But who was woful, if I shal nat lye,  
Of this wedding but Donegild, and na mo,  
The kinges moder, ful of tirannye? 696  
Hir thoughte hir cursed herte brast a-two;  
She wolde noght hir sone had do so; (600)  
Hir thoughte a despit, that he sholde take  
So strange a creature un-to his make. 700

Me list nat of the chaf nor of the stree  
Maken so long a tale, as of the corn.  
What sholde I tellen of the royaltee  
At mariage, or which cours gooth biforn,  
Who bloweth in a trompe or in an horn?  
The fruit of every tale is for to seye; 706  
They ete, and drinke, and daunce, and  
sing, and playe.

They goon to bedde, as it was skile and  
right; (610)

For, though that wyves been ful holy  
thinges,

They moste take in pacience at night 710  
Swich maner necessities as been plesinges  
To folk that han y-wedded hem with  
ringes,

And leye a lyte hir holiness asyde  
As for the tyme; it may no bet bityde.

On hir he gat a knave-child anon, 715  
And to a bishop and his constable eke  
He took his wyf to kepe, whan he is goon  
To Scotland-ward, his fo-men for to seke;  
Now faire Custance, that is so humble  
and meke, (621)  
So longe is goon with childe, til that stille  
She halt hir chambre, abyding Cristes  
wille, 721

The tyme is come, a knave-child she ber;  
Mauricius at the font-stoon they him calle;  
This constable dooth forth come a mes-  
sager,  
And wroot un-to his king, that cleped  
was Alle, 725  
How that this blisful tyding is bifalle,  
And othere tydings speedful for to seye;  
He tak'th the lettre, and forth he gooth  
his weye. (630)

This messenger, to doon his avantage, 729  
Un-to the kinges moder rydeth swythe,  
And salueth hir ful faire in his langage,  
'Madame,' quod he, 'ye may be glad and  
blythe,  
And thanke god an hundred thousand  
sythe;  
My lady quene hath child, with-uten  
doute, 734  
To joye and blisse of al this regne aboute.

Lo, heer the lettres seled of this thing,  
That I mot bere with al the haste I may;  
If ye wol aught un-to your sone the king,  
I am your servant, bothe night and day.'  
Donegild answerde, 'as now at this tyme,  
nay; (642) 740  
But heer al night I wol thou take thy  
reste,  
Tomorwe wol I seye thee what me leste.'

This messenger drank sadly ale and wyn,  
And stolen were his lettres prively  
Out of his box, whyl he sleep as a swyn;  
And countrefeted was ful subtilly 746  
Another lettre, wrought ful sinfully,  
Un-to the king direct of this matere (650)  
Fro his constable, as ye shul after here.



The lettre spak, 'the queen delivered was  
Of so horrible a feendly creature, 751  
That in the castel noon so hardy was  
That any whyle dorste ther endure.  
The moder was an elf, by aventure  
Y-come, by charmes or by sorcerye, 755  
And every wight hateth hir companye.'

Wo was this king whan he this lettre  
had seyn, (659)

But to no wighte he tolde his sorwes sore,  
But of his owene honde he wroot ageyn,  
'Welcome the sonde of Crist for evermore  
To me, that am now lerned in his lore; 761  
Lord, welcome be thy lust and thy  
plesaunce,

My lust I putte al in thyn ordinaunce!

Kepeth this child, al be it foul or fair,  
And eek my wyf, un-to myn hoom-  
cominge; 765

Crist, whan him list, may sende me an  
heir

More agreable than this to my lykinge.'

This lettre he seleth, prively wepinge, (670)

Which to the messenger was take sone,  
And forth he gooth; ther is na more to  
done. 770

O messenger, fulfild of dronkenesse,  
Strong is thy breeth, thy limes faltren ay,  
And thou biwreyest alle secree nesse.

Thy mind is lorn, thou janglest as a jay,  
Thy face is turned in a newe array! 775  
Ther dronkenesse regneth in any route,  
Ther is no conseil hid, with-outen doute.

O Donegild, I ne have noon English digne  
Un-to thy malice and thy tirannye! (681)

And therfor to the feend I thee resigne,  
Let him endyten of thy traitorye! 781

Fy, mannish, fy! o nay, by god, I lye,  
Fy, *feendly* spirit, for I dar wel telle,  
Though thou heer walke, thy spirit is in  
helle! 784

This messenger comth fro the king agayn,  
And at the kinges modres court he lighte,  
And she was of this messenger ful fayn,  
And plesed him in al that over she  
mighta. (690)

He drank, and wel his girdel under-  
pighta.

He slepeth, and he snoreth in his gyse 790  
Al night, un-til the sonne gan aryse.

Eft were his lettres stolen everichon  
And countrefeted lettres in this wyse;  
'The king comandeth his constable anon,  
Up peyne of hanging, and on heigh jufse,  
That he ne sholde suffren in no wyse 796  
Custance in-with his regne for t'abyde  
Thre dayes and a quarter of a tyde; (700)

But in the same ship as he hir fond,  
Hir and hir yonge sone, and al hir gere,  
He sholde putte, and croude hir fro the  
lond, 801  
And charge hir that she never eft come  
there.'

O my Custance, wel may thy goost have  
fare

And sleping in thy dream been in penance,  
When Donegild caste al this ordinance!

This messenger on morwe, whan he wook,  
Un-to the castel halt the nexte wey, (709)

And to the constable he the lettre took;

And whan that he this pitous lettre sey,  
Ful ofte he seyde 'allas!' and 'wey-  
lawey!' 810

'Lord Crist,' quod he, 'how may this  
world endure?

So ful of sinne is many a creature!

O mighty god, if that it be thy wille,  
Sith thou art rightful juge, how may it be  
That thou wolt suffren innocents to spille,  
And wikked folk regne in prosperitee? 816

O good Custance, alas! so wo is me

That I mot be thy tormentour, or daye

On shames deeth; ther is noon other  
weye!' (721)

Wepen bothe yonge and olde in al that  
place, 820

Whan that the king this cursed lettre  
sente,

And Custance, with a deedly pale face,  
The ferthe day toward hir ship she wenta.  
But natheles she taketh in good entente  
The wille of Crist, and, kneeling on the  
stronde, 825

She seyde, 'lord! ay wel-com be thy  
sonde!

He that me kepte fro the false blame  
Why! I was on the londre amonges yow,  
He can me kepe from harme and eek fro  
shame (731)

In salte see, al-thogh I see nat how. 830  
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now.  
In him triste I, and in his moder dere,  
That is to me my seyl and eek my sters.'

Hir litel child lay weping in hir arm, 834  
And kneling, pitously to him she seyde,  
'Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee non  
harm.'

With that hir kerchief of hir heed she  
breyde,

And over his litel yē she it leyde; (740)  
And in hir arm she lulleth it ful faste,  
And in-to heven hir yē up she caste. 840

'Moder,' quod she, 'and mayde bright,  
Marye,

Sooth is that thurgh wommannes egge-  
ment

Mankind was lorn and damned ay to dye,  
For which thy child was on a croys y-  
rent;

Thy blisful yē sawe al his torment; 845  
Than is ther no comparisoun bitwene  
Thy wo and any wo man may sustene.

Thou sawe thy child y-slayn bifor thyn  
yē, (750)

And yet now liveth my litel child, parfay!  
Now, lady bright, to whom alle woful  
cryēn, 850

Thou glorie of wommanhede, thou faire  
may,

Thou haven of refut, brighte sterre of day,  
Rewe on my child, that of thy gentillesse  
Rewest on every rewful in distresse!

O litel child, allas! what is thy gilt, 855  
That never wroughtest sinne as yet,  
pardee,

Why thy thyn harde fader han thee spilt?  
O mercy, dare constable!' quod she; (760)  
'As lat my litel child dwelle heer with  
thee;

And if thou darst not saven him, for  
blame, 860  
So kis him ones in his fadres name!'

Ther-with she loketh bakward to the  
londe,  
And seyde, 'far-wel, housbond routh-  
lees!'

And up she rist, and walketh down the  
stronde

Toward the ship; hir folweth al the prees,  
And ever she preyeth hir child to holde  
his pees; 866'

And taketh hir leve, and with an holy  
entente

She blesseth hir; and in-to ship she  
wente. (770)

Vitailed was the ship, it is no drede,  
H abundantly for hir, ful longe space, 870  
And other necessities that sholde nede  
She hadde y-nogh, heried be goddes grace!  
For wind and weder almighty god pur-  
chace,

And bringe hir hoom! I can no bettre  
seye; 874

But in the see she dryveth forth hir weye.

#### Explicit secunda pars.

#### Sequitur pars tercia.

Alla the king comth hoom, sone after this,  
Unto his castel of the which I tolde, (779)  
And axeth wher his wyf and his child is.  
The constable gan aboute his herte colde,  
And pleylny al the maner he him tolde 880  
As ye han herd, I can telle it no bettre,  
And sheweth the king his seel and [eek]  
his lettre,

And seyde, 'lord, as ye comaunded me  
Up payne of deeth, so have I doon, certain.'  
This messenger tormented was til he 885  
Moste biknowe and tellen, plat and plein,  
Fro night to night, in what place he had  
leyen.

And thus, by wit and subtil enqueringe,  
Ymagined was by whom this harm gan  
springe. (791)

The hand was knowe that the lettre wroot,  
And al the venim of this cursed dede, 891  
But in what wyse, certainly I noot.

Th'effect is this, that Alla, out of drede,  
His moder slow, that men may pleynly  
rede,

For that she traitour was to hir ligeaunce.  
Thus endeth olde Donegild with mes-  
chaunce. 896

The sorwe that this Alla, night and day,  
Maketh for his wyf and for his child also,  
Ther is no tonge that it telle may. (801)  
But now wol I un-to Custance go, 900  
That fleteth in the see, in peyne and wo,  
Fyve yeer and more, as lyked Cristes  
sonde,  
Er that hir ship approached un-to londe.

Under an hethen castel, atte laste,  
Of which the name in my text noght  
I finde, 905  
Custance and eek hir child the see up-  
caste.

Almighty god, that saveth al mankinde,  
Have on Custance and on hir child som  
minde, (810)  
That fallen is in hethen land eft-sone, 909  
In point to spille, as I shal telle yow sone.

Down from the castel comth ther many  
a wight

To gauren on this ship and on Custance.  
But shortly, from the castel, on a night,  
The lordes styward—god yeve him mes-  
chaunce!— 914

A thief, that had reneyed our creauce,  
Com in-to ship allone, and seyde he sholde  
Hir lemman be, wher-so she wolde or  
nolde. (819)

Wo was this wrecched womman tho bigon,  
Hir child cryde, and she cryde pitously;  
But blisful Marie heelp hir right anon;  
For with hir strugling wel and mightily  
The thief fil over bord al sodeinly, 922  
And in the see he dreynte for vengeance;  
And thus hath Crist unwemmed kept  
Custance.

Auctor.

O foule lust of luxurie! lo, thyn ende!  
Nat only that thou feyntest mannes  
minde, 926  
But verraily thou wolt his body shende;  
Th'ende of thy werk or of thy lustes  
blinde (830)  
Is compleynyn, how many-oon may men  
finde

That noght for werk som-tyme, but for  
th'entente 930  
To doon this sinne, ben outhir aleyn or  
shente!

How may this wayke womman han this  
strengthe

Hir to defende agayn this renegat?  
O Goliath, unmesurable of lengthe,  
How mighte David make thee so mat, 935  
So yong and of armure so desolat?  
How dorste he loke up-on thy dredful face?  
Wel may men seen, it nas but goddes  
grace! (840)

Who yaf Judith corage or hardynesse  
To sleen him, Olofernus, in his tente, 940  
And to deliveren out of wrecchednesse  
The peple of god? I seye, for this entente,  
That, right as god spirit of vigour sente  
To hem, and saved hem out of meschance,  
So sente he might and vigour to Custance.

Forth goth hir ship thurgh-out the narwe  
mouth 946

Of Jubaltar and Septe, dryving ay,  
Som-tyme West, som-tyme North and  
South, (850)

And som-tyme Est, ful many a wery  
day,

Til Cristes moder (blessed be she ay!) 950  
Hath shapen, thurgh hir endelees good-  
nesse,

To make an ende of al hir hevynesse.

Now lat us stinte of Custance but a throwe,  
And speke we of the Romain Emperour,  
That out of Surrie hath by lettres knowe  
The slaughtre of Cristen folk, and dis-  
honour 956

Don to his doghter by a fals traitour,  
I mene the cursed wikked sowdanesse,  
That at the feste leet sleen both more and  
lesse. (861)

For which this emperour hath sent anon  
His senatour, with royal ordinance, 961  
And othere lordes, got wot, many oon,  
On Surriens to taken heigh vengeance.  
They brennen, sleen, and bringe hem to  
meschance

Ful many a day; but shortly, this is  
the ende, 965  
Homward to Rome they shapen hem to  
wende.

This senatour repaireth with victorie  
To Rome-ward, sayling ful royally, (870)  
And mette the ship dryving, as seith the  
storie,

In which Custance sit ful pitously. 970  
No-thing ne knew he what she was, ne  
why

She was in swich array; ne she nil seye  
Of hir estaat, although she sholde deya.

He bringeth hir to Rome, and to his wyf  
He yaf hir, and hir yonge sone also; 975  
And with the senatour she ladde her lyf.  
Thus can our lady bringen out of wo (879)  
Woful Custance, and many another mo.  
And longe tyme dwelled she in that place,  
In holy werkes ever, as was hir grace. 980

The senatoures wyf hir aunte was,  
But for al that she knew hir never the  
more;

I wol no lenger tarien in this cas,  
But to king Alla, which I spak of yore,  
That for his wyf wepeth and syketh  
sore, 985

I wol retourne, and lete I wol Custance  
Under the senatoures governance.

King Alla, which that hadde his moder  
slayn, (890)

Upon a day fil in swich repentance,  
That, if I shortly tellen shal and plain, 990  
To Rome he comth, to receyven his  
penance;

And putte him in the popes ordinance  
In heigh and low, and Jesu Crist bisoghte  
Foryeve his wikked werkes that he  
wroghte. 994

The fame anon thurgh Rome toun is born,  
How Alla king shal come in pilgrimage,  
By herbergeours that wenten him biforn;  
For which the senatour, as was usage, (900)  
Rood him ageyn, and many of his linage,  
As wel to shewen his heighe magnificence  
As to don any king a reverence. 1001

Greet chere dooth this noble senatour  
To king Alla, and he to him also;  
Everich of hem doth other greet honour;  
And so bifel that, in a day or two, 1005  
This senatour is to king Alla go  
To feste, and shortly, if I shal nat lye,  
Custances sone wente in his companye.

Som men wolde seyn, at requeste of  
Custance, (911)

This senatour hath lad this child to feste;  
I may nat tellen every circumstance, 1011  
Be as be may, ther was he at the feste.  
But soth is this, that, at his modres heste,  
Biforn Alla, during the metes space,  
The child stood, loking in the kinges face.

This Alla king hath of this child greet  
wonder, 1016

And to the senatour he seyde anon,  
'Whos is that faire child that stondeth  
yonder?' (920)

'I noot,' quod he, 'by god, and by seint  
John! 1019

A moder he hath, but fader hath he non  
That I of woot'—but shortly, in a stounde,  
He tolde Alla how that this child was  
founde.

'But god wot,' quod this senatour also,  
'So vertuous a livers in my lyf, 1024  
Ne saugh I never as she, ne herde of mo  
Of worldly wommen, mayden, nor of wyf;  
I dar wel seyn hir hadde lever a knyf  
Thurgh-out her breste, than been a wom-  
man wikke; (930)  
Ther is no man coude bringe hir to that  
prikke.'

Now was this child as lyk un-to Custance  
As possible is a creature to be. 1031  
This Alla hath the face in remembrance  
Of dame Custance, and ther-on mused he  
If that the chilles moder were aught she  
That was his wyf, and prively he sighte,  
And spedde him fro the table that he  
mighte. 1036

'Parfay,' thoughte he, 'fantome is in myn  
heed!

I oghte deme, of skilful jugement, (940)

That in the salte see my wyf is deed.  
 And afterward he made his argument—  
 'What woot I, if that Crist have hider  
     y-sent 1041  
 My wyf by see, as wel as he hir sente  
 To my contres fro thennes that she  
     wente?'

And, after noon, hoom with the senatour  
 Goth Alla, for to seen this wonder chaunce.  
 This senatour dooth Alla greet honour,  
 And hastify he sente after Custaunce.  
 But trusteth weel, hir liste nat to daunce  
 Whan that she wiste wherefor was that  
     sonde. (951) 1049  
 Unnethe up-on hir feet she mighte stonde.

When Alla saugh his wyf, faire he hir  
     grette,  
 And weep, that it was rounthe for to see.  
 For at the firste look he on hir sette  
 He knew wel verrailly that it was she.  
 And she for sorwe as domb stant as a tree;  
 So was hir herte shet in hir distresse 1056  
 Whan she remembered his unkindenesse.

Twyës she swowned in his owne sighte;  
 He weep, and him excuseth pitouly:—  
 'Now god,' quod he, 'and alle his halwes  
     bryghte (962) 1060  
 So wisly on my soule as have mercy,  
 That of your harm as giltelees am I  
 As is Maurice my sone sq lyk your face;  
 Elles the fend me fecche out of this place!'

Long was the sobbing and the bitter peyne  
 Er that hir woful hertes mighte cesse;  
 Greet was the pites for to here hem pleyne,  
 Thurgh whiche pleintes gan hir wo en-  
     cresse. (970)  
 I prey yow al my labour to relese;  
 I may nat telle hir wo un-til tomorwe, 1070  
 I am so wery for to speke of sorwe.

But fynally, when that the sooth is wist  
 That Alla giltelees was of hir wo,  
 I trowe an hundred tymes been they kist,  
 And swich a blisse is ther bitwix hem two  
 That, save the joye that lasteth evermo,  
 Ther is non lyk, that any creature 1077  
 Hath seyn or shal, whyl that the world  
     may dura. (980)

Tho preyde she hir housbond mekely,  
 In relief of hir longe pitous pyne, 1080  
 That he wold preye hir fader specially  
 That, of his magestee, he wolde enclyne  
 To vouche-sauf som day with him to dyne;  
 She preyde him eek, he sholde by no weye  
 Un-to hir fader no word of hir seye. 1085

Som men wold seyn, how that the child  
     Maurice  
 Dooth this message un-to this emperour;  
 But, as I gesse, Alla was nat so nyce (990)  
 To him, that was of so sovereyn honour  
 As he that is of Cristen folk the flour, 1090  
 Sente any child, but it is bet to deme  
 Hewente him-self, and so it may wel seme.

This emperour hath graunted gentilly  
 To come to diner, as he him bisoghte;  
 And wel rede I, he loked bisily 1095  
 Up-on this child, and on his doghter  
     thoghte.  
 Alla goth to his in, and, as him oghte,  
 Arrayed for this feste in every wyse (1000)  
 As ferforth as his conning may suffyse.

The morwe cam, and Alla gan him dresse,  
 And eek his wyf, this emperour to mete;  
 And forth they ryde in joye and in glad-  
     nesse. 1102  
 And whan she saugh hir fader in the strete,  
 She lighte down, and falleth him to fete.  
 'Fader,' quod she, 'your yonge child  
     Custance 1105  
 Is now ful clene out of your remembrance.

I am your doghter Cústance,' quod she,  
 'That whylom ye han sent un-to Surrye.  
 It am I, fader, that in the salte see (1011)  
 Was put allone and dampned for to dye.  
 Now, gode fader, mercy I yow crye, 1111  
 Send me namore un-to non hethenesse,  
 But thinketh my lord heer of his kinde-  
     nesse.'

Who can the pitous joye tellen al  
 Bitwix hem three, sin they ben thus  
     y-mette? 1115  
 But of my tale make an ende I shal;  
 The day goth faste, I wol no longer lette.  
 This glade folk to diner they hem sette;

In joye and blisse at mete I lete hem  
dwelle (1021) 1119  
A thousand fold wel more than I can telle.

This child Maurice was sithen emperour  
Maad by the pope, and lived Cristenly.  
To Cristes chirche he dide greet honour;  
But I lete al his storie passen by,  
Of Custance is my tale specially. 1125  
In olde Romayn gestes may men finde  
Maurices lyf; I bere it noght in minde.

This king Alla, whan he his tymesey, (1030)  
With his Custance, his holy wyf so swete,  
To Engelond been they come the righte  
wey, 1130

Wher-as they live in joye and in quiete.  
But litel whyl it lasteth, I yow hete,  
Joye of this world, for tyme wol nat  
abyde;

Fro day to night it changeth as the tyde.

Who lived ever in swich delyt o day 1135  
That him ne moeved outhur conscience,  
Or ire, or talent, or som kin affray, (1039)  
Envye, or pryde, or passion, or offence?  
I ne seye but for this ende this sentence,  
That litel whyl in joye or in plesance 1140  
Lasteth the blisse of Alla with Custance.

For deeth, that taketh of heigh and low  
his rente,

When passed was a year, even as I gesse,  
Out of this world this king Alla he hente,  
For whom Custance hath ful gret hevinessse. 1145

Now lat us preyen god his soule blesse!  
And dame Custance, fynally to seye,  
Towards the toun of Rome gooth hir weye.

To Rome is come this holy creature, (1051)  
And fyndeth ther hir frendes hole and  
sounde: 1150

Now is she scaped al hir aventure;  
And whan that she hir fader hath y-founde,  
Doun on hir kneës falleth she to grounde;  
Weping for tendrenesse in herte blythe,  
She herieth god an hundred thousand  
sythe. 1155

In vertu and in holy almes-dede (1058)  
They liven alle, and never a-sonder wende;  
Til deeth departed hem, this lyf they lede.  
And fareth now weel, my tale is at an ende.  
Now Jesu Crist, that of his might may  
sende 1160

Joye after wo, governe us in his grace,  
And kepe us alle that ben in this place!  
Amen.

Here endeth the Tale of the Man of Lawe; and next folweth the  
Shipmannes Prolog.

\*.\* For l. 5583 in Tyrwhitt's Text, see Group D, l. 1.

## THE SHIPMAN'S PROLOGUE.

Here biginneth the Shipmannes Prolog.

\*.\* In Tyrwhitt's text, ll. 12903-12924.

Our hoste up-on his stiropes stood anon,  
And seyde, 'good men, herkneth everich on;

This was a thrifty tale for the nones! 1165  
Sir pariah prest,' quod he, 'for goddes bones,

Tel us a tale, as was thy forward yore,  
I see wel that ye lerned men in lore  
Can moche good, by goddes dignitee!'

The Person him answerde, 'ben'cite! 1170  
What eyleth the man, so sinfully to swere?'

Our hoste answerde, 'O Jankin, be ye there? (10)

I smelle a loller in the wind,' quod he,  
'How! good men,' quod our hoste, 'herkneth me;

Abydeth, for goddes digne passioun, 1175  
For we shal han a predicacioun;  
This loller heer wil prechen us som-what.'

'Nay, by my fader soule! that shal be nat,'

Seyde the Shipman; 'heer he shal nat preche,

He shal no gospel glosen heerne teche. 1180  
We leve alle in the grete god,' quod he,

'He wolde sowen som difficultee, (20)  
Or springen cokkel in our clene corn;

And therfor, hoste, I warne thee biforn,  
My joly body shal a tale telle, 1185

And I shal clinken yow so mery a belle,  
That I shal waken al this compagne;

But it shal nat ben of philosophye,  
Ne *physices*, ne termes queinte of lawe;  
Ther is but litel Latin in my mawe.' 1190

Here endeth the Shipman his Prolog.

## THE SHIPMANNES TALE.

Here biginneth the Shipmannes Tale.

A MARCHANT whylom dwelled at Saint Denys,  
That riche was, for which men helde him wys;

A wyf he hadde of excellent beantee,  
And compaignable and revelous was she,  
Which is a thing that causeth more dispence 1195

Than worth is al the chere and reverence  
That men hem doon at festes and at daunces;

Swiche salutaciouns and contenaunces  
Passen as dooth a shadwe up-on the wal.

But wo is him that payen moot for al; 1200  
The sely housbond, algate he mot paye;  
He moot us clothe, and he moot us arraye, (12)

Al for his owene worship richely,  
In which array we daunce jolily. 1204

And if that he noight may, par-aventure,  
Or elles, list no swich dispence endure,  
But thinketh it is wasted and y-lost,  
Than moot another payen for our cost,  
Or lene us gold, and that is perilous.

This noble Marchant heeld a worthy hous, (20) 1210

For which he hadde alday so greet repair  
 For his largesse, and for his wyf was fair,  
 That wonder is; but herkneth to my tale.  
 Amonges alle his gastes, grete and smale,  
 Ther was a monk, a fair man and a bold,  
 I trowe of thritty winter he was old, 1216  
 That ever in oon was drawing to that place.  
 This yonge monk, that was so fair of face,  
 Aqueinted was so with the gode man,  
 Sith that hir firste knoweliche bigan, 1220  
 That in his hous as famulier was he (31)  
 As it possible is any freend to be.

And for as muchel as this gode man  
 And eek this monk, of which that I bigan,  
 Were bothe two y-born in o village, 1225  
 The monk him claimeth as for oosinage;  
 And he again, he seith nat ones nay,  
 But was as glad ther-of as fowel of day;  
 For to his herte it was a greet plesaunce.  
 Thus been they knit with eterne alliaunce,  
 And ech of hem gan other for t'assure 1231  
 Of bretherhede, whyl that hir lyf may  
 dure. (42)

Free was daun John, and namely of  
 dispence,  
 As in that hous; and ful of diligence 1234  
 To doon plesaunce, and also greet costage.  
 He noght forgat to yeve the leeste page  
 In al that hous; but, after hir degree,  
 He yaf the lord, and sitthe al his meynne,  
 When that he cam, som maner honest  
 thing; 1239  
 For which they were as glad of his coming  
 As fowel is fayn, whan that the sonne  
 up-ryseth. (51)

Na more of this as now, for it suffyseth.  
 But so bifel, this marchant on a day  
 Shoop him to make redy his array  
 Toward the toun of Brugges for to fare, 1245  
 To byñ ther a porcioun of ware;  
 For which he hath to Paris sent anon  
 A messenger, and preyed hath daun John  
 That he sholde come to Seint Denys to  
 playe 1249  
 With him and with his wyf a day or tweye,  
 Er he to Brugges wente, in alle wyse. (61)

This noble monk, of which I yow devyse,  
 Hath of his abbot, as him list, licence,  
 By-cause he was a man of heigh prudence,  
 And eek an officer, out for to ryde, 1255  
 To seen hir graunges and hir barnes wyde;

And un-to Seint Denys he comth anon.  
 Who was so welcume as my lord daun  
 John,

Our dere oosin, ful of curteisye? 1259  
 With him broghte he a jubbe of Malvesye,  
 And eek another, ful of fyn Vernage, (71)  
 And volatyl, as ay was his usage.  
 And thus I lete hem ete and drinke and  
 pleye,  
 This marchant and this monk, a day or  
 tweye,

The thridde day, this marchant up  
 aryseth, 1265  
 And on his nedes sadly him avyseth,  
 And up in-to his countour-hous goth he  
 To rekene with him-self, as wel may be,  
 Of thilke yeer, how that it with him stood,  
 And how that he despended hadde his  
 good; 1270

And if that he encessed were or noon. (81)  
 His bokes and his bagges many oon  
 He leith biforn him on his counting-bord;  
 Ful riche was his tresor and his hord,  
 For which ful faste his countour-dore he  
 shette; 1275  
 And eek he nolde that no man sholde him  
 lette

Of his accountes, for the mene tyme;  
 And thus he sit til it was passed pryme.

Daun John was risen in the morwe also,  
 And in the gardin walketh to and fro, 1280  
 And hath his thinges seyde ful curteisly.

This gode wyf cam walking prively (92)  
 In-to the gardin, ther he walketh softe,  
 And him sawleth, as she hath don ofte.  
 A mayde child cam in hir compagne, 1285  
 Which as hir list she maygoverne and gye,  
 For yet under the yerde was the mayde,  
 'O dere cosin myn, daun John,' she sayde,  
 'What eyleth yow so rathe for to ryse?'  
 'Neece,' quod he, 'it oghte y-nough suffyse  
 Fyve houres for to slepe up-on a night, (101)  
 But it were for an old appalled wight,  
 As been thise wedded men, that lye and  
 dare

As in a forme sit a very hare,  
 Were al for-straught with houndes grete  
 and smale. 1295

But dere nece, why be ye so pale?  
 I trowe certes that our gode man (107)  
 Hath yow laboured sith the night bigan,



That yow were neded to resten hastily? ' 1299  
And with that word he lough ful merily,  
And of his owene thought he wax al reed.

This faire wyf gan for to shake hir heed,  
And seyde thus, 'ye, god wot al,' quod she;  
'Nay, cosin myn, it stant nat so with me.  
For, by that god that yaf me soule and lyf,  
In al the reme of France is ther no wyf 1306  
That lasse lust hath to that sory pley.

For I may singe "allas" and "weylawey,  
That I was born," but to no wight," quod she,  
'Dar I nat telle how that it stant with me.  
Wherefore I thinke out of this land to  
wende,

(121) 1311

Or elles of my-self to make an ende,  
So ful am I of drede and eek of care.'

This monk bigan up-on this wyf to stare,  
And seyde, 'allas, my nece, god forbede  
That ye, for any sorwe or any drede, 1316  
Fordo your-self; but telleth me your grief;  
Paraventure I may, in your meschief,  
Conseille or helpe, and therefore telleth me  
Al your anoy, for it shal been secree; 1320  
For on my porthors here I make an ooth,  
That never in my lyf, for lief ne looth, (132)  
Ne shal I of no conseil yow biwreya.'

'The same agayn to yow,' quod she,  
'I seye;

1324

By god and by this porthore, I yow swere,  
Though men me wolde al in-to peces tere,  
Ne shal I never, for to goon to helle,  
Biwreya a word of thing that ye me telle,  
Nat for no cosinage ne alliance,  
But verrailly, for love and affiance.' 1330  
Thus been they sworn, and heer-upon they  
kiste,

(141)

And ech of hem tolde other what hem liste.

'Cosin,' quod she, 'if that I hadde  
a space,

As I have noon, and namely in this place,  
Than wolde I telle a legende of my lyf, 1335  
What I have suffred sith I was a wyf  
With myn housbonde, al be he your cosyn.'

'Nay,' quod this monk, 'by god and seint  
Martyn,

He is na more cosin un-to me 1339  
Than is this leef that hangeth on the tree!  
I clepe him so, by Seint Denys of Fraunce,  
To have the more cause of acquaintance  
Of yow, which I have loved specially (153)  
Aboven alle women sikarly;

This swere I yow on my professioun. 1345  
Telleth your grief, lest that he come adoun,  
And hasteth yow, and gooth your wey  
anon.'

'My dere love,' quod she, 'o my daun  
John,

(158)

Ful lief were me this conseil for to hyde,  
But out it moot, I may namore abyde. 1350  
Myn housbond is to me the worste man  
That ever was, sith that the world bigan.  
But sith I am a wyf, it sit nat me  
To tellen no wight of our privetee, 1354  
Neither a-bedde, ne in non other place;  
God shilde I sholde it tellen, for his grace!  
A wyf ne shal nat seyn of hir housbonde  
But al honour, as I can understonde;  
Save un-to yow thus muche I tellen  
shal;

As help me god, he is noght worth at al 1360  
In no degree the value of a flye. (171)  
But yet me greveth most his nigardye;  
And wel ye woot that women naturally  
Desyren thinges sixe, as wel as I. 1364  
They wolde that hir housbondes sholde be  
Hardy, and wyse, and riche, and ther-to  
free,

And buxom to his wyf, and fresh a-bedde.  
But, by that ilke lord that for us bledde,  
For his honour, my-self for to arraye,  
A Sonday next, I mooste nedes paye 1370  
An hundred frankes, or elles am I lorn.  
Yet were me lever that I were unborn (182)  
Than me were doon a schlaundre or vil-  
einye;

And if myn housbond eek it mighte espye,  
I nere but lost, and therefore I yow preye  
Lene me this somme, or elles moot I  
deye. 1376

Daun John, I seye, lene me thise hundred  
frankes;

Pardee, I wol nat faille yow my thankes,  
If that yow list to doon that I yow praye.  
For at a certain day I wol yow paye, 1380  
And doon to yow what plesance and  
servyce (191)

That I may doon, right as yow list devysee.  
And but I do, god take on me vengeance  
As foul as ever had Geniloun of France!'

This gentil monk answerde in this  
manere; 1385

'Now, trewely, myn owane lady dere,

I have,' quod he, 'on yow so greet a routh,  
That I yow swere and plighte yow my  
trouth,

That whan your housbond is to Flaundres  
fare,

I wol delivere yow out of this care; 1390

For I wol bringe yow an hundred frankes.'

And with that word he caughte hir by the  
flankes, (202)

And hir embraceth harde, and kiste hir  
ofte.

'Goth now your wey,' quod he, 'al stille  
and softe,

And lat us dyne as sone as that ye may;

For by my chilindre it is pryme of day. 1396

Goth now, and beeth as trewe as I shal be.'

'Now, elles god forbede, sire,' quod she,

And forth she gooth, as jolif as a pye,

And bad the cokes that they sholde hem  
hye, 1400

So that men mighte dyne, and that anon.

Up to hir housbonde is this wyf y-gon, (212)

And knokketh at his countour boldely.

'Qui la?' quod he. 'Peter! it am I,'

Quod she, 'what, sire, how longe wol ye  
faste? 1405

How longe tyme wol ye rekene and caste

Your sommes, and your bokes, and your  
things?

The devel have part of alle swiche reken-  
inges!

Ye have y-nough, pardee, of goddes sonde;  
Com down to-day, and lat your bagges  
stonde. 1410

Ne be ye nat ashamed that daun John (221)

Shal fasting al this day elenge goon?

What! lat us here a messe, and go we  
dyne.'

'Wyf,' quod this man, 'lital canstow  
devyne

The curious bisnesse that we have. 1415

For of us chapmen, al-so god me save,

And by that lord that cleped is Seint  
Yve,

Scarly amonges twelve ten shul thryve,

Continuelly, lastinge un-to our age. 1419

We may wel make chere and good visage,

And dryve forth the world as it may be,

And kopen our estaat in privetee, (232)

Til we be deed, or elles that we pleye

A pilgrimage, or goon out of the weye.

And therfor have I greet necessitee 1425

Up-on this queinte world t'avysse me;

For evermore we mote stonde in drede

Of hap and fortune in our chapmanhede.

To Flaundres wol I go to-morwe at day,

And come agayn, as sone as ever I may.

For which, my dere wyf, I thee biseke, (241)

As be to every wight buxom and meke,

And for to kepe our good be curious,

And honestly governe wel our hous. 1434

Thou hast y-nough, in every maner wyse,

That to a thrifty household may suffyse,

Thee lakketh noon array ne no vitaille,

Of silver in thy purs shaltow nat faille.'

And with that word his countour-dore he

shette,

And down he gooth, no lenger wolde he

lette, 1440

But hastily a messe was ther seyde, (251)

And spedily the tables were y-leyd,

And to the diner faste they hem spedde;

And richely this monk the chapman fedde.

At-after diner daun John sobrelly 1445

This chapman took a-part, and prively

He seyde him thus, 'cosyn, it standeth so,

That wel I see to Brugges wol ye go.

God and seint Austin spede yow and gyde!

I prey yow, cosyn, wyaly that ye ryde; 1450

Governeth yow also of your diete (261)

Atemprely, and namely in this heta.

Bitwix us two nedeth no strange fare;

Fare-wel, cosyn; god shilde yow fro  
care.

If any thing ther be by day or night, 1455

If it lye in my power and my might,

That ye me wol comande in any wyse,

It shal be doon, right as ye wol devyse.

O thing, er that ye goon, if it may be,

I wolde prey yow; for to lene me 1460

An hundred frankes, for a wyke or tweye,

For certein beestes that I moste beye, (272)

To store with a place that is oures.

God help me so, I wolde it were yowes!

I shal nat faille surely of my day, 1465

Nat for a thousand frankes, a myle-way.

But lat this thing be secree, I yow preye,

For yet to-night this beestes moot I beye;

And fare-now wel, myn owene cosin  
dere,

Graunt mercy of your oost and of your  
chere.' (280) 1470

This noble marchant gentilly anon  
Answerde, and seyde, 'o cosin myn, daun  
John,

Now sikerly this is a smal requeste ;  
My gold is youre, whan that it yow leste.  
And nat only my gold, but my chaffare ;  
Take what yow list, god shilde that ye  
spare. 1476

But o thing is, ye knowe it wel y-nogh,  
Of chapmen, that hir moneye is hir plough.  
We may creaunce whyl we have a name,  
But goldlees for to be, it is no game. 1480  
Paye it agayn whan it lyth in your ese ;  
After my might ful fayn wolde I yow  
plese.' (292)

Thise hundred frankes he fette forth  
anon,  
And prively he took hem to daun John.  
No wight in al this world wiste of this  
lone, 1485  
Savunge this marchant and daun John  
allone.

They drinke, and speke, and rome a whyle  
and pleye,  
Til that daun John rydeth to his abbeye.

The morwe cam, and forth this marchant  
rydeth

To Flaundes-ward ; his prentis wel him  
gydeth, 1490

Til he cam in-to Brugges merily. (301)  
Now gooth this marchant faste and bisily  
Aboute his nede, and byeth and creaunceth.

He neither pleyeth at the dees ne daun-  
ceth ;

But as a marchant, shortly for to telle, 1495  
He let his lyf, and there I lete him dwelle.

The Sunday next this Marchant was  
agon,

To Seint Denys y-comen is daun John,  
With crowne and berd all fresh and newe  
y-shave.

In al the hous ther nas so litel a knave, 1500  
Ne no wight elles, that he nas ful fayn, (311)  
For that my lord daun John was come  
agayn.

And shortly to the point right for to gon,  
This faire wyf accorded with daun John,  
That for thise hundred frankes he sholde  
al night 1505

Have hir in his armes bolt-upright ;

And this acord parfourned was in dede.  
In mirthe al night a bisy lyf they lede  
Til it was day, that daun John wente his  
way,

And bad the meynes 'fare-wel, have good  
day !' (320) 1510

For noon of hem, ne no wight in the toun,  
Hath of daun John right no suspicioun.  
And forth he rydeth hoom to his abbeye,  
Or where him list ; namore of him I seye.

This marchant, whan that ended was  
the faire, 1515

To Seint Denys he gan for to repaire,  
And with his wyf he maketh feste and  
chere,

And telleth hir that chaffare is so dere,  
That nedes moste he make a chevisaunce.  
For he was bounde in a reconisaunce 1520  
To paye twenty thousand sheeld anon. (331)  
For which this marchant is to Paris gon,  
To borwe of certain frendes that he hadde  
A certain frankes ; and somme with him  
he ladde.

And whan that he was come in to the toun,  
For greet chertes and greet affocioun, 1526  
Un-to daun John he gooth him first, to  
pleye ;

Nat for to axe or borwe of him moneye,  
But for to wite and seen of his welfare,  
And for to tellen him of his chaffare, 1530  
As frendes doon whan they ben met  
y-fere. (341)

Daun John him maketh feste and mery  
chere ;

And he him tolde agayn ful specially,  
How he hadde wel y-boght and graciously,  
Thanked be god, al hool his marchandyse.  
Save that he moste, in alle maner wyse, 1536  
Maken a chevisaunce, as for his beste,  
And thanne he sholde been in joye and  
resta.

Daun John answerde, 'certes, I am fayn  
That ye in hele ar comen hoom agayn. 1540  
And if that I were riche, as have I blisse,  
Of twenty thousand sheeld shold ye nat  
misse, (352)

For ye so kindly this other day  
Lente me gold ; and as I can and may,  
I thanke yow, by god and by seint Jame !  
But natheles I took un-to our dame, 1546  
Your wyf at hoom, the same gold ageyn

Upon your bench; she woot it wel, certeyn,  
By certain tokenes that I can hir telle.  
Now, by your leve, I may no lenger dwelle,  
Our abbot wol out of this toun anon; (361)  
And in his companye moot I gon. 1552  
Grete wel our dame, myn owene nece  
swete,

And fare-wel, dere cosin, til we mete!'

This Marchant, which that was ful war  
and wys, 1555

Creounced hath, and payd eek in Parys,  
To certeyn Lumbardes, redy in hir hond,  
The somme of gold, and gat of hem his  
bond;

And hoom he gooth, mery as a papejay.

For wel he knew he stood in swich array,  
That nedes moste he winne in that  
viage (371)

A thousand frankes above al his costage.

His wyf ful redy mette him atte gate,  
As she was wont of old usago algate, 1564  
And al that night in mirthe they bisette;  
For he was riche and cleerly out of dette.  
Whan it was day, this marchant gan  
embrace

His wyf al newe, and kiste hir on hir face,  
And up he gooth and maketh it ful  
tough.

'Namore,' quod she, 'by god, ye have  
y-nough!' 1570

And wantounly agayn with him she  
pleyde; (381)

Til, atte laste, that this Marchant seyde,  
'By god,' quod he, 'I am a lital wrooth  
With yow, my wyf, al-thogh it be me  
looth.

And woot ye why? by god, as that I  
gesse, 1575

That ye han maad a maner straungenesse  
Bitwixen me and my cosyn daun John.  
Ye sholde han warned me, er I had gon,  
That he yow hadde an hundred frankes  
payed

By redy tokene; and heeld him yvel  
apayed, 1580

For that I to him spak of chevisaunce,  
Me semed so, as by his contaunce, (392)  
But natheles, by god our hevene king,  
I thoghte nat to axe of him no-thing.

I prey thee, wyf, ne do namore so; 1585  
Tel me alwey, er that I fro thee go,  
If any dettour hath in myn absence  
Y-payed thee; lest, thurgh thy negligence,  
I mighte him axe a thing that he hath  
payed.' (399) 1589

This wyf was nat afered nor affrayed,  
But boldly she seyde, and that anon:  
'Marie, I defy the false monk, daun John!  
I kepe nat of hise tokenes never a deel;  
He took me certain gold, that woot I weel!  
What! yvel thedom on his monkes snoute!  
For, god it woot, I wende, withouten doute,  
That he had yewe it me bycause of yow,  
To doon ther-with myn honour and my  
prow,

For cosinage, and eek for bele chere  
That he hath had ful ofte tymes here, 1600  
But sith I see I stonde in this disjoint, (411)  
I wol answer yow shortly, to the point.

Ye han mo slakker dettours than am I!  
For I wol paye yow wel and redily  
Fro day to day; and, if so be I faille, 1605  
I am your wyf; score it up-on my taille,  
And I shal paye, as sone as ever I may.

For, by my trouthe, I have on myn array,  
And nat on wast, bistowed every deel.  
And for I have bistowed it so weel 1610  
For your honour, for goddes sake, I seye,  
As be nat wrooth, but lat us laughe and  
pleye. (422)

Ye shal my joly body have to wedde;  
By god, I wol nat paye yow but a-bedde.  
Forgive it me, myn owene spouse dere;  
Turne hiderward and maketh bettre  
chere.' 1616

This marchant saugh ther was no  
remedye,

And, for to chyde, it nere hut greet folye,  
Sith that the thing may nat amended be.  
'Now, wyf,' he seyde, 'and I foryeve it  
thee; 1620

But, by thy lyf, ne be namore so large;  
Keep bet our good, this yewe I thee in  
charge.' (432)

Thus endeth now my tale, and god us  
sende

Taling y-nough, un-to our lyves ende.  
Amen.

Here endeth the Shipmannes Tale.

## THE PRIORESS'S PROLOGUE.

Bihold the mery wordes of the Host to the Shipman and to the  
lady Prioress.

'WEL seyd, by *corpus dominus*,' quod our  
hoste, 1625  
'Now longe moot thou sayle by the coste,  
Sir gentil maister, gentil marineer!  
God yeve this monk a thousand last quad  
year!  
A ha! felawes! beth ware of swiche a  
jape!  
The monk putte in the mannes hood an  
ape, 1630  
And in his wyves eek, by seint Austyn!  
Draweth no monkes more un-to your in.  
But now passe over, and lat us seke  
aboute,

Who shal now telle first, of al this  
route, (10)  
Another tale;' and with that word he  
sayde, 1635  
As curteisly as it had been a mayde,  
'My lady Prioress, by your leve,  
So that I wiste I sholde yow nat greve,  
I wolde demen that ye tellen sholde  
A tale next, if so were that ye wolde. 1640  
Now wol ye vouche-sauf, my lady dere?'  
'Gladly,' quod she, and seyde as ye  
shal here. (18)

*Explicit.*

## THE PRIORESSES TALE.

The Prologe of the Prioresses Tale.

*Domine, dominus noster.*

O LORD our lord, thy name how mer-  
veillous  
Is in this large worlde y-sprad—quod  
she:—  
For noght only thy laude precious 1645  
Parfourned is by men of dignitee,  
But by the mouth of children thy bountee  
Parfourned is, for on the brest soukinge  
Som tyme shewen they thyn heryinge.

Wherfor in laude, as I best can or may,  
Of thee, and of the whyte lily flour 1651  
Which that thee bar, and is a mayde  
alway, (10)

To telle a storie I wol do my labour;  
Not that I may encresen hir honour;  
For she hir-self is honour, and the rote  
Of bountee, next hir sone, and soules  
bote.— 1656

O moder mayde! o mayde moder free!  
O bush unbrent, brenninge in Moyse  
sighte,  
That ravisedest down fro the daitee,  
Thurgh thyn humblesse, the goost that in  
th'alighte, 1660  
Of whos vertu, whan he thyn herte  
lighte,  
Conceived was the fadres sapience, (20)  
Help me to telle it in thy reverence!

Lady! thy bountee, thy magnificence,  
 Thy vertu, and thy grete humilitee 1665  
 Ther may no tonge expresse in no sciencie;  
 For som-tyme, lady, er men praye to thee,  
 Thou goost biforn of thy benignitee,  
 And getest us the light, thurgh thy preyere,  
 To gyden us un-to thy sone so dere. 1670

My conning is so wayk, o blisful quene,  
 For to declare thy grete worthinesse, (30)  
 That I ne may the weighte nat sustene,  
 But as a child of twelf monthe old, or  
 lesse, 1674

That can unnethes any word expresse,  
 Right so fare I, and therfor I yow preye,  
 Gydeþ my song that I shal of yow seye.

*Explicit.*

Here biginneth the Prioresses Tale.

Ther was in Asia, in a greet citee,  
 Amonges Cristen folk, a Jewerye,  
 Sustened by a lord of that contree 1680  
 For foule usure and lucre of vilanye,  
 hateful to Crist and to his compayne;  
 And thurgh the strete men mighte ryde  
 or wende, (41)  
 For it was free, and open at either ende.

A litel scole of Cristen folk ther stood  
 Down at the farther ende, in which ther  
 were 1686  
 Children an heep, y-comen of Cristen  
 blood,

That lerned in that scole year by yere  
 Swich maner doctrine as men used there,  
 This is to seyn, to singen and to rede, 1690  
 As smale children doon in hir childhede.

Among these children was a widwes sone,  
 A litel clergeon, seven yeer of age, (51)  
 That day by day to scole was his wone,  
 And eek also, wher-as he saugh th' image  
 Of Cristes moder, hadde he in usage,  
 As him was taught, to knele adoun and  
 seye  
 His *Ave Marie*, as he goth by the weye.

Thus hath this widwe hir litel sone y-  
 taught  
 Our blisful lady, Cristes moder dere, 1700  
 To worshipe ay, and he forgat it naught,

For sely child wol alday sone lere; (60)  
 But ay, whan I remembre on this matere,  
 Seint Nicholas stant ever in my presence,  
 For he so yong to Crist did reverence. 1705

This litel child, his litel book lerninge,  
 As he sat in the scole at his prymer,  
 He *Alma redemptoris* herde singe,  
 As children lerned hir antiphoner;  
 And, as he dorste, he drough him ner and  
 ner, 1710  
 And herkned ay the wordes and the note,  
 Til he the firste vers coude al by rote. (70)

Noght wiste he what this Latin was to  
 seye,

For he so yong and tendre was of age;  
 But on a day his felaw gan he preye 1715  
 T'expounden him this song in his langage,  
 Or telle him why this song was in usage;  
 This preyde he him to construe and de-  
 clare  
 Ful ofte tyme upon his knowes bare.

His felaw, which that elder was than he,  
 Answerde him thus: 'this song, I have  
 herd seye,  
 Was maked of our blisful lady free, (80)  
 Hir to salue, and eek hir for to preye  
 To been our help and socour whan we  
 deye. 1724  
 I can no more expounde in this matere;  
 I lerne song, I can but smal grammere.'

'And is this song maked in reverence  
 Of Cristes moder?' seyde this innocent;  
 'Now certes, I wol do my diligence 1729  
 To conne it al, er Cristemasse is went;  
 Though that I for my prymer shal be  
 shent,  
 And shal be beten thryys in an houre, (90)  
 I wol it conne, our lady for to honour.'

His felaw taughte him homward prively,  
 Fro day to day, til he coude it by rote,  
 And than he song it wel and boldely  
 Fro word to word, acordig with the note;  
 Twyys a day it passed thurgh his throte,  
 To scoleward and homward whan he  
 wente; 1739  
 On Cristes moder set was his entente.

As I have seyde, thurgh-out the Jewerye  
This litel child, as he cam to and fro, (100)  
Ful merily than wolde he singe, and crye  
*O Alma redemptoris* ever-mo.

The swetnes hath his herte perced so 1745  
Of Cristes moder, that, to hir to preye,  
He can nat stinte of singing by the weye.

Our firste fo, the serpent Sathanas,  
That hath in Jewes herte his waspes nest,  
Up swal, and seide, 'O Hebraik peple,  
allas ! 1750

Is this to yow a thing that is honest,  
That swich a boy shal walken as him lest  
In your despyt, and singe of swich  
tence, (111)  
Which is agayn your lawes reverence ?'

Fro thennes forth the Jewes han con-  
spyred 1755

This innocent out of this world to chace;  
An homicyde ther-to han they hyred,  
That in an alei hadde a prives place;  
And as the child gan for-by for to pace,  
This cursed Jew him hente and heeld  
him faste, 1760  
And kiste his throte, and in a pit him  
katte.

I seye that in a wardrobe they him threwe  
Wher-as these Jewes purgen hir entraille.  
O cursed folk of Herodes al newe, (122)  
What may your yvel entente yow availle ?  
Mordre wol out, certein, it wol nat faille,  
And namely ther th'onour of god shal  
sprede,  
The blood out cryeth on your cursed dede.

'O martir, souded to virginitee, 1769  
Now maystou singen, folwing ever in oon  
The whyte lamb celestial,' quod she,  
'Of which the grete evangelist, seint John,  
In Pathmos wroot, which seith that they  
that goon (131)  
Bifrom this lamb, and singe a song al newe,  
That never, fleschly, women they ne  
knewe.' 1775

This povre widwe awaiteth al that night  
After hir litel child, but he cam noght;  
For which, as sone as it was dayes light,

With face pale of drede and bisy thought,  
She hath at scole and elles-wher him sought,  
Til finally she gan so fer espye 1781  
That he last seyn was in the Jewerye. (140)

With modres pitee in hir brest enclosed,  
She gooth, as she were half out of hir  
minde,

To every place wher she hath supposed  
By lyklihed hir litel child to finde; 1786  
And ever on Cristes moder make and  
kinde

She cryde, and atte laste thus she wroghte,  
Among the cursed Jewes she him soughte.

She frayneth and she preyeth pitously  
To every Jew that dwelte in thilke place,  
To telle hir, if hir child wente oght for-by.  
They seyde, 'nay'; but Jesu, of his grace,  
Yaf in hir thought, inwith a litel space,  
That in that place after hir sone she cryde,  
Wher he was casten in a pit bisyde. 1796

O grete god, that parfournest thy laude  
By mouth of innocents, lo heer thy might !  
This gemme of chastitee, this emeraude,  
And eek of martirdom the ruby bright,  
Ther he with throte y-corven lay upright,  
He '*Alma redemptoris*' gan to singe (160)  
So loude, that al the place gan to ringe.

The Cristen folk, that thurgh the strete  
wente, 1804  
In coomen, for to wondre up-on this thing,  
And hastily they for the provost sente;  
He cam anon with-outen taryng,  
And herieth Crist that is of heven king,  
And eek his moder, honour of mankinde,  
And after that, the Jewes lest he binde.

This child with pitous lamentacioun 1811  
Up-taken was, singing his song alway;  
And with honour of greet processioun  
They carien him un-to the nexte abbay.  
His moder swowning by the bere lay;  
Unnethe might the peple that was there  
This newe Rachel bringe fro his bere.

With torment and with shamful deth  
echon (176)  
This provost dooth thise Jewes for to  
sterve 1819

That of this mordre wiste, and that anon ;  
 He nolde no swich cursednesse observe.  
 Yvel shal have, that yvel wol deserve.  
 Therfor with wilde hors he dide hem  
 drawe, (181)  
 And after that he heng hem the lawe.

Up-on his bere ay lyth this innocent 1825  
 Biforn the chief auter, whyl masse laste,  
 And after that, the abbot with his covent  
 Han sped hem for to burien him ful faste ;  
 And whan they holy water on him  
 caste,  
 Yet spak this child, whan spreynd was  
 holy water, 1830  
 And song—' *O Alma redemptoris mater* !'

This abbot, which that was an holy man  
 As monkes been, or elles oghten be, (191)  
 This yonge child to conjure he bigan,  
 And seyde, 'o dere child, I halse thee,  
 In vertu of the holy Trinitee, 1836  
 Tel me what is thy cause for to singe,  
 Sith that thy throte is out, to my sem-  
 inge?'

'My throte is cut un-to my nekke-boon,'  
 Seyde this child, 'and, as by wey of kinde,  
 I sholde have deyed, ye, longe tyme agoon,  
 But Jesu Crist, as ye in bokes finde, (200)  
 Wil that his glorie laste and be in minde ;  
 And, for the worship of his moder dere,  
 Yet may I singe "*O Alma*" loude and  
 clere. 1845

This welle of mercy, Cristes moder swete,  
 I lovede alwey, as after my conninge ;  
 And whan that I my lyf sholde forlete,  
 To me she cam, and bad me for to singe  
 This antem verrailly in my deyinge, 1850

As ye han herd, and, whan that I had  
 songe,  
 Me thoughte, she leyde a greyn up-on my  
 tonge. (210)

Wherfor I singe, and singe I moot certeyn  
 In honour of that blisful mayden free,  
 Til fro my tonge of-taken is the greyn ;  
 And afterward thus seyde she to me,  
 "My litel child, now wol I fecche thee  
 Whan that the greyn is fro thy tonge  
 y-take ; 1858  
 Be nat agast, I wol thee nat forsake."

This holy monk, this abbot, him mene I,  
 Him tonge out-caughte, and took a-wey  
 the greyn,  
 And he yaf up the goost ful softely. (220)  
 And whan this abbot had this wonder  
 seyn,  
 His salte teres trikked down as reyn, 1864  
 And gruf he fil al plat up-on the grounde,  
 And stille he lay as he had been y-bounde.

The covent eek lay on the pavement  
 Weping, and herien Cristes moder dere,  
 And after that they ryse, and forth ben  
 went, 1869  
 And toke away this martir fro his bere,  
 And in a tombe of marbul-stones clere  
 Enclosen they his litel body swete ; (230)  
 Ther he is now, god leve us for to mete.

O yonge Hugh of Lincoln, slayn also  
 With cursed Jewes, as it is notable, 1875  
 For it nis but a litel whyle ago ;  
 Preye eek for us, we sinful folk unstable,  
 That, of his mercy, god so merciable  
 On us his grete mercy multiplie, (237)  
 For reverence of his moder Marye. Amen.

Here is ended the Prioresses Tale.



## PROLOGUE TO SIR THOPAS.

Bihold the murye wordes of the Host to Chaucer.

WHAN seyde was al this miracle, every man  
As sobre was, that wonder was to see,  
Til that our hoste jopen tho bigan,  
And than at erst he loket up-on me,  
And seyde thus, 'what man artow?' quod  
he; 1885  
'Thou lokest as thou woldest finde an  
hare,  
For ever up-on the ground I see thee stare.

Approche neer, and loke up merily.  
Now war yow, sirs, and lat this man have  
place;  
He in the waast is shape as wel as I; 1890  
This were a popet in an arm t'enbrace (11)

For any womman, smal and fair of face.  
He semeth elvish by his contaunce,  
For un-to no wight dooth he daliaunce.

Sey now somewhat, sin other folk han  
sayd; 1895  
Tel us a tale of mirthe, and that anon;—  
'Hoste,' quod I, 'ne beth nat yvel apayd.  
For other tale certes can I noon,  
But of a ryme I lerned longe agoon.'  
'Ye, that is good,' quod he; 'now shul  
we here 1900  
Som deyntee thing, me thinketh by his  
chera.' (21)

*Explicit.*

## SIR THOPAS.

Here biginneth Chaucers Tale of Thopas.

LUSTRE, lordes, in good entent,  
And I wol telle verrayment  
Of mirthe and of solas;  
Al of a knyght was fair and gent 1905  
In bataille and in tourneyment,  
His name was sir Thopas.

Y-born he was in fer contree,  
In Flaundres, al biyonde the see,  
At Popering, in the place; 1910  
His fader was a man ful free, (10)  
And lord he was of that contree,  
As it was goddes grace.

Sir Thopas wax a doghty swayn,  
Whyt was his face as payndemayn, 1915  
His lippes rede as rose;

His rode is lyk scarlet in grayn,  
And I yow telle in good certayn,  
He hadde a semely nose.

His heer, his berd was lyk saffroun, 1920  
That to his girdel raughte adoun; (20)  
His shoon of Cordewana.  
Of Brugges were his hosen broun,  
His robe was of ciclatoun,  
That coste many a jane. 1925

He coude hunte at wilde deer,  
And ryde an hanking for riveer,  
With grey goshaue on honde;  
Ther-to he was a good archeer,  
Of wrastling was ther noon his peer, 1930  
Ther any ram shal stonde. (30)

Ful many a mayde, bright in bour,  
 They moorne for him, paramour,  
 Whan hem were bet to slepe;  
 But he was chast and no lechour,  
 And sweet as is the bremble-flour  
 That bereth the rede hepe. 1935

And so bifel up-on a day,  
 For sothe, as I yow telle may,  
 Sir Thopas wolde out ryde;  
 He worth upon his stede gray,  
 And in his honde a launcegay,  
 A long sward by his syde. 1940  
 (40)

He priketh thurgh a fair forest,  
 Ther-inne is many a wilde best,  
 Ye, bothe bukke and hare;  
 And, as he priketh north and est,  
 I telle it yow, him hadde almost  
 Bitid a sory care. 1949

Ther springen herbes grete and smale,  
 The lycorcs and cetewala,  
 And many a clowe-gilofre;  
 And notemuge to putte in ale,  
 Whether it be moyste or stale,  
 Or for to leye in cofre. 1955

The briddes singe, it is no nay,  
 The sparhawk and the papejay,  
 That joye it was to here;  
 The thrustelook made eek his lay,  
 The wodedowve upon the spray  
 She sang ful loude and clere. 1960  
 (60)

Sir Thopas fil in love-longinge  
 Al whan he herde the thrustel singe,  
 And priked as he were wood:  
 His faire stede in his prikinge  
 So swatte that man mighte him wringe,  
 His sydes were al blood. 1965

Sir Thopas eek so wery was  
 For prikinge on the softe gras,  
 So fiers was his corage,  
 That doun he leyde him in that plas  
 To make his stede som solas,  
 And yaf him good forage. 1970  
 (70)

'O seinte Marie, den'cite!  
 What eyleth this love at me  
 To binde me so sore? 1975

Me dremed al this night, pardee,  
 An elf-queen shal my lemman be,  
 And slepe under my gore.

An elf-queen wol I love, y-wis, 1980  
 For in this world no womman is (80)  
 Worthy to be my make [T. 13722  
 In tounne; [T. 13722  
 Alle othere wommen I forsake, [T. 13723  
 And to an elf-queen I me take 1985  
 By dale and eek by doune!'

In-to his sadel he clamb anon,  
 And priketh over style and stoon  
 An elf-queen for t'espye,  
 Til he so longe had riden and goon 1990  
 That he fond, in a privee woon, (90)  
 The contree of Fairye [T. 13731  
 So wilde; [T. 13734  
 For in that contree was ther noon  
 †That to him dorste ryde or goon, 1995  
 Neither wyf ne childe.

Til that ther cam a greet geaunt,  
 His name was sir Olifaunt,  
 A perilous man of dede;  
 He seyde, 'child, by Termagaunt, 2000  
 But-if thou prike out of myn haunt, (100)  
 Anon I slee thy stede [T. 13743  
 With mace. [T. 13743  
 Heer is the queen of Fayërye,  
 With harpe and pype and simphonie 2005  
 Dwelling in this place.'

The child seyde, 'al-so mote I thee,  
 Tomorwe wol I mete thee  
 Whan I have myn armoure;  
 And yet I hope, *par ma fay*, 2010  
 That thou shalt with this launcegay (110)  
 Abyen it ful soure; [T. 13752  
 Thy mawe [T. 13752  
 Shal I percen, if I may,  
 Er it be fully prynde of day, 2015  
 For heer thou shalt be slawe.'

Sir Thopas drow abak ful faste;  
 This geaunt at him stoncs caste  
 Out of a fel staf-slinge;  
 But faire escapeth child Thopas, 2020  
 And al it was thurgh goddes gras, (120)  
 And thurgh his fair beringe.

Yet listeth, lordes, to my tale  
Merier than the nightingale,  
For now I wol yow rounne 2025  
How sir Thopas with sydes smale,  
Prying over hil and dale,  
Is come agayn to tounne.

His merie men comanded he  
To make him bothe game and glee, 2030  
For nedes moste he fights (130)  
With a geaunt with hevedes three,  
For paramour and jolitee  
Of oon that shoon ful brighte.

'Do come,' he seyde, 'my minstrales, 2035  
And gestours, for to tellen tales  
Anon in myn arminge;  
Of romances that been royales,  
Of popes and of cardinales,  
And eek of love-lykings.' 2040

They fette him first the swete wyn, (140)  
And mede eek in a maselyn,  
And royal spicerye  
Of gingebread that was ful fyn,  
And lycorys, and eek comyn, 2045  
With sugre that is so trye.

He hide next his whyte lere  
Of clooth of lake fyn and clere  
A breech and eek a sherte;  
And next his sherte an aketoun, 2050  
And over that an habergeoun (150)  
For percinge of his herte;

And over that a fyn hauberk,  
Was al y-wroght of Jewes werk,  
Ful strong it was of plate; 2055  
And over that his cote-armour  
As whyt as is a lily-flour,  
In which he wol debate.

His sheeld was al of gold so reed,  
And ther-in was a bores heed, 2060  
A charbocke bisyde; (160)  
And there he swoor, on ale and breed,  
How that 'the geaunt shal be deed,  
Bityde what bityde!'

His jambeux were of quirboilly, 2065  
His swerdes shathe of yvory,  
His helm of laton bright;

His sadel was of rewel-boon,  
His brydel as the sonne shoon,  
Or as the mone light. 2070

His spere was of fyn ciprees, (170)  
That bodeth warre, and no-thing pees,  
The heed ful sharpe y-grounde;  
His stede was al dappel-gray,  
It gooth an ambel in the way 2075  
Ful softly and rounde [T. 13815  
In londe. [T. 13815  
Lo, lordes myne, heer is a fit!  
If ye wol any more of it,  
To telle it wol I fonde. 2080

[The Second Fit.]

Now hold your mouth, *par charitee*, (180)  
Bothe knight and lady free,  
And herkneth to my spelle;  
Of bataille and of chivalry,  
And of ladyes love-drury 2085  
Anon I wol yow telle.

Men spake of romances of prys,  
Of Horn child and of Ypotys,  
Of Bevis and sir Gy,  
Of sir Libenx and Pleyne-damour; 2090  
But sir Thopas, he bereth the flour (190)  
Of royal chivalry.

His gode stede al he bistrood,  
And forth upon his way he glood  
As sparkle out of the bronde; 2095  
Up-on his crest he bar a tour,  
And ther-in stiked a lily-flour,  
God shilde his cors fro shonde!

And for he was a knight auntrous,  
He nolde slepen in non hous, 2100  
But ligen in his hode; (200)  
His brighte helm was his wonger,  
And hy him baiteth his dextrer  
Of herbes fyne and gode.

Him-self drank water of the wel, 2105  
As did the knight sir Percival,  
So worthy under wede,  
Til on a day— (207)

Here the Host stinteth Chaucer of his Tale of Thopas.

## PROLOGUE TO MELIBEUS.

'No more of this, for goddes dignitee,'  
 Quod oure hosts, 'for thou makest me 2110  
 So wery of thy verray lewednesse  
 That, also wisely god my soule blesse,  
 Myn cres aken of thy drasty speche;  
 Now swiche a rym the devel I biteche!  
 This may wel be rym dogerel,' quod he.

'Why so?' quod I, 'why wiltow lette me  
 More of my tale than another man,  
 Sin that it is the beste rym I can?' (10)  
 'By god,' quod he, 'for pleynly, at  
 a word,

Thy drasty ryming is nat worth a tord;  
 Thou doost nought elles but dependest  
 tyme, 2121

Sir, at o word, thou shalt no lenger  
 ryme.

Lat see wher thou canst tellen aught in  
 geste,

Or telle in prose somewhat at the leste  
 In which ther be som mirthe or som  
 doctryne.' 2125

'Gladly,' quod I, 'by goddes swete pyne,  
 I wol yow telle a litel thing in prose,  
 That oghte lyken yow, as I suppose, (20)  
 Or elles, certes, ye been to daungerous.  
 It is a moral tale vertuous, 2130  
 Al be it told som-tyme in sondry wyse  
 Of sondry folk, as I shal yow devyse.

As thus; ye woot that every evangelist,  
 That telleth us the peyne of Jesu Crist,  
 Ne saith nat al thing as his felaw dooth,  
 But natheles, hir sentence is al sooth, 2136  
 And alle acorden as in hir sentence,  
 Al be ther in hir telling difference. (30)  
 For somme of hem seyn more, and somme  
 lesse,

Whan they his pitous passioun expresse;  
 I mene of Mark [and] Mathew, Luk and  
 John; 2141

But douteles hir sentence is al oon.  
 Therfor, lordinges alle, I yow biseche,  
 If that ye thinke I varie as in my speche,  
 As thus, thogh that I telle som-what more  
 Of proverbes, than ye han herd bifore,  
 Comprehended in this litel tretis here,  
 To enforce with the th'effect of mymatere,  
 And thogh I nat the same wordes seye (41)  
 As ye han herd, yet to yow alle I preye,  
 Blameth me nat; for, as in my sentence,  
 Ye shul not fynden moche difference  
 Fro the sentence of this tretis lyte  
 After the which this mery tale I wyte.  
 And therfor herkneth what that I shal  
 seye, 2155  
 And lat me tellen al my tale, I preye.' (48)

*Explicit.*

## THE TALE OF MELIBEUS.

Here biginneth Chaucers Tale of Melibee.

§ 1. A yong man called Melibeus,  
 mighty and riche, bigat up-on his wyf  
 that called was Prudence, a doghter  
 which that called was Sophie./

§ 2. Upon a day bifel, that he for his  
 desport is went in-to the feeldes him to  
 pleye./ His wyf and eek his doghter

hath he left inwith his hous, of which the  
 dores weren fast y-shette. / Three of his  
 olde foes han it espyed, and setten laddres  
 to the walles of his hous, and by the  
 windowes been entred, / and betten his 2160  
 wyf, and wounded his doghter with fyve  
 mortal woundes in fyve sondry places; /

this is to seyn, in hir feet, in hir handes, in hir eres, in hir nose, and in hir mouth; and leften hir for deed, and wenten away. /

§ 3. Whan Melibeus retourned was into his hous, and saugh al this meschief, he, lyk a mad man, rendinge his clothes, gan to wepe and crye. /

§ 4. Prudence his wyf, as ferforth as she dorste, bisoghte him of his weping for to stinte; / but nat for-thy he gan to  
2165 crye and wepen ever lenger the more. /

§ 5. This noble wyf Prudence remembered hir upon the sentence of Ovide, in his book that cleped is The Remedie of Love, wher-as he seith; / 'he is a fool that destourbeth the moder to wepen in the deeth of hir child, til she have wept hir fille, as for a certain tyme; / and thanne shal man doon his diligence with amiable wordes hir to reconforte, and preyen hir of hir weping for to stinte.' / For which resoun this noble wyf Prudence suffred hir housbond for to wepe and crye as for a certain space; / and whan she saugh hir tyme, she seyde him in this wyse. 'Allas, my lord,' quod she, 'why  
2170 make ye your-self for to be lyk a fool? / For sothe, it aperteneth nat to a wys man, to maken swiche a sorwe. / Your doghter, with the grace of god, shal warisshe and escape. / And al were it so that she right now were deed, ye ne oghte nat as for hir deeth your-self to destroye. / Senek seith: "the wise man shal nat take to greet discomfort for the deeth of his children, / but certes he sholde suffren it in pacience, as wel as he abyde the  
2175 deeth of his owene propre persone." /

§ 6. This Melibeus answerde anon and seyde, 'What man,' quod he, 'sholde of his weping stinte, that hath so greet a cause for to wepe? / Jesu Crist, our lord, him-self wepte for the deeth of Lazarus his freend.' / Prudence answerde, 'Certes, wel I woot, attempre weping is no-thing defended to him that sorweful is, amonges folk in sorwe, but it is rather graunted him to wepe. / The Apostle Paul un-to the Romayns wryteth, "man shal rejoyse with hem that maken joye,

and wepen with swich folk as wepen." / But thogh attempre weping be y-graunted, outrageous weping certes is defended. / Mesure of weping sholde be  
2180 considered, after the lore that techeth us Senek. / "Whan that thy freend is deed," quod he, "lat nat thyne eyen to moyste been of teres, ne to muche drye; although the teres come to thyne eyen, lat hem nat falle." / And whan thou hast for-goon thy freend, do diligence to gete another freend; and this is more wysdom than for to wepe for thy freend which that thou hast lorn; for ther-inne is no bote. / And therefore, if ye governe yow by sapience, put away sorwe out of your herte. / Remembre yow that Jesus Syrak seith: "a man that is joyous and glad in herte, it him conserveth florissching in his age; but soothly sorweful herte maketh his bones drye." / He seith eek thus: 2185  
"that sorwe in herte sleeth ful many a man." / Salomon seith: "that, right as mothes in the shepes flees anyoeth to the clothes, and the smale wormes to the tree, right so anyoeth sorwe to the herte." / Wherefore us oghte, as wel in the deeth of our children as in the losse of our goodes temporels, have pacience. /

§ 7. Remembre yow up-on the pacient Job, whan he hadde lost his children and his temporel substance, and in his body endured and receyved ful many a grevous tribulacioun; yet seyde he thus: / "our lord hath yeven it me, our lord hath biraft it me; right as our lord hath wold, right so it is doon; blessed be the name of our lord." / To thise foreseide thinges  
2190 answerde Melibeus un-to his wyf Prudence: 'Alle thy wordes,' quod he, 'been sothe, and ther-to profitable; but trewely myn herte is troubled with this sorwe so grevonally, that I noot what to done.' / 'Lat calle,' quod Prudence, 'thy trewe freendes alle, and thy linage whiche that been wyse; telleth your cas, and herkneth what they seye in consailing, and yow governe after hir sentence. / Salomon seith: "werk alle thy thinges by conseil, and thou shalt never repente." /

§ 8. Thanne, by the conseil of his wyf

Prudence, this Melibeus leet callen a greet congregacioun of folk; / as surgiens, phisiciens, olde folk and yonge, and somme of hise olde enemys reconciled as by hir semblaunt to his love and in-to his grace; / and ther-with-al ther comen somme of hise neighebores that diden him reverence more for drede than for love, as it happeth ofte. / Ther comen also ful many subtille flatereres, and wyse advocats lerned in the lawe. /

§ 9. And whan this folk togidre assembled weren, this Melibeus in sorweful wyse shewed hem his cas; / and by the manere of his speche it semed that in herte he bar a cruel ire, redy to doon vengeance up-on hise foos, and sodeynly desired that the werre sholde biginne; / but natheles yet axed he hir conseil upon this matere. / A surgien, by licence and assent of swiche as weren wyse, up roos and un-to Melibeus seyde as ye may here. /

§ 10. 'Sir,' quod he, 'as to us surgiens aperteneth, that we do to every wight the beste that we can, wher-as we been with-holde, and to our pacients that we do no damage; / wherfore it happeth, many tyme and ofte, that whan twey men han everich wounded other, oon same surgien heleth hem bothe; / wherfore un-to our art it is nat pertinent to norice werre, ne parties to supporte. / But certes, as to the warisshings of your doghter, al-be-it so that she perilously be wounded, we shullen do so ententif businesse fro day to night, that with the grace of god she shal be hool and sound as sone as is possible.' / Almost right in the same wyse the phisiciens answerden, save that they seyden a fewe wordes more: / 'That, right as maladyes ben cured by hir contraries, right so shul men warisshen werre by vengeance.' / His neighebores, ful of envye, his feyned freendes that semeden reconciled, and his flatereres, / maden semblant of weping, and empeireden and aggregateden muchel of this matere, in preising greetly Melibee of might, of power, of richesse, and of freendes, despying the power of his

adversaries, / and seiden outrely that he anon sholde wreken him on his foos and biginne werre. /

§ 11. Up roos thanne an advocat that was wys, by leve and by conseil of othere that were wyse, and seyde: / 'Lordinges, the nede for which we been assembled in this place is a ful hevvy thing and an heigh matere, / by-cause of the wrong and of the wikkednesse that hath be doon, and eek by resoun of the grete damages that in tyme cominge been possible to fallen for this same cause; / and eek by resoun of the grete richesse and power of the parties bothe; / for the whiche resouns it were a ful greet peril to erren in this matere. / Wherfore, Melibeus, this is our sentence: we conseille yow aboven alle thing, that right anon thou do thy diligence in kepinge of thy propre persone, in swich a wyse that thou ne wante noon espye ne wacche, thy body for to save. / And after that we conseille, that in thyn hous thou sette sufficient garnisoun, so that they may as wel thy body as thyn hous defende. / But certes, for to moeve werre, or sodeynly for to doon vengeance, we may nat dremen in so lital tyme that it were profitable. / Wherfore we axen leyser and espace to have deliberacioun in this cas to dema. / For the commune proverbe seith thus: "he that sone demeth, sone shal repente." / And eek men seyn that thilke juge is wys, that sone understondeth a matere and juggeth by leyser. / For al-be-it so that alle taryng be anyoful, algates it is nat to repreve in yevinge of judgement, ne in vengeance-taking, whan it is sufficient and reasonable. / And that shewed our lord Jesu Crist by ensample; for whan that the woman that was taken in avoutrie was brought in his presence, to knowen what sholde be doon with hir persone, al-be-it so that he wiste wel him-self what that he wolde answer, yet ne wolde he nat answer sodeynly, but he wolde have deliberacioun, and in the ground he wroot twaye. / And by thise causes we axen deliberacioun, and we shal thanne,

by the grace of god, conseille thee thing that shal be profitable. /

§ 12. Up stirtten thanne the yonge folk at-ones, and the moste partie of that companye han scorned the olde wyse men, and bigonnen to make noyse, and  
2225 seyden : that, / right so as whyl that iren is hoot, men sholden smyte, right so, men sholde wreken hir wronges whyle that they been fresshe and newe; and with loud voys they cryden, 'werre! werre!'

Up roos the oon of thise olde wyse, and with his hand made contenance that men sholde holden hem stille and yeven him audience. / 'Lordinges,' quod he, 'ther is ful many a man that cryeth  
2230 "werre! werre!" that woot ful litel what werre amounteth. / Werre at his biginning hath so greet an entree and so large, that every wight may entre whan him lyketh, and lightly finde werre. / But, certes, what ende that shal ther-of bifalle, it is nat light to knowe. / For

sothly, whan that werre is ones bigonne, ther is ful many a child unborn of his moder, that shal sterve yong by-cause of that ilke werre, or elles live in sorwe and dye in wretchednesse. / And ther-fore, er that any werre biginne, men moste have greet conseil and greet delibera-  
cioun.' / And whan this olde man wende to enforchen his tale by reson, wel ny alle at-ones bigonne they to ryse for to breken his tale, and beden him ful ofte his wordes for to abregge. / For soothly, he that precheth to hem that listen nat heren his wordes, his sermon hem  
anoyeth. / For Jesus Syrak seith : that 'musik in wepinge is anoyous thing'; this is to seyn : as muche availleth to speken bifore folk to whiche his  
2235 speche anoyeth, as dooth to singe biforn him that wepeth. / And whan this wyse man saugh that him wanted audience, al shamefast he sette him doun agayn. / For Salomon seith : 'ther-as thou ne mayst have noon audience, enforce thee nat to speke.' / 'I see wel,' quod this wyse man, 'that the commune proverbe is sooth; that "good conseil wanteth whan it is most nede."'

§ 13. Yet hadde this Melibeus in his conseil many folk, that prively in his ere counselled him certeyn thing, and counselled him the contrarie in general audience. /

Whan Melibeus hadde herd that the gretteste partie of his conseil weren accorded that he sholde maken werre, anon he consented to hir conseil, and fully affermed hir sentence. / Thanne  
2240 dame Prudence, whan that she saugh how that hir housbonde shoop him for to wreken him on his foon, and to biginne werre, she in ful humble wyse, when she saugh hir tyme, seide him thise wordes : / 'My lord,' quod she, 'I yow biseche as hertely as I dar and can, ne haste yow nat to faste, and for alle guerdons as yeveth me audience. / For Piers Alfonse seith : "who-so that dooth to that other good or harm, haste thee nat to quytten it; for in this wyse thy freend wol abyde, and thyn enemy shal the lenger live in drede." / The proverbe seith : "he hasteth wel that wysely can abyde"; and in wikked haste is no profit.'

§ 14. This Melibee answerde un-to his wyf Prudence : 'I purpose nat,' quod he, 'to werke by thy conseil, for many causes and resouns. For certes every wight wolde holde me thanne a fool; / this is  
2245 to seyn, if I, for thy conseil, wolde chaungen thinges that been ordeyned and affermed by so manye wyse. / Secoundly I seye, that alle wommen been wikke and noon good of hem alle. For "of a thousand men," seith Salomon, "I fond a good man : but certes, of alle wommen, good womman fond I never." / And also certes, if I governed me by thy conseil, it sholde seme that I hadde yewe to thee over me the maistrie; and god forbode that it so were. / For Jesus Syrak seith; "that if the wyf have maistrie, she is contrarious to hir housbonde." / And Salomon seith : "never in thy lyf, to thy wyf, ne to thy child, ne to thy freend, ne yewe no power over thyself. For bettre it were that thy children aske of thy persone thinges that hem nedeth, than thou see thy-self in the

2250 handes of thy children." / And also, if I wolde werke by thy conssailing, certes my conssailing mooste som tyme be secrete, til it were tyme that it mooste be knowe; and this ne may noght be. / [+For it is writen, that "the janglerie of wommen can hyden thinges that they witen noght." / Furthermore, the philosophre seith, "in wikked conseil wommen venquisshe men"; and for this resouns I ne ow nat usen thy conseil.']/

§ 15. Whanne dame Prudence, ful debonairly and with greet pacience, hadde herd al that hir housbonde lyked for to seye, thanne axed she of him licence for to speke, and seyde in this wyse. / 'My lord,' quod she, 'as to your firste resoun, certes it may lightly been answered. For I seye, that it is no folie to change conseil whan the thing is chaunged; or elles whan the thing  
2255 semeth otherweyes than it was biforn. / And more-over I seye, that though ye han sworn and bihight to perfourne your emprise, and natheles ye weyve to perfourne thilke same emprise by juste cause, men sholde nat seyn therefore that ye were a lyer ne forsworn. / For the book seith, that "the wyse man maketh no lesing whan he turneth his corage to the bettre." / And al-be-it so that your emprise be establised and ordeyned by greet multitude of folk, yet thar ye nat accomple thilke same ordinaunce but yow lyke. / For the trouthe of thinges and the profit been rather founden in fewe folk that been wyse and ful of resoun, than by greet multitude of folk, ther every man cryeth and clatereh what that him lyketh. Soothly swich multitude is nat honeste. / As to the seconde resoun, where-as ye seyn that "alle wommen been wikked," save your grace, certes ye despyssen alle wommen in this wyse; and "he that alle despyseth alle  
2260 displeseth," as seith the book. / And Senek seith that "who-so wole have sapience, shal no man dispreise; but he shal gladly techen the science that he can, with-outen presumpcioun or pryde. / And swiche thinges as he nought ne can,

he shal nat been ashamed to lerne hem and enquire of laesse folk than him-self." / And sir, that ther hath been many a good womman, may lightly be preved. / For certes, sir, our lord Jesu Crist wolde never have descended to be born of a womman, if alle wommen hadden ben wikked. / And after that, for the grete bountee that is in wommen, our lord Jesu Crist, whan he was risen fro deeth to lyve, appeered rather to a womman than to his apostles. / And though that  
2265 Salomon seith, that "he ne fond never womman good," it folweth nat therefore that alle wommen ben wikked. / For though that he ne fond no good womman, certes, ful many another man hath founden many a womman ful good and trewe. / Or elles per-aventure the entente of Salomon was this; that, as in sovereyn bountee, he fond no womman; / this is to seyn, that ther is no wight that hath sovereyn bountee save god allone; as he him-self recordeth in his Evaungelie. / For ther nis no creature so good that him ne wanteth somwhat of the perfeccioun of god, that is his maker. /  
2270 Your thridde resoun is this: ye seyn that "if ye governe yow by my conseil, it sholde seme that ye hadde yewe me the maistrie and the lordshipe over your persone." / Sir, save your grace, it is nat so. For if it were so, that no man sholde be conssailed but only of hem that hadden lordshipe and maistrie of his persone, men wolden nat be conssailed so ofte. / For soothly, thilke man that asketh conseil of a purpos, yet hath he free chois, whether he wole werke by that conseil or noon. / And as to your fourthe resoun, ther ye seyn that "the janglerie of wommen hath hid thinges that they woot noght," as who seith, that "a womman can nat hyde that she woot"; / sir, thise wordes been understonde of wommen that been jangleresses and wikked; / of whiche wom-  
2275 men, men seyn that "three thinges dryven a man out of his hous; that is to seyn, smoke, dropping of reyn, and wikked wyves"; / and of swiche wommen seith Salomon, that "it were bettre



dwele in desert, than with a womman that is riotous." / And sir, by your leve, that am nat I; / for ye han ful ofte assayed my grete silence and my gret pacience; and eek how wel that I can hyde and hele thinges that men oghte secretly to hyde. / And soothly, as to your fifthe resoun, whar-as ye seyn, that "in wikked conseil wommen venquishen men"; god woot, thilke resoun stant here in no stede. / For understand now, ye asken conseil to do wikkednesse; / and if ye wole werken wikkednesse, and your wyf restreyneth thilke wikked purpos, and overcometh yow by resoun and by good conseil; / certes, your wyf oghte rather to be praised than y-blamed. / Thus sholde ye understonde the philosophre that seith, "in wikked conseil wommen venquishen hir housbondes." / And ther-as ye blamen alle wommen and hir resouns, I shal shewe yow by manye ensamples that many a womman hath ben ful good, and yet been; and hir 2285 counsels ful hoolsome and profitable. / Eek som men han seyð, that "the conseilliche of wommen is outhur to dare, or elles to lital of pryv." / But al-be-it so, that ful many a womman is badde, and hir conseil vile and noght worth, yet han men founde ful many a good womman, and ful discrete and wise in conseilliche. / Lo, Jacob, by good conseil of his moder Rebekka, wan the benisoun of Ysaak his fader, and the lordshipe over alle his bretheren. / Judith, by hir good conseil, delivered the citee of Bethulie, in which she dwelled, out of the handes of Olofernus, that hadde it biseged and wolde have al destroyed it. / Abigail delivered Nabal hir housbonde fro David the king, that wolde have slayn him, and apayed the ire of the king by hir wit and by hir 2290 good conseilliche. / Hester by hir good conseil enhanced greetly the peple of god in the regne of Assuerus the king. / And the same bountee in good conseilliche of many a good womman may men telle. / And moreover, whan our lord hadde creat Adam our forme-fader, he seyde in this wyse: / "it is nat good to been a man

allone; make we to him an help samblable to himself." / Here may ye see that, if that wommen were nat goode, and hir counsels goode and profitable, / our lord 2295 god of hevene wolde never han wrought hem, ne called hem help of man, but rather confusioun of man. / And ther seyde ones a clerk in two vers: "what is bettre than gold? Jaspre. What is bettre than jaspre? Wisdom. / And what is bettre than wisdom? Womman. And what is bettre than a good womman? No-thing." / And sir, by manye of othre resouns may ye seen, that manye wommen been goode, and hir counsels goode and profitable. / And therefore sir, if ye wol triste to my conseil, I shal restore yow your doghter hool and sound. / And eek 2300 I wol do to yow so muche, that ye shul have honour in this cause.' /

§ 16. Whan Melibee hadde herd the wordes of his wyf Prudence, he seyde thus: / 'I see wel that the word of Salomon is sooth; he seith, that "wordes that been spoken discretly by ordinaunce, been honycombes; for they yeven swetnesse to the soule, and hoolsomnesse to the body." / And wyf, by-cause of thy swete wordes, and eek for I have assayed and proved thy grete sapience and thy grete trouthe, I wol governe me by thy conseil in alle thing.' /

§ 17. 'Now sir,' quod dame Prudence, 'and sin ye vouchesauf to been governed by my conseil, I wol enforme yow how ye shul governe your-self in chesinge of your conseilours. / Ye shul first, in alle your 2305 werkes, makely biseken to the heighe god that he wol be your conseilour; / and shapeth yow to swich entente, that he yeve yow conseil and confort, as taughte Thobie his sone: / "at alle tymes thou shalt blesse god, and praye him to dresse thy weyes"; and looke that alle thy counsels been in him for evermore. / Seint Jame eek seith: "if any of yow have nede of sapience, axe it of god." / And afterward thanne shul ye taken conseil in your-self, and examine wel your thoghtes, of swich thing as yow thinketh that is best for your profit. / And thanne 2310

shul ye dryve fro your herte three thinges that been contrariouse to good conseil, / that is to seyn, ire, coveitise, and hastifnesse. /

§ 18. First, he that axeth conseil of him-self, certes he moste been with-outen ire, for manye causes. / The firste is this: he that hath greet ire and wratthe in him-self, he weneth alwey that he may do thing that he may nat do. / And secondely, he that is irous and wroth, 2315 he ne may nat wel deme; / and he that may nat wel deme, may nat wel conseil. / The thridde is this; that "he that is irous and wroth," as seith Senek, "ne may nat speke but he blamething"; / and with his vicious wordes he stireth other folk to angre and to ire. / And eek sir, ye moste dryve coveitise out of your herte. / For the apostle seith, that 2320 "coveitise is rote of alle harmes." / And trust wel that a coveitous man ne can noght deme ne think, but only to fulfille the ende of his coveitise; / and certes, that ne may never been accompliced; for ever the more habundaunce that he hath of richesse, the more he desyreth. / And sir, ye moste also dryve out of your herte hastifnesse; for certes, / ye ne may nat deme for the beste a sodeyn thought that falleth in youre herte, but ye moste avyse yow on it ful ofte. / For as ye herde biforn, the commune proverbe is this, that "he that sone demeth, sone 2325 repenteth." /

§ 19. Sir, ye ne be nat alwey in lyke disposicioun; / for certes, som thing that somtyme semeth to yow that it is good for to do, another tyme it semeth to yow the contrarie. /

§ 20. When ye han taken conseil in your-self, and han demed by good deliberacion swich thing as you semeth best, / thanne rede I yow, that ye kepe it secree. / Biwrey nat your conseil to no persone, but-if so be that ye wenen sikely that, thurgh your biwreying, your condicioun shal be to yow the more profitable. / For Jesus Syrak seith: 2330 "neither to thy foo ne to thy freend discovere nat thy secree ne thy folie; /

for they wol yewe yow audience and loking and supportacioun in thy presence, and scoorne thee in thyn absence." / Another clerk seith, that "soorly shaltou finden any persone that may kepe conseil secree." / The book seith: "why! that thou kepest thy conseil in thyn herte, thou kepest it in thy prison: / and whan thou biwreyest thy conseil to any wight, he holdeth thee in his snare." / And therefore yow is bettre 2335 to hyde your conseil in your herte, than praye him, to whom ye han biwreied your conseil, that he wole kepen it cloos and stilla. / For Seneca seith: "if so be that thou ne mayst nat thyn owene conseil hyde, how darstou prayen any other wight thy conseil secree to kepe?" / But natheless, if thou wene sikely that the biwreying of thy conseil to a persone wol make thy condicioun to stonden in the bettre plyt, thanne shaltou tellen him thy conseil in this wyse. / First, thou shalt make no semblant whether thee were lever pees or werre, or this or that, ne shewe him nat thy wille and thyn entente; / for trust wel, that comunly thise conseilours been flatereres, / namely the conseilours of grete 2340 lordes; / for they enforcen hem alwey rather to speken plesante wordes, enclynge to the lordes lust, than wordes that been trewe or profitable. / And therefore men seyn, that "the riche man hath seld good conseil but-if he have it of him-self." / And after that, thou shalt considere thy freendes and thyne enemys. / And as touchinge thy freendes, thou shalt considere whiche of hem been most feithful and most wyse, and eldest and most approved in conselling. / And of 2345 hem shalt thou aske thy conseil, as the caas requirith. /

§ 21. I seye that first ye shul clepe to your conseil your freendes that been trewe. / For Salomon seith: that "right as the herte of a man delyteth in savour that is sote, right so the conseil of trewe freendes yeveth swetenesse to the soule." / He seith also: "ther may no-thing be lykned to the trewe freend." / For

certes, gold ne silver beth nat so muche  
 2350 worth as the gode wil of a trewe freend. /  
 And eek he seith, that "a trewe freend  
 is a strong defense; who-so that it  
 findeth, certes he findeth a greet tre-  
 sour." / Thanne shul ye eek considere,  
 if that your trewe freendes been dis-  
 crete and wyse. For the book seith :  
 "axe alwey thy conseil of hem that been  
 wyse." / And by this same resoun shul  
 ye clepen to your conseil, of your freendes  
 that been of age, swiche as han seyn and  
 been expert in manye thinges, and been  
 approved in conseillinges. / For the  
 book seith, that "in olde men is the  
 sapience and in longe tyme the pruden-  
 ce." / And Tullius seith : that "grete  
 thinges ne been nat ay accompliced by  
 strengthe, ne by delivernesse of body,  
 but by good conseil, by auctoritee of per-  
 sones, and by science; the whiche three  
 thinges ne been nat feble by age, but  
 2355 certes they enforen and encreesen day  
 by day." / And thanne shul ye kepe  
 this for a general reule. First shul ye  
 clepen to your conseil a fewe of your  
 freendes that been especiale; / for Salo-  
 mon seith : "manye freendes have thou;  
 but among a thousand chese thee oon to  
 be thy conseilour." / For al-be-it so  
 that thou first ne telle thy conseil but  
 to a fewe, thou mayst afterward telle it  
 to mo folk, if it be nede. / But loke  
 alwey that thy conseilours have thilke  
 three condiciouns that I have seyde bifore;  
 that is to seyn, that they be trewe, wyse,  
 and of old experience. / And werke nat  
 alwey in every nede by oon conseilour  
 alone; for somtyme bihoveth it to been  
 2360 consailed by manye. / For Salomon  
 seith : "salvacioun of thinges is wher-as  
 ther been manye conseilours."

§ 22. Now sith that I have told yow  
 of which folk ye sholde been consailed,  
 now wol I teche yow which conseil ye  
 oghte to eschewe. / First ye shul eschewe  
 the consailing of foles; for Salomon seith :  
 "taak no conseil of a fool, for he ne can  
 nocht consaille but after his owene lust  
 and his affectioun." / The book seith :  
 that "the propretee of a fool is this; he

troweth lightly harm of every wight,  
 and lightly troweth alle bountee in him-  
 self." / Thou shalt eek eschewe the con-  
 seilling of alle flatereres, swiche as en-  
 foren hem rather to praise your persone  
 by flaterye than for to telle yow the  
 sothfastnesse of thinges. /

§ 23. Wherfore Tullius seith : "amonges  
 alle the pestilences that been in freend-  
 shipe, the gretteste is flaterye." And ther-  
 fore is it more nede that thou eschewe and  
 drede flatereres than any other peple. /  
 The book seith : "thou shalt rather drede  
 and flee fro the swete wordes of flateringe  
 preiseres, than fro the egre wordes of thy  
 freend that seith thee thy sothes." /  
 Salomon seith, that "the wordes of a  
 flaterere is a snare to cacche with inno-  
 cents." / He seith also, that "he that  
 speketh to his freend wordes of swetnesse  
 and of plesaunce, setteth a net biforn  
 his feet to cacche him." / And therfore  
 seith Tullius : "enclyne nat thyne eres to  
 flatereres, ne taketh no conseil of wordes  
 of flaterye." / And Caton seith : "avyse  
 2370 thee wel, and eschewe the wordes of  
 swetnesse and of plesaunce." / And eek  
 thou shalt eschewe the consailing of  
 thyne olde enemyes that been reconciled. /  
 The book seith : that "no wight re-  
 tourneth sauflly in-to the grace of his  
 olde enemy." / And Isope seith : "ne  
 trust nat to hem to whiche thou hast  
 had som-tyme werre or enmitee, ne telle  
 hem nat thy conseil." / And Seneca  
 telleth the cause why. "It may nat be,"  
 seith he, "that, where greet fyr hath  
 longe tyme endured, that ther ne dwell-  
 eth som vapour of warmnesse." / And  
 2375 therfore seith Salomon : "in thyn olde  
 foo trust never." / For sikerly, though  
 thyn enemy be reconciled and maketh  
 thee chere of humilitee, and louteth to  
 thee with his heed, ne trust him never. /  
 For certes, he maketh thilke feyned hu-  
 militee more for his profit than for any  
 love of thy persone; by-cause that he  
 demeth to have victorie over thy persone  
 by swich feyned contenance, the which  
 victorie he mighte nat have by stryf or  
 werre. / And Peter Alfonse seith : "make

no felawshipe with thyne olde enemy; for if thou do hem bountee, they wol perverten it in-to wikkednesse." / And eek thou most eschewe the conseillessing of hem that been thy servants, and beren thee greet reverence; for peraventure they seyn it more for drede than for love. / And therefore seith a philosophe in this wyse: "ther is no wight parfitly trewe to him that he to sore dredeth." / And Tullius seith: "ther nis no might so greet of any emperour, that longe may endure, but-if he have more love of the peple than drede." / Thou shalt also eschewe the conseillessing of folk that been dronkelewe; for they ne can no conseil hyda. / For Salomon seith: "ther is no privetee ther-as regneth dronkenesse." / Ye shul also han in suspect the conseillessing of swich folk as conseillessing yow a thing prively, and conseillessing yow the contrarie openly. / For Cassidore seith: that "it is a maner sleighte to hindre, whan he sheweth to doon a thing openly and werketh prively the contrarie." / Thou shalt also have in suspect the conseillessing of wikked folk. For the book seith: "the conseillessing of wikked folk is alway ful of fraude." / And David seith: "blisful is that man that hath nat folwed the conseillessing of shrewes." / Thou shalt also eschewe the conseillessing of yong folk; for hir conseil is nat ripe. / § 24. Now sir, sith I have shewed yow of which folk ye shul take your conseil, and of which folk ye shul folwe the conseil, / now wol I teche yow how ye shal examine your conseil, after the doctrine of Tullius. / In the examininge thanne of your conseillessing, ye shul considere manye thinges. / Alderfirst thou shalt considere, that in thilke thing that thou purposest, and upon what thing thou wolt have conseil, that verray trouthe be seyd and conserved; this is to seyn, telle trewely thy tale. / For he that seith fals may nat wel be consailed, in that cas of which he lyeth. / And after this, thou shalt considere the thinges that accorden to that thou purposest for to do by thy conseillessing, if resoun

acorde therto; / and eek, if thy might may atteine ther-to; and if the more part and the bettre part of thy conseillessing acorde ther-to, or no. / Thanne shaltou considere what thing shal folwe of that conseillessing; as hate, pees, werre, grace, profit, or damage; and manye othere thinges. / And in alle these thinges thou shalt chese the beste, and weyve alle othere thinges. / Thanne shaltow considere of what rote is engendred the matere of thy conseil, and what fruit it may conceyve and engendre. / Thou shalt eek considere alle these causes, fro whennes they been sprongen. / And whan ye han examined your conseil as I have seyd, and which partie is the bettre and more profitable, and hast approved it by manye wyse folk and olde; / thanne shaltou considere, if thou mayst parfourn it and maken of it a good ende. / For certes, resoun wol nat that any man sholde biginne a thing, but-if he mighte parfourn it as him oghte. / Ne no wight sholde take up-on hym so hevy a charge that he mighte nat bere it. / For the proverbe seith: "he that to muche embraceth, distreyneth litel." / And Catoun seith: "assay to do swich thing as thou hast power to doon, lest that the charge oppresse thee so sore, that thee bihoveth to weyve thing that thou hast bigonne." / And if so be that thou be in doute, whether thou mayst parfourn a thing or noon, chese rather to suffre than biginne. / And Piers Alphonse seith: "if thou hast might to doon a thing of which thou most repente thee, it is bettre 'nay' than 'ye';" / this is to seyn, that thee is bettre holde thy tonge stille, than for to speke. / Thanne may ye understonde by strengere reasons, that if thou hast power to parfourn a werk of which thou shalt repente, thanne is it bettre that thou suffre than biginne. / Wel seyn they, that defenden every wight to assaye any thing of which he is in doute, whether he may parfourn it or no. / And after, whan ye han examined your conseil as I have seyd bifore, and knowen

wel that yo may parfournе youre emprise, confarme it thanne sady til it be at an ende. /

§ 25. Now is it resoun and tyme that I shewe yow, whanne, and wherfore, that ye may chaunge your conseil with-outen your repreve. / Soothly, a man may chaungen his purpos and his conseil if the cause cesseth, or whan a newe caas bitydeth. / For the lawe seith: that "upon thinges that newly bityden  
2415 bihoveth newe conseil." / And Senek seith: "if thy conseil is comen to the eres of thyn enemy, chaunge thy conseil." / Thou mayst also chaunge thy conseil if so be that thou finde that, by errorr or by other cause, harm or damage may bityde. / Also, if thy conseil be dishonest, or elles cometh of dishoneste cause, chaunge thy conseil. / For the lawes seyn: that "alle bihestes that been dishoneste been of no value." / And eek, if it so be that it be impossible, or  
2420 may nat goodly be parfourned or kept. /

§ 26. And take this for a general reule, that every conseil that is affermed so strongly that it may nat be chaunged, for no condicioun that may bityde, I seye that thilke conseil is wikked. /

§ 27. This Melibeus, whanne he hadde herd the doctrine of his wyf dame Prudence, answerde in this wyse. / 'Dame,' quod he, 'as yet in-to this tyme ye han wel and covenably taught me as in general, how I shal governe me in the chesinge and in the withholdinge of my conseilours. / But now wolde I fayn that ye wolde condescende in especial, / and telle me how lyketh yow, or what semeth yow, by our conseilours that we han chosen in our  
2425 present nede.' /

§ 28. 'My lord,' quod she, 'I biseke yow in al humblesse, that ye wol nat wilfully replie agayn my resouns, ne distempre your herto thogh I speke thing that yow displese. / For god wot that, as in myn entente, I speke it for your beste, for your honour and for your profite eke. / And soothly, I hope that your benignitee wol taken it in pacience. /

Trusteth me wel,' quod she, 'that your conseil as in this caas ne sholde nat, as to speke properly, be called a conseil, but a moecioun or a moevyng of folye; / in which conseil ye han erred in many a sondry wyse. /

§ 29. First and forward, ye han erred in th'assemblinge of your conseilours. / For ye sholde first have cleped a fewe folk to your conseil, and after ye mighte han shewed it to mo folk, if it hadde been nede. / But certes, ye han sodeynly cleped to your conseil a greet multitude of peple, ful chargeant and ful anyouns for to here. / Also ye han erred, for there-as yo sholden only have cleped to your conseil your trewe freendes olde and wyse, / yo han y-cleped straunge folk, and yong folk, false flatereres, and enemyes reconciled, and folk that doon yow reverence withouten love. / And eek  
2435 also ye have erred, for ye han broght with yow to your conseil ire, covetise, and hastifnesse; / the whiche three thinges ye han nat anientissed or destroyed hem, neither in your-self ne in your conseilours, as yow oghte. / Ye han erred also, for ye han shewed to your conseilours your talent, and your affeccioun to make werre anon and for to do vengeance; / they han espyed by your wordes to what thing ye been enclyned. / And therefore han they  
2440 rather consailled yow to your talent than to your profit. / Ye han erred also, for it semeth that yow suffyseth to han been consailled by these conseilours only, and with lital avys; / wher-as, in so greet and so heigh a nede, it hadde been necessarie mo conseilours, and more deliberacioun to parfournе your emprise. / Ye han erred also, for ye han nat examined your conseil in the forseyde manere, ne in due manere as the caas requireth. / Ye han erred also, for ye han makid no divisoun bitwixe your conseilours; this is to seyn, bitwixen your trewe freendes and your feyned conseilours; / no yo han nat knowe  
2445

the wil of your trewe frendes olde and wyse; / but ye han cast alle hir wordes in an hocchepot, and enclyned your herte to the more part and to the gretter nombre; and ther been ye condescended. / And sith ye wot wel that men shal alwey finde a gretter nombre of foles than of wyse men, / and therefore the counsails that been at congregaciouns and multitudes of folk, ther-as men take more reward to the nombre than to the sapience of persones, / ye see wel that in swiche counsellings foles han the maiestria. / Melibeus answerde agayn, and seyde: 'I graunte wel that I have erred; / but ther-as thou hast told me heer-biforn, that he nis nat to blame that chaungeth hise counsellours in certain cas, and for certeine juste causes, / I am al redy to chaunge my counsellours, right as thou wolt devyse. / The proverbe seith: that "for to do sinne is manish, but certes for to persevere longe in sinne is werk of the devel." /

§ 80. To this sentence answerde anon dame Prudence, and seyde: / 'Examineth,' quod she, 'your conseil, and lat us see the whiche of hem han spoken most resonably, and taught yow best conseil. / And for-as-muche as that the examinacioun is necessarie, lat us biginne at the surgians and at the phisiciens, that first speken in this matere. / I sey yow, that the surgians and phisiciens han seyde yow in your conseil discreetly, as hem oughte; / and in hir speche seyden ful wysly, that to the office of hem apertheneth to doon to every wight honour and profit, and no wight for to anye; / and, after hir craft, to doon greet diligence un-to the cure of hem whiche that they han in hir governaunce. / And sir, right as they han answered wysly and discreetly, / right so rede I that they been heighly and sovereynly guerdoned for hir noble speche; / and eek for they sholde do the more ententif bisinesse in the curacioun of your doghter dera. / For al-be-it so that they been your frendes, therefore shal ye nat suffren that they serve yow for noght; /

but ye oughte the rather guerdone hem and shewe hem your largesse. / And as 2465 touchinge the proposicioun which that the phisiciens entreden in this cas, this is to seyn, / that, in maladyes, that oon contrarie is warished by another contrarie, / I wolde fayn knowe how ye understonde thilke text, and what is your sentence.' / 'Certes,' quod Melibeus, 'I understonde it in this wyse: / that, right as they han doon me a contrarie, right so sholde I doon hem another. / 2470 For right as they han venged hom on me and doon me wrong, right so shal I venge me upon hem and doon hem wrong; / and thanne have I cured oon contrarie by another.' /

§ 81. 'Lo, lo!' quod dame Prudence, 'how lightly is every man enclyned to his owene desyr and to his owene pleasure! / Certes,' quod she, 'the wordes of the phisiciens ne sholde nat han been understonden in this wyse. / For certes, wikkednesse is nat contrarie to wikkednesse, ne vengeance to vengeance, no wrong to wrong; but they been semblable. / And therefore, o vengeance is nat 2475 warished by another vengeance, no o wrong by another wrong; / but everich of hem encreaseth and aggregeth other. / But certes, the wordes of the phisiciens sholde been understonden in this wyse: / for good and wikkednesse been two contraries, and pees and werre, vengeance and suffraunce, discord and accord, and manye othere thinges. / But certes, wikkednesse shal be warished by goodnesse, discord by accord, werre by pees, and so forth of othere thinges. / 2480 And heer-to accordeth Saint Paul the apostle in manye places. / He seith: "ne yeldeth nat harm for harm, ne wikked speche for wikked speche; / but do wel to him that dooth thee harm, and blesse him that seith to thee harm." / And in manye othere places he amonesteth pees and accord. / But now wol I speke to yow of the conseil which that was yeven to yow by the men of lawe and the wyse folk, / that seyden alle by oon 2485 accord as ye han herd bifore; / that, over

alle thynges, ye sholde doon your diligence to kepen your persone and to warnestore your hous. / And seyden also, that in this caas ye oghten for to werken ful avysely and with greet deliberacioun. / And sir, as to the firste point, that toucheth to the keping of your persone; / ye shul understonde that he that hath werre shal evermore mekely  
 2450 and devoutly preyen biforn alle thynges, / that Jesus Crist of his grete mercy wol han him in his proteccioun, and been his sovereyn helping at his nede. / For certes, in this world ther is no wight that may be counselled ne kept sufficiently withouten the keping of our lord Jesu Crist. / To this sentence accordeth the prophete David, that seith: / "if god ne kepe the citee, in ydel waketh he that it kepeth." / Now sir, thanne shul ye committe the keping of your persone to your trewe freendes that been approved and  
 2495 y-knowe; / and of hem shul ye axen help your persone for to kepe. For Catoun seith: "if thou hast nede of help, axe it of thy freendes; / for ther nis noon so good a phisicien as thy trewe freend." / And after this, thanne shul ye kepe yow fro alle straunge folk, and fro lyeres, and have alwey in suspect hir companye. / For Piers Alfonse seith: "ne tak no companye by the weye of a straunge man, but if so be that thou have knowe him of a lenger tyme. / And if so be that he falle in-to thy companye paraventure  
 2500 withouten thyn assent, / enquire thanne, as subtilly as thou mayst, of his conversacioun and of his lyf bifore, and feyne thy wey; seye that thou goost thider as thou wolt nat go; / and if he bereth a spere, hold thee on the right syde, and if he bere a sword, hold thee on the left syde." / And after this, thanne shul ye kepe yow wysely from alle swich manere peple as I have seyde bifore, and hem and hir conseil eschewe. / And after this, thanne shul ye kepe yow in swich manere, / that for any presumpcioun of your strengthe, that ye ne dispyse nat ne accounte nat the might of your adversarie so litel, that ye lete the keping of your persone for your pre-

sumpcioun; / for every wys man dredeth  
 his enemy. / And Salomon seith: "waleful is he that of alle hath drede; / for certes, he that thurgh the hardinesse of his herte and thurgh the hardinesse of him-self hath to greet presumpcioun, him shal yvel bityde." / Thanne shul ye evermore countrowayte embusshements and alle espiailla. / For Senek seith: that "the wyse man that dredeth harmes escheweth harmes; / ne he ne falleth in-to perils, that perils escheweth." / And al-be-it so that it seme that thou art in siker place, yet shaltow alwey do thy diligence in kepinge of thy persone; / this is to seyn, ne be nat negligent to kepe thy persone, nat only fro thy gretteste enemys but fro thy leeste enemy. / Senek seith: "a man that is wel avysed, he dredeth his leste enemy." / Ovide seith: that "the litel weselle wol slee the grete boile and the wilde hert." / And the book seith: "a  
 2515 litel thorn may prikke a greet king ful sore; and an hound wol holde the wilde boor." / But natheles, I sey nat thou shalt be so coward that thou doute ther wher-as is no drede. / The book seith: that "somme folk han greet lust to deceyve, but yet they dreden hem to be deceyved." / Yet shalton drede to been empoisoned, and kepe yow from the companye of scorneres. / For the book seith: "with scorneres make no companye, but flee hir wordes as venom." /  
 2520

§ 82. Now as to the seconde point, wher-as your wyse conseilours counselled yow to warnestore your hous with greet diligence, / I wolde fayn knowe, how that ye understonde thilke wordes, and what is your sentence. /

§ 83. Melibeus answerde and seyde, 'Certes I understande it in this wise; that I shal warnestore myn hous with toures, swiche as han castelles and othere manere edifices, and armure and artilleries, / by whiche thynges I may my persone and myn hous so kepen and defenden, that myne enemys shul been in drede myn hous for to approcha.' /

§ 34. To this sentence answerde anon Prudence; 'warnestoring,' quod she, 'of heighe toures and of grete edifices apperteneþ som-tyme to pryde; / and eek men make heighe toures and grete edifices with grete costages and with greet travaille; and whan that they been accomplished, yet be they nat worth a stree, but-if they be defended by trewe freendes that been olde and wyse. / And understand wel, that the gretteste and strongeste garnison that a riche man may have, as wel to kepen his persone as hise goodes, is / that he be biloved amonges his subgets and with hise neighebores. / For thus seith Tullius: that "ther is a maner garnison that no man may venquise ne disconfite, and that is, / a lord to be biloved of hise citezeins and of his peple." /

§ 35. Now sir, as to the thridde point; wher-as your olde and wise conseilours seyden, that yow ne oghte nat sodeynly ne hastily proceden in this nede, / but that yow oghte purveyen and apparailen yow in this caas with greet diligence and greet deliberacioun; / trewely, I trowe that they seyden right wysly and right sooth. / For Tullius seith, "in every nede, er thou biginne it, apparaille thee with greet diligence." / Thanne seye I, that in vengeance-taking, in werre, in bataille, and in warnestoring, / er thou biginne, I rede that thou apparaille thee ther-to, and do it with greet deliberacioun. / For Tullius seith: that "long apparailing biforn the bataille maketh short victoria." / And Cassidorus seith: "the garnison is stronger whan it is longe tyme avysed." /

§ 36. But now lat us spoken of the conseil that was accorded by your neighebores, swiche as doon yow reverence withouten love, / your olde enemys reconseiled, your flatereres / that conseilled yow certeyne thinges prively, and openly conseilleden yow the contrarie; / the yonge folk also, that conseilleden yow to venge yow and make werre anon. / And certes, sir, as I have seyð biforn, ye han greetly erred to han cleped swich maner folk to

your conseil; / which conseilours been y-nogh reprieved by the reasons aforeseyd. / But natheles, lat us now descende to the special. Ye shuln first procede after the doctrine of Tullius. / Certes, the trouthe of this matere or of this conseil nedeth nat diligently enquire; / for it is wel wist whiche they been that han doon to yow this trespass and vileinye, / and how manye trespassours, and in what manere they han to yow doon al this wrong and al this vileinye. / And after this, thanne shul ye examine the seconde condicioun, which that the same Tullius addeth in this matere. / For Tullius put a thing, which that he clepeth "consenting," this is to seyn; / who been they and how manye, and whiche been they, that consenteden to thy conseil, in thy wilfulnesse to doon hastif vengeance. / And lat us considere also who been they, and how manye been they, and whiche been they, that consenteden to your adversaries. / And certes, as to the firste poynt, it is wel known whiche folk been they that consenteden to your hastif wilfulnesse; / for trewely, alle tho that conseilleden yow to maken sodeyn werre ne been nat your freendes. / Lat us now considere whiche been they, that ye holde so greetly your freendes as to your persone. / For al-be-it so that ye be mighty and riche, certes ye ne been nat but allone. / For certes, ye ne han no child but a doghter; / ne ye ne han bretheren ne cosins germayns, ne noon other neigh kinrede, / wherfore that your enemys, for drede, sholde stinte to plede with yow or to destroye your persone. / Ye knowen also, that your richesches moten been dispended in diverse parties; / and whan that every wight hath his part, they ne wollen taken but litel reward to venge thy deeth. / But thyne enemys been three, and they han manie children, bretheren, cosins, and other ny kinrede; / and, though so were that thou haddest alayn of hem two or three, yet dwellen ther y-nowe to wreken hir deeth and to slee thy persone. / And though so be



that your kinrede be more siker and stedefast than the kin of your adversarie, / yet natheles your kinrede nis but a fer kinrede; they been but lital sib  
 2565 but a fer kinrede; they been but lital sib to yow, / and the kin of your enemyes been ny sib to hem. And certes, as in that, hir condicioun is bet than youres. / Thanne lat us considere also if the conseilling of hem that conseilleden yow to taken sodeyn vengeance, whether it accorde to resoun? / And certes, ye knowe wel "nay." / For as by right and resoun, ther may no man taken vengeance on no wight, but the juge that hath the jurisdiction of it, / whan it is graunted him to take thilke vengeance, hastily or  
 2570 attemprely, as the lawe requireth. / And yet more-over, of thilke word that Tullius clepeth "consenting," / thou shalt considere if thy might and thy power may consenten and suffyse to thy wilfulness and to thy conseilours. / And certes, thou mayst wel seyn that "nay." / For sikerly, as for to speke proprely, we may do no-thing but only swich thing as we may doon rightfully. / And certes, rightfully ne mowe ye take no vengeance as of  
 2575 your propre auctoritee. / Thanne mowe ye seen, that your power ne consenteth nat ne accordeth nat with your wilfulness. / Lat us now examine the thridde point that Tullius clepeth "consequent." / Thou shalt understonde that the vengeance that thou purposest for to take is the consequent. / And ther-of folweth another vengeance, peril, and werre; and othere damages with-oute nombre, of whiche we be nat war as at this tyme. / And as touchinge the fourthe point, that  
 2580 Tullius clepeth "engendringe," / thou shalt considere, that this wrong which that is doon to thee is engendred of the hate of thyne enemyes; / and of the vengeance-takinge upon that wolde engendre another vengeance, and muchel sorwe and wastinge of riches, as I seyde. /

§ 87. Now sir, as to the point that Tullius clepeth "causes," which that is the laste point, / thou shalt understonde that the wrong that thou hast receyved

hath certeine causes, / whiche that clerkes clepen *Oriens* and *Efficiens*, and *Causa longinqua* and *Causa propinqua*; this is to seyn, the fer cause and the ny cause. / The fer cause is almighty god, 2585 that is cause of alle thinges. / The neer cause is thy three enemyes. / The cause accidental was hate. / The cause material been the fyve woundes of thy doghter. / The cause formal is the manere of hir werkinge, that broghten laddres and cloumben in at thy windowes. / The  
 2590 cause final was for to slea thy doghter; it letted nat in as muche as in hem was. / But for to speken of the fer cause, as to what ende they shul come, or what shal finally bityde of hem in this case, ne can I nat deme but by conjectinge and by supposinge. / For we shul suppose that they shul come to a wikked ende, / by-cause that the Book of Decrees seith: "selden or with greet payne been causes y-brought to good ende whanne they been baddely bigonne." /

§ 88. Now sir, if men wolde are me, why that god suffred men to do yow this vileinye, certes, I can nat wel answer as for no sothfastnesse. / For th'apostle 2595 seith, that "the sciences and the juggementz of our lord god almighty been ful depe; / ther may no man comprehende ne serchen hem suffisantly." / Natheles, by certeyne presumptions and conjectinges, I holde and bileve / that god, which that is ful of justice and of right-wisnesse, hath suffred this bityde by juste cause resonable. /

§ 89. Thy name is Melibee, this is to seyn, "a man that drinketh hony." / 2600 Thou hast y-dronke so muchel hony of swete temporel riches and delices and honours of this world, / that thou art dronken; and hast forgotten Jesu Crist thy creatour; / thou ne hast nat doon to him swich honour and reverence as thee oughte. / Ne thou ne hast nat wel y-taken kepe to the wordes of Ovide, that seith: / "under the hony of the godes of the body is hid the venom that sleeth the soule." / And Salomon seith, 2605 "if thou hast founden hony, ete of it that

suffyseth; / for if thou etc of it out of  
mesure, thou shalt spewe," and be nedý  
and povre. / And peraventure Crist hath  
thee in despit, and hath turned away fro  
thee his face and hise eres of miseri-  
corde; / and also he hath suffred that  
thou hast been punisshed in the manere  
that thou hast y-trespased. / Thou hast  
2610 doon sinne agayn our lord Crist; / for  
certes, the three enemyes of mankinde,  
that is to seyn, the flessch, the feend, and  
the world, / thou hast suffred hem entre  
in-to thyn herte wilfully by the windowes  
of thy body, / and hast nat defended thy-  
self suffisantly agayns hir assautes and  
hir temptaciouns, so that they han  
wounded thy soule in fyve places; / this  
is to seyn, the deedly synnes that been  
entred in-to thyn herte by thy fyve  
wittes. / And in the same manere our  
lord Crist hath wold and suffred, that thy  
three enemyes been entred in-to thyn hous  
2615 by the windowes, / and han y-wounded  
thy doghter in the fore-seyde manere.' /

§ 40. 'Certes,' quod Melibee, 'I see wel  
that ye enforce yow muchel by wordes to  
overcome me in swich manere, that I shal  
nat venge me of myne enemyes; / shew-  
inge me the perils and the yveles that  
mighten falle of this vengeance. / But  
who-so wolde considere in alle vengeancees  
the perils and yveles that mighte sewe of  
vengeance-takinge, / a man wolde never  
2620 take vengeance, and that were harm; /  
for by the vengeance-takinge been the  
wikked men dissevered fro the gode  
men. / And they that han wil to do  
wikkednesse restreyne hir wikked purpos,  
whan they seen the punisshinge and chas-  
tysinge of the trespassours.' / [†And to  
this answerde dame Prudence: 'Certes,'  
seyde she, 'I graunte wel that of ven-  
geaunce cometh muchel yvel and muchel  
good; / but vengeance-takinge aperteneth  
nat unto everichoon, but only unto juges  
and unto hem that han jurisdiccoun  
upon the trespassours. / And yet seye I  
more, that right as a singuler persone  
sinneth in takinge vengeance of another  
2625 man, / right so sinneth the juge if he do  
no vengeance of hem that it han de-

served. / For Senek seith thus: "that  
maister," he seith, "is good that proveth  
shrewes." / And as Cassidore seith: "A  
man dredeth to do outrages, whan he  
woot and knoweth that it displeseth to  
the juges and sovereyns." / And another  
seith: "the juge that dredeth to do right,  
maketh men shrewes." / And Seint Paule  
the apostle seith in his epistle, whan he  
wryteth un-to the Romayns: that "the  
juges beren nat the spere with-outen  
cause;" / but they beren it to punisse 2630  
the shrewes and misdoeres, and for to  
defende the gode men. / If ye wol thanne  
take vengeance of your enemyes, ye shul  
retourne or have your recours to the juge  
that hath the jurisdiccoun up-on hem; /  
and he shal punisse hem as the lawe  
axeth and requyreth.' /

§ 41. 'A!' quod Melibee, 'this ven-  
geance lyketh me no-thing. / I bithenke  
me now and take hede, how fortune hath  
norissed me fro my childhede, and hath  
holpen me to passe many a strong pas. / 2635  
Now wol I assayen hir, trowinge, with  
goddess help, that she shal helpe me my  
shame for to venge.' /

§ 42. 'Certes,' quod Prudence, 'if ye  
wol werke by my conseil, ye shul nat  
assaye fortune by no way; / ne ye shul  
nat lene or bowe unto hir, after the word  
of Senek: / for "thinges that been folily  
doon, and that been in hope of fortune,  
shullen never come to good ende." / And  
as the same Senek seith: "the more cleer  
and the more shyning that fortune is, the  
more brotil and the sonner broken she  
is." / Trusteth nat in hir, for she nis 2640  
nat stidefast ne stable; / for whan thou  
trowest to be most seur or siker of hir  
help, she wol faille thee and deceyve  
thee. / And wheras ye seyn that fortune  
hath norissed yow fro your childhede, /  
I seye, that in so muchel shul ye the  
lasse truste in hir and in hir wit. / For  
Senek seith: "what man that is norissed  
by fortune, she maketh him a greet  
fool." / Now thanne, sin ye desyre and 2645  
axe vengeance, and the vengeance that is  
doon after the lawe and bifore the juge  
ne lyketh yow nat, / and the vengeance

that is doon in hope of fortune is perilous and uncertein, / thanne have ye noon other remedie but for to have your recours unto the sovereyn juge that vengeth alle vileinyes and wronges; / and he shal venge yow after that him-self witnesseth, wher-as he seith: / "leveth the vengeance to me, and I shal do it." / 2650

§ 43. Melibee answerde, 'if I ne venge me nat of the vileinye that men han doon to me, / I sompne or warne hem that han doon to me that vileinye and alle othere, to do me another vileinye. / For it is writen: "if thou take no vengeance of an old vileinye, thou sompnest thyne adversaries to do thee a newe vileinye." / And also, for my suffrance, men wolden do to me so muchel vileinye, that I mighte neither bere it ne sustene; / and so sholde I been put and holden over lowe. / For men seyn: "in muchel suffringe shul manye thinges falle un-to thee whiche thou shalt nat mowe suffre." / 2655

§ 44. 'Certes,' quod Prudence, 'I graunte yow that over muchel suffraunce nis nat good; / but yet ne folweth it nat ther-of, that every persone to whom men doon vileinye take of it vengeance; / for that aperteneth and longeth al only to the juges, for they shul venge the vileinyes and iniuries. / And ther-fore tho two auctoritees that ye han seyde above, been 2660 only understonden in the juges; / for whan they suffren over muchel the wronges and the vileinyes to be doon withouten punisshinge, / they sompne nat a man al only for to do newe wronges, but they comanden it. / Also a wys man seith: that "the juge that correcteth nat the sinnere comandeth and biideth him do sinne." / And the juges and sovereyns mighten in hir land so muchel suffre of the shrewes and misdoeres, / that they sholden by swich suffrance, by proces of tyme, wexen of swich power and might, that they sholden putte out the juges 2665 and the sovereyns from hir places, / and atte laste maken hem lesen hir lordshipes. /

§ 45. But lat us now putte, that ye

have leve to venge yow. / I seye ye been nat of might and power as now to venge yow. / For if ye wole maken comparisoun un-to the might of your adversaries, ye shul finde in manye thinges, that I have shewed yow er this, that hir condicioun is bettre than youre. / And therfore seye I, that it is good as now that ye suffre and be pacient. / 2670

§ 46. Forther-more, ye knowen wel that, after the comune sawe, "it is a woodnesse a man to stryve with a stronger or a more mighty man than he is him-self; / and for to stryve with a man of evene strengthe, that is to seyn, with as strong a man as he, it is peril; / and for to stryve with a weyker man, it is folie." / And therfore sholde a man flee stryvinge as muchel as he mighte. / For Salomon seith: "it is a greet worship to a man to kepen him fro noyse and stryf." / And if it so 2675 bifalle or happe that a man of gretter might and strengthe than thou art do thee grevaunce, / studie and bisie thee rather to stille the same grevaunce, than for to venge thee. / For Senek seith: that "he putteth him in greet peril that stryveth with a gretter man than he is him-self." / And Catoun seith: "if a man of hyer estat or degree, or more mighty than thou, do thee any or grevaunce, suffre him; / for he that ones hath greved thee may another tyme releve thee and helpe." / Yet sette I 2680 caas, ye have bothe might and licence for to venge yow. / I seye, that ther be ful manye thinges that shul restreyne yow of vengeance-takinge, / and make yow for to encline to suffre, and for to han pacience in the thinges that han been doon to yow. / First and foreward, if ye wole considere the defautes that been in your owene persone, / for whiche defautes god hath suffred yow have this tribulacioun, as I have seyde yow heer-biforn. / 2685 For the poete seith, that "we oghte paciently taken the tribulacions that comen to us, whan we thinken and consideren that we han deserved to have hem." / And Seint Gregorie seith: that "whan a man considereth wel the nombre

of hise defautes and of his sinnes, / the  
 peynes and the tribulaciouns that he  
 suffreth semen the lesse un-to hym; /  
 and in-as-muche as him thinketh hise  
 sinnes more hevy and grevous, / in-so-  
 muche semeth his peyne the lighter and  
 the esier un-to him." / Also ye owen to  
 encline and bowe your herte to take the  
 pacience of our lord Jesu Crist, as seith  
 seint Peter in hise epistles: / "Jesu  
 Crist," he seith, "hath suffred for us,  
 and yeven ensample to every man to  
 solwe and sewe him; / for he dide never  
 sinne, ne never cam ther a vileinous  
 word out of his mouth: / whan men  
 cursed him, he cursed hem noght; and  
 whan men betten him, he manaced hem  
 noght." / Also the grete pacience, which  
 the seintes that been in paradys han had  
 in tribulaciouns that they han y-suffred,  
 with-uten hir desert or gilt, / oghte  
 muchel stiren yow to pacience. / Forther-  
 more, ye sholde enforce yow to have  
 pacience, / consideringe that the tribu-  
 laciouns of this world but lital whyle  
 endure, and sone passed been and  
 goon. / And the joye that a man  
 seketh to have by pacience in tribu-  
 laciouns is perdurable, after that the  
 apostle seith in his epistle: / "the joye  
 of god," he seith, "is perdurable," that is  
 to seyn, everlastinge. / Also troweth  
 and bileveth stedefastly, that he nis nat  
 wel y-norissed ne wel y-taught, that can  
 nat have pacience or wol nat receyve  
 pacience. / For Salomon seith: that "the  
 doctrine and the wit of a man is knowen  
 by pacience." / And in another place he  
 seith: that "he that is patient governeth  
 him by greet prudence." / And the same  
 Salomon seith: "the angry and wrathful  
 man maketh noyes, and the patient man  
 attempeth hem and stilleth." / He seith  
 also: "it is more worth to be patient  
 than for to be right strong; / and he that  
 may have the lordshipe of his owene  
 herte is more to preysse, than he that  
 by his force or strengthe taketh grete  
 citees." / And therefore seith seint Jame  
 in his epistle: that "pacience is a greet  
 vertu of perfeccioun." /

§ 47. 'Certes,' quod Melibee, 'I graunte  
 yow, dame Prudence, that pacience is  
 a greet vertu of perfeccioun; / but every  
 man may nat have the perfeccioun that  
 ye seken; / ne I nam nat of the nombre  
 of right parfite men, / for myn herte may  
 never been in pees un-to the tyme it be  
 venged. / And al-be-it so that it was  
 greet peril to myne enemyes, to do me  
 a vileinye in takinge vengeance up-on  
 me, / yet token they noon hede of the  
 peril, but fulfilleden hir wikked wil and  
 hir corage. / And therefore, me thinketh  
 men oghten nat repreve me, though I  
 putte me in a lital peril for to venge me,  
 and though I do a greet excesse, that is  
 to seyn, that I venge oon outrage by  
 another.' /

§ 48. 'A!' quod dame Prudence, 'ye  
 seyn your wil and as yow lyketh; / but  
 in no caas of the world a man sholde nat  
 doon outrage ne excesse for to vengen  
 him. / For Cassidore seith: that "as  
 yvel doth he that vengeth him by outrage,  
 as he that doth the outrage." / And  
 therefore ye shul venge yow after the  
 ordre of right, that is to seyn by the lawe,  
 and noght by excesse ne by outrage. /  
 And also, if ye wol venge yow of the out-  
 rage of your adversaries in other maner  
 than right comandeth, ye sinnen; / and  
 therefore seith Senek: that "a man shal  
 never vengen shrewednesse by shrewed-  
 nesse." / And if ye seye, that right axeth  
 a man to defenden violence by violence,  
 and fighting by fighting, / certes ye seye  
 sooth, whan the defense is doon anon  
 with-uten intervalle or with-uten tary-  
 ing or delay, / for to defenden him and  
 nat for to vengen him. / And it bihoveth  
 that a man putte swich attemperance  
 in his defence, / that men have no  
 cause ne matere to repreven him that  
 defendeth him of excesse and outrage;  
 for elles were it agayn resoun. / Pardee,  
 ye knowen wel, that ye maken no de-  
 fence as now for to defende yow, but for  
 to venge yow; / and so seweth it that ye  
 han no wil to do your dede attemprely. /  
 And therefore, me thinketh that pacience  
 is good. For Salomon seith: that "he

that is nat pacient shal have greet harm." /

§ 49. 'Certes,' quod Melibee, 'I graunte yow, that whan a man is impacient and wroth, of that that toucheth him noght and that aperteneth nat un-to him, though  
2730 it harme him, it is no wonder. / For the lawe seith: that "he is coupable that entremetteth or medleth with swich thyng as aperteneth nat un-to him." / And Salomon seith: that "he that entremetteth him of the noyse or stryf of another man, is lyk to him that taketh an hound by the eres." / For right as he that taketh a straunge hound by the eres is outhurwyle biten with the hound, / right in the same wyse is it resoun that he have harm, that by his impacience medleth him of the noyse of another man, wher-as it aperteneth nat un-to him. / But ye knowen wel that this dede, that is to seyn, my grief and my disese, toucheth  
2735 me right ny. / And therefore, though I be wroth and impacient, it is no merveille. / And savinge your grace, I can nat seen that it mighte greetly harme me though I toke vengeance; / for I am richer and more mighty than myne enemys been. / And wel knowen ye, that by moneye and by havinge grete possessions been all the thinges of this world governed. / And Salomon seith: that  
2740 "alle thinges obeyen to moneye." /

§ 50. Whan Prudence hadde herd hir housbonde avanten him of his richesse and of his moneye, dispreisinge the power of hise adversaries, she spak, and seyde in this wyse: / 'certes, dere sir, I graunte yow that ye been rich and mighty, / and that the richesces been goode to hem that han wel y-geten hem and wel conne usen hem. / For right as the body of a man may nat liven withoute the soule, namore may it live withoute temporel goodes. / And by richesces  
2745 may a man gete him grete freendes. / And therefore seith Pamphilles: "if a netherdes doghter," seith he, "be riche, she may chesen of a thousand men which she wol take to hir housbonde; / for, of a thousand men, oon wol nat forsaken

hir ne refusen hir." / And this Pamphilles seith also: "if thou be right happy, that is to seyn, if thou be right riche, thou shalt find a greet nombre of felawes and freendes. / And if thy fortune change that thou wexe povre, farewell freendshipe and felaweshipe; / for thou shalt be allone with-outen any companye, but-if it be the companye of povre folk." / And yet seith this Pamphilles  
2750 moreover: that "they that been thralle and bonde of linage shullen been maad worthy and noble by the richesces." / And right so as by richesces ther comen manye goodes, right so by poverté come ther manye harmes and yveles. / For greet poverté constreyneth a man to do manye yveles. / And therfore clepeth Cassidore poverté "the moder of ruine," / that is to seyn, the moder of over-throwinge or fallinge down. / And therefore seith Piers Alfonse: "oon of the  
2755 gretteste adversitees of this world is / whan a free man, by kinde or by burthe, is constreyned by poverté to eten the almesse of his enemy." / And the same seith Innocent in oon of hise bokes; he seith: that "sorweful and mishappy is the condicioun of a povre begger; / for if he axe nat his mete, he dyeth for hunger; / and if he axe, he dyeth for shame; and algates necessitee constreyneth him to axe." / And therefore seith  
2760 Salomon: that "bet it is to dye than for to have swich poverté." / And as the same Salomon seith: "bette it is to dye of bitter deeth than for to liven in swich wyse." / By these reasons that I have seid un-to yow, and by manye othere reasons that I coude seye, / I graunte yow that richesces been goode to hem that geten hem wel, and to hem that wel usen the richesces. / And therefore wol I shewe yow how ye shul have yow, and how ye shul bere yow in gaderinge of richesces, and in what manere ye shul usen hem. /  
2765

§ 51. First, ye shul geten hem withoute greet desyr, by good leyser sokingly, and nat over hastily. / For a man that is to desyringe to gete richesces abaundoneth him first to thefte and to alle

other yveles. / And therfore seith Salomon : " he that hasteth him to bisily to wexe riche shal be noon innocent." / He seith also : that " the riches that hastily cometh to a man, some and lightly gooth and passeth fro a man ; / but that riches that cometh litel and litel wexeth alway and multiplyeth." / And sir, ye shul geten riches by your wit and by your travaille un-to your profit ; / and that with-outen wrong or harm-doinge to any other persone. / For the lawe seith : that " ther maketh no man himselven riche, if he do harm to another wight" ; / this is to seyn, that nature defendeth and forbedeth by right, that no man make himself riche un-to the harm of another persone. / And Tullius seith : that " no sorwe ne no drede of deeth, ne no-thing that may falle un-to a man / is so muchel agayns nature, as a man to encreasen his owene profit to the harm of another man. / And though the grete men and the mighty men geten riches more lightly than thou, / yet shalton nat been ydel ne slow to do thy profit ; for thou shalt in alle wyse flee ydelnesse." / For Salomon seith : that " ydelnesse techeth a man to do manye yveles." / And the same Salomon seith : that " he that travailleth and bisieth him to tilien his land, shal eten breed ; / but he that is ydel and casteth him to no businesse ne occupacioun, shal falle in-to poverté, and dye for hunger." / And he that is ydel and slow can never finde covenable tyme for to doon his profit. / For ther is a versiflour seith : that " the ydel man excuseth hym in winter, by cause of the grete cold ; and in somer, by enchesoun of the hete." / For these causes seith Caton : " waketh and enclyneth nat yow over muchel for to slepe ; for over muchel reste norisseth and causeth manye vices." / And therfore seith saint Jerome : " doth somme gode dedes, that the devel which is our enemy ne finde yow nat unoccupied." / For the devel ne taketh nat lightly un-to his werkinge swiche as he findeth occupied in gode werkes." /

§ 52. Thanne thus, in getinge riches,

ye mosten flee ydelnesse. / And after-ward, ye shul use the riches, whiche ye have geten by your wit and by your travaille, / in swich a manere, that men holde nat yow to scars, ne to sparinges, ne to fool-large, that is to seyn, over-large a spender. / For right as men blamen an avaricious man by-cause of his scarsetee and chincherye, / in the same wyse is he to blame that spendeth over largely. 1790 / And therfore seith Caton : " use," he seith, " thy riches that thou hast geten / in swich a manere, that men have no matere ne cause to calle thee neither wreche ne chinche ; for it is a greet shame to a man to have a povere herte and a riche pura." / He seith also : " the goodes that thou hast y-geten, use hem by mesure," that is to seyn, spende hem mesurably ; / for they 1795 that folly wasten and despenden the goodes that they han, / whan they han namore propre of hir owene, they shapen hem to take the goodes of another man. / I seye thanne, that ye shul flee avarice ; / usinge your riches in swich manere, that men seye nat that your riches been y-buried, / but that ye have hem in your might and in your weeldinge. / For 2800 a wys man repreveth the avaricious man, and seith thus, in two vers : / " wherto and why burieth a man his goodes by his grete avarice, and knoweth wel that nedes moste he dye ; / for deeth is the ende of every man as in this present lyf." / And for what cause or enchesoun joyneth he him or knitteth he him so faste un-to his goodes, / that alle his wittes mowen nat disseveren him or departen him from his goodes ; / and knoweth wel, or oghte 2805 knowe, that whan he is deed, he shal no-thing bere with him out of this world? / And therfore seith saint Augustin : that " the avaricious man is likned un-to helle ; / that the more it swelwoth, the more desyr it hath to swelwe and devoure." / And as wel as ye wolde eschewe to be called an avaricious man or chinche, / as wel sholde ye kepe yow and governe yow in swich a wyse that men calle yow nat fool-large. / Therfore seith Tullius : 2810 " the goodes," he seith, " of thyn hous ne

sholde nat been hid, ne kept so cloos but that they mighte been opened by pitee and debonairetee"; / that is to seyn, to yeven part to hem that han greet nede; / "ne thy goodes shullen nat been so opene, to been every mannes goodes." / Afterward, in getinge of your riches and in usinge hem, ye shul alway have three thinges in your herte; / that is to seyn, our lord god, conscience, and good name. / First, ye shul have god in your herte; / and for no riches ye shullen do no-thing, which may in any manere displese god, that is your creatour and maker. / For after the word of Salomon: "it is bettre to have a litel good with the love of god, / than to have muchel good and tresour, and lese the love of his lord god." / And the prophete seith: that "bettre it is to been a good man and have litel good and tresour, / than to been holden a shrewe and have grete riches." / And yet seye I farthermore, that ye sholde alway doon your businesse to gete yow riches, / so that ye gete hem with good conscience. / And th'apostle seith: that "ther nis thing in this world, of which we sholden have so greet joye as whan our conscience bereth us good witness." / And the wyse man seith: "the substance of a man is ful good, whan sinne is nat in mannes conscience." / Afterward, in getinge of your riches, and in usinge of hem, / yow moste have greet businesse and greet diligence, that your goode name be alway kept and conserved. / For Salomon seith: that "bettre it is and more it availleth a man to have a good name, than for to have grete riches." / And therefore he seith in another place: "do greet diligence," seith Salomon, "in keping of thy freend and of thy gode name; / for it shal lenger abide with thee than any tresour, be it never so precious." / And certes he sholde nat be called a gentil man, that after god and good conscience, alle thinges left, ne dooth his diligence and businesse to kepen his good name. / And Cassidore seith: that "it is signe of a gentil herte, whan a man loveth and desyreth to han a good name." / And

therefore seith seint Augustin: that "ther been two thinges that arn necessarie and nedefulle, / and that is good conscience and good loos; / that is to seyn, good conscience to thyn owene persone inward, and good loos for thy neighbores outward." / And he that trusteth him so muchel in his gode conscience, / that he displeseth and setteth at noght his gode name or loos, and rekketh noght though he kepe nat his gode name, nis but a cruel cherl. /

§ 58. Sire, now have I shewed yow how ye shul do in getinge riches, and how ye shullen usen hem; / and I see wel, that for the trust that ye han in youre riches, ye wole moove werre and bataille. / I conseilte yow, that ye biginne no werre in trust of your riches; for they ne suffyssen noght werres to mayntene. / And therefore seith a philosopre: "that man that desyreth and wole algates han werre, shal never have suffaunce; / for the richer that he is, the gretter despenses moste he make, if he wole have worship and victorie." / And Salomon seith: that "the gretter riches that a man hath, the moe despendours he hath." / And dere sire, al-be-it so that for your riches ye mowe have muchel folk, / yet bihoveth it nat, ne it is nat good, to biginne werre, where-as ye mowe in other manere have pees, un-to your worship and profit. / For the victories of batailles that been in this world, lyen nat in greet nombre or multitude of the peple ne in the vertu of man; / but it lyth in the wil and in the hand of our lord god almighty. / And therefore Judas Machabens, which was goddes knight, / whan he sholde fighte agayn his adversarie that hadde a greet nombre, and a gretter multitude of folk and strengier than was this peple of Machabee, / yet he reconforted his litel compagne, and seyde right in this wyse: / "als lightly," quod he, "may our lord god almighty yeve victorie to a fewe folk as to many folk; / for the victorie of bataile cometh nat by the grete nombre of peple, / but it cometh from our lord god of hevene." /

And dere sir, for as muchel as there is  
no man certein, if he be worthy that god  
yve him victorie, [† namore than he is  
certein whether he be worthy of the love  
of god] or naught, after that Salomon  
seith, / therfore every man sholde greetly  
drede werres to biginne. / And by-cause  
that in batailles fallen manye perils, / and  
happeth outhur-while, that as sone is the  
grete man sleyn as the litel man ; / and,  
as it is written in the seconde book of  
Kinges, "the dedes of batailles been  
aventurouse and nothing certeyne ; / for  
as lightly is oon hurt with a spere as  
another." / And for ther is gret peril in  
werre, therfore sholde a man fle and  
oschewe werre, in as muchel as a  
man may goodly. / For Salomon seith :  
"he that loveth peril shal falle in  
peril." /

§ 54. After that Dame Prudence hadde  
spoken in this manere, Melibee answerde  
and seyde, / "I see wel, dame Prudence,  
that by your faire wordes and by your  
reasons that ye han shewed me, that the  
werre lyketh yow no-thing ; / but I have  
nat yet herd your conseil, how I shal do  
in this nede." /

§ 55. "Certes," quod she, "I conseil-  
le yow that ye accorde with youre adver-  
saries, and that ye have pees with hem. /  
For saint Jame seith in hise epistles : that  
"by concord and pees the smale richesses  
wexen grete, / and by debaat and discord  
the grete richesses fallen down." / And  
ye knowen wel that oon of the gretteste  
and most sovereyn thing, that is in this  
world, is unities and pees. / And ther-  
fore seyde oure lord Jesu Crist to hise  
apostles in this wyse : / "wel happy and  
blessed been they that loven and pur-  
chacen pees ; for they been called children  
of god." / "A !" quod Melibee, "now see  
I wel that ye loven nat myn honour  
ne my worshippe. / Ye knowen wel that  
myne adversaries han bigonnen this  
debaat and brige by hir outrage ; / and  
ye see wel that they ne requeren ne  
preyen me nat of pees, ne they asken nat  
to be reconciled. / Wol ye thanne that  
I go and make me and obeie me to hem,

and crye hem mercy ? / For sothe, that  
were nat my worship. / For right as men  
seyn, that "over-greet homlinesse en-  
gendreth dispreysinge," so fareth it by to  
greet humylitee or mekenesse." /

§ 56. Thanne bigan dame Prudence to  
maken semblant of wratthe, and seyde, /  
'certes, sir, sauf your grace, I love your  
honour and your profit as I do myn  
owene, and ever have doon ; / ne ye ne  
noon othir syen never the contrarie. /  
And yit, if I hadde seyde that ye sholde  
han purchaced the pees and the recon-  
siliacioun, I ne hadde nat muchel mis-  
taken me, ne seyde amis. / For the wyse  
man seith : "the dissensioun biginneth by  
another man, and the reconciling bi-  
ginneth by thy-self." / And the prophete  
seith : "flee shrewednesse and do good-  
nesse ; / seke pees and folwe it, as muchel  
as in thee is." / Yet seye I nat that ye  
shul rather pursue to your adversaries for  
pees than they shuln to yow ; / for I  
knowe wel that ye been so hard-herted,  
that ye wol do no-thing for me. / And  
Salomon seith : "he that hath over-hand  
an herte, atte laste he shal mishappe and  
mistryde." /

§ 57. Whanne Melibee hadde herd dame  
Prudence maken semblant of wratthe, he  
seyde in this wyse, / "dame, I prey yow  
that ye be nat displeased of thinges that I  
seye ; / for ye knowe wel that I am angry  
and wrooth, and that is no wonder ; /  
and they that been wrothe witen nat wel  
what they doon, ne what they seyn. /  
Therefore the prophete seith : that "trou-  
bled eyen han no cleer sighte." / But  
seyeth and conseilth me as yow lyketh ;  
for I am redy to do right as ye wol  
desyre ; / and if ye repreve me of my  
folye, I am the more holden to love yow  
and to preyse yow. / For Salomon seith :  
that "he that repreveith him that doth  
folye, / he shal finde gretter grace than  
he that deceyveith him by swete wordes." /

§ 58. Thanne seide dame Prudence, "I  
make no semblant of wratthe ne anger  
but for your grete profit. / For Salomon  
seith : "he is more worth, that repreveith  
or chydeth a fool for his folye, shewing



him semblant of wratthe, / than he that supporteth him and preyseth him in his misdoinge, and laugheth at his folye." / And this same Salomon seith afterward: that "by the sorweful visage of a man," that is to seyn, by the sory and hevy countenance of a man, / "the fool correcteth and amendeth him-self." /

§ 59. Thanne seyde Melibee, 'I shal nat conne answere to so manye faire resouns as ye putten to me and shewen. / Seyeth shortly your wil and your conseil, and I am al ready to fulfille and parfourn it.' /

§ 60. Thanne dame Prudence discovered al hir wil to him, and seyde, / 'I conseilte yow,' quod she, 'aboven alle thinges, that ye make pees bitwene god and yow; / and beth reconciled un-to him and to his grace. / For as I have seyde yow heer-bifrom, god hath suffred yow to have this tribulacioun and disese for your sinnes. / And if ye do as I sey yow, god wol sende your adversaries un-to yow, / and maken hem fallen at your feet, redy to do your wil and your comandements. / For Salomon seith: "whan the condicioun of man is plesaunt and likinge to god, / he chaungeth the hertes of the mannes adversaries, and constreyneth hem to biseken him of pees and of grace." / And I prey yow, lat me speke with your adversaries in privee place; / for they shul nat knowe that it be of your wil or your assent. / And thanne, whan I knowe hir wil and hir entente, I may conseilte yow the more seurlly.' /

§ 61. 'Dame,' quod Melibee, 'dooth your wil and your lykinge, / for I putte me hoolly in your disposicioun and ordinaunce.' /

§ 62. Thanne Dame Prudence, whan she saugh the gode wil of her housbonde, delibered and took avys in hir-self, / thinkinge how she mighte bringe this nede un-to a good conclusioun and to a good ende. / And whan she saugh hir tyme, she sente for these adversaries to come un-to hir in-to a privee place, / and shewed wysly un-to hem the grete goodes that comen of pees, / and the grete

harmes and perils that been in werre; / and seyde to hem in a goodly manere, how that hem oughte have greet repentance / of the injurie and wrong that they hadden doon to Melibee hir lord, and to hir, and to hir doghter. /

§ 63. And whan they harden the goodliche wordes of dame Prudence, / they weren so surprised and ravished, and hadden so greet joye of hir, that wonder was to telle. / 'A! lady!' quod they, 'ye han shewed un-to us "the blessinge of swetnesse," after the sawe of David the prophete; / for the reconsilinge which we been nat worthy to have in no manere, / but we oghte requeren it with greet contricioun and humilitee, / ye of your grete goodnesse have presented unto us. / Now see we wel that the science and the conninge of Salomon is ful trewe; / for he seith: that "swete wordes multiplen and encreasen freendes, and maken shrewes to be debonaire and make." /

§ 64. Certes,' quod they, 'we putten our dede and al our matere and cause al hoolly in your goode wil; / and been redy to obeie to the speche and comandement of my lord Melibee. / And therefore, dere and benigne lady, we preyen yow and biseke yow as mekely as we conne and mowen, / that it lyke un-to your grete goodnesse to fulfillen in dede your goodliche wordes; / for we consideren and knowlichen that we han offended and greved my lord Melibee out of mesure; / so ferforth, that we be nat of power to maken hise amendes. / And therefore we oblige and binden us and our freendes to doon al his wil and hise comandements. / But peraventure he hath swich hevynesse and swich wratthe to us-ward, by-cause of our offence, / that he wole enjoyne us swich a payne as we mowe nat bere ne sustene. / And therefore, noble lady, we biseke to your wommanly pitee, / to taken swich avysement in this nede, that we, ne our freendes, be nat desherited ne destroyed thurgh our folye.' /

§ 65. 'Certes,' quod Prudence, 'it is an hard thing and right perilous, / that a man putte him al outrelly in the arbi-

tracioun and juggement, and in the might  
and power of hise enemya. / For Salomon  
seith: "leveth me, and yeveth credence  
to that I shal seyn; I seye," quod he,  
"ye peple, folk, and governours of holy  
chirche, / to thy sone, to thy wyf, to thy  
freend, ne to thy brother / ne yeve thou  
never might ne maistrie of thy body, whyl  
thou livest." / Now sithen he defendeth,  
that man shal nat yeven to his brother ne  
to his freend the might of his body, / by  
a strengier resoun he defendeth and for-  
bodeh a man to yeven him-self to his  
enemy. / And natheles I conseilte you,  
that ye mistruste nat my lord. / For  
I woot wel and knowe verraily, that he is  
debonaire and make, large, curteys, / and  
nothing desyrous ne covetous of good ne  
richesse. / For ther nis no-thing in this  
world that he desyreth, save only worship  
and honour. / Forther-more I knowe  
wel, and am right seur, that he shal  
no-thing doon in this nede with-uten  
my conseil. / And I shal so werken in  
this cause, that, by grace of our lord  
god, ye shul been reconsiled un-to us." /

§ 66. Thanne seyden they with o vois,  
'worshipful lady, we putten us and our  
goodes al fully in your wil and disposi-  
cioun; / and been redy to comen, what  
day that it lyke un-to your noblesse to  
limite us or assigne us, / for to maken our  
obligacioun and bond as strong as it  
lyketh un-to your goodnesse; / that we  
mowe fulfill the wille of yow and of my  
lord Melibee.' /

§ 67. Whan dame Prudence hadde herd  
the answeres of thise men, she bad  
hem goon agayn prively; / and she re-  
turned to hir lord Melibee, and tolde  
him how she fond hise adversaries ful  
repentant, / knowleching ful lowely hir  
sinnes and trespass, and how they were  
redy to suffren al payne, / requiringe  
and preyinge him of mercy and pitee. /

§ 68. Thanne seyde Melibee, 'he is wel  
worthy to have pardoun and foryifnesse  
of his sinne, that excuseth nat his sinne, /  
but knowlecheth it and repenteth him,  
axinge indulgence. / For Senek seith:  
"ther is the remissioun and foryifnesse,

whereas confessioun is"; / for confessioun  
is neigheore to innocence. / And he  
seith in another place: "he that hath  
shame for his sinne and knowlecheth it,  
is worthy remissioun." And therfore I  
assente and conferme me to have pees; /  
but it is good that we do it nat with-uten  
the assent and wil of our freendes." /

§ 69. Thanne was Prudence right glad  
and joyeful, and seyde, / 'Certes, sir,'  
quod she, 'ye han wel and goodly an-  
swered. / For right as by the conseil,  
assent, and help of your freendes, ye han  
been stired to venge yow and maken  
werre, / right so with-uten hir conseil  
shul ye nat accorden yow, ne have pees  
with your adversaries. / For the lawe  
seith: "ther nis no-thing so good by wey  
of kinde, as a thing to been unbounde by  
him that it was y-bounde." /

§ 70. And thanne dame Prudence,  
with-uten delay or taryinge, sente anon  
hir messages for hir kin, and for hir olde  
freendes whiche that were trewe and  
wyse, / and tolde hem by ordre, in the  
presence of Melibee, al this matere as it  
is aboven expressed and declared; / and  
preyden hem that they wolde yeven hir  
avyis and conseil, what best were to doon  
in this nede. / And whan Melibee  
freendes hadde taken hir avys and de-  
liberacioun of the forseide matere, / and  
hadden examined it by greet bisinesse  
and greet diligence, / they yave ful conseil  
for to have pees and reste; / and that  
Melibee sholde receyve with good herte  
hise adversaries to foryifnesse and mercy. /

§ 71. And whan dame Prudence hadde  
herd the assent of hir lord Melibee, and  
the conseil of hise freendes, / accorde  
with hir wille and hir entencioun, / she  
was wonderly glad in hir herte, and  
seyde: / 'ther is an old proverbe,' quod  
she, 'seith: that "the goodnesse that  
thou mayst do this day, do it; / and  
abyde nat ne delaye it nat til to-morwe." /  
And therfore I conseilte that ye sende  
your messages, swiche as been discrete  
and wyse, / un-to your adversaries; tel-  
linge hem, on your bihalve, / that if they  
wole trete of pees and of accord, / that

they shape hem, with-outen delay or taryng, to comen un-to us.' / Which thing parfourned was in dede. / And whanne these trespassours and repentinge folk of hir folies, that is to seyn, the adversaries of Melibee, / hadden herd what these messagers seyden un-to hem, / they weren right glad and joyeful, and answereden ful mekely and benignely, / yeldinge graces and thankinges to hir lord Melibee and to al his companye; / and shopen hem, with-outen delay, to go with the messagers, and obeie to the comandement of hir lord Melibee. /

§ 72. And right anon they token hir way to the court of Melibee, / and token with hem somme of hir trewe freendes, to maken feith for hem and for to been hir borwes. / And whan they were comen to the presence of Melibee, he seyde hem these wordes: / 'it standeth thus,' quod Melibee, 'and sooth it is, that ye, / causeless, and with-outen skile and resoun, / han doon grete injuries and wronges to me and to my wyf Prudence, and to my doghter also. / For ye han entred in-to myn hous by violence, / and have doon swich outrage, that alle men knowen wel that ye have deserved the deeth; / and therfore wol I knowe and wite of yow, / whether ye wol putte the punissemment and the chastyng and the vengeance of this outrage in the wil of me and of my wyf Prudence; or ye wol nat?' /

§ 73. Thanne the wyseste of hem three answerde for hem alle, and seyde: / 'sire,' quod he, 'we knowen wel, that we been unworthy to comen un-to the court of so greet a lord and so worthy as ye been. / For we han so greetly mistaken us, and han offended and agilt in swich a wyse agayn your heigh lordshipe, / that trewely we han deserved the deeth. / But yet, for the grete goodnesse and debonairetee that all the world witnesseth of your persone, / we submitten us to the excellence and benignitee of your gracios lordshipe, / and been redy to obeie to alle your comandements; / bisekinge yow, that of your merciable pitee ye wol con-

sidere our grete repentaunce and lowe submissioun, / and graunten us foryevnesse of our outrageous trespass and offence. / For wel we knowe, that your liberal grace and mercy streechen hem farther in-to goodnesse, than doon our outrageous gyles and trespass in-to wickednesse; / al-be-it that cursedly and dampnably we han agilt agayn your heigh lordshipe.' /

§ 74. Thanne Melibee took hem up fro the ground ful benignely, / and receyved hir obligaciouns and hir bondes by hir othes up-on hir plegges and borwes, / and assigned hem a certeyn day to retourne un-to his court, / for to accepte and receyve the sentence and jugement that Melibee wolde comande to be doon on hem by the causes afore-seyd; / whiche thinges ordeyned, every man retourned to his hous. /

§ 75. And whan that dame Prudence saugh hir tyme, she freyned and axed hir lord Melibee, / what vengeance he thoughte to taken of hise adversaries? /

§ 76. To which Melibee answerde and seyde, 'certes,' quod he, 'I thinke and purpose me fully / to descharite hem of al that ever they han, and for to putte hem in exil for ever.' /

§ 77. 'Certes,' quod dame Prudence, 'this were a cruel sentence, and muchel agayn resoun. / For ye been riche y-nough, and han no nede of other mennes good; / and ye mighte lightly in this wyse gete yow a covetous name, / which is a vicious thing, and oghte been eschewed of every good man. / For after the sawe of the word of the apostle: "covetise is rote of alle harmes." / And therfore, it were better for yow to lese so muchel good of your owene, than for to taken of hir good in this manere. / For better it is to lesen good with worshipe, than it is to winne good with vileinye and shame. / And every man oghte to doon his diligence and his bisinesse to geten him a good name. / And yet shal he nat only bisie him in kepinge of his good name, / but he shal also enforcen him alwey to do som-thing by which he

may renouelle his good name; / for it is  
 writen, that "the olde good loos or good  
 name of a man is sone goon and passed,  
 whan it is nat newed ne renouelled." /  
 And as touchinge that ye seyn, ye wole  
 exile your adversaries, / that thinketh  
 me muchel agayn resoun and out of  
 mesure, / considered the power that they  
 han yeve yow up-on hem-self. / And it  
 is writen, that "he is worthy to lesen his  
 privilege that misuseth the might and  
 the power that is yeven him." / And I  
 sette cas ye mighte enjoyne hem that  
 payne by right and by lawe, / which I  
 trowe ye mowe nat do, / I seye, ye mighte  
 nat putten it to execucioun per-aven-  
 ture, / and thanne were it lykly to re-  
 tourne to the werre as it was biforn. /  
 And therefore, if ye wole that men do yow  
 obeisance, ye moste demen more cur-  
 teialy; / this is to seyn, ye moste yeven  
 more esy sentences and jugements. /  
 For it is writen, that "he that most  
 curteisly comandeth, to him men most  
 obeyen." / And therefore, I prey yow  
 that in this necessitee and in this nede,  
 ye caste yow to overcome your herte. /  
 For Senek seith: that "he that over-  
 cometh his herte, overcometh twyes." /  
 And Tullius seith: "ther is no-thing  
 so comendable in a greet lord / as whan  
 he is debonaire and meke, and appeseth  
 him lightly." / And I prey yow that ye  
 wole forbere now to do vengeance, / in  
 swich a manere, that your goode name  
 may be kept and conserved; / and that  
 men mowe have cause and matere to  
 preysse yow of pitee and of mercy; / and  
 that ye have no cause to repente yow of  
 thing that ye doon. / For Senek seith:  
 "he overcometh in an yvel manere, that  
 repenteth him of his victorie." / Where-  
 fore I pray yow, lat mercy been in your  
 minde and in your herte, / to th'effect

and entente that god almighty have  
 mercy on yow in his laste jugement. /  
 For saint Jame seith in his epistle:  
 "jugement withouten mercy shal be  
 doon to him, that hath no mercy of  
 another wight." /

§ 78. Whanne Melibee hadde herd the  
 grete skiles and resouns of dame Pru-  
 dence, and hir wise informaciouns and  
 techinges, / his herte gan enclyne to the  
 wil of his wyf, consideringe hir trewe  
 entente; / and conformed him anon,  
 and assented fully to werken after hir  
 conseil; / and thonked god, of whom  
 procedeth al vertu and alle goodnesse,  
 that him sente a wyf of so greet discre-  
 cioun. / And whan the day cam that  
 hise adversaries sholde apperen in his  
 presence, / he spak unto hem ful goodly,  
 and seyde in this wyse: / 'al-be it so that  
 of your pryde and presumpcioun and  
 folie, and of your negligence and un-  
 conninge, / ye have misborn yow and  
 trespassed un-to me; / yet, for as much  
 as I see and biholde your grete humilitee,  
 and that ye been sory and repentant of  
 your giltes, / it constreyneth me to doon  
 yow grace and mercy. / Therefore I re-  
 ceive yow to my grace, / and foryeve  
 yow outrelly alle the offences, injuries,  
 and wronges, that ye have doon agayn  
 me and myne; / to this effect and to this  
 ende, that god of his endelees mercy /  
 wole at the tyme of our dyinge foryeven  
 us our giltes that we han trespassed to  
 him in this wretched world. / For doute-  
 lees, if we be sory and repentant of the  
 sinnes and giltes whiche we han tres-  
 passed in the sighte of our lord god, / he  
 is so free and so merciable, / that he  
 wole foryeven us our giltes, / and bringen  
 us to his blisse that never hath ende.  
 Amen.' /

3078

Here is ended Chaucers Tale of Melibee and of Dame Prudence.

# THE MONK'S PROLOGUE.

[T. 13895-13956.]

The mery wordes of the Host to the Monk.

WHAN ended was my tale of Melibee,  
And of Prudence and hir benignitee, 3080  
Our hoste seyde, 'as I am faithful man,  
And by the precious *corpus Madrian*,  
I hadde lever than a barel ale  
That goode lief my wyf hadde hard this  
tale!

For she nis no-thing of swich pacience  
As was this Melibee's wyf Prudence. 3086  
By goddes bones! whan I bete my knaves,  
She bringth me forth the grete clobbered  
staves, (10)

And cryeth, "slee the dogges everichoon,  
And brek hem, bothe bak and every boon."  
And if that any neighebor of myne 3091  
Wol nat in chirche to my wyf enolyne,  
Or be so hardy to hir to trespase,  
Whan she comth hoom, she rampeth in  
my face, 3094

And cryeth, "false coward, wreak thy wyf!  
By *corpus* bones! I wol have thy knyf,  
And thou shalt have my distaf and go  
spinne!"

Fro day to night right thus she wol bi-  
ginne;— (20)

"Allas!" she seith, "that ever I was shape  
To wedde a milksop or a coward ape, 3100  
That wol be overlad with every wight!  
Thou darst nat stonden by thy wywes  
right!"

This is my lyf, but-if that I wol fighte;  
And out at dore anon I moot me dighte,  
Or elles I am but lost, but-if that I 3105  
Be lyk a wilde leoun fool-hardy.  
I woot wel she wol do me slee som day  
Som neighebor, and thannego my wey. (30)

For I am perilous with knyf in honde,  
Al be it that I dar nat hir withstonde, 3110  
For she is big in armes, by my feith,  
That shal he finde, that hir misdooth or  
seith.

But lat us passe away fro this matere.

My lord the Monk,' quod he, 'be mery  
of chere;

For ye shul telle a tale trewely. 3115

Lo! Rouchestre stant heer faste by!

Ryd forth, myn owene lord, brek nat our  
game, (30)

But, by my trouthe, I knowe nat your name,  
Wher shal I calle yow my lord dan John,  
Or dan Thomas, or elles dan Albion? 3120  
Of what hous be ye, by your fader kin?

I vow to god, thou hast a ful fair skin,

It is a gentil pasture ther thou goost;

Thou art nat lyk a penaunt or a goost.

Upon my feith, thou art som officer, 3125

Some worthy sexteyn, or som celerer,

For by my fader soule, as to my doom,

Thou art a maister whan thou art at hoom;

No povre cloisterer, ne no novys, (51)

But a governour, wyly and wys. 3130

And therewithal of brawnes and of bones  
A wel-faring persone for the nones.

I pray to god, yeve him confusioun

That first thee broghte un-to religioun;

Thou woldest han been a trede-foul aright.

Haddestow as greet a leve, as thou hast  
might 3136

To parfournen al thy lust in engendrure,

Thou haddest bigeten many a creature.

Alas! why werestow so wyd a cope? (61)

God yeveme sorwe! but, and I were a pope,

Not only thou, but every mighty man, 3141  
 Though he were shorn ful hys upon his pan,  
 Sholde have a wyf; for al the world is lorn!  
 Religioun hath take up al the corn 3144  
 Oftreding, and we borel men ben shrimpes!  
 Of feble trees ther comen wrecched impes.  
 This maketh that our heires been so  
 sclendre (69)

And feble, that they may nat wel engendre.  
 This maketh that our wywes wol assaye  
 Religious folk, for ye may better paye 3150  
 Of Venus payements than mowe we;  
 God woot, no lussheburches payen ye!  
 But be nat wrooth, my lord, for that I  
 pleye;

Ful ofte in game a sooth I have herd seye.'

This worthy monk took al in pacience,  
 And seyde, 'I wol doon al my diligence,  
 As fer as souneth in-to honestee, 3157  
 To telle yow a tale, or two, or three. (80)  
 And if yow list to herkne hideward,  
 I wol yow seyn the lyf of seint Edward;

Or elles first Tragedies wol I telle 3161  
 Of whiche I have an hundred in my cello.  
 Tragedie is to seyn a certeyn storie,  
 As olde bokes maken us memorie,  
 Of him that stood in greet prosperitee 3165  
 And is y-fallen out of heigh degree  
 Into miserie, and endeth wrecchedly.  
 And they ben versified comunly (90)  
 Of six feet, which men clepe *exametron*.  
 In prose eek been endyted many oon, 3170  
 And eek in metre, in many a sondry wyse.  
 Lo! this declaring oughte y-nough suffise.

Now herkneth, if yow lyketh for to here;  
 But first I yow biseke in this matere, 3174  
 Though I by ordre telle nat thise thinges,  
 Be it of popes, emperours, or kinges,  
 After hir ages, as men writen finde, (99)  
 'But telle hem som bifore and som bihinde,  
 As it now comth un-to my remembraunce;  
 Have me excused of myn ignoraunce.' 3180

*Explicit.*

## THE MONKES TALE.

Here biginneth the Monkes Tale, de Casibus Virorum Illustrium.

I wol biwayle in maner of Tragedie  
 The harm of hem that stode in heigh de-  
 gree,  
 And fillen so that ther nas no remedie  
 To bringe hem out of hir adversitee; 3184  
 For certain, whan that fortune list to flee,  
 Ther may no man the cours of hir with-  
 holde;  
 Let no man truste on blind prosperitee;  
 Be war by thise ensamples trewe and olde.

LUCIFER.

At Lucifer, though he an angel were,  
 And nat a man, at him I wol biginne; 3190  
 For, thogh fortune may non angel dere, (11)

From heigh degree yet fel he for his sinne  
 Doun in-to helle, wher he yet is inne.  
 O Lucifer! brightest of angels alle,  
 Now artow Sathanas, that maist nat  
 twinne 3195  
 Out of miserie, in which that thou art falla.

ADAM.

Lo Adam, in the feld of Damassene,  
 With goddes owene finger wrought was he,  
 And nat bigeten of mannes sperme un-  
 clene,  
 And welte al Paradys, saving o tree. 3200  
 Had never worldly man so heigh degree  
 As Adam, til he for misgovernance (22)

Was drive out of his hye prosperitee  
To labour, and to helle, and to meschaunce.

## SAMPSON.

Lo Sampson, which that was annunciat  
By th'angel, longe er his nativitee, 3206  
And was to god almighty consecrat,  
And stood in noblesse, whyl he mighte see.  
Was never swich another as was he,  
To speke of strengthe, and therewith hardi-  
nesse; 3210  
But to his wyves tolde he his secree, (31)  
Through which he slow him-self, for  
wrecchednesse.

Sampson, this noble almighty champion,  
Withouten wepen save his hondes tweye,  
He slow and al to-rente the leoun, 3215  
Toward his wedding walking by the weye.  
His false wyf coude him so plesse and  
preye

Til she his conseil knew, and she untrewed  
Un-to his foes his conseil gan biwrewe, 3219  
And him forsook, and took another newe.

Three hundred foxes took Sampson for ire,  
And alle hir tayles he togider bond, (42)  
And sette the foxes tayles alle on fire,  
For he on every tayl had knit a brond;  
And they brende alle the cornes in that  
lond, 3225

And alle hir oliveres and vynes eek.  
A thousand men he slow eek with his hond,  
And had no wepen but an asses cheek.

Whan they were slayn, so thursted him  
that he 3229  
Was wel ny lorn, for which he gan to preye  
That god wolde on his payne han som  
pitee, (51)  
And sende him drinke, or elles moste he  
deye;

And of this asses cheke, that was drewe,  
Out of a wang-tooth sprang anon a welle,  
Of which he drank y-nogh, shortly to seye,  
Thus heelp him god, as *Judicium* can telle.

By verray force, at Gazan, on a night, 3237  
Maugree Phillistens of that citee,  
The gates of the toun he hath up-plit, *3240*  
And on his bak y-caried hem hath he 3240

Hye on an hille, that men mighte hem  
see. (61)

O noble almighty Sampson, leef and dere,  
Had thou nat told to women thy secree,  
In al this worlde ne hadde been thy pere!

This Sampson never sicer drank ne wyn,  
Ne on his heed cam rasour noon ne shere,  
By precept of the messenger divyn, 3247  
For alle his strengthes in his heres were;  
And fully twenty winter, yeer by yeer,  
He hadde of Israel the governaunce. 3250  
But sone shal he wepen many a tere, (71)  
For women shal him bringen to mes-  
chaunce!

Un-to his lemman Dalida he tolde  
That in his heres al his strengthe lay,  
And falsly to his fo-men she him solde.  
And sleping in hir barme up-on a day 3256  
She made to clippe or shere his heer away,  
And made his fo-men al his craft espyen;  
And whan that they him fonde in this  
array,  
They bounde him faste, and putten out his  
yēn. 3260

But er his heer were clipped or y-shave, (81)  
Ther was no bond with which men might  
him binde;  
But now is he in prisoun in a cave,  
Wher-as they made him at the querne  
grinde. 3264  
O noble Sampson, strongest of mankinde,  
O whylom juge in glorie and in richesse,  
Now maystow wepen with thyn yēn blinde,  
Sith thou fro wele art falle in wrecched-  
nesse.

Th'ende of this caytif was as I shal seye;  
His fo-men made a feste upon a day, 3270  
And made him as hir fool bifore hem pleye,  
And this was in a temple of greet array. (92)  
But atte last he made a foul affray;  
For he two pilers shook, and made hem  
falle, 3274  
And down fil temple and al, and ther it lay.  
And slow him-self, and eek his fo-men alle.

This is to seyn, the princes everichoon,  
And eek three thousand bodies wer ther  
slayn (98)

With falling of the grete temple of stoon.  
Of Sampson now wol I na-more seyn. 3280  
Beth war by this ensample old and playn  
That no men telle hir conseil til hir wyves  
Of swich thing as they wolde han secree  
fayn,  
If that it touche hir limmes or hir lyves.

## HERCULES.

Of Hercules the sovereyn conquerour 3285  
Singen his workes laude and heigh renoun;  
For in his tyme of strengthe he was the  
flour.

He slow, and rafte the skin of the leoun;  
He of Centauros leyde the boost adoun;  
He Arpiess low, the cruel briddes felle; 3290  
He golden apples rafte of the dragoun; (111)  
He drow out Cerberus, the hound of helle:

He slow the cruel tyrant Busirus,  
And made his hors to frete him, flesh and  
boon;

He slow the firy serpent venomous; 3295  
Of Achelois two hornes, he brak oon;  
And he slow Caens in a cave of stoon;  
He slow the geaunt Anthens the stronge;  
He slow the grisly boor, and that anoon,  
And bar the heaven on his nekke longe. 3300

Was never wight, sith that the world  
bigan, (121)

That slow so many monstres as dide he.  
Thurgh-out this wyde world his name ran,  
What for his strengthe, and for his heigh  
bountee, 3304

And every reame wente he for to see.  
He was so strong that no man mighte him  
lette;

At bothe the worldes endes, seith Trophee,  
In stede of boundes, he a piler sette.

A lemman hadde this noble champion,  
That highte Dianira, fresh as May; 3310  
And, as these clerkes maken mencion, (131)  
She hath him sent a sherte fresh and gay.  
Allas! this sherte, allas and weylaway!  
Envenimed was so subtilly with alle, 3314  
That, er that he had wered it half a day,  
It made his flesh al from his bones falle.

But natheles somme clerkes hir excusen  
By oon that highte Nessus, that it maked;

Be as he may, I wol hir noght accusen;  
But on his bak this sherte he wered al  
naked, 3320  
Til that his flesh was for the venim blaked.  
And whan he seyn noon other remedye, (142)  
In hote coles he hath him-selven raked,  
For with no venim deynd him to dye.

Thus starf this worthy mighty Hercules;  
Lo, who may truste on fortune any  
throwe? 3326

For him that folweth al this world of prees,  
Er he be war, is ofte y-leyd ful lowe.  
Ful wys is he that can him-selven knowe.  
Beth war, for whan that fortune list to  
glose, 3330  
Than wayteth she hir man to overthrowe  
By swich a wey as he wolde least sup-  
pose. (152)

## NABUGODONOSOR (NEBUCHADNEZZAR).

The mighty trone, the precious tresor,  
The glorious ceptre and royal magestee  
That hadde the king Nabugodonosor, 3335  
With tonge unnethe may discryved be.  
He twyfe wan Jerusalem the citee;  
The vessel of the temple he with him ladde.  
At Babiloyne was his sovereyn see, 3339  
In which his glorie and his delyt he hadde.

The fairest children of the blood royal (161)  
Of Israel he leet do gelde anoon,  
And maked ech of hem to been his thral.  
Amonges othere Daniel was oon, 3344  
That was the wysest child of everichoon;  
For he the dremes of the king expounded,  
Wher-as in Chaldey clerk ne was ther noon  
That wiste to what fyn his dremes souned.

This proude king leet make a statue of  
golde, 3349  
Sixty cubytes long, and seven in brede,  
To which image bothe yonge and olde (171)  
Comaunded he to loute, and have in drede;  
Or in a fourneys ful of flambe rede  
He shal be brent, that wolde noght obeye.  
But never wolde assente to that dede 3355  
Daniel, ne his yonge felawes tweye.

This king of kinges proud was and elaat,  
He wende that god, that sit in magestee,



Ne mighte him nat bireve of his estaat :  
 But sodeynly he loste his dignitee, 3360  
 And lyk a beste him samed for to be, (181)  
 And eet hay as an oxe, and lay ther-oute ;  
 In reyn with wilde bestes walked he,  
 Til certein tyme was y-come aboute.

And lyk an egles fetheres wexe his heres,  
 His nayles lyk a briddes clawes were ; 3366  
 Til god releessed him a certein yeres,  
 And yaf him wit ; and than with many a  
 tere

He thanked god, and ever his lyf in fere  
 Was he to doon amis, or more trespace, 3370  
 And, til that tyme he leyd was on his  
 bere,

He knew that god was ful of might and  
 grace. (192)

#### BALTHASAR (BELSHAZZAR).

His sone, which that highte Balthasar,  
 That heeld the regne after his fader day,  
 He by his fader coude nought be war, 3375  
 For pround he was of herte and of array ;  
 And eek an ydolastre was he ay.  
 His hye estaat assured him in pryde.  
 But fortune caste him down, and ther he  
 lay,  
 And sodeynly his regne gan divyde. 3380

A feste he made un-to his lordes alle (201)  
 Up-on a tyme, and bad hem blythe be,  
 And than his officeres gan he calle—  
 'Goth, bringeth forth the vessels,' [tho]  
 quod he, 3384  
 'Which that my fader, in his prosperitee,  
 Out of the temple of Jerusalem birafte,  
 And to our hye goddes thanke we  
 Of honour, that our eldres with us lafte.'

His wyf, his lordes, and his concubynes  
 Aydrongen, whyl hir appetytes laste, 3390  
 Out of thise noble vessels sundry wyne ;  
 And on a wal this king his yēn caste, (212)  
 And sey an hond armlees, that wroot ful  
 faste,  
 For fere of which he quook and syked  
 sore. 3394  
 This hond, that Balthasar so sore agaste,  
 Wroot *Mane, techel, phares*, and na-more.

In al that lond magicien was noon  
 That coude expounse what this lettre  
 mente ;

But Daniel expouned it anon, 3399  
 And seyde, 'king, god to thy fader lente  
 Glorie and honour, regne, tresour, rente  
 And he was pround, and no-thing god ne  
 dradde, (222)  
 And therfor god gret wreche up-on him  
 sente,  
 And him birafte the regne that he hadde.

He was out cast of mannes companye,  
 With asses was his habitacioun, 3406  
 And eet hey as a beste in weet and drye,  
 Til that he knew, by grace and by resoun,  
 That god of heven hath dominacioun  
 Over every regne and every creature ; 3410  
 And thanne had god of him compassioun,  
 And him restored his regne and his  
 figure. (232)

Eek thou, that art his sone, art pround also,  
 And knowest alle thise thinges verraily,  
 And art rebel to god, and art his fo. 3415  
 Thou drank eek of his vessels boldely ;  
 Thy wyf eek and thy wenches sinfully  
 Dronke of the same vessels sondry wyne,  
 And heriest false goddes cursedly ; 3419  
 Therfor to thee y-shapen ful gret pyne is.

This hand was sent from god, that on the  
 walle (241)

Wroot *mane, techel, phares*, truste me ;  
 Thy regne is doon, thou weyest nought at  
 alle ;

Divyded is thy regne, and it shal be 3424  
 To Medes and to Perses yeven,' quod he.  
 And thilke same night this king was  
 slawe,

And Darius occupyeth his degree,  
 Thogh he therto had neither right ne  
 lawe.

Lordinges, ensample heer-by may ye take  
 How that in lordshipe is no siker-  
 nesse ; 3430  
 For whan fortune wol a man forsake, (251)  
 She bereth away his regne and his richesse,  
 And eek his freendes, bothe more and  
 lesse ;

For what man that hath freendes thurgh  
fortune, 3434  
Mishap wol make hem enemys, I gesse :  
This proverbe is ful sooth and ful com-  
mune.

## CENOBIA (ZENOBIA).

Cenobia, of Palimerie quene,  
As writen Persiens of hir noblesse,  
So worthy was in armes and so kene, 3439  
That no wight passed hir in hardinesse,  
Ne in linage, ne in other gentillesse. (261)  
Of kinges blode of Perse is she descended;  
I seye nat that she hadde most fairnesse,  
But of hir shape she mighte nat been  
amended. 3444

From hir childhede I finde that she fledde  
Office of wommen, and to wode she wente;  
And many a wilde hertes blood she shedde  
With arwes brode that she to hem sente.  
She was so swift that she anon hem hente,  
And whan that she was elder, she wolde  
kille 3450  
Leouns, lepardes, and beres al to-rente, (271)  
And in hir armes welde hem at hir wille.

She dorste wilde beestes dennes seke,  
And rennen in the montaignes al the  
night,  
And slepen under a bush, and she coude  
eke 3455  
Wrastlen by verray force and verray might  
With any yong man, were he never so  
wight;  
Ther mighte no-thing in hir armes stonde.  
She kepste hir maydenhod from every  
wight,

To no man deigned hir for to be bonde. 3460

But atte laste hir frendes han hir married  
To Odenake, a prince of that contree, (282)  
Al were it so that she hem longe taried;  
And ye shul understonde how that he  
Hadde swiche fantasyes as hadde she. 3465  
But natheles, whan they were knit in-  
fere,

They lived in joye and in felicittee;  
For ech of hem hadde other leef and dere.

Save o thing, that she never wolde assente  
By no wey, that he sholde by hir lye 3470

But ones, for it was hir playn entente (291)  
To have a child, the world to multiplie;  
And al-so sone as that she mighte espye  
That she was nat with childe with that  
dede,  
Than wolde she suffre him doon his fan-  
tasye 3475  
Eft-sone, and nat but ones, out of drede.

And if she were with childe at thilke cast,  
Na-more sholde he playen thilke game  
Til fully forty dayes weren past;  
Than wolde she ones suffre him do the  
same. 3480  
Al were this Odenake wilde or tame, (301)  
Hegat na-more of hir, for thus she seyde,  
'It was to wyves lecherye and shame  
In other cas, if that men with hem  
pleyde.' 3484

Two sones by this Odenake hadde she,  
The whiche she kepste in vertu and let-  
trure;

But now un-to our tale turne we.  
I seye, so worshipful a creature,  
And wys therwith, and large with mesure,  
So penible in the werre, and courteis  
eke, 3490  
Ne more labour mighte in werre endure,  
Was noon, thogh al this world men sholde  
seke. (312)

Hir riche array ne mighte nat be told  
As wel in vessel as in hir clothing;  
She was al clad in perree and in gold, 3495  
And eek she laste noght, for noon hunting,  
To have of sondry tonges ful knowing,  
Whan that she leyser hadde, and for to  
entende  
To lernen bokes was al hir lyking, 3499  
How she in vertu mighte hir lyf dispende.

And, shortly of this storie for to trete, (321)  
So doughty was hir housbonde and eek  
she,

That they conquered many regnes grete  
In th'orient, with many a fair citee,  
Apertenant un-to the magestee 3505  
Of Rome, and with strong hond helde  
hem ful faste;

Ne never mighte hir fo-men doon hem flee,  
Ay whyl that Odenakes dayes laste.

Hir batailles, who-so list hem for to rede,  
 Agayn Sapor the king and othere mo, 3510  
 And how that al this proces fl in dede, (331)  
 Why she conquered and what title had  
 therto,

And after of hir meschief and hir wo,  
 How that she was biseged and y-take,  
 Let him un-to my maister Petrark go, 3515  
 That writ y-nough of this, I undertake.

When Odenake was deed, she mightily  
 The regnes heeld, and with hir propre  
 honde

Agayn hir foos she faught so cruelly,  
 That ther nas king ne prince in al that  
 londe (340) 3520

That he nas glad, if that he grace fonde,  
 That she ne wolde up-on his lond warreye;  
 With hir they made alliaunce by bonde  
 To been in pees, and lete hir ryde and  
 pleye.

The emperour of Rome, Clandius, 3525

Ne him bifore, the Romain Galien,  
 Ne dorste never been so corageous,  
 Ne noon Ermyn, ne noon Egipcien,  
 Ne Surrien, ne noon Arabien,  
 Within the feld that dorste with hir fighte  
 Lest that she wolde hem with hir hondes  
 alen (351) 3531

Or with hir meynes putten hem to flighte.

In kinges habit wente hir sones two,  
 As heires of hir fadres regnes alle,  
 And Hermanno, and Thymalað 3535  
 Her names were, as Persiens hem calle.  
 But ay fortune hath in hir hony galle;  
 This mighty quene may no whyl endure.  
 Fortune out of hir regne made hir falle  
 To wrecchednesse and to misaventure. 3540

Aurelian, whan that the governaunce (361)  
 Of Rome cam in-to his hondes tweye,  
 He shoop up-on this queen to do ven-  
 geaunce,

And with his legiouns he took his weye  
 Toward Cenobie, and, shortly for to seye,  
 He made hir fle, and atte laste hir  
 hente, 3546

And fettred hir, and eek hir children  
 tweye,

And wan the lond, and hoom to Rome he  
 wente.

Amonges othere things that he wan,  
 Hir char, that was with gold wrought and  
 perree, (370) 3550

This grete Romain, this Aurelian,  
 Hath with him lad, for that men sholde  
 it see.

Biforen his triumphe walketh she  
 With gilte cheynes on hir nekke hanging;  
 Corouned was she, as after hir degree, 3555  
 And ful of perree charged hir clothing.

Allas, fortune! she that whylom was  
 Dredful to kinges and to emperoures,  
 Now gaureth al the peple on hir, alas!  
 And she that helmed was in starke  
 stoures, (380) 3560

And wan by force tounes stronge and  
 toures,

Shal on hir heed now were a vitremyte;  
 And she that bar the ceptre ful of  
 floures

Shal bere a distaf, hir oost for to quyte.  
 [T. 14380]

(*Nemo follows in T.; see p. 537.*)

#### DE PETRO REGE ISPAKKIE.

O noble, o worthy Petro, glorie of  
 Spayne, [T. 14685]

Whom fortune heeld so hy in magestee,  
 Wel oughten men thy pitous deeth com-  
 playne! 3567

Out of thy lond thy brother made thee fle;  
 And after, at a soge, by subtiltee,  
 Thou were bitrayed, and lad un-to his  
 tente, (390) 3570

Wher-as he with his owene hond slow thee,  
 Succeding in thy regne and in thy rente.

The feeld of snow, with th'egle of blak  
 ther-inne, [T. 14693]

Caught with the lymrod, coloured as the  
 glade, 3574

He brew this cursednes and al this sinne.  
 The 'wikked nest' was werker of this nede;  
 Noght Charles Oliver, that ay took hede  
 Of trouthe and honour, but of Armorike  
 Genilon Oliver, corrupt for mede, 3579  
 Broghte this worthy king in swich a brike.

#### DE PETRO REGE DE CYPRE.

O worthy Petro, king of Cypre, also, (401)  
 That Alisaundre wan by heigh maistrye,

Ful many a hethen wroghtestow ful wo,  
Of which thyn owene liges hadde envye,  
And, for no thing but for thy chivalrye,  
They in thy bedde han slayn thee by the  
morwe. 3586

Thus can fortune hir wheel governe and  
gye, [T. 14707.  
And out of joye bringe men to sorwe.

## DE BARNABO DE LUMBARDIA.

Of Melan grete Barnabo Viscounte, 3589  
God of delyt, and scourge of Lombardye,  
Why sholde I nat thyn infortune acounte,  
Sith in estaat thou clombe were so hye?  
Thy brother sone, that was thy double  
allye, (413)  
For he thy nevew was, and sone-in-lawe,  
With-inne his prisoun made thee to dye;  
But why, ne how, noot I that thou were  
slawe. 3596

## DE HUGELINO, COMITE DE PIZ.

Of the erl Hugelyn of Pyse the langour  
Ther may no tonge telle for pitee;  
But litel out of Pyse stant a tour,  
In whiche tour in prisoun put was he, 3600  
And with him been his litel children  
thre. (421)  
The eldeste scarly fyf yeer was of age.  
Allas, fortune! it was greet crueltee  
Swiche briddes for to putte in swiche a  
cage! 3604

Dampned was he to daye in that prisoun,  
For Roger, which that bisshop was of Pyse,  
Hadde on him maad a fals suggestioun,  
Thurgh which the peple gan upon him  
ryse, (428)  
And putten him to prisoun in swich wyse  
As ye han herd, and mete and drink he  
hadde 3610  
So smal, that wel unnethe it may suffyse,  
And therwith-al it was ful povre and  
badde.

And on a day bifl that, in that hour,  
Whan that his mete wont was to be brought,  
The gayler shette the dores of the tour.  
He herde it wel,—but he spak right noht,  
And in his herte anon ther fl a thought,  
That they for hunger wolde doon him dyen.

'Allas!' quod he, 'allas! that I was  
wroght!' (439) 3619  
Therwith the teres fillen from his yen.

His yonge sone, that three yeer was of age,  
Un-to him seyde, 'fader, why do ye wepe?  
Whan wol the gayler bringen our potage,  
Is ther no morsel breed that ye do kepe?  
I am so hungry that I may nat slepe. 3625  
Now wolde god that I mighte slepen ever!  
Than sholde nat hunger in my wombe  
crepe;

Ther is no thing, save breed, that me  
were lever.'

Thus day by day this child bigan to crye,  
Til in his fadres barme adoun it lay, 3630  
And seyde, 'far-wel, fader, I moot dye,'  
And kiste his fader, and deyde the same  
day. (452)

And whan the woful fader deed it sey,  
For wo his armes two he gan to byte,  
And seyde, 'allas, fortune! and weylaway!  
Thy false wheel my wo al may I wyte!'

His children wende that it for hunger was  
That he his armes gnaw, and nat for wo,  
And seyde, 'fader, do nat so, alas!  
But rather eet the flesh upon us two; 3640  
Our flesh thou yaf us, tak our flesh us fro  
And eet y-nough:' right thus they to him  
seyde, (462)

And after that, with-in a day or two,  
They leyde hem in his lappe adoun, and  
deyde. 3644

Him-self, despeired, eek for hunger starf;  
Thus ended is this mighty Erl of Pyse;  
From heigh estaat fortune awaye him carf.  
Of this Tragedie it oghte y-nough suffyse.  
Who-so wol here it in a lenger wyse, (469)  
Redeth the grete poete of Itaille, 3650  
That highte Dant, for he can al devyse  
Fro point to point, nat o word wol he faille.

[T. 14772.

(For T. 14773, see p. 542; for T. 14380,  
see p. 536).

## NERO.

[T. 14381.

Al-though that Nero were as vicious  
As any feend that lyth ful lowe adoun,

Yet he, as telleth us Swetonius, 3655  
This wyde world hadde in subjeccioun,  
Both Est and West, †South and Septem-  
trion; 3657

Of rubies, saphires, and of perles whyte  
Were alle his clothes brouded up and doun;  
For he in gemmes greetly gan delyte. 3660

More delicat, more pompous of array, (481)  
More proud was never emperour than he;  
That ilke cloth, that he had wered o day,  
After that tyme he nolde it never see.  
Nettes of gold-thred hadde he gret plentee  
To fische in Tybre, whan him liste pleye.  
His lustes were al lawe in his decree,  
For fortune as his freend him wolde obeye.

He Rome brende for his delicacye;  
The senatours he slow up-on a day, 3670  
To here how men wolde wepe and crye;  
And slow his brother, and by his sister  
lay. (492)

His moder made he in pitous array;  
For he hir wombe slitte, to biholde  
Wher he conceyved was; so weillaway!  
That he so litel of his moder tolde! 3676

No tere out of his yēn for that sighte  
Ne cam, but seyde, 'a fair womman was  
she.'

Gret wonder is, how that he coude or  
mighte (499)

Be domesman of hir dede beautee. 3680  
The wyn to bringen him comaunded he,  
And drank anon; non other wo he made.  
Whan might is joyned un-to crueltee,  
Allas! to depe wol the venim wade! 3684

In youthe a maister hadde this emperour,  
To teche him letterure and curteisye,  
For of moralitee he was the flour,  
As in his tyme, but-if bokes lye;  
And whyl this maister hadde of him  
maistrye, 3689  
He makid him so conning and so souple  
That longe tyme it was er tirannye (511)  
Or any vyce dorste on him uncouple.

This Seneca, of which that I devyse,  
By-cause Nero hadde of him swich drede,  
For he fro vyces wolde him ay chastyse  
Discreetly as by worde and nat by dede;—

'Sir,' wolde he seyn, 'an emperour moot  
nede 3697

Be vertuous, and hate tirannye'—  
For which he in a bath made him to blede  
On bothe his armes, til he moste dye.

This Nero hadde eek of acustumaunce  
In youthe ageyn his maister for to ryse,  
Which afterward him thoughte a greet  
grevance; (523)  
Therfor he made him deyen in this wyse.  
But natheles this Seneca the wyse 3705  
Chees in a bath to deye in this manere  
Rather than han another tormentyse;  
And thus hath Nero slayn his maister dere.

Now fil it so that fortune list no lenger  
The hye pryde of Nero to cheryce; 3710  
For though that he were strong, yet was  
she stronger; (531)  
She thoughte thus, 'by god, I am to nyce  
To sette a man that is fulfid of vyce  
In heigh degree, and emperour him calle.  
By god, out of his sete I wol him tryce;  
When he leest weneth, sonest shal he  
falle.' 3716

The peple roos up-on him on a night  
For his defeaute, and whan he it espyed,  
Out of his dores anon he hath him dight  
Alone, and, ther he wende han ben allyed,  
He knocked faste, and ay, the more he  
cryed, (541) 3721  
The faster shette they the dores alle;  
Tho wiste he wel he hadde him-self mis-  
gyed,  
And wente his wey, no lenger dorste he  
calle.

The peple cryde and rombled up and doun,  
That with his eres herde he how they  
seyde, 3726  
'Wher is this false tyraunt, this Neroun?'  
For fere almost out of his wit he breyde,  
And to his goddes pitously he preyde  
For socour, but it mighte nat bityde. 3730  
For drede of this, him thoughte that he  
deyde, (551)  
And ran in-to a gardin, him to hyde.

And in this gardin fond he cherles tweye  
That seten by a fyr ful greet and reed,

And to thise cherles two he gan to preye  
To sleen him, and to girden of his heed,  
That to his body, whan that he were deed,  
Were no despyt y-doon, for his defame.  
Him-self he slow, he coude no better reed,  
Of which fortune lough, and hadde a  
game. 3740

## DE OLOFERNO (HOLOFERNES).

Was never capitayn under a king (561)  
That regnes mo putte in subjeccioun,  
Ne strengier was in feeld of alle thing,  
As in his tyme, ne gretter of renoun, 3744  
Ne more pompous in heigh presumpcioun  
Than Oloferne, which fortune ay kiste  
So likerously, and ladde him up and doun  
Til that his heed was of, er that he wiste.

Nat only that this world hadde him in  
awe

For lesinge of richesse or libertes, 3750  
But he made every man reneye his lawe.  
'Nabugodonosor was god,' seyde he, (572)  
'Noon other god sholde adoured be.'  
Ageyns his hests no wight dar trespace  
Save in Bethulia, a strong citee, 3755  
Wher Eliachim a prest was of that place.

But tak kepe of the deeth of Olofern;  
Amidde his host he dronke lay a night,  
With-inne his tente, large as is a bern,  
And yit, for al his pompe and al his  
might, 3760  
Judith, a womman, as he lay upright,  
Sleping, his heed of smoot, and from his  
tente (582)  
Ful prively she stal from every wight,  
And with his heed unto hir toun she  
wente.

## DE REGE ANTHIOCHO ILLUSTR.

What nedeth it of King Anthiochus 3765  
To telle his hye royal magestee,  
His hye pryde, his werkes venomous?  
For swich another was ther noon as he.  
Rede which that he was in Machabee,  
And rede the proude wordes that he seyde,  
And why he fl fro heigh prosperitee, (591)  
And in an hil how wrechedly he deyde.

Fortune him hadde enhaunced so in pryde  
That verrally he wende he mighte attayne  
Unto the sterres, upon every syde, 3775  
And in balance weyen ech montayne,  
And alle the flodes of the see restrayne.  
And goddes peple hadde he most in hate,  
Hem wolde he sleen in torment and in  
payne,  
Wening that god ne mighte his pryde  
abate. (600) 3780

And for that Nichanor and Thimothee  
Of Jewes weren venquissed mightily,  
Unto the Jewes swich an hate hadde he  
That he bad greithe his char ful hastily,  
And swoor, and seyde, ful despitounly,  
Unto Jerusalem he wolde eft-sone, 3786  
To wreken his ire on it ful cruelly;  
But of his purpos he was let ful sone.

God for his manace him so sore smoot  
With invisible wounde, ay incurable, 3790  
That in his guttes carf it so and boot (611)  
That his peynes weren importable.  
And certainly, the wreche was resonable,  
For many a mannes guttes dide he payne;  
But from his purpos cursed and damp-  
nable 3795  
For al his smert he wolde him nat re-  
streynen;

But bad anon apparailen his host,  
And sodeynly, er he of it was war,  
God daunted al his pryde and al his bost.  
For he so sore fl out of his char, 3800  
That it his limes and his skin to-tar, (621)  
So that he neither mighte go ne ryde,  
But in a chayer men aboute him bar,  
Al for-brused, bothe bak and syde. 3804

The wreche of god him smoot so cruelly  
That thurgh his body wikked wormes  
crepte;

And ther-with-al he stank so horribly,  
That noon of al his maynee that him  
kepte,

Whether so he wook or elles slepte, 3809  
Ne mighte nought for stink of him endure.  
In this meschief he wayled and eek wepte,  
And knew god lord of every creature.

To al his host and to him-self also (633)  
Ful wlatson was the stink of his careyne;

No man ne mighte him bere to ne fro.  
 And in this stink and this horrible  
     payne 3816  
 He starf ful wrecchedly in a monteyne.  
 Thus hath this robbour and this homicyde,  
 That many a man made to wepe and  
     playne, 3819  
 Swich guerdon as bilongeth unto pryde.

## DE ALEXANDRO.

The storie of Alisaundre is so comune,  
 That every wight that hath discrecioun  
 Hath herd somewhat or al of his fortune.  
 This wyde world, as in conclusioun, (644)  
 He wan by strengthe, or for his hye  
     renoun 3825  
 They weren glad for pees un-to him sende.  
 The pryde of man and beste he leyde  
     adoun,  
 Wher-so he cam, un-to the worldes ende.

Comparioun might never yit be makid  
 Bitwixe him and another conquerour;  
 For al this world for drede of him hath  
     quaked, (651) 3831  
 He was of knighthode and offredom flour;  
 Fortune him made the heir of hir honour;  
 Save wyn and wommen, no-thing mighte  
     aswage  
 His hye entente in armes and labour;  
 So was he ful of leonyn corage. 3836

What preys were it to him, though I yow  
     tolde  
 Of Darius, and an hundred thousand mo,  
 Of kinges, princes, erles, dukes bolde,  
 Whiche he conquered, and broghte hem  
     in-to wo? 3840  
 I seye, as fer as man may ryde or go, (661)  
 The world was his, what sholde I more  
     devyse?  
 For though I write or tolde you evermo  
 Of his knighthode, it mighte nat suffice.

Twelf yeer he regned, as seith Machabee;  
 Philippes sone of Macedoyne he was, 3846  
 That first was king in Grece the contree.  
 O worthy gentil Alisaundre, allas!  
 That ever sholde fallen swich a cas! 3849  
 Empoisoned of thyn owene folk thou were;

Thy *sys* fortune hath turned into *as*, (671)  
 And yit for thee ne weep she never a tere!

Who shal me yeven teres to compleyne  
 The deeth of gentillesse and of fraunchyse,  
 That al the world welded in his demeyne,  
 And yit him thoughte it mighte nat  
     suffyse? 3856  
 So ful was his corage of heigh emprise.  
 Allas! who shal me helpe to endyte  
 False fortune, and poison to despyse,  
 The whiche two of al this wo I wyte? 3860

## DE JULIO CESARE.

By wisdom, manhede, and by greet labour  
 Fro humble bed to royal magestee, (682)  
 Up roos he, Julius the conquerour,  
 That wan al th'occident by lond and see,  
 By strengthe of hond, or elles by treftee,  
 And un-to Rome made hem tributarie;  
 And sitthe of Rome the emperour was he,  
 Til that fortune wex his adversarie.

O mighty Cesar, that in Thessalye  
 Ageyn Pompeius, fader thyn in lawe, 3870  
 That of th'orient hadde al the chivalrye  
 As fer as that the day biginneth dawne,  
 Thou thurgh thy knighthode hast hem  
     take and slawe, (693)  
 Save fewe folk that with Pompeius fledde,  
 Thurgh which thou puttest al th'orient  
     in awe. 3875  
 Thanko fortune, that so wel thee spedde!

But now a litel whyl I wol biwaille  
 This Pompeius, this noble governour  
 Of Rome, which that fleighat this bataille;  
 I seye, oon of his men, a fals traitour, (700)  
 His heed of smoot, to winnen him favour  
 Of Julius, and him the heed he broghte.  
 Allas, Pompey, of th'orient conquerour,  
 That fortune unto swich a fyn thee  
     broghte!

To Rome ageyn repaireth Julius 3885  
 With his triumphe, laureat ful hye,  
 But on a tyme Brutus Cassius,  
 That ever hadde of his hye estaat envye,  
 Ful prively hath maad conspiracye  
 Ageins this Julius, in subtil wyse, 3890

And cast the place, in whiche he sholde  
dye (711)  
With boydekens, as I shal yow devyse.

This Julius to the Capitolie wente  
Upon a day, as he was wont to goon,  
And in the Capitolie anon him hente 3895  
This false Brutus, and his othere foon,  
And stikede him with boydekens anoon  
With many a wounde, and thus they lete  
him lye;  
But never gronte he at no strook but oon,  
Or elles at two, but-if his storie lye. 3900

So manly was this Julius at herte (721)  
And so wel lovede estaatly honestee,  
That, though his deedly woundes sore  
smarte,  
His mantel over his hippes casteth he,  
For no man sholde seen his privitee. 3905  
And, as he lay on deyng in a trauunce,  
And wiste verrailly that deed was he,  
Of honestee yit hadde he remembraunce.

Lucan, to thee this storie I recomende,  
And to Sweton, and to †Valerie also, 3910  
That of this storie wryten word and  
ende, (731)  
How that to thise grete conqueroures two  
Fortune was first frend, and sithen fo.  
No man ne truste up-on hir favour longe,  
But have hir in awayt for ever-mo. 3915  
Witnesse on alle thise conqueroures  
stronge.

#### CRESUS.

This riche Cresus, whylom king of Lyde,  
Of whiche Cresus Cyrus sore him dradde,  
Yit was he caught amiddes al his pryde,  
And to be brent men to the fyr him ladde.  
But swich a reyn down fro the welkne  
shadde (741) 3921  
That slow the fyr, and made him to escape;  
But to be war no grace yet he hadde,  
Til fortune on the galwes made him gape.

Whan he escaped was, he can nat stente  
For to biginne a newe werre agayn. 3926

He wende wel, for that fortune him sente  
Swich hap, that he escaped thurgh the  
rayn, (748)

That of his foes he mighte nat be slayn;  
And eek a sweven up-on a night he mette,  
Of which he was so proud and eek so fayn,  
That in vengeance he al his harte sette.

Up-on a tree he was, as that him thoughte,  
Ther Juppiter him wesh, bothe bak and  
syde, (754)

And Phebus eek a fair towaille him  
broughte 3935

To drye him with, and ther-for wex his  
pryde;

And to his doghter, that stood him bisyde,  
Which that he knew in heigh science  
habounde,

He bad hir telle him what it signyfide,  
And she his dream bigan right thus ex-  
pounde. 3940

'The tree,' quod she, 'the galwes is to  
mene, (761)

And Juppiter bitokneth snow and reyn,  
And Phebus, with his towaille so clene,  
Tho ben the sonne stremes for to seyn,  
Thou shalt anhangd be, fader, certeyn;  
Reyn shal thee washe, and sonne shal  
thee drye;' 3946

Thus warned she him ful plat and ful  
pleyn,

His doghter, which that called was  
Phanye.

Anhangd was Cresus, the proude king,  
His royal trone mighte him nat availle.—  
Tragedie is noon other maner thing, (771)  
Ne can in singing crye ne biwaille, 3952  
But for that fortune alwey wol assaille  
With unwar strook the regnes that ben  
proude;

For when men trusteth hir, than wol she  
faille, 3955

And covere hir brighte face with a cloude.

[See l. 3565 on p. 536.

*Explicit Tragedia.*

Here stinteth the Knight the Monk of his Tale.



# THE PROLOGUE OF THE NONNE PRESTES TALE.

## The prologue of the Nonne Preestes Tale.

'Ho!' quod the knight, 'good sir, na-  
more of this, 3957  
That ye han seyde is right y-nough, y-wis,  
And mochel more; for litel heviness  
Is right y-nough to mochel folk, I gesse.  
I seye for me, it is a greet disease 3961  
Wher-as men han ben in greet welthe  
and ese,  
To heren of hir sodeyn fal, allas!  
And the contrarie is joie and greet  
solas, 3964  
As whan a man hath been in povre estaat,  
And clymbeth up, and wexeth fortunat,  
And ther abyde in prosperitee, (11)  
Swich thing is gladsom, as it thinketh me,  
And of swich thing were goodly for to  
telle.'  
'Ye,' quod our hoste, 'by seint Poules  
belle, 3970  
Ye seye right sooth; this monk, he  
clappeth loude,  
He spak how "fortune covered with a  
cloude"  
I noot never what, and als of a "Tragedie"  
Right now ye herde, and parde! no  
remedio  
It is for to biwaille, ne compleyne 3975  
That that is doon, and als it is a peyne,  
As ye han seyde, to here of heviness. (21)  
Sir monk, na-more of this, so god yow  
blesse!  
Your tale anoyeth al this companye;  
Swich talking is nat worth a boterflye;  
For ther-in is ther no desport ne game.  
Wherfor, sir Monk, or dan Piers by your  
name, 3982

I preye yow hertely, telle us somwhat elles,  
For sikerly, nere clinking of your balles,  
That on your brydel hange on every syde,  
By heven king, that for us alle dyde, (30)  
I sholde er this han fallen down for slepe,  
Although the slough had never been so  
depe; 3988  
Than had your tale al be told in vayn.  
For certainly, as that thise clerkes seyn,  
"Wher-as a man may have noon audience,  
Noght helpeth it to tellen his sentence."  
And wel I woot the substance is in me,  
If any thing shal wel reported be. 3994  
Sir, sey somewhat of hunting, I yow preye.'  
'Nay,' quod this monk, 'I have no lust  
to pleye; (40)  
Now let another telle, as I have told.'  
Than spak our host, with rude speche  
and bold,  
And seyde un-to the Nonnes Preest anon.  
'Com neer, thou preest, com hider, thou  
sir John, 4001  
Tel us swich thing as may our hertes  
glade,  
Be blythe, though thou ryde up-on a jade.  
What though thyu hors be bothe foule  
and lene, (47)  
If ho wol serve thee, rekke nat a bene;  
Look that thyu herte be mery evermo.'  
'Yis, sir,' quod he, 'yis, host, so mote I go,  
But I be mery, y-wis, I wol be blamed:—  
And right anon his tale he hath attamed,  
And thus he seyde un-to us everichon,  
This swete preest, this goodly man, sir  
John. 4010

*Explicit.*

## THE NONNE PREESTES TALE.

Here biginneth the Nonne Preestes Tale of the Cok and Hen,  
Chauntecleer and Pertelote.

A POVRE widwe, somdel stape in age,  
Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cotege,  
Biayde a grove, standing in a dale.  
This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,  
Sin thilke day that she was last a wyf,  
In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf, 4016  
For litel was hir catel and hir rente;  
By housbondrye, of such as God hir sente,  
She fond hir-self, and eek hir doghtren  
two.

Three large sowes hadde she, and namo,  
Three kyn, and eek a sheep that highte  
Malle, (11) 4021  
Ful sooty was hir bour, and eek hir halle,  
In which she eet ful many a solendre  
meel.

Of poynsaunt saunce hir neded never a deel.  
No deyntee morsel passed thurgh hir  
throte; 4025

Hir dyete was accordant to hir cote.  
Replecciounne made hir never syk;  
Attempree dyete was al hir phisyk,  
And exerceise, and hertes suffisaunce. 4029  
The goute lette hir no-thing for to daunce,  
N'apoplexye shente nat hir heed; (21)  
No wyn ne drank she, neither whyt ne  
reed;

Hir bord was served most with whyt and  
blak,

Milk and broun breed, in which she fond  
no lak,

Seynd bacoun, and somtyme an ey or  
tweye, 4035

For she was as it were a maner deye.

A yerd she hadde, enclosed al aboute  
With stikkes, and a drye dich with-oute,  
In which she hadde a cok, hight Chaun-  
tecleer, 4039

In al the land of crowing nas his peer. (30)  
His vois was merier than the mery organ  
On messe-dayes that in the chiroche gon;

Wel sikerer was his crowing in his logge,  
Than is a klokke, or an abbey orlogge.

By nature knew he ech ascencioun 4045  
Of equinoxial in thilke toun;  
For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,  
Thanne crew he, that it mighte nat ben  
amended. (38)

His comb was redder than the fyn coral,  
And batailed, as it were a castel-wal. 4050  
His bile was blak, and as the jeet it shoon;  
Lyk asur were his legges, and his toon;  
His nayles whytter than the lilie flour,  
And lyk the burned gold was his colour.  
This gentil ook hadde in his governaunce  
Sevene hennes, for to doon al his plesaunce,  
Whiche were his sustres and his para-  
mours, 4057

And wonder lyk to him, as of coloura.  
Of whichethe faireste hewed on hir throte  
Was cleped faire damoysele Pertelote.  
Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire,  
And compaignable, and bar hir-self so  
faire, (52)

Sin thilke day that she was seven night  
old,

That trewely she hath the herte in hold  
Of Chauntecleer loken in every lith; 4065  
He loved hir so, that wel was him ther-  
with.

But such a joye was it to here hem singe,  
Whan that the brighte sonne gan to  
springe, 4068

In swete accord, 'my lief is faren in londe.'  
For thilke tyme, as I have understonde,  
Bestes and briddes coude speke and singe.

And so bifel, that in a dawninge, (62)  
As Chauntecleer among his wyves alle  
Sat on his perche, that was in the halle,  
And next him sat this faire Pertelote, 4075  
This Chauntecleer gan groningen in his  
throte,

As man that in his dreem is dreeched sore.  
And whan that Pertelote thus herde him  
rore, 4078

She was agast, and seyde, 'O herte dere,  
What eyleth yow, to grone in this manere?  
Ye been a verray sleper, fy for shame!' (71)  
And he answerde and seyde thus,  
'madame,

I pray yow, that ye take it nat a-grief:  
By god, me mette I was in swich meschief  
Right now, that yet myn herte is sore  
afright. 4085

Now god,' quod he, 'my swevene recche  
aright,

And keep my body out of foul prisoun!  
Me mette, how that I romed up and doun  
Withinne our yerde, whar-as I saugh  
a beste,

Was lyk an hound, and wolde han maad  
areste 4090

Upon my body, and wolde han had me  
deed. (81)

His colour was bitwixe yelwe and reed;  
And tipped was his tail, and bothe his eres,  
With blak, unlyk the remenant of his  
heres;

His snowte smal, with glowinge eyen  
tweya. 4095

Yet of his look for fere almost I deye;  
This caused me my groning, douteless.'

'Avoy!' quod she, 'fy on yow, herte-  
less!

Allas!' quod she, 'for, by that god above,  
Now han ye lost myn herte and al my  
love; 4100

I can nat love a coward, by my feith. (91)  
For certes, what so any womman seith,

We alle desyren, if it mighte be,  
To han housbondes hardy, wyse, and free,  
And secree, and no nigard, ne no fool, 4105  
Ne him that is agast of every tool,  
Ne noon avauntour, by that god above!  
How dorste ye seyn for shame unto your  
love,

That any thing mighte make yow aferd?  
Have ye no mannes herte, and han a berd?  
Allas! and conne ye been agast of swe-  
venis? (101) 4111

No-thing, god wot, but vanitee, in sweven  
is.

Swevenes engendren of replecciouns,

And ofte of fume, and of complecciouns,  
Whan humours been to habundant in a  
wight. 4115

Certes this dreem, which ye han met  
to-night,

Cometh of the grete superfluitee  
Of youre rede colere, pardee,  
Which causeth folk to dreden in here  
'dremes (109)

Of arwes, and of fyr with rede lemes, 4120  
Of grete bestes, that they wol hem byte,  
Of contek, and of whelpes grete and lyte;  
Right as the humour of malencolye  
Causeth ful many a man, in sleep, to crye,  
For fere of blake beres, or boles blake, 4125  
Or elles, blake develes wole hem take.  
Of othere humours coude I telle also,  
That werken many a man in sleep ful wo:  
But I wol passe as lightly as I can.

Lo Catoun, which that was so wys  
a man, 4130

Seyde he nat thus, ne do no fors of  
dremes? (121)

Now, sire,' quod she, 'whan we flee fro  
the bemes,

For Goddes love, as tak som laxatyf;  
Up peril of my soule, and of my lyf, 4134  
I counseille yow the beste, I wol nat lye,  
That bothe of colere and of malencolye  
Ye purge yow; and for ye shul nat tarie,  
Though in this toun is noon apotecarie,  
I shal my-self to herbes techen yow,  
That shul ben for your hele, and for your  
prow; 4140

And in our yerd tho herbes shal I finde,  
The whiche han of hir propretee, by  
kinde, (132)

To purgen yow binethe, and eek above.  
Forget not this, for goddes owene love!  
Ye been ful colerik of compleccioun. 4145  
Ware the sonne in his ascencioun  
Ne fynde yow nat replest of humours  
hote;

And if it do, I dar wel leye a grote,  
That ye shul have a fevere terciane,  
Or an agu, that may be youre bane. 4150  
A day or two ye shul have digestyves (141)  
Of wormes, er ye take yow laxatyves,  
Of lauriol, centaure, and fumetere,  
Or elles of ellebor, that groweth there,  
Of catapuce, or of gaytres baryis, 4155

Of orbe yve, growing in our yerd, that  
mery is;

Pekke hem up right as they growe, and  
ete hem in.

Be mery, housbond, for your fader kin!  
Dredeth no dream; I can say yow na-  
more.' (149)

'Madame,' quod he, '*graunt mercy of*  
*your lore.*' 4160

But natheless, as touching daun Catoun,  
That hath of wisdom such a greet renoun,  
Though that he had no dremes for to  
dreda,

By god, men may in olde bokes rede  
Of many a man, more of auctoritee 4165

Than ever Catoun was, so mote I thee,  
That al the revers seyn of his sentence,

And han wel founden by experience,  
That dremes ben significaciouns,

As wel of joye as tribulaciouns 4170  
That folk enduren in this lyf present. (161)

Ther nedeth make of this noon argument;  
The verray preve sheweth it in dede.

Oon of the gretteste auctours that men  
rede

Seith thus, that whylom two felawes  
wente 4175

On pilgrimage, in a ful good entente;  
And happed so, thay come into a toun,

Wher-as ther was swich congregacioun  
Of peple, and eek so streit of herbergage

That they ne founde as muche as o cotage  
In which they bothe mighte y-logged be.

Wherfor thay mosten, of necessitee, (172)  
As for that night, departen compaignye;

And ech of hem goth to his hostelrye,  
And took his logging as it wolde falle. 4185

That oon of hem was logged in a stalle,  
Fer in a yerd, with oxen of the plough;

That other man was logged wel y-nough,  
As was his aventure, or his fortune, 4189

That us governeth alle as in commune.

And so bifel, that, longe er it were day,  
This man mette in his bed, ther-as he lay,

How that his felawe gan up-on him  
calle, (183)

And seyde, "allas! for in an oxes stalle  
This night I shal be mordred ther I lye.

Now help me, dere brother, er I dye; 4196  
In alle haste com to me," he seyde.

This man out of his sleep for fere abrayde;

But whan that he was wakned of his sleep,  
He turned him, and took of this no keep;  
Him thoughte his drem nas but a vanitee.  
Thus twyfe in his sleping dremed he. (192)  
And atte thridde tyme yet his felawe  
Cam, as him thoughte, and seide, "I am  
now alawe;

Bihold my bloody woundes, depe and wyde!  
Arys up erly in the morwe-tyde, 4206

And at the west gate of the toun," quod he,  
"A carte ful of dong ther shaltow see,

In which my body is hid ful privly;  
Do thilke carte aresten boldely. 4210

My gold caused my mordre, sooth to  
sayn;" (201)

And tolde him every poynt how he was  
slayn,

With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe.  
And truste wel, his drem he fond ful  
trewe;

For on the morwe, as sone as it was day,  
To his felawes in he took the way; 4216

And whan that he cam to this oxes stalle,  
After his felawe he bigan to calle.

The hostiler answered him anon,  
And seyde, "sire, your felawe is agon, 4220

As sone as day he wente out of the toun."  
This man gan fallen in suspecioun, (212)

Remembering on his dremes that he mette,  
And forth he goth, no longer wolde he  
lette, 4224

Unto the west gate of the toun, and fond  
A dong-carte, as it were to donge lond,

That was arrayed in the same wyse  
As ye han herd the dede man devyse;

And with an hardy herte he gan to crye  
Vengeaunce and justice of this felonye:—

"My felawe mordred is this same night,  
And in this carte he lyth gapinge upright.

I crye out on the ministres," quod he, (223)  
"That sholden kepe and reulen this citee;

Harrow! allas! her lyth my felawe  
slayn!" 4235

What sholde I more un-to this tale sayn?  
The peple out-sterte, and caste the cart to  
grounde,

And in the middel of the dong they  
founde

The dede man, that mordred was al newe.  
O blisful god, that art so just and  
trewe! 4240

Lo, how that thou biwreyest mordre  
alway ! (231)

Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.  
Mordre is so wlatoom and abhominable  
To god, that is so just and resonable,  
That he ne wol nat suffre it heled be ; 4245  
Though it abyde a year, or two, or three,  
Mordre wol out, this my conclusion.  
And right anon, ministres of that toun  
Han hent the carter, and so sore him  
pyned, (239)

And eek the hostiler so sore engyned, 4250  
That thay biknewe hir wikkednesse anon,  
And were an-hanged by the nekke-boon.

Here may men seen that dremes been  
to drede.

And certes, in the same book I rede,  
Right in the nexte chapitre after this,  
(I gabbe nat, so have I joye or blis,) 4256  
Two men that wolde han passed over see,  
For certeyn cause, in-to a fer contree,  
If that the wind ne hadde been contrarie,  
That made hem in a citee for to tarie, 4260  
That stood ful mery upon an haven-  
syde. (251)

But on a day, agayn the even-tyde,  
The wind gan chaunge, and blew right  
as hem leste.

Jolif and glad they wente un-to hir reste,  
And casten hem ful erly for to saille ; 4265  
But ȝto that oo man fil a greet mervaille.  
That oon of hem, in sleping as he lay,  
Him mette a wonder drem, agayn the  
day ;

Him thoughte a man stood by his beddes  
syde,

And him comaunded, that he sholde  
abyde, 4270

And seyde him thus, " if thou to-morwe  
wende, (261)

Thou shalt be dreynt ; my tale is at an  
ende."

He wook, and tolde his felawe what he  
mette,

And preyde him his viage for to lette ;  
As for that day, he preyde him to abyde.  
His felawe, that lay by his beddes syde,  
Gan for to langhe, and scorned him ful  
faste.

" No drem," quod he, " may so myn herte  
agaste,

That I wol lette for to do my thinges.

I sette not a straw by thy dreminges, 4280  
For swevenes been but vanitees and japes.  
Men dreme al-day of owles or of apes, (272)  
And eke of many a mase therwithal ;  
Men dreme of thing that never was ne  
shal. 4284

But sith I see that thou wolt heer abyde,  
And thus for-sleuthen wilfully thy tyde,  
God wot it reweth me ; and have good  
day."

And thus he took his leve, and wente his  
way.

But er that he hadde halfe his cours  
y-seyled,

Noot I nat why, ne what mischaunce it  
eyled, 4290

But casually the shippes botme rente, (281)  
And ship and man under the water wente  
In sighte of others shippes it byside,  
That with hem seyled at the same tyde.

And therfor, faire Pertalote so dare, 4295  
By swiche ensamples olde maistow lere,  
That no man sholde been to recchelees  
Of dremes, for I sey thee, doutelees,  
That many a drem ful sore is for to  
drede. 4299

Lo, in the lyf of saint Kenelm, I rede,  
That was Kenulphus sone, the noble king  
Of Mercenrike, how Kenelm mette a  
thing ; (292)

A lyte er he was mordred, on a day,  
His mordre in his avisioun he say,  
His norice him expounded every del 4305  
His sweven, and bad him for to kepe him  
wel

For traisoun ; but he nas but seven year  
old,

And therefore litel tale hath he told  
Of any drem, so holy was his herte.

By god, I hadde lever than my sherte 4310  
That ye had rad his legende, as have I.  
Dame Pertalote, I sey yow trowely, (302)

Macrobeus, that writ th'avisoun  
In Affrike of the worthy Cipoun,  
Affermeth dremes, and seith that they  
been 4315

Warning of thinges that men after seen.

And farther-more, I pray yow loketh  
wel

In th'olde testament, of Daniel,

If he held dremes any vanitee. 4319  
 Reed eek of Joseph, and ther shul ye see  
 Wher dremes ben somtyme (Isey nat alle)  
 Warning of thinges that shul after falle.  
 Loke of Egipt the king, daun Pharao, (313)  
 His bakere and his boteler also, 4324  
 Wher they ne felte noon effect in dremes.  
 Who-so wol seken actes of sondry rames,  
 May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.

Lo Cresus, which that was of Lyde king,  
 Mette he nat that he sat upon a tree, 4329  
 Which signified he sholde anhangen be?  
 Lo heer Andromacha, Ectores wyf, (321)  
 That day that Ector sholde lese his lyf,  
 She dremed on the same night biforn,  
 How that the lyf of Ector sholde be lorn,  
 If thilke day he wente in-to bataille; 4335  
 She warnen him, but it mighte nat  
 availle;

He wente for to fighte nathelees,  
 But he was slayn anon of Achilles.  
 But thilke tale is al to long to telle, 4339  
 And eek it is ny day, I may nat dwelle.  
 Shortly I seye, as for conclusioun, (331)  
 That I shal han of this avisioun  
 Adversitee; and I seye further-more,  
 That I ne telle of laxatyves no store,  
 For they ben venimous, I woot it wel; 4345  
 I hem defeie, I love hem never a del.

Now let us speke of mirthe, and stinte  
 al this;

Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,  
 Of o thing god hath sent me large grace;  
 For whan I see the beautee of your face,  
 Ye ben so scarlet-reed about your yën,  
 It maketh al my drede for to dyen; (342)  
 For, also siker as *In principio*,  
*Mulier est hominis confusio*; 4354

Madame, the sentence of this Latin is—  
 Wommen is mannes joye and al his blis.  
 For whan I fele a-night your softe syde,  
 Al-be-it that I may nat on you ryde,  
 For that our perche is maad so narwe,  
 alas!

I am so ful of joye and of solas 4360  
 That I defeie bothe sweven and drem.  
 And with that word he fley down fro the  
 beam, (352)

For it was day, and eek his hennas alle;  
 And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,  
 For he had founde a corn, lay in the yerd.

Royal he was, he was namore aferd; 4366  
 He fethered Pertelote twenty tyme,  
 And trad as ofte, er that it was pryme.  
 He loketh as it were a grim leoun; 4369  
 And on his toos he rometh up and down,  
 Him deyned not to sette his foot to  
 grounde. (361)

He chukketh, whan he hath a corn  
 y-founde,  
 And to him rennen thanne his wyves  
 alle.

Thus royal, as a prince is in his halle,  
 Leve I this Chauntecleer in his pasture;  
 And after wol I telle his aventure. 4376

Whan that the month in which the  
 world bigan,  
 That highte March, whan god first maked  
 man,

Was complet, and [y]-passed were also,  
 Sin March bigan, thritty dayes and two,  
 Bifel that Chauntecleer, in al his pryde,  
 His seven wyves walking by his syde, (372)  
 Caste up his eyen to the brighte sonne,  
 That in the signe of Taurus hadde  
 y-ronne

Twenty degrees and oon, and somewhat  
 more; 4385  
 And knew by kynde, and by noon other  
 lore,

That it was pryme, and crew with blisful  
 stevene.

'The sonne,' he sayde, 'is clomben up on  
 hevene

Fourty degrees and oon, and more, y-wis.  
 Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis, 4390  
 Hekneth thise blisful briddes how they  
 singe, (381)

And see the fresshe floures how they  
 springe;

Ful is myn herte of revel and solas,  
 But sodeinly him fil a sorweful cas;  
 For ever the latter ende of joye is wo. 4395  
 God woot that worldly joye is sone ago;  
 And if a rethor coude faire endyte,

He in a cronique saufully mighte it wryte.  
 As for a sovereyn notabilitee. 4399

Now every wys man, lat him herkne me;  
 This storie is al-so trewe, I undertake, (391)  
 As is the book of Launelot de Lake,  
 That wommen holde in ful gret reverence.

Now wol I torne agayn to my sentence.

A col-fox, ful of aly iniquitee, 4405  
That in the grove hadde woned yeres  
three,

By heigh imaginacioun forn-cast,  
The same night thurgh-out the heggas  
brast

Into the yerd, ther Chauntecleer the faire  
Was wont, and eek his wyves, to repaire;  
And in a bed of wortes stille he lay, (401)  
Til it was passed undern of the day,  
Wayting his tyme on Chauntecleer to  
falle,

As gladly doon thise homicydes alle,  
That in awayt liggyn to mordre men. 4415  
O false mordre, lurking in thy den!  
O newe Scariot, newe Genilon!  
False dissimilour, O Greek Sinon,  
That broghtest Troye al outrelly to sorwe!  
O Chauntecleer, acursed be that morwe,  
That thou into that yerd slough for the  
bemes! (411) 4421

Thou were ful wel y-warned by thy  
dremes,

That thilke day was perilous to thea.  
But what that god forwoot mot nedes be,  
After the opinioun of certeyn clarkis. 4425  
Witnesse on him, that any perfit clerk is,  
That in scole is gret alteracioun  
In this matere, and greet disputioun,  
And hath ben of an hundred thousand  
men.

But I ne can not bulke it to the bren, 4430  
As can the holy doctour Augustyn, (421)  
Or Boece, or the bishop Bradwardyn,  
Whether that goddes worthy forwiting  
Streyneth me nedely for to doon a thing,  
(Nedely clepe I simple necessitee); 4435  
Or elles, if free choys he graunted me  
To do that same thing, or do it noght,  
Though god forwoot it, er that it was  
wrought;

Or if his witing streyneth nevere a del  
But by necessitee condicional. 4440  
I wol not han to do of swich matere; (431)  
My tale is of a cok, as ye may here,  
That took his counseil of his wyf, with  
sorwe,

To walken in the yard upon that morwe  
That he had met the dream, that I yow  
tolde. 4445

Wommannes counseils been ful ofte colde;

Wommannes counseil broghte us first to  
wo,

And made Adam fro paradys to go,  
Ther-as he was ful mery, and welat ese.—  
But for I noot, to whom it mighte  
displese, 4450

If I counseil of wommen wolde blame, (441)  
Passe over, for I seyde it in my game.

Bede auctours, wher they trete of swich  
matere,

And what they seyn of wommen ye may  
here.

Thise been the oockes wordes, and nat  
myne; 4455

I can noon harm of no womman divyne.—  
Faire in the sond, to bathe hir merily,  
Lyth Pertelote, and alle hir sustres by,  
Agayn the sonne; and Chauntecleer so  
free

Song merier than the mermayde in the  
see; 4460

For Phisilogus seith sikerly, (451)  
How that they singen wel and merily.

And so bifel that, as he caste his y8,  
Among the wortes, on a boterflye, 4464  
He was war of this fox that lay ful lowe.  
No-thing ne liste him thanne for to crowe,  
But cryde anon, 'ook, ook,' and up he  
sterle,

As man that was affrayed in his herte.  
For naturrely a beest desyreth flee

Fro his contrarie, if he may it see, 4470  
Though he never erst had seyn it with  
his y8. (461)

This Chauntecleer, whan he gan him  
espye,

He wolde han fled, but that the fox anon  
seyde, 'Gentil sire, allas! wher wol ye  
gon?

Be ye affrayed of me that am your  
freend? 4475

Now certes, I were worse than a feand,  
If I to yow wolde harm or vileinye.

I am nat come your counseil for t'espye;  
But trewely, the cause of my cominge  
Was only for to herkne how that ye  
singe. (470) 4480

For trewely ye have as mery a stevene  
As any aungel hath, that is in hevene;  
Therwith ye han in musik more felinge  
Than hadde Boece, or any that can singe.

My lord your fader (god his soule blesse !)  
And eek your moder, of hir gentillesse,  
Han in myn hous y-been, to my gret see;  
And certes, sire, ful fayn wolde I yow  
passe. 4488

But for men speke of singing, I wol saye,  
So mote I brokke wel myn eyen tweye,  
Save yow, I herde never man so singe,  
As dide your fader in the morweninge;  
Certes, it was of herte, al that he song.  
And for to make his voys the more strong,  
He wolde so payne him, that with bothe  
his yñ 4495

He mooste winke, so loude he wolde cryen,  
And stonden on his tiptoon ther-with-al,  
And strecche forth his nekke long and  
smaal.

And eek he was of swich discrecioun,  
That ther nas no man in no regioun 4500  
That him in song or wisdom mighte  
passe. (491)

I have wel rad in daun Burnel the Asse,  
Among his vers, how that ther was a cok,  
For that a preestes sone yaf him a knok  
Upon his leg, whyl he was yong and  
nyce, 4505

He made him for to lese his benefyce.  
But certeyn, ther nis no comparisoun  
Bitwix the wisdom and discrecioun  
Of youre fader, and of his subtiltee. (499)  
Now singeth, sire, for seinte Charitee, 4510  
Let see, conne ye your fader countrefete?  
This Chauntecleer his winges gan to bete,  
As man that coude his tresoun nat espye,  
So was he ravished with his flaterye.

Allas! ye lordes, many a fals flatour  
Is in your courtes, and many a losengeour,  
That plesen yow wel more, by my faith,  
Than he that soothfastnesse unto yow  
seith.

Redeth Ecclesiaste of flaterye;  
Beth war, ye lordes, of hir trecherye. 4520

This Chauntecleer stood hye up-on his  
toot, (511)

Strechying his nekke, and heeld his eyen  
cloos,

And gan to crowe loude for the nones;  
And daun Russel the fox sterte up at  
ones, 4524

And by the gargat hente Chauntecleer,  
And on his bak toward the wode him beer,

For yet ne was ther no man that him  
sewed.

O destinee, that mayst nat been eschewed!  
Allas, that Chauntecleer fleigh fro the  
bemes! 4529

Allas, his wyf ne roghte nat of dremes!  
And on a Friday fl al this meschaunce. (521)  
O Venus, that art goddesse of plesaunce,  
Sin that thy servant was this Chaunte-  
cleer,

And in thy service dide al his poweer,  
More for delyt, than world to multiplie,  
Why woldestow suffre him on thy day to  
dye? 4536

O Gaufred, dere mayster soverayn,  
That, whan thy worthy king Richard  
was slayn

With shot, compleynedest his deth so  
sore,

Why ne hadde I now thy sentence and  
thy lore, 4540

The Friday for to chyde, as diden ye? (531)  
(For on a Friday soothly slayn was he.)

Than wolde I shewe yow how that I coude  
playne

For Chauntecleres drede, and for his  
peyne.

Certes, swich cry ne lamentacioun 4545  
Was never of ladies maad, whan Ilioun  
Was wonne, and Pirrus with his streite  
sward,

Whan he hadde hent king Priam by the  
berd,

And slayn him (as saith us *Eneydos*),  
As maden alle the hennes in the clos, 4550

Whan they had seyn of Chauntecleer the  
sight. (541)

But sovereynly dame Pertelote shrighte,  
Ful louder than dide Hasdrubales wyf,  
Whan that hir housbond hadde lost his lyf,  
And that the Romayns hadde brend  
Cartage; 4555

She was so ful of torment and of rage,  
That wilfully into the fyr she sterte,  
And brende hir-selven with a stedfast  
herte.

O woful hennes, right so cryden ye,  
As, whan that Nero brende the citee 4560  
Of Rome, cryden senatoures wyves, (551)  
For that hir housbondes losten alle hir  
lyves;



Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slayn.  
Now wol I torne to my tale agayn :—

This seely widwe, and eek hir doghtres  
two, 4565

Herden this hennes crye and maken wo,  
And out at dore sterten they anon,  
And syen the fox toward the grove goon,  
And bar upon his bak the cok away ;  
And cryden, ' Out ! harrow ! and weyla-  
way ! 4570

Ha, ha, the fox ! ' and after him they  
ran, (561)

And eek with staves many another man ;  
Ran Colle our dogges, and Talbot, and  
Gerland,

And Malkin, with a distaf in hir hand ;  
Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray  
hogges 4575

So were they fered for berking of the  
dogges

And shouting of the men and wimmen  
eke,

They ronne so, hem thoughte hir herte  
breke.

They yelleden as feendes doon in helle ;  
The dokes cryden as men wolde hem  
quelle ; (571) 4580

The goos for fere flowen over the trees ;  
Out of the hye cam the swarm of bees ;  
So hidous was the noyse, a ! *benedicite* !  
Certes, he Jakke Straw, and his meynee,  
Ne made never shoutes half so shrille, 4585

Whan that they wolden any Fleming

kille,

As thilke day was maad upon the fox.  
Of bras thay broghten bemes, and of box,  
Of horn, of boon, in whiche they blew  
and pouped,

And therewithal thay shryked and they  
houped ; 4590

It semed as that heven sholde falle. (581)  
Now, gode men, I pray yow herkneth alle !

Lo, how fortune turneth sodeinly  
The hope and pryde eek of hir enemy !  
This cok, that lay upon the foxes bak, 4595  
In al his drede, un-to the fox he spak,  
And seyde, ' sire, if that I were as ye,  
Yet sholde I seyn (as wis god helpe me),  
Turneth agayn, yow proude cherles alle !

A verray pestilence up-on yow falle ! 4600  
Now am I come un-to this wodes syde,  
Maugree your heed, the cok shal heer  
abyde ; (592)

I wol him ete in feith, and that anon. '—  
The fox answerde, ' in feith, it shal be  
don, '—

And as he spak that word, al sodeinly 4605  
This cok brak from his mouth deliverly,  
And heighe up-on a tree he feigh anon.  
And whan the fox saugh that he was  
y-gon,

' Allas ! ' quod he, ' O Chauntecleer, allas !  
I have to yow, ' quod he, ' y-doon trespas,  
In-as-muche as I maked yow aferd, (601)  
Whan I yow hente, and broghte out of  
the yerd ;

But, sire, I dide it in no wikke entente ;  
Com down, and I shal telle yow what  
I mente.

I shal seye sooth to yow, god help me so. '  
' Nay than, ' quod he, ' I shrewe us bothe  
two, 4616

And first I shrewe my-self, bothe blood  
and bones,

If thou bigyle me ofter than ones.  
Thou shalt na-more, thurgh thy flaterye,  
Do me to singe and winke with myn yē.  
For he that winketh, whan he sholde see,  
Al wilfully, god lat him never thee ! ' (612)  
' Nay, ' quod the fox, ' but god yewe him  
meschaunce,

That is so undiscreef of governaunce,  
That jangleth whan he sholde holde his  
pees. ' 4625

Lo, swich it is for to be recohelees,  
And necligent, and truste on flaterye.  
But ye that holden this tale a folye,  
As of a fox, or of a cok and hen,  
Taket h the moralitee, good men. 4630  
For saint Paul seith, that al that writen  
is, (621)

To our doctryne it is y-write, y-wis.  
Taket h the fruyt, and lat the chaf be  
stille.

Now, gode god, if that it be thy wille,  
As seith my lord, so make us alle good  
men ; 4635  
And bringe us to his heighe blisse. Amen.

Here is ended the Nonne Preestes Tale.

## EPILOGUE TO THE NONNE PREESTES TALE.

'Siz Nonnes Preest, 'our hoste seyde anon,  
'Y-blessed be thy breche, and every stoon!  
This was a mery tale of Chauntecleer.  
But, by my trouthe, if thou were secular,  
Thou woldest been a trede-soula-right. 464  
For, if thou have corage as thou hast  
might,  
Thee were nede of hannes, as I wene,  
Ya, mo than seven tymes seventene.

See, whiche brannes hath this gentil  
Preest, 464  
So greet a nekke, and swich a large breest!  
He loketh as a sperhawk with his yen; (11)  
Him nedeth nat his colour for to dyen  
With brasil, ne with greyn of Portingale.  
Now sire, faire falle yow for youre tale!  
And after that he, with ful mery chere,  
Seide to another, as ye shullen here. 465

\* \* B. 4652 = T. 15468; C. 1 = T. 11935.

### GROUP C.

## THE PHISI CIENS TALE.

Here folweth the Phisiciens Tale.

THERE WAS, as telleth Titus Livius,  
A knight that called was Virginus,  
Fulfil of honour and of worthinesse,  
And strong of freendes and of greet  
richesse. [T. 11938]

This knight a doghter hadde by his wyf,  
No children hadde he mo in al his lyf. 6  
Fair was this mayde in excellent beautee  
Aboven every wight that man may see;  
For nature hath with sovereyn diligence  
Y-formed hir in so greet excellence, 10  
As though she wolde seyn, 'lo! I, Nature,  
Thus can I forme and peynt a creature,  
Whan that me list; who can me countre-  
fete?

Pigmalion noght, though he ay forge and  
bete,

Or grave, or peynte; for I dar wel seyn, 15  
Apelles, Zanzis, sholde warche in veyn,  
Outher to grave or peynte or forge or bete,  
If they presumed me to countrefete.  
For he that is the former principal  
Hath made me his vicaire general, 20  
To forme and peynten erthely creaturis  
Right as me list, and ech thing in my  
cure is  
Under the mone, that may wane and waxe,  
And for my werk right no-thing wol I axe;  
My lord and I ben ful of oon accord; 25  
I made hir to the worship of my lord.  
So do I alle myne othere creatures,  
What colour that they han, or what  
figures.'—

Thus semeth me that Nature wolde seye.

This mayde of age twelf yeer was and  
 tweye, 30  
 In which that Nature hadde swich delyt.  
 For right as she can peynte a lillie whyt  
 And reed a rose, right with swich peynture  
 She peynted hath this noble creature  
 Er she were born, up-on hir limes free, 35  
 Wher-as by right swiche colours sholde be;  
 And Phebus dyed hath hir tresses grete  
 Lyk to the stremes of his burned heta.  
 And if that excellent was hir beantee,  
 A thousand-fold more vertuous was she. 40  
 In hir ne lakked no condicioun,  
 That is to preysse, as by discrecioun.  
 As wel in goost as body chast was she;  
 For which she floured in virginitee  
 With alle humilitee and abstinence, 45  
 With alle attemperance and pacience,  
 With mesure eek of bering and array.  
 Discreet she was in answering alway;  
 Though she were wys as Pallas, dar I seyn,  
 Hir facound eek ful wommanly and pleyn,  
 No countrefeted termes hadde she 51  
 To seme wys; but after hir degree  
 She spak, and alle hir wordes more and  
 lesse  
 Sounfist in vertu and in gentillesse.  
 Shamfast she was in maydens shamfast-  
 nesse, 55  
 Constant in herte, and ever in bisinesse  
 To dryve hir out of ydel slogardye.  
 Bacus hadde of hir mouth right no  
 maistrye;  
 For wyn and youthe doon Venus encrece,  
 As men in fyr wol casten oile or grece. 60  
 And of hir owene vertu, unconstreyned,  
 She hath ful ofte tyme syk hir feyned,  
 For that she wolde fleen the companye  
 Wher lykly was to treten of folye,  
 As is at festes, revels, and at daunces. 65  
 That been occasions of daliaunces  
 Swich thinges maken children for to be  
 To sone rype and bold, as men may see,  
 Which is ful perilous, and hath ben yore.  
 For al to sone may she lerne lore 70  
 Of boldnesse, when she woxen is a wyf.  
 And ye maistresses in your olde lyf,  
 That lordes doghtres han in governaunce,  
 Ne taketh of my wordes no displeaunce;  
 Thanketh that ye ben set in governinges 75  
 Of lordes doghtres, only for two thinges;

Outher for ye han kept your honestee,  
 Or elles ye han falle in freletee,  
 And knowen wel y-nough the olde daunce,  
 And han forsaken fully swich meschaunce  
 For evermo; therfore, for Cristes sake, 81  
 To teche hem vertu loke that ye ne alake.  
 A theef of venisoun, that hath forlaft  
 His likerousnesse, and al his olde craft,  
 Can kepe a forest best of any man. 85  
 Now kepeth hem wel, for if ye wol, ye can;  
 Loke wel that ye un-to no vice assente,  
 Lest ye be dampned for your wikke en-  
 tente;  
 For who-so doth, a traitour is certayn.  
 And taketh kepe of that that I shal  
 seyn; 90  
 Of alle tresons sovereyn pestilence  
 Is whan a wight bitrayseth innocence.  
 Ye fadres and ye modres eek also,  
 Though ye han children, be it oon or two,  
 Your is the charge of al hir surveyaunce, 95  
 Why! that they been under your govern-  
 aunce.  
 Beth war that by ensample of your livinge,  
 Or by your negligence in chastisinge,  
 That they ne perisse; for I dar wel seye,  
 If that they doon, ye shul it dare abeye. 100  
 Under a shepherde softe and negligent  
 The wolf hath many a sheep and lamb  
 to-rent.  
 Suffyseth oon ensample now as here,  
 For I mot turne agayn to my matere.  
 This mayde, of which I wol this tale  
 expresse, 105  
 So kepte hir-self, hir neded no maistresse;  
 For in hir living maydens mighten rede,  
 As in a book, every good word or dede,  
 That longeth to a mayden vertuous;  
 She was so prudent and so bountevous. 110  
 For which the fame out-sprong on every  
 syde  
 Bothe of hir beantee and hir bountee wyde;  
 That thurgh that land they preysed hir  
 echone,  
 That loved vertu, save envye allone,  
 That sory is of other mennes wele, 115  
 And glad is of his sorwe and his unhele;  
 (The doctour maketh this descripcioun).  
 This mayde up-on a day wente in the toun  
 Toward a temple, with hir moder dere,  
 As is of yonge maydens the manere. 120

Now was ther thanne a justice in that  
toun,

That governour was of that region.  
And so bifel, this juge his eyen caste  
Up-on this mayde, avysinge him ful faste,  
As she cam forby ther this juge stood. 125  
Anon his herte chaunged and his mood,  
So was he caught with beautes of this  
mayde;

And to him-self ful prively he sayde,  
'This mayde shal be myn, for any man.'  
Anon the feend in-to his herte ran, 130  
And taughte him sodeynly, that he by  
slyghte

The mayden to his purpos winne mighte.  
For certes, by no force, ne by no mede,  
Him thoughte, he was nat able for to spede;  
For she was strong of freendes, and eek she  
Confermed was in swich soverayn bountee,  
That wel he wiste he mighte hir never  
winne 137

As for to make hir with hir body sinne.  
For which, by greet deliberacioun,  
He sente after a cherl, was in the toun, 140  
Which that he knew for subtil and for  
bold.

This juge un-to this cherl his tale hath told  
In secree wyse, and made him to ensure,  
He sholde telle it to no creature,  
And if he dide, he sholde lese his heed. 145  
Whan that assented was this cursed reed,  
Glad was this juge and maked him greet  
chere,

And yaf him yiftes preciouise and dere.  
Whan shapen was al hir conspiracye  
Fro point to point, how that his lecherye  
Parfourned sholde been ful subtilly, 151  
As ye shul here it after openly,  
Hoom gooth the cherl, that highte Clau-  
dius.

This false juge that highte Apius,  
So was his name, (for this is no fable, 155  
But known for historial thing notable,  
The sentence of it sooth is, out of doute),  
This false juge gooth now faste aboute  
To hasten his delyt al that he may.  
And so bifel sone after, on a day, 160  
This false juge, as telleth us the storie,  
As he was wont, sat in his consistorie,  
And yaf his domes up-on sondry cas.  
This false cherl cam forth a ful greet pas,

And seyde, 'lord, if that it be your wille, 165  
As dooth me right up-on this pitous bille,  
In which I playne up-on Virginus.

And if that he wol seyn it is nat thus,  
I wol it preve, and finde good witnessse,  
That sooth is that my bille wol expresse.'

The juge answerde, 'of this, in his  
absence, 171

I may nat yeve diffinitif sentence.  
Lat do him calle, and I wol gladly here;  
Thou shalt have al right, and no wrong  
here.' 174

Virginus cam, to wite the juges wille,  
And right anon was rad this cursed bille;  
The sentence of it was as ye shul here.

'To yow, my lord, sire Apius so dere,  
Sheweth your povre servant Claudius,  
How that a knight, called Virginus, 180  
Agayns the lawe, agayn al equitee,  
Holdeth, expres agayn the wil of me,  
My servant, which that is my thral by  
right,

Which fro myn hous was stole up-on  
a night,

Why! that she was ful yong; this wol  
I preve 185

By witnessse, lord, so that it nat yow greve,  
She nis his doghter nat, what so he seye;  
Wherefore to yow, my lord the juge, I preye,  
Yeld me my thral, if that it be your wille.'  
Lo! this was al the sentence of his bille.

Virginus gan up-on the cherl biholde,  
But hastily, or he his tale tolde, 192  
And wolde have proved it, as sholde  
a knight,

And eek by witnessing of many a wight,  
That it was fals that seyde his adversarie,  
This cursed juge wolde no-thing tarie, 196  
Ne here a word more of Virginus,  
Rut yaf his jugement, and seyde thus:—

'Ideme anon this cherl his servant have;  
Thou shalt no lenger in thyn hous hir  
save. 200

Go bring hir forth, and put hir in our  
warde,

The cherl shal have his thral, this I  
awarde.'

And whan this worthy knight Virginus,  
Thurgh sentence of this justice Apius,  
Moste by force his dere doghter given 205  
Un-to the juge, in lecherye to liven,

He gooth him hoom, and sette him in his halle,

And leet anon his dere doghter calle,  
And, with a face deed as ashen colde,  
Upon hir humble face he gan biholde, 210  
With fadres piteestiking thurgh his herte,  
Al wolde he from his purpos nat converte.

'Doghter,' quod he, 'Virginia, by thy name,

Ther been two weyes, outhur deeth or shame,

That thou most suffre; alas! that I was bore! 215

For never thou deservedest wherfore  
To dyen with a sword or with a knyf.  
O dere doghter, ender of my lyf,  
Which I have fostred up with swich plesaunce,

That thou were never out of my remembraunce! 220

O doghter, which that art my laste wo.  
And in my lyf my laste joye also,  
O gemme of chastitee, in pacience  
Take thou thy deeth, for this is my sentence.

For love and nat for hate, thou most be deed; 225

My pitous hand mot smyten of thyn heed.  
Allas! that ever Apius thee say!

Thus hath he falsly juged thee to-day'—  
And tolde hir al the cas, as ye bifore 229

Han herd; nat nedeth for to telle it more.  
'O mercy, dere fader,' quod this mayde,

And with that word she both hir armes layde

About his nekke, as she was wont to do:  
The teres broste out of hir eyen two,  
And seyde, 'gode fader, shal I dye? 235  
Is ther no grace? is ther no remedye?'

'No, certes, dere doghter myn,' quod he.

'Thanne yif me leysur, fader myn,' quod she,

'My deeth for to compleyne a lital space;  
For pardee, Jepteyaf his doghter grace 240  
For to compleyne, or he hir slow, alas!  
And god it woot, no-thing was hir trespass,  
But for she ran hir fader first to see,  
To welcome him with greet solempnitee.'  
And with that word she fl aswowne anon,  
And after, whan hir swowning is agon, 246

She ryseth up, and to hir fader seyde,  
'Blessed be god, that I shal dye a mayde.  
Yif me my deeth, er that I have a shame;  
Doth with your child your wil, a goddes name! 250

And with that word she preyed him ful ofte,

That with his sward he wolde smyte softe,  
And with that word aswowne doun she fl.  
Hir fader, with ful sorweful herte and wil,  
Hir heed of smoot, and by the top it hente, 255

And to the juge he gan it to presente,  
As he sat yet in doom in consistorie.

And whan the juge it saugh, as seith the storie,

He had to take him and anhange him faste. 259

But right anon a thousand peple in thraste,  
To save the knight, for routhe and for pitee,

For knowen was the false iniquitee.  
The peple anon hath suspect of this thing,

By manere of the cherles chalanging,  
That it was by th'assent of Apius; 265

They wisten wel that he was lecherous.  
For which un-to this Apius they gon,

And caste him in a prison right anon,  
Wheras he slow him-self; and Claudius,

That servant was un-to this Apius, 270  
Was demed for to hange upon a tree;

But that Virginus, of his pitee,  
So preyde for him that he was oxyled;

And elles, certes, he had been bigyled.  
The remenant were anhanged, more and leese, 275

That were consentant of this cursed-nesse.—  
Heer men may seen how sinne hath his meryte!

Beth war, for no man woot whom god wol smyte

In no degree, ne in which maner wyse  
The worm of conscience may agryse 280

Of wikked lyf, though it so prives be,  
That no man woot ther-of but god and he.

For be he lewed man, or elles lered,  
He noot how sone that he shal been afered.

Therefore I rede yow this conseil take, 285  
Forsaketh sinne, er sinne yow forsake.

Here endeth the Physicians Tale.

## WORDS OF THE HOST.

The wordes of the Host to the Phisicien and the Pardoner.

Ouz Hoste gan to swere as he were  
wood,  
'Harrow!' quod he, 'by nayles and by  
blood!

This was a fals oherl and a fals justyse!  
As shamful deeth as herte may devyse 290  
Come to thise juges and hir advocats!  
Algate this sely mayde is slayn, alas!  
Allas! to dere boghte she beautee!  
Wherfore I seye al day, as men may see,  
That yiftes of fortune or of nature 295  
Ben cause of deeth to many a creature. (10)  
Hir beautee was hir deeth, I dar wel sayn;  
Allas! so pitously as she was slayn!  
Of bothe yiftes that I speke of now  
Men han ful ofte more harm than prow.  
But trewely, myn owene mayster dere, 301  
This is a pitous tale for to here.  
But natheles, passe over, is no fors;  
I prey to god, so save thy gentil cors, 304  
And eek thyne urinals and thy jordanes,  
Thyn Ypocras, and eek thy Galianes, (20)  
And every boist ful of thy letuarie;  
God blesse hem, and our lady seinte  
Marie!

So mot I theen, thou art a propre man,  
And lyk a prelat, by seint Ronyan! 310

Seyde I nat wel? I can nat speke in  
terme;

But wel I woot, thou doost my herte to  
erme,

That I almost have caught a cardiacle.  
By corpus bones! but I have triacle, 314  
Orelles a draught of moyste and corny ale,  
Or but I here anon a mery tale, (30)  
Myn herte is lost for pitee of this mayde.  
Thou bel amy, thou Pardoner,' he seyde,  
'Tel us som mirthe or japes right anon.'  
'It shall be doon,' quod he, 'by seint.  
Ronyon! 320

But first,' quod he, 'hear at this ale-  
stake

I wol both drinke, and eten of a cake.'

But right anon thise gentils gonne to  
crye,

'Nay! lat him telle us of no ribaudye;  
Tel us som moral thing, that we may  
lere 325

Som wit, and thanne wol we gladly  
here.' (40)

'I graunte, y-wis,' quod he, 'but I mot  
thinke

Up-on som honest thing, whyl that I  
drinke.'

## THE PROLOGUE OF THE PARDONERS TALE.

Here folweth the Prologe of the Pardoners Tale.

*Radix malorum est Cupiditas: Ad Thimotheum, sec'o.*

'LORDINGS,' quod he, 'in chirches whan I preche,

I payne me to han an hauteyn speche, 330  
And ringe it out as round as gooth a belle,  
For I can al by rote that I tella.

My theme is alwey oon, and ever was—  
"Radix malorum est Cupiditas."

First I pronounce whennes that I come,  
And than my bulles shewo I, alle and somme. 336

Our lige lordes seel on my patente,  
That shewe I first, my body to warente, (10)

That no man be so bold, ne preest ne clerk,  
Me to destourbe of Cristes holy werk; 340

And after that than telle I forth my tales,  
Bulles of popes and of cardinales,

Of patriarkes, and bishoppes I shewe;  
And in Latyn I speke a wordes fewe,

To saffron with my predicacioun, 345  
And for to stire men to devocioun. (18)

Than shewe I forth my longe cristal stones,  
Y-crammed ful of cloutes and of bones;

Reliks been they, as wenen they echoon.  
Than have I in latoun a sholder-boon 350

Which that was of an holy Jewes shepe.  
"Good men," seye I, "tak of my wordes kepe;

If that this boon be washe in any welle,  
If cow, or calf, or sheep, or oxe swelle

That any worm hath ete, or worm y-  
stonge, 355

Tak water of that welle, and wash his  
tonge,

And it is hool anon; and forthemore,  
Of pokkes and of scabbe, and every sore (30)

Shal every sheep be hool, that of this welle  
Drinketh a draughte; tak kepe eek what  
I tella. 360

If that the good-man, that the bestes oweth,  
Wol every wike, er that the cok him  
croweth,

Fastinge, drinken of this welle a draughte,  
As thilke holy Jewe our eldres taughte,

His bestes and his stoor shal multipla 365  
And, sirs, also it heleth jalousey;

For, though a man be falle in jalous rage,  
Let maken with this water his potage, (40)

And never shal he more his wyf mistriste,  
Though he the sooth of hir defaute wiste;

Al had she taken preestes two or thre. 371  
Heer is a miteyn eek, that ye may see.

He that his hond wol putte in this miteyn,  
He shal have multiplying of his greyn,

Whan he hath sowen, be it whete or otes,  
So that he offre pens, or elles grottes. 376

Good men and women, o thing warno  
I yow,

If any wight be in this chirche now, (50)  
That hath doon sinne horrible, that he

Dar nat, for shame, of it y-shriven be, 380  
Or any woman, be she yong or old,

That hath y-maad hir housbond cokewold,  
Swich folk shul have no power ne no grace  
To offren to my reliks in this place.

And who-so findeth him out of swich  
blame, 385

He wol com up and offre in goddes name,  
And I assoille him by the auctoritee

Which that by bulle y-graunted was to  
me." (60)

By this gaude have I wonne, yeer by  
yeer,  
An hundred mark sith I was Pardoner.  
I stonde lyk a clerk in my pulpet, 391  
And whan the lewed peple is doun y-set,  
I preche, so as ye han herd bfore,  
And telle an hundred false japes more.  
Than payne I me to streoche forth the  
nekke, 395  
And est and west upon the peple I bekke,  
As doth a dowve sitting on a berne. (69)  
Myn hondes and my tonge goon so yarne,  
That it is joye to see my bisnesse.  
Of avaryce and of swich cursednesse 400  
Is al my preching, for to make hem free  
To yeve her pens, and namely un-to me.  
For my entente is nat but for to winne,  
And no-thing for correccioun of sinne. 404  
I rekke never, whan that they ben beried,  
Though that her soules goon a-blake-  
beried !  
For certes, many a predicacioun  
Comth ofte tyme of yvel entencioun ; (80)  
Som for plesaunce of folk and flaterye,  
To been avaunced by ipoerisye, 410  
And som for veyneglorie, and som for hate.  
For, whan I dar non other weyes debate,  
Than wol I stinge him with my tonge  
smarte  
In preching, so that he shal nat asterte  
To been defamed falsly, if that he 415  
Hath trespassed to my brethren or to me.  
For, though I telle nocht his propre name,  
Men shal wel knowe that it is the same (90)  
By signes and by othere circumstances.  
Thus quyte I folk that doon us dis-  
plesances ; 420  
Thus spitte I out my venim under hewe  
Of holynesse, to some holy and trewe.  
But shortly myn entente I wol devyse ;  
I preche of no-thing but for coveityse.  
Therfor my theme is yet, and ever was—

"Radix malorum est cupiditas." 426  
Thus can I preche agayn that same vyce  
Which that I use, and that is avaryce, (100)  
But, though my-self be gilty in that sinne,  
Yet can I maken other folk to twinne 430  
From avaryce, and sore to repenta.  
But that is nat my principal entente.  
I preche no-thing but for coveityse ;  
Of this matere it oughte y-nogh suffyse.  
Than telle I hem ensamples many oon  
Of olde stories, longe tyme agoon : 436  
For lewed peple loven tales olde ;  
Swich thinges can they wel reporte and  
holde. (110)  
What? trowe ye, the whyles I may preche,  
And winne gold and silver for I teche, 440  
That I wol live in povert wilfully ?  
Nay, nay, I thoghte it never trewely !  
For I wol preche and begge in sondry  
londes ;  
I wol not do no labour with myn hondes,  
Ne make baskettes, and live therby, 445  
Because I wol nat beggen ydelly.  
I wol non of the apostles counterfete ;  
I wol have money, wolle, chese, and whete,  
Al were it yeven of the povrest page, (121)  
Or of the povrest widwe in a village, 450  
Al sholde hir children starve for famyne.  
Nay ! I wol drinke licour of the vyne,  
And have a joly wenche in every toun.  
But herkne, lordings, in conclusioun ;  
Your lyking is that I shal telle a tale. 455  
Now, have I dronke a draughte of corny  
ale,  
By god, I hope I shal yow telle a thing  
That shal, by resoun, been at your lyking.  
For, though myself be a ful vicious  
man,  
A moral tale yet I yow telle can, (132) 460  
Which I am wont to preche, for to winno.  
Now holde your pees, my tale I wol  
beginne.'



## THE PARDONERS TALE.

Here biginneth the Pardoners Tale.

In Flaundes whylom was a companye  
Of yonge folk, that haunteden folye,  
As ryot, hasard, stewes, and tavernes, 465  
Wher-as, with harpes, lutes, and giternes,  
They daunce and pleye at dees bothe day  
and night, (139)

And ete also and drinken over hir might,  
Thurgh which they doon the devel sacri-  
fyse

With-in that develes temple, in cursed  
wyse, 470

By superfluitee abhominable;  
Hir othes been so grete and so dampnable,  
That it is grisly for to here hem swere;  
Our blissed lordes body they to-tere;  
Hem thoughte Jewes rente him noght  
y-nough; 475

And ech of hem at others sinne lough.  
And right anon than comen tombesteres  
Fetys and smale, and yonge fruytes-  
teres, (150)

Singers with harpes, bandes, wafereres,  
Whiche been the verray develes officeres  
To kindle and blowe the fyr of lecherye,  
That is annexed un-to glotonye; 482

The holy writ take I to my witnesse,  
That luxurie is in wyn and dronkenesse.

Lo, how that drunken Loth, unkindely,  
Lay by his doghtres two, unwittingly; 486  
So dronke he was, he niste what he  
wroghte. (159)

Herodes, (who-so wel the stories soghte),  
Whan he of wyn was replet at his feste,  
Right at his owene table he yaf his heste  
To sleen the Baptist John ful gilteles. 491

Senek seith eek a good word dountlees;  
He seith, he can no difference finde  
Bitwix a man that is out of his minde

And a man which that is dronkelewe, 495  
But that woodnesse, y-fallen in a shrewe,

Persevereth lenger than doth dronkenesse.

O glotonye, ful of cursednesse, (170)

O cause first of our confusioun,

O original of our dampnacioun, 500

Til Crist had boght us with his blood  
agayn!

Lo, how dere, shortly for to sayn,

Aboght was thilke cursed vileinye;

Corrupt was al this world for glotonye!

Adam our fader, and his wyf also, 505

Fro Paradys to labour and to wo

Were driven for that vyce, it is no drede;

For whyl that Adam fasted, as I rede, (180)

He was in Paradys; and whan that he

Eet of the fruyt defended on the tree, 510

Anon he was out-cast to wo and payne.

O glotonye, on thee wel oghte us playne!

O, wiste a man how many maladyes

Folwen of excessse and of glotonyes,

He wolde been the more mesurable 515

Of his diste, sittinge at his table.

Allas! the shorte throte, the tendre  
mouth,

Maketh that, Est and West, and North  
and South, (190)

In erthe, in air, in water men to-swinke

To gete a glotoun dayntee mete and  
drinke! 520

Of this matere, o Paul, wel canstow trete.

'Mete un-to wombe, and wombe eek un-to  
mete,

Shal god destroyen bothe,' as Paulus seith.

Allas! a foul thing is it, by my feith, 524

To seye this word, and fouler is the dede.

Whan man so drinketh of the whyte and  
rede,

That of his throte he maketh his prives,  
Thurgh thilke cursed superfluitee. (200)

The apostel weping seith ful pitously,  
'Ther walken many of whiche yow told  
have I, 530

I seye it now weping with pitous voyes,  
[That] they been enemys of Cristes croys,  
Of whiche the ende is deeth, wombe is  
her god.'

O wombe! O bely! O stinking cod,  
Fulfilde of donge and of corrupcioun! 535  
At either ende of thee foul is the soun.  
How greet labour and cost is, thee to  
finde!

Thise cokes, how they stampe, and streyne,  
and grinde, (210)

And turnen substaunce in-to accident,  
To fulfille al thy likerous talent! 540  
Out of the harde bones knocke they  
The mary, for they caste noght a-way  
That may go thurgh the golet softe and  
swote;

Of spicerye, of leef, and bark, and rote  
Shal been his sauce y-maked by delyt, 545  
To make him yet a newer appetyt.  
But certes, he that haunteth swich delyces  
Is deed, whyl that he liveth in tho vyces.

A lecherous thing is wyn, and dronke-  
nesse (221) 549

Is ful of stryving and of wretchednesse.  
O dronke man, disfigured is thy face,  
Sour is thy breeth, foul artow to embrace,  
And thurgh thy dronke nose semeth the  
soun

As though thou seydest ay 'Sampson,  
Sampson';

And yet, god wot, Sampson drank never  
no wyn. 555

Thou fallest, as it were a stiked swyn;  
Thy tonge is lost, and al thyn honest cure;  
For dronkenesse is verray sepulture (230)  
Of mannes wit and his discrecioun. 559  
In whom that drinke hath dominacioun,  
He can no consell kepe, it is no drede.

Now kepe yow fro the whyte and fro the  
rede,

And namely fro the whyte wyn of Lepe,  
That is to selle in Fish-strete or in Chepe.  
This wyn of Spayne crepeth subtilly 565  
In othere wyne, growing faste by,  
Of which ther ryseth swich fumositee,

That whan a man hath dronken draughtes  
three, (240)

And weneth that he be at hoom in  
Chepe,

He is in Spayne, right at the toune of  
Lepe, 570

Nat at the Rochel, ne at Burdenx toun;  
And thanne wol he seye, 'Sampson,  
Sampson.'

But harkneth, lordings, o word, I yow  
preye,

That alle the sovereyn aotes, dar I seye,  
Of victories in th'olde testament, 575  
Thurgh verray god, that is omnipotent,  
Were doon in abstinence and in preyere;  
Loketh the Bible, and ther ye may it  
lere. (250)

Loke, Attila, the grete conquerour,  
Deide in his sleep, with shame and dis-  
honour, 580

Bleding ay at his nose in dronkenesse;  
A capitayn shoulde live in sobrenesse.

And over al this, avyseth yow right wel  
What was comaunded un-to Lamuel—

Nat Samuel, but Lamuel, seye I— 585  
Redeth the Bible, and finde it exprely  
Of wyn-yeving to hem that han justyse.

Na-more of this, for it may wel suffyse. (260)

And now that I have spoke of glotonye,  
Now wol I yow defenden hasardrye. 590  
Hasard is verray moder of lesinges,  
And of deceite, and cursed forsweringes,  
BlaspHEME of Crist, manalaughtre, and  
wast also

Of catel and of tyme; and forthermo,  
It is repreve and contrarie of honour 595  
For to ben holde a commune hasardour.

And ever the hyer he is of estaat,  
The more is he holden desolaat. (270)

If that a prince useth hasardrye,  
In alle governance and policye 600

He is, as by commune opinioun,  
Y-holde the lasse in reputacioun.

Stilbon, that was a wys embassadour,  
Was sent to Corinthe, in ful greet honour,  
Fro Lacidomie, to make hir alliaunce. 605  
And whan he cam, him happede, par  
chaunce,

That alle the grettest that were of that  
lond,

Pleyinge atte hasard he hem fond. (28c)

For which, as sone as it mighte be, 609  
 He stal him hoom agayn to his contree,  
 And seyde, 'ther wol I nat lese my name;  
 N' I wol nat take on me so greet defame,  
 Yow for to allye un-to none hasardours.  
 Sendeth othere wyse embessadours; 614  
 For, by my trouthe, me were lever dye,  
 Than I yow sholdo to hasardours allye.  
 For ye that been so glorious in honours  
 Shul nat allyen yow with hasardours (290)  
 As by my wil, ne as by my trettee.'  
 This wyse philosophe thus seyde he. 620

Loke eek that, to the king Demetrius  
 The king of Parthes, as the book seith us,  
 Sente him a paire of dees of gold in scorn,  
 For he hadde used hasard ther-biforn;  
 For which he heeld his glorie or his  
 renoun 625

At no value or reputacioun.

Lordes my finden othere maner play  
 Honeste y-nough to dryve the day away.

Now wol I spoke of othes false and  
 grete (301)

A word or two, as olde bokes tete. 630  
 Gret swering is a thing abhominable,  
 And false swering is yet more reprevable.  
 The heighe god forbad swering at al,  
 Witnesse on Mathew; but in special  
 Of swering seith the holy Jeremye, 635  
 'Thou shalt seye sooth thyn othes, and  
 nat lye,

And swere in dome, and eek in rightwis-  
 nesse;'

But ydel swering is a cursednesse. (310)  
 Bihold and see, that in the firste table  
 Of heighe goddes hestes honourable, 640  
 How that the seconde heste of him is this—  
 'Tak nat my name in ydel or amia.'

Lo, rather he forbedeth swich swering  
 Than homicyde or many a cursed thing;  
 I seye that, as by ordre, thus it stondeth;  
 This knowen, that his hestes under-  
 stondeth, 646  
 How that the second heste of god is  
 that.

And forther over, I wol thee telle al plat,  
 That vengeance shal nat parten from his  
 hous, (321)

That of his othes is to outrageous. 650  
 'By goddes precious herte, and by his  
 nayles,

And by the blode of Crist, that it is in  
 Hayles,  
 Seven is my chaunce, and thyn is cink  
 and treye;

By goddes armes, if thou falsly plays,  
 This dagger shal thurgh-out thyn herte  
 go!— 655

This fruyt cometh of the bicched bones two,  
 Forswering, ire, falsnesse, homicyde. (329)  
 Now, for the love of Crist that for us dyde,  
 Leveth your othes, bothe grete and smale;  
 But, sir, now wol I telle forth my tale. 660

These ryotours thres, of whiche I telle,  
 Longe erst er pryme rong of any belle,  
 Were set hem in a tavern for to drinke:  
 And as they satte, they herde a belle clinke  
 Biforn a coor, was caried to his grave; 665  
 That oon of hem gan callen to his knave,  
 'Go bet,' quod he, 'and axe redily, (339)  
 What coor is this that passeth heer forby;  
 And look that thou reporte his name wel.'  
 'Sir,' quod this boy, 'it nedeth never-  
 a-del. 670

It was me told, er ye cam heer, two houres;  
 He was, pardes, an old felawe of youres;  
 And sodeynly he was y-slayn to-night,  
 For-dronke, as he sat on his bench up-  
 right;

Ther cam a privee theef, men clepeth  
 Deeth, 675

That in this contree al the peple sleeth,  
 And with his spere he smoot his herte  
 a-two, (349)

And wente his way with-outen wordes mo.  
 He hath a thousand slayn this pestilence:  
 And, maister, er ye come in his presence,  
 Me thinketh that it were necessarie 681

For to be war of swich an adversarie:  
 Beth redy for to mete him evermore.  
 Thus taughte me my dame, I say na-more.'  
 'By sainte Marie,' seyde this taverner, 685  
 'The child seith sooth, for he hath slayn  
 this year,

Henne over a myle, with-in a greet village,  
 Both man and womman, child and hyne,  
 and page. (360)

I trowe his habitacioun be there;  
 To been avysed greet wisdom it were, 690  
 Er that he dide a man a dishonour.'  
 'Ye, goddes armes,' quod this ryotour,

'Is it swich peril with him for to mete?  
I shal him seke by way and eek by strete,  
I make avow to goddes digne bones! 695  
Herkneth, felawes, we three been al ones;  
Lat ech of us holde up his hond til other,  
And ech of us bicomen otheres brother, (370)  
And we wol sleen this false traytour Deeth;  
He shal be slayn, which that so many  
sleeth, 700

By goddes dignitee, er it be night.'

Togidres han thise three her trouthes  
plight,

To live and dyen ech of hem for other,  
As though he were his owene y-boren  
brother.

And up they sterte al dronken, in this  
rage, 705

And forth they goon towards that village,  
Of which the taverner had spoke biforn,  
And many a grisly ooth than han they  
sworn, (380)

And Cristes blessed body they to-rente—  
'Deeth shal be deed, if that they may him  
hente.' 710

When they han goon nat fully half a  
myle,  
Right as they wolde han troden over a  
style,

An old man and a povre with hem mette.  
This olde man ful mekely hem grette,  
And seyde thus, 'now, lordes, god yow  
see!' 715

The proudest of thise ryotoures three  
Answerde agayn, 'what? carl, with sory  
grace, (389)

Why artow al forwrapped save thy face?  
Why livestow so longe in so greet age?'

This olde man gan loke in his visage, 720  
And seyde thus, 'for I ne can nat finde  
A man, though that I walked in-to Inde,  
Neither in citee nor in no village,  
That wolde change his youthe for myn  
age;

And therefore moot I han myn age stille,  
As lange time as it is goddes wille. 726

Ne deeth, allas! ne wol nat han my lyf;  
Thus walke I, lyk a resteles caityf, (400)  
And on the ground, which is my modres  
gate,

Iknokke with my staf, bothe erly and late,  
And seye, "leve moder, leet me in! 731

Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and  
akin!

Allas! whan shul my bones been at reste?  
Moder, with yow wolde I chaunge my  
cheeste, 734

That in my chambre longe tyme hath be,  
Ye! for an heyre clout to wrappe me!"  
But yet to me she wol nat do that grace,  
For which ful pale and welked is my face. 734

But, sirs, to yow it is no curteisye (411)  
To speken to an old man vileinye, 740

But he trespassse in wordes, or elles in dede.  
In holy writ ye may your-self wel rede,  
"Agayns an old man, hoor upon his heed,  
Ye sholde aryse;" wherfor I yewe yow  
reed,

Ne dooth un-to an old man noon harm  
now, 745

Na-more than ye wolde men dide to yow  
In age, if that ye so longe abyde;  
And god be with yow, wher ye go or ryde.  
I moot go thider as I have to go.' (421)

'Nay, olde cherl, by god, thou shalt nat  
so,' 750

Seyde this other hasardour anon;  
'Thou partest nat so lightly, by saint John!  
Thou spak right now of thilke traitour  
Deeth,

That in this contree alle our frendes  
sleeth.

Have heer my trouthe, as thou art his  
aspye, 755

Tel wher he is, or thou shalt it abyde,  
By god, and by the holy sacrament!  
Forsoothly thou art oon of his assent, (430)  
To sleen us yonge folk, thou false theef!'

'Now, sirs,' quod he, 'if that yow be so  
leaf 760

To finde Deeth, turne up this croked  
wey,

For in that grove I lafte him, by my fey,  
Under a tree, and ther he wol abyde;  
Nat for your boost he wol him no-thing  
hyde.

See ye that ook? right ther ye shul him  
finde. 765

God save yow, that boghte agayn man-  
kinde,

And yow amende!—thus seyde this olde  
man.

And everich of thise ryotoures ran, (440)

Til he cam to that tree, and ther they  
founde

Of florins fyne of golde y-coyned rounde  
Wel ny an eighte busshels, as hem  
thoughta. 771

Nolenger thanne after Deeth they soughte,  
But ech of hem so glad was of that sighte,  
For that the florins been so faire and  
brighte,

That donn they sette hem by this precious  
hord. 775

The worste of hem he spake the firste word.

'Brethren,' quod he, 'tak kepe what I  
seye;

My wit is greet, though that I bourde and  
pleye. (450)

This tresor hath fortune un-to us yiven,  
In mirthe and jolitee our lyf to liven, 780  
And lightly as it comth, so wol we spenda.  
Ey! goddes precious dignitee! who wende  
To-day, that we sholde han so fair a grace?  
But mighte this gold be caried fro this  
place 784

Hoom to myn hous, or elles un-to youre—  
For wel ye woot that al this gold is oures—  
Than were we in heigh felicitee.

But trewely, by daye it may nat be; (460)  
Men wolde seyn that we were theves  
stronge, 789

And for our owene tresor doon us hongre.  
This tresor moste y-caried be by nighte  
As wysly and as slyly as it mighte.

Wherfore I rede that cut among us alle  
Be drawe, and lat see wher the cut wol  
falle;

And he that hath the cut with herte blythe  
Shal renne to the toun, and that ful  
swythe, 796

And bringe us breed and wyn ful prively.  
And two of us shul kepen subtilly (470)

This tresor wel; and, if he wol nat tarie,  
Whan it is night, we wol this tresor  
carie 800

By oon assent, wher-as us thinketh best,  
That oon of hem the cut broughte in his  
fest,

And bad hem drawe, and loke wher it wol  
falle;

And it fil on the yongeste of hem alle;  
And forth toward the toun he wente anon.  
And also some as that he was gon, 806

That oon of hem spak thus un-to that  
other,

'Thou knowest wel thou art my sworne  
brother, (480)

Thy profit wol I telle thee anon.

Thou woost wel that our felawe is agon:  
And heer is gold, and that ful greet  
plante, 811

That shal departed been among us three.  
But natheles, if I can shape it so

That it departed were among us two,  
Hadde I nat doon a freendes torn to thee?' 815

That other answerde, 'I noot how that  
may be; 816

He woot how that the gold is with us  
tweye,

What shal we doon, what shal we to him  
seye?' (4911)

'Shal it be conseil?' seyde the firste  
shrewe,

'And I shal tellen thee, in wordes fewe,  
What we shal doon, and bringe it wel  
abouta.' 821

'I graunte,' quod that other, 'out of  
doute,

That, by my trouthe, I wol thee nat bi-  
wreya.'

'Now,' quod the firste, 'thou woost wel  
we be tweye, 824

And two of us shul strengre be than oon.  
Look whan that he is set, and right anon  
Arys, as though thou woldest with him  
pleye;

And I shal ryve him thurgh the sydes  
tweye (500)

Why! that thou strogelest with him as in  
game,

And with thy dagger look thou do the  
same; 830

And than shal al this gold departed be,  
My dere freend, bitwixen me and thee;  
Than may we bothe our lustes al fulfille,  
And pleye at dees right at our owene  
wille.'

And thus acorded been thise shrewes  
tweye 835

To sleen the thridde, as ye han herd me  
seye.

This yongest, which that wente un-to  
the toun,

Ful ofte in herte he rolleth up and don

The beautes of thise florins newe and  
brighte. (511)

'O lord!' quod he, 'if so were that I  
mighte 840

Have al this tresor to my-self allone,  
Ther is no man that liveth under the trone  
Of god, that sholde live so mery as I!  
And atte laste the feend, our enemy,  
Putte in his thought that he shold poyson  
beye, 845

With which he mighte sleen his felawes  
tweye;

For-why the feend fond him in swich  
lyvinge, (519)

That he had leve him to sorwe bringe,  
For this was outrelly his fulle entente  
To sleen hem bothe, and never to repente.  
And forth he gooth, no langer wolde he  
tarie, 851

Into the toun, un-to a pothecarie,  
And preyed him, that he him wolde  
selle

Som poyson, that he mighte his rattes  
quelle;

And eek ther was a polcat in his hawe,  
That, as he seyde, his capouns hadde  
y-lawe, 856

And fayne he wolde wreke him, if he  
mighte,

On vermin, that destroyed him by nighte.

The pothecarie answerde, 'and thou  
shalt have (531)

A thing that, al-so god my soule save, 860  
In al this world ther nis no creature,  
That ete or dronke hath of this confiture  
Noght but the mountance of a corn of  
whete,

That he ne shal his lyf anon forlete;  
Ye, starve he shal, and that in lasse whyle  
Than thou wolt goon a paas nat but a  
myle; 866

This poyson is so strong and violent.'

This cursed man hath in his hond  
y-hent (540)

This poyson in a box, and sith he ran  
In-to the nexte strete, un-to a man, 870  
And borwed [of] him large botels three;  
And in the two his poyson poured he;  
The thridde he kepte cleane for his drinke.  
For al the night he shoop him for to  
swinke 874

In carynge of the gold out of that place.  
And whan this ryotour, with sory grace,  
Had filled with wyn his grete botels three,  
To his felawes agayn repaireth he. (550)

What nedeth it to sermone of it more?  
For right as they had cast his deeth bifore,  
Right so they han him slayn, and that  
anon. 881

And whan that this was doon, thus spak  
that oon,

'Now lat us sitte and drinke, and make  
us merie,

And afterward we wol his body berie.'

And with that word it happed him, par  
cas, 885

To take the botel ther the poyson was,  
And drank, and yaf his felawe drinke also,  
For which anon they storvan bothe two.

But, certes, I suppose that Avicen (561)

Wroot never in no canon, ne in no fen,  
Mo wonder signes of empoisoning 891  
Than hadde thise wrecches two, er hir  
ending.

Thus ended been thise homicydes two,  
And eek the false empoysoner also.

O cursed sinne, ful of cursednesse! 895

O traytours homicyde, o wikkednesse!

O glotonye, luxurie, and hasardrye! (566)

Thou blasphemour of Crist with vileinye

And othes grete, of usage and of pryde!

Allas! mankinde, how may it bityde, 900

That to thy creatour which that thee  
wroghte,

And with his precious herte-blood thee  
boghte,

Thou art so fals and so unkinde, alas!

Now, goode men, god forgeve yow your  
trespas, 904

And ware yow fro the sinne of avaryce.

Myn holy pardoun may yow alle waryoe,

So that ye offre nobles or sterlinges,

Or elles silver broches, spones, ringes. (580)

Boweth your heed under this holy bulle!

Cometh up, ye wyves, offreth of your  
wolle! 910

Your name I entre heer in my rolle anon;

In-to the bliise of hevene shul ye gon;

I yow assoile, by myn heigh power,

Yow that wol offre, as cleane and eek as  
cleer

As ye were born; and, lo, sirs, thus I  
preche. 915

And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,  
So graunte yow his pardon to receyve;  
For that is best; I wol yow nat deceyve.

But sirs, o word forgot I in my tale, (591)  
I have relikes and pardon in my male, 920  
As faire as any man in Engelond,  
Whiche were me yeven by the popes hond.  
If any of yow wol, of devocioun,  
Offren, and han myn absolucioun,  
Cometh forth anon, and kneleth heer  
adoun, 925

And mekely receyvethe my pardoun :  
Or elles, taketh pardon as ye wende, (599)  
Al newe and fresh, at every tounes ende,  
So that ye offren alwey newe and newe  
Nobles and pens, which that be gode and  
trewa. 930

It is an honour to everich that is heer,  
That ye mowe have a suffisant pardoneer  
T'assoille yow, in contree as ye ryde,  
For aventures which that may bityde.  
Peraventure ther may falle oon or two 935  
Doun of his hors, and breke his nekke  
atwo.

Look which a seuretee is it to yow alle  
That I am in your felaweship y-falle, (610)  
That may assoille yow, bothe more and  
lasse,

Whan that the soule shal fro the body  
passe. 940

I rede that our hoste heer shal biginne,  
For he is most enveloped in sinne.  
Com forth, sir hoste, and offre first anon,  
And thou shalt kisse the reliks everichon,

Ye, for a grote! unbokel anon thy purs.  
'Nay, nay,' quod he, 'than have I  
Cristes curs! 946

Lat be,' quod he, 'it shal nat be, so  
thee'ch!

Thou woldest make me kisse thyn old  
breech, (620)

And swere it were a relik of a saint,  
Thogh it were with thy fundament de-  
peint! 951

But by the croys which that saint Kleyne  
fond,

I wolde I hadde thy coillons in myn hond  
In stede of relikes or of saintuarie;

Lat cutte hem of, I wol thee helpe hem  
carie;

They shul be shryned in an hogges tord.'

This pardoner answerde nat a word; 956  
So wrooth he was, no word ne wolde he  
seye.

'Now,' quod our host, 'I wol no lenger  
playe (630)

With thee, ne with noon other angry man.'

But right anon the worthy Knight bigan,  
Whan that he saugh that al the peple  
lough, 961

'Na-more of this, for it is right y-nough :  
Sir Pardoner, be glad and mery of chere;  
And ye, sir host, that been to me so dere,  
I prey yow that ye kisse the Pardoner. 965  
And Pardoner, I prey thee, drawe thee  
neer,

And, as we diden, lat us laughe and  
playe.' (635)

Anon they kiste, and riden forth hir  
weya. [T. 12902]

Here is ended the Pardoners Tale.

(For T. 12903, see p. 492).

## GROUP D.

## THE WIFE OF BATH'S PROLOGUE.

## The Prologe of the Wyves Tale of Bathe.

'EXPERIENCE, though noon auctoritee  
Were in this world, were right y-nough  
to me

To speke of wo that is in mariage;  
For, lordinges, sith I twelf yeer was of age,  
Thonked be god that is sterne on lyve, 5  
Housbondes at chirohe-dore I have had  
fyve;

For I so ofte have y-wedded be;  
And alle were worthy men in hir degree.  
But me was told certeyn, nat longe agon is,  
That sith that Crist ne wente never but  
onis 10

To wedding in the Cane of Galilee,  
That by the same ensample taughte he me  
That I ne sholde wedded be but ones.  
Herke eek, lo! which a sharp word for  
the nones

Egyde a welle Jesus, god and man, 15  
Spak in repreve of the Samaritan:  
"Thou hast y-had fyve housbondes," quod  
he,

"And thilke man, the which that hath  
now thee,  
Is noght thyn housbond;" thus seyde he  
certeyn;

What that he mente ther-by, I can nat  
seyn; 20

But that I axe, why that the fifthe man  
Was noon housbond to the Samaritan?  
How manye mighte she have in mariage?  
Yet herde I never tellen in myn age

Upon this nombre diffinicioun; 25  
Men may devyne and glosen up and doun.  
But wel I woot expres, with-oute lye,  
God bad us for to wexe and multiplie;  
That gentil text can I wel understonde.  
Eek wel I woot he seyde, myn housbonde

Sholde lete fader and moder, and take  
me; 31

But of no nombre mencoun made he,  
Of bigamy or of octogamy;

Why sholde men speke of it vileinye?

Lo, here the wyse king, dan Salomon; 35

I trowe he hadde wyves mo than oon;

As, wolde god, it lefeval were to me

To be refreshed half so ofte as he!

Which yifte of god hadde he for alle his  
wyvis!

No man hath swich, that in this world  
alyve is. 40

God woot, this noble king, as to my wit,

The firste night had many a mery fit

With ech of hem, so wel was him on lyve!

Blessed be god that I have wedded fyve!\*

Welcome the sixte, whan that ever he  
shal. 45

For sothe, I wol nat kepe me chast in al;

Whan myn housbond is fro the world  
y-gon,

Som Cristen man shal wedde me anon;

For thanno th'apostle seith, that I am  
free

To wedde, a godd's half, wher it lyketh  
me. 50

He seith that to be wedded is no sinne;

Bet is to be wedded than to brinne.

What reketh me, thogh folk seye vileinye

Of shrewed Lameth and his bigamy?

\* Here some MSS. insert the following genuine  
(but rejected) lines:—

Of whiche I have y-piked out the beste  
Bothe of hir nether purs and of hir cheste.  
Diverse scoles maken parfit clerkes,  
Divers praktik, in many sondry werkis,  
Maketh the werkman parfit sekir.  
Of fyve husbondes scolearning am I.



I woot wel Abraham was an holy man, 55  
And Jacob eek, as ferforth as I can ;  
And ech of hem hadde wyves mo than  
two ;

And many another holy man also.  
Whan saugh ye ever, in any maner age,  
That hye god defended mariage 60  
By expres word ? I pray you, telleth me ;  
Or wher comanded he virginitee ?  
I woot as wel as ye, it is no drede,  
Th'apostel, whan he speketh of mayden-  
hede ;

He seyde, that precept ther-of hadde he  
noon. 65

Men may conseilte a womman to been oon,  
But consailing is no comandement ;  
He putte it in our owene jugement  
For hadde god comanden maydenhede,  
Thanne hadde he dampned wedding with  
the dede ; 70

And certes, if ther were no seed y-sowe,  
Virginitee, wher-of than sholde it growe ?  
Poul dorste nat comanden atte leste  
A thing of which his maister yaf noon  
heste.

The dart is set up for virginitee ; 75  
Cacoe who so may, who renneth best lat  
see.

But this word is nat take of every wight,  
But ther as god list give it of his might.  
I woot wel, that th'apostel was a mayde ;  
But natheless, thogh that he wroot and  
sayde, 80  
He wolde that every wight were swich as  
he,

Al nis but conseil to virginitee ;  
And for to been a wyf, he yaf me leve  
Of indulgence ; so it is no reprove  
To wedde me, if that my make dye, 85  
With-oute excepcioun of bigamy.  
Al were it good no woman for to touche,  
He mente as in his bed or in his couche ;  
For peril is bothe fyr and tow t'assemble ;  
Ye knowe what this ensample may  
resemble. 90

This is al and som, he heeld virginitee  
More parfit than wedding in freletee.  
Freletee clepe I, but-if that he and she  
Wolde leden al hir lyf in chastitee.

I graunte it wel, I have noon envye, 95  
Thogh maydenhede preferre bigamy ;

Hem lyketh to be clene, body and goost,  
Of myn estaat I nil nat make no boost.  
For wel ye knowe, a lord in his household,  
He hath nat every vessel al of gold ; 100  
Somme been of tree, and doon hir lord  
servyse.

God clepeth folk to him in sondry wyse,  
And everich hath of god a propre yifte,  
Som this, som that,—as him lyketh shifte.

Virginitee is greet perfeccioun, 05  
And continence eek with devocioun.  
But Crist, that of perfeccioun is wella,  
Bad nat every wight he sholde go selle  
All that he hadde, and give it to the pore,  
And in swich wyse folwe him and his  
fore. 110

He spak to hem that wolde live parfitly ;  
And lordinges, by your leve, that am nat I,  
I wol bistowe the flour of al myn age  
In th' aetes and in fruit of mariage.

Tells me also, to what conclusioun 115  
Were membres maad of generacioun,  
And for what profit was a wight  
y-wrought ?

Trusteth right wel, they wer nat maad  
for noght.

Glose who-so wole, and seye bothe up and  
doun,

That they were makid for purgacioun 120  
Of urine, and our bothe thinges smale  
Were eak to knowe a femele from a  
male,

And for noon other cause : sey ye no ?  
The experience woot wel it is noght so :  
So that the clerkes be nat with me  
wrothe, 125

I sey this, that they makid been for bothe,  
This is to seye, for office, and for ese  
Of engendrure, ther we nat god displese.  
Why sholde men elles in hir bokes sette,  
That man shal yelde to his wyf hir  
dette ? 130

Now wher-with sholde he make his  
payement,

If he ne used his sely instrument ?  
Than were they maad up-on a creature,  
To purge uryne, and eek for engendrure.

But I sey noght that every wight is  
holde, 135  
That hath swich harneys as I to yow  
tolde,

To goon and usen hem in engendrure;  
Than sholde men take of chastitee no  
cure.

Crist was a mayde, and shapen as a man,  
And many a seint, sith that the world  
bigan, 140

Yet lived they ever in parfit chastitee.  
I nil envye no virginitee;

Lat hem be breed of pure whete-seed,  
And let us wyves hoten barly-breed;  
And yet with barly-breed, Mark telle can,

Our lord Jesu refreshed many a man. 146  
In swich estaat as god hath cleped us

I wol persevere, I nam nat precious.  
In wyfhode I wol use myn instrument

As frely as my maker hath it sent. 150  
If I be dangerous, god yeve me sorwe!

Myn housbond shal it have bothe eve and  
morwe,

Whan that him list com forth and paye  
his dette.

An housbonde I wol have, I nil nat lette,  
Which shal be bothe my dettour and my  
thral, 155

And have his tribulacioun with-al  
Up-on his flesh, whyl that I am his wyf.

I have the power duringe al my lyf  
Up-on his propre body, and noght ha.

Right thus th'apostel tolde it un-to me;  
And bad our housbondes for to love us

weel. 161  
Al this sentence me lyketh every-deel'—

Ur sterte the Pardoner, and that anon,  
'Now dame,' quod he, 'by god and by

seint John,  
Ye been a noble prechour in this cas! 165

I was aboute to wedde a wyf; alas!  
What sholde I bye it on my flesh so dere?

Yet hadde I lever wedde no wyf to-yere!  
'Abye!' quod she, 'my tale is nat

bigonne; 169  
Nay, thou shalt drinken of another tonne

Er that I go, shal savoure wors than ale.  
And whan that I have told thee forth

my tale  
Of tribulacioun in mariage,

Of which I am expert in al myn age,  
This to seyn, my-self have been the

whippe;— 175  
Than maystow chese whether thou wolt

sippe

Of thilke tonne that I shal abroche.

Be war of it, er thou to ny approche;

For I shal telle ensamples mo than ten.

Who-so that nil be war by othere men, 180

By him shul othere men corrected be.

The same wordes wryteth Ptholomee;

Rede in his Almageste, and take it there.'

'Dame, I wolde praye yow, if your wil  
it were,'

Seyde this Pardoner, 'as ye bigan, 185

Telle forth your tale, spareth for no man,

And teche us yonge men of your praktike.'

'Gladly,' quod she, 'sith it may yow  
lyke.

But yet I praye to al this companye,

If that I speke after my fantasye, 190

As taketh not a-grief of that I seye;

For myn entente nis but for to pleye.

Now aires, now wol I telle forth my  
tale.—

As ever mote I drinken wyn or ale,

I shal seye sooth, tho housbondes that  
I hadde, 195

As three of hem were gode and two were  
badde.

The three men were gode, and riche, and  
olde;

Unnethe mighte they the statut holde

In which that they were bounden un-to  
me. 199

Ye woot wel what I mene of this, pardee!

As help me god, I laughe whan I thinke

How pitously a-night I made hem swinke;

And by my fey, I tolde of it no stoor.

They had me yeven hir gold and hir  
tresoor;

Me neded nat do lenger diligence 205

To winne hir love, or doon hem reverence.

They loved me so wel, by god above,

That I ne tolde no deyntee of hir love!

A wys womman wol sette hir ever in oon

To gete hir love, ther as she hath noon. 210

But sith I hadde hem hoolly in myn hond,

And sith they hadde me yeven all hir  
lond,

What sholde I taken hede hem for to  
plese,

But it were for my profit and myn ese?

I sette hem so a-werke, by my fey, 215

That many a night they songen "wei-  
lawey!"

The bacoun was nat fet for hem, I trowe,  
That som men han in Essex at Dunmowe.  
I governed hem so wel, after my lawe,  
That eoh of hem ful blisful was and fawe  
To bringe me gaye thinges fro the fayre. 221  
They were ful glad whan I spak to hem  
fayre;

For god it woot, I chidde hem spitously.

Now herkneth, how I bar me proprely,  
Ye wyse wyves, that can understonde. 225

Thou shul ye speke and bere hem wrong  
on honde;

For half so boldly can ther no man  
Swere and lyan as a womman can.  
I sey nat this by wyves that ben wyse,  
But-if it be whan they hem misavyse. 230  
A wys wyf, if that she can hir good,  
Shal beren him on hond the oow is wood,  
And take witness of hir owene mayde  
Of hir assent; but herkneth how I sayde.

"Sir olde kaynard, is this thyn array?  
Why is my neighebores wyf so gay? 236  
She is honoured over-al ther she goth;  
I sitte at hoom, I have no thrifty cloth.  
What dostow at my neighebores hous?  
Is she so fair? artow so amorous? 240  
What rowne ye with our mayde? *ben-  
cite!*

Sir olde lechour, lat thy japes be!  
And if I have a gossib or a freend,  
With-uten gilt, thou chydest as a feend,  
If that I walke or pleye un-to his hous! 245  
Thou comest hoom as dronken as a moun,  
And prechest on thy bench, with yvel  
preef!

Thou seist to me, it is a greet meschief  
To wedde a povre womman, for costage;  
And if that she be riche, of heigh parage,  
Than seistow that it is a tormentrye. 251  
To suffre hir pryde and hir malencoolye.  
And if that she be fair, thou verray knave,  
Thou seyst that every holour wol hir have;  
She may no whyle in chastitee abyde, 255  
That is assailed up-on eoh a syde.

Thou seyst, som folk desyre us for  
richesse,  
Som for our shap, and som for our fair-  
nesse;  
And som, for she can outhere singe or  
daunce, 259  
And som, for gentillesse and dalianne;

Som, for hir handes and hir armes smale;  
Thus goth al to the devel by thy tale.

Thou seyst, men may nat kepe a castel-  
wal;

It may so longe assailed been over-al.

And if that she be foul, thou seist that  
she 265

Coveiteth every man that she may see;  
For as a spaynel she wol on him lepe,  
Til that she finde som man hir to chepe;  
Ne noon so grey goos goth ther in the  
lake, 269

As, seistow, that wol been with-oute make.  
And seyst, it is an hard thing for to welde  
A thing that no man wol, his thankes,  
helde.

Thus seistow, lorel, whan thou goost to  
bedde;

And that no wys man nedeth for to  
wedde, 274

Ne no man that entendeth un-to hevene.  
With wilde thonder-dint and firy leveene  
Mote thy walked nekke be to-broke!

Thow seyst that dropping houses, and,  
eek smoke,

And chydying wyves, maken men to flee  
Out of hir owene hous; a! *ben'cite!* 280  
What eyleth swich an old man for to  
chyde?

Thow seyst, we wyves wol our vyces  
hyde

Til we be fast, and than we wol hem  
shewe;

Wel may that be a proverbe of a shrewe!  
Thou seist, that oxen, asses, hors, and  
houndes, 285

They been assayed at diverse stoundes;  
Bacins, lavours, er that men hem bye,  
Spones and stoles, and al swich hous-  
bondrye,

And so been pottes, clothes, and array;  
But folk of wyves maken noon assay 290  
Til they be wedded; olde dotard shrewe!  
And than, seistow, we wol oure vices  
shewe.

Thou seist also, that it displeaseth me  
But-if that thou wolt preyse my beautee,  
And but thou poure alway up-on my  
face, 295  
And clepe me 'faire dame' in every  
place;

And but thou make a feste on thilke  
day

That I was born, and make me fressh and  
gay,

And but thou do to my norice honour,  
And to my chamberere with-inne my  
bour, 300

And to my fadres folk and his allies;—  
Thus seistow, olde barel ful of lyes!

And yet of our apprentice Janekyn.  
For his crisp heer, shyninge as gold sofyn,  
And for he squiereth me bothe up and  
down, 305

Yet hastow caught a fals suspecion;  
I wol hym noght, thogh thou were deed  
to-morwe.

But tel me this, why hydestow, with  
sorwe,

The keyes of thy cheste away fro me?  
It is my good as wel as thyn, pardes. 310  
What wenestow make an idiot of our  
dame?

Now by that lord, that called is seint  
Jame,

Thou shalt nat bothe, thogh that thou  
ware wood,

Be maister of my body and of my good;  
That oon thou shalt forgo, mangree thyne  
yē; 315

What nedeth thee of me to enquire or  
spyē?

I trows, thou woldest lōke me in thy  
cheste!

Thou sholdest seye, 'wyf, go wher thee  
leste,

Tak your disport, I wol nat leve no talis;  
I knowe yow for a trewe wyf, dame Alis.'

We love no man that taketh kepe or  
charge 321

Wher that we goon, we wol ban at our  
larga.

Of alle men y-blessed moot he be,  
The wyse astrologian Dan Ptholome, 324  
That seith this proverbe in his Almageste,  
'Of alle men his wisdom is the hyeste,  
That reketh never who hath the world  
in honde.'

By this proverbe thou shalt understonde,  
Have thou y-nogh, what thar thee recoche  
or care

How merily that othere folkes fare? 330

For certeyn, olde dotard, by your leve,  
Ye shul have queynte right y-nough at eve.  
He is to greet a nigard that wol werne  
A man to lighte his candle at his lanterne;  
He shal have never thé lasse light,  
pardes; 335

Have thou y-nough, thee thar nat pleyne  
thee

Thou seyst also, that if we make us gay  
With clothing and with precious array.  
That it is peril of our chastitee;

And yet, with sorwe, thou most enforce  
thee, 340

And seye this wordes in the apostles  
name,

'In habit, maad with chastitee and  
shame,

Ye woman shul apparaille yow.' quod  
he.

'And noght in tressed heer and gay  
perree,

As perles, ne with gold, ne clothes riche.'  
After thy text, ne after thy rubriche 346

I wol nat wirche as muchel as a gnat.  
Thou seydest this, that I was lyk a cat

For who-so wolde senge a cattes skin,  
Thanne wolde the cat wel dwellen in  
his in; 350

And if the cattes skin be slyk and gay.  
She wol nat dwelle in house half a day,

But forth she wole, er any day be dawed  
To shewe hir skin, and goon a-cater-  
wawed;

This is to seye, if I be gay, sir shrewe, 355  
I wol renne out, my borel for to shewe.

Sire olde fool, what eyleth thee to  
spyē?

Thogh thou preye Argus, with his  
hundred yē,

To be my warde-cors, as he can best,  
In feith, he shal nat kepe me but me  
lest; 360

Yet coude I make his berd, so moot  
I thee.

Thou seydest eek, that ther ben thinges  
thre,

The whiche thinges troublen al this erthe,  
And that no wight ne may endure the  
ferthe:

O leve sir shrewe, Jesu shorte thy lyf! 365  
Yet prechestow, and seyst, an hateful wyf

Y-reened is for oon of thise mæchances.  
 Been ther none othere maner resem-  
 blances

That ye may lykne your parables to,  
 But-if a sely wyf be oon of tho? 370

Thou lykenest wommanes love to helle,  
 To bareyne lond, ther water may not  
 dwelle.

Thou lyknest it also to wilde fyr;  
 The more it brenneth, the more it hath  
 desyr

To consume .every thing that brent  
 wol be. 375

Thou seyst, that right as wormes shende  
 a tree,

Right so a wyf destroyeth hir housbonde;  
 This knowe they that been to wywes  
 bonde."

Lordinges, right thus, as ye have  
 understonde,

Bar I styff myne olde housbondes on  
 honde, 380

That thus they seyden in hir dronkenesse;  
 And al was fals, but that I took witness  
 On Janekin and on my nece also.

O lord, the payne I dide hem and the wo,  
 Ful gilteless, by goddes swete pyne! 385

For as an hors I coude byte and whyne.  
 I coude playne, thogh I were in the  
 gilt,

Or elles often tyme hadde I ben spilt.  
 Who-so that first to mille comth, first  
 grint;

I playned first, so was our werre y-stint.  
 They were ful glad t'excusen hem ful  
 blyve 391

Of thing of which they never agilte hir  
 lyve.

Of wenchis wolde I beren him on  
 honde,

Whan that for syk unnethes mighte he  
 stonde.

Yet tikled it his herte, for that he 395

Wende that I hadde of him so greet  
 chiertee.

I swoor that al my walkinge out by nighte  
 Was for t'espye wenchis that he dighte;

Under that colour hadde I many a mirthe.  
 For al swich wit is yeven us in our birthe;

Deceite, weping, spinning god hath yive  
 To wommen kindly, whyl they may live.

And thus of o thing I avaunte me, 403  
 Atte ende I hadde the bettre in ech  
 degree,

By sleighte, or force, or by som maner  
 thing, 405

As by continual murmur or grucching;  
 Namely a-bedde hadden they meschaunce,  
 Ther wolde I chyde and do hem no  
 plessaunce;

I wolde no lenger in the bed abyde,  
 If that I felte his arm over my syde, 410

Til he had maad his raunson un-to me;  
 Than wolde I suffre him do his mycete.

And ther-fore every man this tale I telle,  
 Winne who-so may, for al is for to selle.

With empty hand men may none haukes  
 lure; 415

For winning wolde I al his lust endure,  
 And make me a feyned appetyt;

And yet in bacon hadde I never delyt;  
 That made me that ever I wolde hem  
 chyde. 419

For thogh the pope had seten hem hisyde,  
 I wolde nat spare hem at hir owene bord.

For by my trouthe, I quitte hem word  
 for word.

As help me verray god omnipotent,  
 Thogh I right now sholde make my  
 testament,

I ne owe hem nat a word that it nis quit.  
 I broghte it so aboute by my wit, 426

That they mooste yeve it up, as for the  
 beste;

Or elles hadde we never been in reste.  
 For thogh he loked as a wood leoun,

Yet sholde he faille of his conclusoun. 430

Thanne wolde I seye, "gode lief, tak  
 keep

How mekely loketh Wilkinoure sheep;  
 Com neer, my spouse, lat me be thy  
 cheke!

Ye sholde been al pacient and meke,  
 And han a swete spyced conscience, 435

Sith ye so preche of Jobes pacience.  
 Suffreth alway, sin ye so wel can preche;

And but ye do, certain we shal yow  
 teche

That it is fair to have a wyf in pees.  
 Oon of us two mooste bowen, douteless; 440

And sith a man is more resonable  
 Than womman is, ye mooste been sufrable.

What eytleth yow to grucche thus and  
grone?

Is it for ye wolde have my queynte allone?

Why taak it al, lo, have it every-deel; 445

Peter! I shrewe yow but ye love it weel!

For if I wolde selle my *bele chose*,

I coude walke as fresh as is a rose;

But I wol kepe it for your owene tooth.

Ye be to blame, by god, I sey yow sooth."

Swiche maner wordes hadde we on  
bonde. 451

Now wol I speken of my fourthe hous-  
bonde.

My fourthe housbonde was a revelour,

This is to seyn, he hadde a paramour;

And I was yong and ful of ragerye, 455

Stiborn and strong, and joly as a pye.

Wel coude I dancon to an harpe smale,

And singe, y-wis, as any nightingale,

Whan I had dronke a draughte of swete  
wyn.

Metellins, the foule cherl, the swyn, 460

That with a staf birafte his wyf hir lyf,

For she drank wyn, thogh I hadde been  
his wyf,

He sholde nat han daunted me fro drinke;

And, after wyn, on Venus moste I thinke:

For al so siker as cold engendreth hayl,

A likerous mouth moste han a likerous  
tayl. 466

In womman vinolent is no defence,

This knowen lechours by experience.

But, lord Crist! whan that it remem-  
breth me

Up-on my yowthe, and on my jolitee, 470

It tikleth me aboute myn herte rote.

Unto this day it dooth myn herte bote

That I have had my world as in my tyme.

But age, alas! that al wol envenyme, 474

Hath me hiraft my beautee and my pith;

Lat go, fare-wel, the devel go therwith!

The flour is goon, ther is na-more to telle,

The bren, as I best can, now moste I selle;

But yet to be right mary wol I fonde.

Now wol I tellen of my fourthe hous-  
bonde. 480

I seye, I hadde in herte greet despyt

That he of any other had delyt.

But he was quit, by god and by saint  
Jocel!

I made him of the same wode a croce;

Nat of my body in no foul manere, 485

But certainly, I made folk swich chere,

That in his owene grece I made him frye

For angre, and for verray jalousye.

By god, in erthe I was his purgatorie, 490

For which I hope his soule be in glorie.

For god it woot, he sat ful ofte and song

Whan that his shoo ful bitterly him  
wrong.

Ther was no wight, save god and he, that  
wiste,

In many wyse, how sore I him twist.

He deyde whan I cam fro Jerusalem, 495

And lyth y-grave under the rode-beam,

Al is his tombe noght so curious

As was the sepulchre of him, Darius,

Which that Appelles wroughte subtilly;

It nis but wast to burie him preciously. 500

Lat him fare-wel, god yeve his soule reste,

He is now in the grave and in his cheste.

Now of my fifthe housbond wol I telle.

God lete his soule never come in helle!

And yet was he to me the moste shrewe;

That fele I on my ribbes al by rewe, 506

And ever shal, un-to myn ending-day.

But in our bed he was so fresh and gay,

And ther-with-al so wel coude he me glose,

Whan that he wolde han my *bele chose*, 510

That thogh he hadde me bet on every  
boon,

He coude winne agayn my love anon.

I trowe I loved him beste, for that he

Was of his love daungerous to me.

We women han, if that I shal nat lye,

In this matere a queynte fantasye; 516

Wayte what thing we may nat lightly  
have,

Ther-after wol we crye al-day and crave.

Forbede us thing, and that desyren we;

Prees on us faste, and thanne wol we fle.

With daunger oute we al our chaffare; 521

Greet prees at market maketh dere ware,

And to greet cheep is holde at litel prys;

This knoweth every womman that is wys.

My fifthe housbonde, god his soule  
blesse! 525

Which that I took for love and no  
richesse,

He som-tyme was a clerk of Oxenford,

And had left scole, and wente at hoom to  
bord

With my gossib, dwellinge in oure toun,  
God have hir soule! hir name was  
Alisoun. 530

She knew myn herte and eek my privetee  
Bet than our parisshe-preest, so moot  
I thee!

To hir biwreyed I my conseil al.  
For had myn housbonde pissed on a wal,  
Or doon a thing that sholde han oost his  
lyf, 535

To hir, and to another worthy wyf,  
And to my nece, which that I loved  
weel,

I wolde han told his conseil every-deel.  
And so I dide ful often, god it woot,  
That made his face ful often reed and  
hoot 540

For verray shame, and blamed him-self  
for he

Had told to me so greet a privetee.

And so bifel that ones, in a Lente,  
(So often tymes I to my gossib wente,  
For ever yet I lovede to be gay, 545  
And for to walke, in March, Averige, and  
May,

For hous to hous, to here sondry talis),  
That Jankin clerk, and my gossib dame  
Alis,

And I my-self, in-to the felde wente.  
Myn housbond was at London al that  
Lente; 550

I hadde the bettre leyser for to playe,  
And for to see, and eek for to be seye  
Of lusty folk; what wiste I wher my grace  
Was shapen for to be, or in what place?  
Therefore I made my visitaciouns, 555

To vigilies and to processiouns,  
To preching eek and to thise pilgrimages,  
To playes of miracles and mariages,  
And wered upon my gaye scarlet gytes.  
Thise wormes, ne thise motthes, ne thise  
mytes, 560

Upon my peril, frete hem never a deel;  
And wostow why? for they were used  
weel.

Now wol I tellen forth what happed me.  
I seye, that in the feeldes walked we,  
Til trewely we hadde swich daliance, 565  
This clerk and I, that of my purveyance  
I spak to him, and seyde him, how that he,  
If I were widwe, sholde wedde me.

For certainly, I sey for no bobance,  
Yet was I never with-outen purveyance  
Of mariage, n'of othere thinges eek. 571  
I holde a mouses herte nat worth a leek,  
That hath but oon hole for to starte to,  
And if that faille, thanne is al y-do.

I bar him on honde, he hadde en-  
chantid me; 575

My dame taughte me that soutiltee.  
And eek I seyde, I mette of him al night;  
He wolde han slayn me as I lay up-right,  
And al my bed was ful of verray blood,  
But yet I hope that he shal do me  
good; 580

For blood bitokeneth gold, as me was  
taught.

And al was fals, I dremed of it right  
naught,

But as I folwed ay my dames lore,  
As wel of this as of other thinges more.

But now sir, lat me see, what I shal  
seyn? 585

A! ha! by god, I have my tale ageyn.  
Whan that my fourthe housbond was  
on here,

I weep algate, and made sory chere,  
As wyves moten, for it is usage,  
And with my covechief covered my  
visage; 590

But for that I was purveyed of a make,  
I weep but smal, and that I undertake.

To chirche was myn housbond born  
a-morwe

With neighbores, that for him maden  
sorwe;

And Jankin oure clerk was oon of the. 595  
As help me god, whan that I saugh  
him go

After the here, me thoughte he hadde a  
paire

Of legges and of feet so clene and faire,  
That al myn herte I yaf un-to his hold.  
He was, I trowe, a twenty winter old, 600  
And I was fourty, if I shal seye sooth;  
But yet I hadde alwey a coltes tooth.

Gat-tothed I was, and that bicam me  
weel;

I hadde the prente of seynt Venus seel.  
As help me god, I was a lusty oon, 605  
And faire and riche, and yong, and wel  
bigoon;

And trewely, as myne housbondes tolde  
me,

I had the beste *quondam* mighte be.  
For certes, I am al Venerien 609  
In felling, and myn herte is Marcien.  
Venus me yaf my lust, my likerounesse,  
And Mars yaf me my sturdy hardinesse.  
Myn ascendent was Taur, and Mars ther-  
inne.

Allas! alas! that ever love was sinne!  
I folwed ay myn inclinacioun 615  
By vertu of my constellacioun;  
That made me I coude noght withdrawe  
My chambre of Venus from a good felawe.  
Yet have I Martes mark up-on my face,  
And also in another privee place. 620  
For, god so wis be my savacioun,  
I ne loved never by no discrecioun,  
But ever folwede myn appetyt,  
Al were he short or long, or blak or  
why;

I took no kepe, so that he lyked me, 625  
How pore he was, ne eek of what degree.  
What sholde I seye, but, at the monthes  
ende,

This joly clerk Jankin, that was so hende,  
Hath wedded me with greet solempnitee,  
And to him yaf I al the lond and fee 630  
That ever was me yeven ther-bifore;  
But afterward repented me ful sore.  
He nolde suffre nothing of my list.  
By god, he smoot me ones on the list,  
For that I rente out of his book a leef, 635  
That of the strook myn ere wex al deaf.  
Stiborn I was as is a leonesse,  
And of my tonge a verray jangleresse,  
And walke I wolde, as I had doon biforn,  
From hous to hous, al-though he had it  
sworn. 640

For which he often tymes wolde preche,  
And me of olde Romygn gestes teche,  
How he, Simplicius Gallus, lefte his wyf,  
And hir forsook for terme of al his lyf,  
Noght but for open-headed he hir say 645  
Lokinge out at his dore upon a day.

Another Romygn tolde he me by name,  
That, for his wyf was at a someres game  
With-oute his wising, he forsook hir eke.  
And than wolde he up-on his Bible seke  
That ilke proverbe of Ecclesiaste, 651  
Wher he comandeth and forbedeth faste,

Man shal nat suffre his wyf go roule  
about;

Than wolde he seye right thus, with-  
outen doute,

"Who-so that buildeth his hous al of  
salwe, 655

And priketh his blinde hors over the  
falwe,

And suffreth his wyf to go seken halwe,  
Is worthy to been hanged on the gal-  
wes!"

But al for noght, I sette noght an hawe  
Of his proverbes n'of his olde sawe, 660  
Ne I wolde nat of him corrected be.  
I hate him that my vices telleth me,  
And so do mo, god woot! of us than I.  
This made him with me wood al outrelly;  
I nolde noght forbere him in no cas. 665

Now wol I seye yow sooth, by saint  
Thomas,

Why that I rente out of his book a leef,  
For which he smoot me so that I was  
deef.

He hadde a book that gladly, night and  
day,

For his desport he wolde rede alway. 670  
He cleped it Valerie and Theofraste,  
At whiche book he lough alwey ful faste.  
And eek ther was som-tyme a clerk at  
Rome,

A cardinal, that highte Seint Jerome,  
That made a book agayn Jovinian; 675  
In whiche book eek ther was Tertulan,  
Crisippus, Trotula, and Helowys,  
That was abbess nat fer fro Parys;  
And eek the Parables of Salomon,  
Ovydes Art, and bokes many on, 680  
And alle thise wer bounden in o volume.  
And every night and day was his custume,  
Whan he had leyser and vacacioun  
From other worldly occupacioun, 684  
To reden on this book of wikked wyves.  
He knew of hem mo legendes and lyves  
Than been of gode wyves in the Bible.  
For trusteth wel, it is an impossible  
That any clerk wol speke good of wyves,  
But-if it be of holy seintes lyves, 690  
Ne of noon other womman never the mo.  
Who peyntede the leoun, tel me who?  
By god, if wommen hadde writen stories,  
As clerkes han with-inne hir oratories,



They wolde han writen of men more  
wikkednesse 695

Than all the mark of Adam may redrease.  
The children of Mercurie and of Venus  
Been in hir wiking ful contrarious;  
Mercurie loveth wisdom and sciencce,  
And Venus loveth ryot and dispence. 700  
And, for hir diverse disposicioun,  
Ech falleth in otheres exaltacioun;  
And thus, god woot! Mercurie is desolat  
In Pisces, wher Venus is exaltat;  
And Venus falleth ther Mercurie is  
reyssed; 705

Therefore no womman of no clerk is preyssed.  
The clerk, whan he is old, and may noght  
do

Of Venus werkis worth his olde sho,  
Than sit he doun, and writ in his dotage  
That women can nat kepe hir mariage!  
But now to purpos, why I tolde thee  
That I was beten for a book, pardee. 712  
Up-on a night Jankin, that was our  
syre,

Redde on his book, as he sat by the fyre,  
Of Eva first, that, for hir wikkednesse,  
Was al mankinde broght to wretched-  
nesse, 716

For which that Jesu Crist him-self was  
slayn,

That boghte us with his herte-blood agayn.  
Lo, here expres of womman may ye finde,  
That woman was the los of al mankinde.

Tho redde he me how Sampson loste  
his heres, 721

Slepinge, his lemman kitte hem with hir  
sheres;

Thurgh whiche tresoun loste he bothe  
his yen.

Tho redde he me, if that I shal nat lyen,  
Of Hercules and of his Dianyre, 725  
That caused him to sette himself a-fyre.

No-thing forgat he the penaunce and  
wo

That Socrates had with hise wyves two;  
How Xantippa caste pisse up-on his heed;  
This sely man sat stilla, as he were deed;  
He wypped his heed, namore dorste he seyn  
But "er that thonder stinte, comth a  
reyn." 732

Of Phasipha, that was the queene of  
Creta,

For shrewednesse, him thoughte the tale  
swete;

Fy! spek na-more—it is a grisly thing—  
Of hir horrible lust and hir lyking. 736

Of Clitemistra, for hir lecherye,  
That falsly made hir housbond for to dye,  
He redde it with ful good devocioun.

He tolde me eek for what occasioun 740  
Amphiorax at Thebes loste his lyf;  
Myn housbond hadde a legende of his wyf,  
Eriphilem, that for an ouche of gold  
Hath prively un-to the Grekes told  
Wher that hir housbonde hidde him in a  
place, 745

For which he hadde at Thebes sory grace.  
Of Lyma tolde he me, and of Lucyas,  
They bothe made hir housbondes for to  
dye;

That oon for love, that other was for  
hate;

Lyma hir housbond, on an even late, 750  
Empoysoned hath, for that she was his fa.  
Lucyas, likerous, loved hir housbond so,  
That, for he sholde alway up-on hir thinke,  
She yaf him swich a maner love-drinke,  
That he was deed, er it were by the  
morwe; 755

And thus algates housbondes han sorwe.  
Than tolde he me, how oon Latunius  
Compleyned to his felawe Arrius,  
That in his gardin growed swich a tree,  
On which, he seyde, how that his wyves  
three 760

Hanged hem-self for herte despitous.

"O leve brother," quod this Arrius,  
"Yif me a plante of thilke blissed tree,  
And in my gardin planted shal it be!"

Of latter date, of wyves hath he red,  
That somme han slayn hir housbondes in  
hir bed, 766

And lete hir lechour dighte hir al the  
night

Whyl that the corps lay in the floor up-  
right.

And somme han drive nayles in hir brayn  
Whyl that they slepte, and thus they han  
hem slayn. 770

Somme han hem yeve poyssoun in hir  
drinke.

He spak more harm than herte may  
bithinke.

And ther-with-al, he knew of mo proverbes

Than in this world ther growen gras or herbes.

"Bet is," quod he, "thyn habitacioun 775  
Be with a leoun or a foul dragoun,  
Than with a womman usinge for to chyde.  
Bet is," quod he, "hye in the roof abyde  
Than with an angry wyf down in the hous;

They been so wikked and contrarious; 780  
They haten that hir housbondes loveth ay."

He seyde, "a womman cast hir shame away,

Whan she cast of hir smok;" and forthermo,

"A fair womman, but she be ohaast also,  
Is lyk a gold ring in a sowes nose." 785  
Who wolde wenen, or who wolde suppose  
The wo that in myn herte was, and pyne?

And whan I saugh he wolde never fyne  
To reden on this cursed book al night,  
Al sodeynly three leves have I plight 790  
Out of his book, right as he radde, and eke,

I with my fist so took him on the cheke,  
That in our fyr he fil bakward adoun.  
And he up-stirte as dooth a wood leoun,  
And with his fist he smoot me on the heed, 795

That in the floor I lay as I were deed.  
And when he saugh how stille that I lay,  
He was agast, and wolde han fled his way,

Til atte laste out of my swogh I breyde:  
"O! hastow slayn me, false thief?" I seyde, 800

"And for my land thus hastow mordred me?

Er I be deed, yet wol I kisse thee."

And neer he cam, and kneled faire adoun,

And seyde, "dere suster Alisoun, 804  
As help me god, I shal thee never smyte;  
That I have doon, it is thy-self to wyte.  
Foryeve it me, and that I thee biseke"—  
And yet eft-sones I hitte him on the cheke,  
And seyde, "theef, thus muchel am I wreke; 809

Now wol I dye, I may no lenger speke."

But atte laste, with muchel care and wo,  
We fille acorded, by us selven two.

He yaf me al the brydel in myn hond  
To han the governance of hous and lond,  
And of his tonge and of his hond also, 815  
And made him brenne his book anon right tho.

And whan that I hadde geten un-to me,  
By maistrie, al the soveraynetee,  
And that he seyde, "myn owene trewe wyf,

Do as thee lust the terme of al thy lyf,  
Keep thyn honour, and keep eek myn estat" — 821

After that day we hadden never debaat.  
God help me so, I was to him as kinde  
As any wyf from Denmark un-to Inde,  
And also trewe, and so was he to me. 825  
I prey to god that sit in magestee,  
So blesse his soule, for his mercy dere!  
Now wol I seye my tale, if ye wol here.'

#### Biholde the wordes between the Somnour and the Frere.

THE Frere lough, whan he hadde herd  
al this,

'Now, dame,' quod he, 'so have I joye or blis, 830

This is a long preamble of a tale!'

And whan the Somnour hardes the Frere gale,

'Lo!' quod the Somnour, 'goddes armes two!

A frere wol entremette him ever-mo.

Lo, gode men, a fyve and eek a frere 835  
Wol falle in every dish and eek matere.

What spekestow of preambulacioun?

What! amble, or trotte, or pees, or go sit down;

Thou lettest our disport in this manere.'

'Ye, woltow so, sir Somnour?' quod the Frere, 840

'Now, by my feith, I shal, er that I go,  
Telle of a Somnour swich a tale or two,  
That alle the folk shal laughen in this place.'

'Now elles, Frere, I bishrewe thy face,'

Quod this Somnour, 'and I bishrewe me,  
But-if I telle tales two or three 846

Of freres er I come to Sidingborne,  
That I shal make thyn herte for to morne;  
For wel I woot thy pacience is goon.  
Our hoste cryde 'pees! and that anon!'  
And seyde, 'lat the womman telle hir  
tale. 851  
Ye fare as folk that dronken been of ale.

Do, dame, tel forth your tale, and that  
is best.'  
'Al redy, sir,' quod she, 'right as yow  
lest,  
If I have licence of this worthy Frere.'  
'Yis, dame,' quod he, 'tel forth, and  
I wol here.' 856

Here endeth the Wyf of Bathe hir Prologe.

## THE TALE OF THE WYF OF BATHE.

Here biginneth the Tale of the Wyf of Bathe.

In th'olde dayes of the king Arthour,  
Of which that Britons spoken greet  
honour,  
Al was this land fulfild of fayerye. 859  
The elf-queen, with hir joly companye,  
Daunced ful ofte in many a grene mede;  
This was the olde opinion, as I rede.  
I speke of manye hundred yeres ago;  
But now can no man see none elves mo.  
For now the grete charitee and prayeres  
Of limitours and othere holy freres, (10)  
That serchen every lond and every stream,  
As thikke as motes in the sonne-beam,  
Blessinge halles, chambres, kichenes,  
boures,  
Citees, burghes, castels, hye toures, 870  
Thropes, bernies, shipnes, dayeryes,  
This maketh that ther been no fayeryes.  
For ther as wont to walken was an elf,  
Ther walketh now the limitour him-  
self  
In undermeles and in morweninges, 875  
And seyth his matins and his holy thinges  
As he goth in his limitacioun. (21)  
Wommen may go sauffy up and down,  
In every bush, or under every tree;  
Ther is noon other incubus but he, 880  
And he ne wol doon hem but dishonour.  
And so bifel it, that this king Arthour  
Hadde in his hous a lusty bachelor,

That on a day cam rydinge fro river;  
And happed that, allone as she was  
born, (29) 885  
He saugh a mayde walkinge him biforn,  
Of whiche mayde anon, maugree hir heed,  
By verray force he rafte hir maydenheed,  
For which oppressioun was swich clamour  
And swich pursute un-to the king Ar-  
thour, 890  
That dampned was this knight for to be  
deed  
By cours of lawe, and sholde han lost his  
heed  
Paraventure, swich was the statut tho;  
But that the quene and othere ladies mo  
So longe preyeden the king of grace, 895  
Til he his lyf him graunted in the place.  
And yaf him to the quene al at hir  
wille, (41)  
To chese, whether she wolde him save or  
spille.  
The quene thanketh the king with al  
hir might, 899  
And after this thus spak she to the knight,  
Whan that she saugh hir tyme, up-on a  
day:  
'Thou standest yet,' quod she, 'in swich  
array,  
That of thy lyf yet hastow no suretee.  
I grante thee lyf, if thou canst tellen me

What thing is it that wommen most  
desyren? 905

Be war, and keep thy nekke-boon from  
yren. (50)

And if thou canst nat tellen it anon,  
Yet wol I yeve thee leve for to gon  
A twelf-month and a day, to seche and  
lere

An answer suffisant in this matere. 910  
And suretee wol I han, er that thou pace,  
Thy body for to yelden in this place.

Wo was this knight and sorwefully he  
syketh;

But what! he may nat do al as him lyketh.  
And at the laste, he chees him for to  
wende, 915

And come agayn, right at the yeres ende,  
With swich answer as god wolde him  
purveye; (61)

And taketh his leve, and wendeth forth  
his weya.

He seketh every hous and every place,  
Wher-as he hopeth for to finde grace, 920  
To lerne, what thing wommen loven  
most;

But he ne coude arryven in no cost,  
Wher-as he mighte finde in this matere  
Two creatures accordinge in-fere.

Somme seyde, wommen loven best  
richesse, 925

Somme seyde, honour, somme seyde, joly-  
nesse; (70)

Somme, riche array, somme seyden, lust  
abedde,

And ofte tyme to be widwe and wedde.

Somme seyde, that our hertes been  
most used,

Whan that we been y-flatered and y-  
plesed. 930

He gooth ful ny the sothe, I wol nat lye;  
A man shal winne us best with flaterye;  
And with attendance, and with bisinesse,  
Been we y-lymed, bothe more and lesse.

And somme seyn, how that we loven  
best 935

For to be free, and do right as us lest, (80)  
And that no man repreve us of our vyce,  
But seye that we be wyse, and no-thing  
nyce.

For trewely, ther is noon of us alle, 939  
If any wight wol clawe us on the galle,

That we nil like, for he seith us sooth;  
Assay, and he shal finde it that so dooth.  
For be we never so vicious with-inne,  
We wol been holden wyse, and clene of  
sinne.

And somme seyn, that greet dalyt han  
we (89) 945

For to ben holden stable and eek secrete,  
And in o purpos stedefastly to dwelle,  
And nat biwreys thing that men us telle.  
But that tale is nat worth a rake-stele;  
Pardee, we wommen conne no-thing hale;  
Witnesse on Myda; wol ye here the tale?

Ovyde, amonges othere thinges smale,  
Seyde, Myda hadde, under his longe herees,  
Growinge up-on his heed two asses eres,  
The whiche vyce he hidde, as he best  
mighte, 955

Ful subtilly from every mannes sighte,  
That, save his wyf, ther wiste of it na-  
mo. (101)

He loved hir most, and trusted hir also;  
He preyede hir, that to no creature  
She sholde tellen of his disfigure. 960

She swoor him 'nay, for al this world  
to winne,

She nolde do that vileinye or sinne,  
To make hir housbond han so foul a name;  
She nolde nat telle it for hir owene shame.'  
But natheles, hir thoughte that she dyde,  
That she so longe sholde a conseil hyde;  
Hir thoughte it swal so sore aboute hir  
herte, (111)

That nedely som word hir moste asterte;  
And sith she dorste telle it to no man,  
Doun to a mareys faste by she ran; 970  
Til she came there, hir herte was a-fyre,  
And, as a bitore bombleth in the myre,  
She leyde hir mouth un-to the water doun:  
'Biwreys me nat, thou water, with thy  
soun,' (118) 974

Quod she, 'to thee I telle it, and namo;  
Myn housbond hath longe asses eres two!  
Now is myn herte all hool, now is it oute;  
I mighte no longer kepe it, out of doute.'  
Heer may ye se, thogh we a tyme abyde,  
Yet out it moot, we can no conseil hyde;  
The remenant of the tale if ye wol here,  
Redeth Ovyde, and ther ye may it lere.

This knight, of which my tale is spe-  
cially, 983

Whan that he saugh he mighte nat come  
therby,

This is to seye, what wommen loven moost,  
With-inne his brest ful sorweful was the  
goost; (130) 986

But hoom he gooth, he mighte nat  
sojourne.

The day was come, that hoomward mooste  
he tourne,

And in his way it happed him to ryde,  
In al this care, under a forest-syde, 990  
Wher-as he saugh up-on a daunce go  
Of ladies foure and twenty, and yet mo;  
Toward the whiche daunce he drow ful  
yerne,

In hope that som wisdom sholde he lerne.  
But certainly, er he came fully there, 995  
Vanished was this daunce, he niste where.  
No creature saugh he that bar lyf, (141)  
Save on the grane he saugh sittinge a wyf;  
A fouler wight ther may no man devyse.  
Agayn the knight this olde wyf gan ryse,  
And seyde, 'sir knight, heer-forth ne lyth  
no way. 1001

Tel me, what that ye seken, by your fey?  
Paraventure it may the bettre be;  
Thise olde folk can 'muchel thing,' quod  
she.

'My leve mooder,' quod this knight  
certeyn, 1005

'I nam but deed, but-if that I can seyn  
What thing it is that wommen most  
desyre; (151)

Coude ye me wisse, I wolde wel quyte  
your hyre.'

'Plight me thy trouthe, heer in myn  
hand,' quod she,

'The nexte thing that I requere thee, 1010  
Thou shalt it do, if it lye in thy might;

And I wol telle it yow er it be night.'  
'Have heer my trouthe,' quod the knight,  
'I grante.'

'Thanne,' quod she, 'I dar me wel  
avante, 1014

Thy lyf is sauf, for I wol stonde therby,  
Up-on my lyf, the queen wol seye as I.  
Lat see which is the proudeste of hem  
alle, (161)

That wereth on a coverchief or a calle,  
That dar seye nay, of that I shal thee  
teche;

Lat us go forth with-outen longer speche.'  
Tho rouned she a pistel in his ere, 1021  
And bad him to be glad, and have no  
fere.

Whan they be comen to the court, this  
knight

Seyde, 'he had holde his day, as he  
hadde hight,

And redy was his answer,' as he seyde.  
Ful many a noble wyf, and many a  
mayde, (170) 1026

And many a widwe, for that they ben  
wyse,

The quene hir-self sittinge as a justyse,  
Assembled been, his answer for to here;  
And afterward this knight was bod-  
appere. 1030

To every wight comanded was silence,  
And that the knight sholde telle in  
audience,

What thing that worldly wommen loven  
best.

This knight ne stood nat stille as doth  
a best,

But to his questioun anon answerde 1035  
With manly voys, that al the court it  
herde: (180)

'My lige lady, generally,' quod he,  
'Wommen desyren to have sovereyntee  
As wel over hir housbond as hir love,  
And for to been in maistrie him above;  
This is your moste desyr, thogh ye me  
kille, 1041

Doth as yow list, I am heer at your wille.'

In al the court ne was ther wyf ne  
mayde,

Ne widwe, that contraried that he seyde,  
But seyden, 'he was worthy han his  
lyf.' 1045

And with that word up stirte the olde  
wyf, (190)

Which that the knight saugh sittinge in  
the grene:

'Mercy,' quod she, 'my sovereyn lady  
quene!

Er that your court departe, do me right.  
I taughte this answer un-to the knight;  
For which he plighte me his trouthe  
there, 1051

The firste thing I wolde of him requere,  
He wolde it do, if it lay in his might.

Bifore the court than preye I thee, sir knight,

Quod she, 'that thou me take un-to thy wyf; 1055

For wel thou wost that I have kept thy lyf. (200)

If I sey fals, sey nay, up-on thy fey!'

This knight answerde, 'allas! and weylawey!

I woot right wel that swich was my biheste. 1059

For goddes love, as chees a newe requeste; Tak al my good, and let my body go.'

'Nay than,' quod she, 'I shrewe us bothe two!

For thogh that I be foul, and old, and pore,

I nolde for al the metal, ne for ore, That under erthe is grave, or lyth above,

But-if thy wyf I were, and eek thy love.' (210) 1066

'My love?' quod he; 'nay, my damp-nacioun!

Allas! that any of my nacioun

Sholde ever so foule disparaged be!'

But al for noght, the ende is this, that he Constreyned was, he nedes moste hir wedde; 1071

And taketh his olde wyf, and gooth to bedde.

Now wolden som men seye, paraventure, That, for my negligence, I do no cure

To tallen yow the joye and al th'array • That at the feste was that ilke day. (220)

To whiche thing shortly answeres I shal; I seye, ther nas no joye ne feste at al,

Ther nas but heviness and mucche sorwe; For prively he wedded hir on a morwe,

And al day after hidde him as an oule; So we was him, his wyf looked so foule.

Greet was the wo the knight hadde in his thought,

Whan he was with his wyf a-bedde y-brought; 1084

He walweth, and he turneth to and fro. His olde wyf lay amylinge evermo, (230)

And seyde, 'o dere housbond, *ben'cite!* Fareth every knight thus with his wyf

as ye?

Is this the lawe of king Arthures hous? Is every knight of his so dangerous? 1090

I am your owene love and eek your wyf; I am she, which that saved hath your lyf;

And certes, yet dide I yow never unright; Why fare ye thus with me this firste night?

Ye faren lyk a man had lost his wit; 1095 What is my gilt? for godd's love, tel me it, (240)

And it shal been amended, if I may.'

'Amended?' quod this knight, 'allas! nay, nay!

It wol nat been amended never mo! Thou art so loothly, and so old also, 1100

And ther-to comen of so lowe a kinde, That lital wonder is, thogh I walwe and winde.

So wolde god myn herte wolde breste!'

'Is this,' quod she, 'the cause of your unreste?' 1104

'Ye, certainly,' quod he, 'no wonder is.'

'Now, sira,' quod she, 'I coude amende al this, (250)

If that me liste, er it were dayes three, So wel ye mighte bere yow un-to me.

But for ye speken of swich gentillesse As is descended out of old richesse, 1110

That therfore sholden ye be gentil man, Swich arrogance is nat worth an hen.

Loke who that is most vertuous alway, Privee and apert, and most entendeth ay

To do the gentil dedes that he can, 1115 And tak him for the grettest gentil man. (260)

Crist wol, we clayme of him our gentillesse,

Nat of our eldres for hir old richesse. For thogh they yeve us al hir heritage,

For which we clayme to been of heigh parage, 1120

Yet may they nat biquethe, for no-thing, To noon of us hir vertuous living,

That made hem gentil men y-called be; And bad us folwen hem in swich degree.

Wel can the wyse poete of Florence, That highte Dant, speken in this sentence;

Lo in swich maner rym is Dantes tale: "Ful selde up ryseth by his branches

smale (272) 1128 Prowesse of man; for god, of his goodnesse,

Wol that of him we clayme our gentillesse;" 1130

For of our eldres may we no-thing  
clayme 1131

But temporel thing, that man may hurte  
and mayme.

Eek every wight wot this as wel as I,  
If gentillesse were planted naturelly  
Un-to a certeyn linage, down the lyne,  
Privee ne apert, than wolde they never  
fyne (280) 1136

To doon of gentillesse the faire offyce;  
They mighte do no vileinye or vyce.

Tak fyr, and ber it in the derkeste hous  
Bitwix this and the mount of Caucasus,  
And lat men shette the dores and go  
thenne; 1141

Yet wol the fyr as faire lye and brenne,  
As twenty thousand men mighte it biholde;  
His office naturel ay wol it holde,  
Up peril of my lyf, til that it dye. 1145

Heer may ye see wel, how that genterye  
Is nat annexed to possession, (291)

Sith folk ne doon hir operacioun  
Alwey, as dooth the fyr, lo! in his kinde.  
For, god it woot, men may wel often finde  
A lordes sone do shame and vileinye; 1151  
And he that wol han prys of his gentrye  
For he was boren of a gentil hous,  
And hadde hise eldres noble and vertuons,  
And nil him-selven do no gentil dedis, 1155  
Ne folwe his gentil auncestre that deed is,  
He nis nat gentil, be he duk or erl; (301)  
For vileyns sinful dedes make a cherl.

For gentillesse nis but renomee 1159  
Of thyne auncestres, for hir heigh bountee,  
Which is a strange thing to thy persone.  
Thy gentillesse cometh fro god allone;  
Than comth our verray gentillesse of grace,  
It was no-thing biqueste us with our place.

Thanketh how noble, as seith Valerius,  
Was thilke Tullius Hostilius, (310) 1166  
That out of povert roos to heigh noblesse.  
Redeth Senek, and redeth eek Boece,  
Ther shul ye seen expres that it no drede is,  
That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis;  
And therefore, leve housbond, I thus con-  
clude, 1171

Al were it that myne auncestres were rude,  
Yet may the hye god, and so hope I,  
Grante me grace to liven vertuously. 1174  
Thanne am I gentil, whan that I biginne  
To liven vertuously and weyve sinne. (320)

And ther-as ye of povert me repreve,  
The hye god, on whom that we bileve.  
In wilful povert chees to live his lyf. 1170  
And certes every man, mayden, or wyf,  
May understonde that Jeeus, hevене king,  
Ne wolde nat chese a vicious living.  
Glad povert is an honest thing, certeyn :  
This wol Senek and others clerkes seyn.  
Who-so that halt him payd of his povert.  
I holde him riche, al hadde he nat a  
sherte. (330) 1186

He that coveteth is a povre wight,  
For he wolde han that is nat in his might.  
But he that noight hath, ne coveteth have,  
Is riche, al-though ye holde him but a  
knave. 1193

Verray povert, it singeth proprely;  
Juvenal seith of povert merily :  
"The povre man, whan he goth by the  
weye,

Bifore the theves he may singe and pleye."  
Povert is hateful good, and, as I gesse, 1195  
A ful greet bringer out of bisinesse; (340)  
A greet amender eek of sapience  
To him that taketh it in pacience.  
Povert is this, al-though it seme elenge :  
Possessioun, that no wight wol challenge.  
Povert ful ofte, whan a man is lowe, 1201  
Maketh his god and eek him-self to knowe.  
Povert a spectacle is, as thinketh me,  
Thurgh which he may his verray frendes  
see.

And therefore, sire, sin that I noight yow  
greve, 1205  
Of my povert na-more ye me repreve. (350)

Now, sire, of elde ye repreve me;  
And certes, sire, thogh noon auctoritee  
Were in no book, ye gentils of honour  
Seyn that men sholde an old wight doon  
favour, 1210

And clepe him fader, for your gentillesse;  
And auctours shal I finden, as I gesse.

Now ther ye seye, that I am foul and old,  
Than drede you noight to been a cokewold;  
For filthe and elde, al-so mote I thee, 1215  
Been grete wardeyns up-on chastitee. (360)  
But natheless, sin I knowe your delyt,  
I shal fulfille your worldly appetyt.

Chees now,' quod she, 'oon of these  
things tweye, 1219  
To han me foul and old til that I deye,

And be to yow a trewe humble wyf,  
 And never yow displese in al my lyf,  
 Or elles ye wol han me yong and fair,  
 And take your aventure of the repair 1224  
 That shal be to your hous, by-cause of me,  
 Or in som other place, may wel be. (370)  
 Now chees your-selven, whether that yow  
 lyketh.'

This knight avyseth him and sore  
 syketh,

But atte laste he seyde in this manere,  
 'My lady and my love, and wyf so dere,  
 I put me in your wyse governance; 1231  
 Cheseth your-self, which may be most  
 plesance,

And most honour to yow and me also.  
 I do no fors the whether of the two;  
 For as yow lyketh, it suffiseth me.' 1235

'Thanne have I gete of yow maistrye,'  
 quod she, (380)

'Sin I may chese, and governe as me lest?'

'Ye, certes, wyf,' quod he, 'I holde it  
 best.'

'Kis me,' quod she, 'we be no lenger  
 wrothe; 1239

For, by my trouthe, I wol be to yow bothe,  
 This is to seyn, ye, bothe fair and good.  
 I prey to god that I mot sterven wood,

But I to yow be al-so good and trewe  
 As ever was wyf, sin that the world was  
 newe.

And, but I be to-morn as fair to sene 1245  
 As any lady, emperyce, or quene, (390)  
 That is bitwixe the est and eke the west,  
 Doth with my lyf and deeth right as yow  
 lest.

Cast up the curtin, loke how that it is.'

And whan the knight saugh verrailly al  
 this, 1250

That she so fair was, and so yong ther-to,  
 For joye he hente hir in his armes two,  
 His herte bathed in a bath of blisse;  
 A thousand tyme a-rewhe he gan hir  
 kisse.

And she obeyed him in every thing 1255  
 That mighte doon him plesance or lyking.

And thus they live, un-to hir lyves  
 ende, (401)

In parfit joye; and Jesu Crist us sende  
 Housbondes meke, yonge, and freshe a-  
 bedde, 1259

And grace t'overhyde hem that we wedde.  
 And eek I preye Jesu shorte hir lyves  
 That wol nat be governed by hir wyves;  
 And olde and angry nigardes of dispence,  
 God sende hem sone verray pestilence.

Here endeth the Wyves Tale of Bathe.

## THE FRIAR'S PROLOGUE.

The Prologe of the Freres tale.

This worthy limitour, this noble Frere, 1265  
 He made alwey a maner louring chere  
 Upon the Somnour, but for honestee  
 No vileyns word as yet to him spak he.  
 But atte laste he seyde un-to the Wyf, 1270  
 'Dame,' quod he, 'god yeve yow right  
 good lyf! 1270

Ye han heer touched, al-so mote I thee,  
 In scole-matere greet difficultee;

Ye han seyde muchel thing right wel, I  
 seye; (9)

But dame, here as we ryden by the weye,  
 Us nedeth nat to speken but of game, 1275  
 And lete auctoritees, on goddes name,  
 To preching and to scole eek of clergie.  
 But if it lyke to this compagne,  
 I wol yow of a somnour telle a game. 1279  
 Pardee, ye may wel knowe by the name,



That of a somnour may no good be  
sayd;

I praye that noon of you be yvel apayd.

A somnour is a renner up and doun

With mandements for fornicacioun, (20)

And is y-bet at every tounes ende.' 1285

Our host tho spak, 'a! sire, ye sholde  
be hende

And curteys, as a man of your estaat;

In companye we wol have no debaat.

Telleth your tale, and lat the Somnour  
be.'

'Nay,' quod the Somnour, 'lat him  
seye to me 1290

What so him list; whan it comth to my lot,

By god, I shal him quytten every grot.

I shal him tellen which a greet honour (29)

It is to be a flateringe limitour; [T. 6876

And his offyce I shal him tella, y-wis.'

[T. 6879

Our host answerde, 'pees, na-more of  
this.' 1296

And after this he seyde un-to the Frere,

'Tel forth your tale, leve maister deere.'

Here endeth the Prologe of the Frere.

## THE FRERES TALE.

Here biginneth the Freres tale.

WHILOM ther was dwellinge in my contree  
An erchedeken, a man of heigh degree,  
That boldely dide execucioun 1301

In punisshinge of fornicacioun,  
Of wiccheecraft, and eek of bauderye,  
Of diffamacioun, and avoutrye,  
Of chirche-reves, and of testaments, 1305  
Of contractes, and of lakke of sacraments,  
And eek of many another maner cryme

[T. om.

Which nedeth nat rehernen at this tyme;

[T. om.

Of usure, and of symonye also. (11)

But certes, lechours dide he grettest wo;  
They sholde singen, if that they were  
hent; 1311

And smale tytheres weren foule y-shent.

If any persone wolde up-on hem pleyne,  
Ther mighte asterte him no pecunial  
peyne.

For smale tythes and for smal offringe 1315

He made the peple pitously to singe.

For er the bisschop caughte hem with his  
hook,

They weren in the erchedeknes book. (20)  
Thanne hadde he, thurgh his jurisdic-  
cioun,

Power to doon on hem correccioun. 1320

He hadde a Somnour redy to his hond,

A slyer boy was noon in Engelond;

For subtilly he hadde his espiaille,

That taughte him, wher that him mighte  
availle. 1324

He coude spare of lechours oon or two,

To techen him to foure and twenty mo.

For thogh this Somnour wood were as an  
hare,

To telle his harlotrye I wol nat spare; (30)

For we been out of his correccioun;

They han of us no jurisdiccoun, 1330

Ne never shullen, terme of alle hir lyves.

'Peter! so been the wommen of the  
styves,'

Quod the Somnour, 'y-put out of my cure!'

'Pees, with mischance and with mis-  
aventure,'

Thus seyde our host, 'and lat him telle  
his tale. 1335

Now telleth forth, though that the Somnour gale,

Ne spareth nat, myn owene maister dere.

This false theef, this Somnour, quod the Frere, (40)

Hadde alwey bandes redy to his hond,

As any hauk to lure in Engeland, 1340

That tolde him al the secree that they knewe;

For hir acqueyntance was nat come of newe.

They weren hise approwours prively;

He took him-self a greet profit therby;

His maister knew nat alwey what he wan.

With-oute mandement, a lewed man 1346

He coude somne, on peyne of Cristes curs,

And they were gladdes for to fille his purs, (50)

And make him grete festes atte nale.

And right as Judas hadde purses smale,

And was a theef, right swich a theef was he; 1351

His maister hadde but half his duette.

He was, if I shal yeven him his laude,

A theef, and eek a Somnour, and a bande.

He hadde eek wenches at his retenue, 1355

That, whether that sir Robert or sir Huwe,

Or Jakke, or Ranf, or who-so that it were,

That lay by hem, they tolde it in his ere;

Thus was the wenche and he of oon assent. (61)

And he wolde fecche a feyned mandement, 1360

And somne hem to the chapitre bothe two,

And pile the man, and lete the wenche go.

Thanne wolde he seye, 'frend, I shal for thy sake 1363

Do stryken hir out of our lettres blake;

Thee thar na-more as in this cas travaille;

I am thy freend, ther I thee may availle.'

Certeyn he knew of bryberyes mo

Than possible is to telle in yeres two. (70)

For in this world nis dogge for the bowe,

That can an hurt deer from an hool y-knowe, 1370

Bet than this Somnour knew a sly lechour,

Or an avouter, or a paramour.

And, for that was the fruit of al his rente,

Therefore on it he sette al his entente.

And so bifel, that ones on a day 1375

This Somnour, ever waiting on his pray,

Rood for to somne a widwe, an old ribybe, Feyninge a cause, for he wolde brybe. (80)

And happed that he saugh bifore him ryde

A gay yeman, under a forest-syde. 1380

A bowe he bar, and arwes brighte and kene;

He hadde up-on a courtsey of grene;

An hat up-on his heed with frenches blake.

'Sir,' quod this Somnour, 'hay! and wel a-take!'

'Wel-come,' quod he, 'and every good felawe! 1385

Wher rydestow under this grene shawe?'

Seyde this yeman, 'wiltow fer to day?'

This Somnour him answerde, and seyde, 'nay; (90)

Heer faste by,' quod he, 'is myn entente

To ryden, for to reysen up a rente 1390

That longeth to my lordes duette.'

'Artow thanne a bailly?' 'Ye!' quod he.

He dorste nat, for verray filthe and shame,

Seye that he was a somnour, for the name.

'Depardieur,' quod this yeman, 'dere brother, 1395

Thou art a bailly, and I am another.

I am unknowen as in this contree; (99)

Of thyn aqueyntance I wolde praye thee,

And eek of brotherhede, if that yow leste.

I have gold and silver in my cheste; 1400

If that thee happe to comen in our shyre,

Alshal be thyn, right as thou wolt desyre.'

'Grantmercy,' quod this Somnour, 'by my feith!'

Everich in otheres hand his trouthe leith,

For to be sworne bretheren til they deye.

In daliance they ryden forth hir weye. 1406

This Somnour, which that was as ful of jangles,

As ful of venim been thise wariangles, (110)

And ever enquerung up-on every thing,

'Brother,' quod he, 'where is now your dwelling, 1410

Another day if that I sholde yow seche?'

This yeman him answerde in softe speche,

'Brother,' quod he, 'fer in the north contree,

Wher, as I hope, som-tyme I shal thee see.

Er we departe, I shal thee so wel wisse,

That of myn hous ne shaltow never  
missa.' 1416

'Now, brother,' quod this Somnour, 'I  
yow preye,

Teche me, whyl that we ryden by the  
weye, (130)

Sin that ye been a baillif as am I,  
Som subtiltee, and tel me faithfully 1420

In myn offyce how I may most winne;  
And spareth nat for conscience ne sinne,  
But as my brother tel me, how do ye?'

'Now, by my trouthe, brother dere,'  
seyde he,

'As I shal tellen thee a faithful tale, 1425  
My wages been ful streite and ful smale.

My lord is hard to me and daungerous,  
And myn offyce is ful laborous; (130)

And therefore by extorcions I live.  
For sothe, I take al that men wol me

yive; 1430  
Algate, by sleyghte or by violence,

Fro yeer to yeer I winne al my dispenca.  
I can no better telle faithfully.'

'Now, certes,' quod this Somnour, 'so  
fare I;

I spare nat to taken, god it woot, 1435  
But-if it be to hevy or to hoot.

What I may gete in conseil prively,  
No maner conscience of that have I; (140)

Nere myn extorcioun, I mighte nat liven,  
Ne of swiche japes wol I nat be shriven.

Stomak ne conscience ne knowe I noon;  
I shrewe thise shrifte-fadres everichoon.

Wel be we met, by god and by seint  
Jame!

But, leve brother, tel me than thy name,'  
Quod this Somnour; and in this mene

whyle, 1445  
This yeman gan a litel for to smyle.

'Brother,' quod he, 'wiltow that I thee  
telle?

I am a feend, my dwelling is in helle. (150)  
And here I ryde about my purchasing,

To wite wher men wolde yeve me any  
thing. 1450

My purchas is th'effect of al my rente.  
Loke how thou rydest for the same en-

tente,  
To winne good, thou rekkest never how;

Right so fare I, for ryde wolde I now  
Un-to the worldes ende for a preye.' 1455

'A,' quod this Somnour, 'ben'cite, what  
sey ye?

I wende ye were a yeman trewely.

Ye han a mannes shap as wel as I; (160)  
Han ye figure than determinat

In helle, ther ye been in your estat?' 1460  
'Nay, certainly,' quod he, 'ther have

we noon;  
But whan us lyketh, we can take us oon,

Or elles make yow seme we ben shape  
Som-tyme lyk a man, er lyk an ape;

Or lyk an angel can I ryde or go. 1465  
It is no wonder thing thogh it be so;

A lousy jogelour can deceyve thee,  
And pardee, yet can I more craft than

ha.' (170)  
'Why,' quod the Somnour, 'ryde ye

thanne or goon 1469  
In sondry shap, and nat alwey in oon?'

'For we,' quod he, 'wol us swich formes  
make

As most able is our preyes for to take.'  
'What maketh yow to han al this

labour?'

'Ful many a cause, leve sir Somnour,'  
Seyde this feend, 'but alle thing hath

tyme. 1475  
The day is short, and it is passed pryme,

And yet ne wan I no-thing in this day.  
I wol entende to winnen, if I may, (180)

And nat entende our wittes to declare.  
For, brother myn, thy wit is al to bare 1480

To understonde, al-though I tolde ham thea.  
But, for thou axest why labouren we;

For, som-tyme, we ben goddes instru-  
ments,

And menes to don his comandements,  
Whan that him list, up-on his creatures,

In divers art and in divers figures. 1486  
With-outen him we have no might, cer-

tayn, (189)  
If that him list to stonden ther-agayn.

And som-tyme, at our prayere, han we leve  
Only the body and nat the soule greve;

Witness on Job, whom that we diden  
wo. 1491

And som-tyme han we might of bothe two,  
This is to seyn, of soule and body eke.

And somtyme be we suffred for to seke  
Up-on a man, and doon his soule unreste,

And nat his body, and al is for the beste.

When he withstandeth our temptacioun,  
 It is a cause of his savacioun; (200)  
 Al-be-it that it was nat our entente  
 He sholde be sauf, but that we wolde  
 him hente. 1500  
 And som-tyme be we servant un-to man,  
 As to the archebisshop Saint Dunstan  
 And to the apostles servant eek was I'  
 'Yet tel me,' quod the Somnour, 'feith-  
 fully,  
 Make ye yow newe bodies thus alway 1505  
 Of elementes?' the feend answerde, 'nay;  
 Som-tyme we feyne, and som-tyme we  
 aryse  
 With dede bodies in ful sondry wyse, (210)  
 And speke as renably and faire and wel  
 As to the Phitonissa dide Samuel. 1510  
 And yet wol som men seye it was nat he;  
 I do no fors of your divinitee.  
 But o thing warne I thee, I wol nat jape,  
 Thou wolt algates wite how we ben shape;  
 Thou shalt her-afterward, my brother  
 dere, 1515  
 Com ther thee nedeth nat of me to lere.  
 For thou shalt by thyn owene experience  
 Conne in a chayer rede of this sentence  
 Bet than Virgyle, whyl he was on lyve,  
 Or Dant also; now lat us ryde blyve. 1520  
 For I wol holde compagne with thee (223)  
 Til it be so, that thou forsake me.'  
 'Nay,' quod this Somnour, 'that shal  
 nat bityde;  
 I am a yeman, knowen is ful wyde;  
 My trouthe wol I holde as in this cas. 1525  
 For though thou were the devel Sathanas,  
 My trouthe wol I holde to my brother,  
 As I am sworn, and ech of us til other (230)  
 For to be trewe brother in this cas;  
 And bothe we goon abouten our purchas.  
 Tak thou thy part, what that men wol  
 thee yive, 1531  
 And I shal myn; thus may we bothe live.  
 And if that any of us have more than  
 other,  
 Lat him be trewe, and parte it with his  
 brother.'  
 'I graunte,' quod the devel, 'by my fey.'  
 And with that word they ryden forth hir  
 way. 1536  
 And right at the entring of the tounes  
 ende,

To which this Somnour schoop him for to  
 wende, (240)  
 They saugh a cart, that charged was with  
 hey,  
 Which that a carter droofforth in his wey.  
 Deep was the wey, for which the carte  
 stood. 1541  
 The carter smoot, and cryde, as he were  
 wood,  
 'Hayt, Brok! hayt, Scot! what spare ye  
 for the stones?  
 The feend,' quod he, 'yow fecche body  
 and bones,  
 As ferforthly as ever were ye foled! 1545  
 So muche wo as I have with yow tholed!  
 The devel have al, bothe hors and cart  
 and hey!'  
 This Somnour seyde, 'heer shal we  
 have a play;' (1550)  
 And near the feend he drough, as night  
 ne were,  
 Ful prively, and rouned in his ere: 1550  
 'Herkne, my brother, herkne, by thy  
 feith;  
 Herestow nat how that the carter seith?  
 Hent it anon, for he hath yve it thee,  
 Bothe hey and cart, and eek hise caples  
 three.'  
 'Nay,' quod the devel, 'god wot, never  
 a deel; 1555  
 It is nat his entente, trust me weel.  
 Aze him thy-self, if thou nat trowest me,  
 Or elles stint a while, and thou shalt  
 see.' (260)  
 This carter thakketh his hors upon the  
 croupe,  
 And they bigonne drawen and to-stoupe;  
 'Heyt, now!' quod he, 'ther Jesu Crist  
 yow blesse, 1561  
 And al his handwerk, bothe more and  
 lesse!  
 That was wel twight, myn owene lyard  
 boy!  
 I pray god save thee and seynt Loy!  
 Now is my cart out of the slow, pardee!'  
 'Lo! brother,' quod the feend, 'what  
 tolde I thee? 1566  
 Heer may ye see, myn owene dere brother,  
 The carl spak oo thing, but he thoughte  
 another. (270)  
 Lat us go forth abouten our viage;

Heer winne I no-thing up-on cariage.'

Whan that they comen som-what out  
of tounes, 1571

This Somnour to his brother gan to rounne,  
'Brother,' quod he, 'heer woneth an old  
rebeke,

That hadde almost as lief to lese hir nekke  
As for to yeve a peny of hir good. 1575

I wol han twelf pens, though that she be  
wood,

Or I wol sompne hir un-to our offyce;  
And yet, god woot, of hir knowe I no  
vyce. (280)

But for thou canst nat, as in this contree,  
Winne thy cost, tak heer ensample of  
me.' 1580

This Somnour clappeth at the widwes  
gate.

'Com out,' quod he, 'thou olde viritrate!  
I trowe thot hast som frere or preest  
with thee!'

'Who clappeth?' seyde this widwa,  
'*ben'cite*!'

God save you, sire, what is your swete  
wille?' 1585

'I have,' quod he, 'of somonce here  
a bille;

Up payne of cursing, loke that thou be  
To-morn before the erchedeknes knee (290)  
'Tanswere to the court of certeyn thinges.'

'Now, lord,' quod she, 'Crist Jesu, king  
of kinges, 1590

So wisly helpe me, as I ne may.  
I have been syk, and that ful many a day.  
I may nat go so fer,' quod she, 'ne ryde,  
But I be deed, so priketh it in my syde.

May I nat axe a libel, sir Somnour, 1595  
And answer there, by my procoutour,  
To swich thing as men wol opposen me?'

'Yis,' quod this Somnour, 'pay anon,  
lat se, (300)

Twelf pens to me, and I wol thee acquyte.  
I shall no profit han ther-by but lyte; 1600  
My maister hath the profit, and nat I.  
Com of, and lat me ryden hastily;

Yif me twelf pens, I may no lenger tarie.'  
'Twelf pens,' quod she, 'now lady  
Seinte Marie

So wisly help me out of care and sinne,  
This wyde world thogh that I sholde  
winne, 1606

Ne have I nat twelf pens with-inne myn  
hold. (300)

Ye knowen wel that I am povre and old;  
Kythe your almese on me povre wrecche.'

'Nay than,' quod he, 'the foule feend  
me fecche 1610

If I th'excuse, though thou shul be spilt!'  
'Alas,' quod she, 'god woot, I have no  
gilt.'

'Pay me,' quod he, 'or by the swete  
seinte Anne,

As I wol bere away thy newe panne  
For dette, which that thou owest me of  
old, 1615

Whan that thou madest thyn housbond  
cokewold,

I payde at hoom for thy correccioun.'

'Thou lirt,' quod she, 'by my sava-  
cioun! (320)

Ne was I never er now, widwe ne wyf,  
Somoned un-to your court in al my lyf;

Ne never I nas but of my body trewe! 1621  
Un-to the devel blak and rough of hewe

Yeve I thy body and my panne also!'  
And whan the devel herde hir cursen so

Up-on hir knees, he seyde in this manere,  
'Now Mabely, myn owene moder dere, 1626

Is this your wil in earnest, that ye seye?'  
'The devel,' quod she, 'so fecche him  
er he deye, (330)

And panne and al, but he wol him re-  
pente!' 1629

'Nay, olde stot, that is nat myn entente,'  
Quod this Somnour, 'for to repente me,

For any thing that I have had of thee;  
I wolde I hadde thy smok and every  
clooth!'

'Now, brother,' quod the devel, 'be nat  
wrooth;

Thy body and this panne ben myne by  
right. 1635

Thou shalt with me to helle yet to-night,  
Where thou shalt knowen of our privetee

More than a maister of divinitee:' (340)  
And with that word this foule feend him

hente; 1639  
Body and soule, he with the devel wente

Wher-as that somnours han hir heritage.  
And god, that maked after his image

Mankinde, save and gyde us alle and  
some;

And leve this Somnour good man to  
bicoome !

Lordinges, I coude han told yow, quod  
this Frere, 1645

Hadde I had leyser for this Somnour here,  
After the text of Crist [and] Pouland John,  
And of our othere doctours many oon,  
Swiche peynes, that your hertes mighte  
agryse, (351)

Al-be-it so, no tonge may devyise, 1650  
Thogh that I mighte a thousand winter  
telle,

The peyne of thilke cursed hous of halle.  
But, for to kepe us fro that cursed place,  
Waketh, and preyeth Jesu for his grace

Sokepe us fro the temptour Sathanas. 1655  
Herketh this word, beth war as in this  
cas;

The leoun sit in his await alway  
To slee the innocent, if that he may. (360)  
Disposeth ay your hertes to withstonde  
The feend, that yow wolde make thral  
and bonde. 1660

He may nat tempten yow over your might;  
For Crist wol be your champion and  
knight.

And prayeth that thise Somnours hem  
repente

Of hir misdedes, er that the feend hem  
hente.

Here endeth the Freres tale.

## THE SOMNOUR'S PROLOGUE.

The prologe of the Somnours Tale.

THIS Somnour in his stiropes hye stood;  
Up-on this Frere his herte was so wood,  
That lyk an aspen leef he quook for yre.

'Lordinges,' quod he, 'but o thing I  
desyre;

I yow biseke that, of your curteisye,  
Sin ye han herd this false Frere lye, 1670  
As suffereth me I may my tale telle!

This Frere bosteth that he knoweth helle,  
And god it woot, that it is lital wonder;  
Freres and feendes been but lyte a-sonder.  
For pardee, ye han ofte tyme herd telle,  
How that a frere ravished was to helle  
In spirit ones by a visioun; (13) 1677

And as an angel ladde him up and down,  
To shewen him the peynes that ther were,  
In al the place saugh he nat a frere; 1680  
Of other folk he saugh y-nowe in wo.  
Un-to this angel spak the frere tho :

"Now, sir," quod he, "han freres swich  
a grace (19)

That noon of hem shal come to this place?"

"Yis," quod this angel, "many a mil-  
lioun!" 1685

And un-to Sathanas he ladde him down.

"And now hath Sathanas," seith he,  
"a tayl

Brodder than of a carrik is the sayl.

Hold up thy tayl, thou Sathanas!" quod  
he, 1689

"Sheweforth thyn ers, and lat the frere see  
Wher is the nest of freres in this place!"

And, er that half a furlong-wey of space,  
Right so as bees out swarmen from an  
hyve,

Out of the develes ers ther gonne dryve (30)  
Twenty thousand freres in a route, 1695

And thurgh-out helle swarmeden aboute

And comen agayn, as faste as they may  
gon,  
And in his ers they crepten everichon.  
He clapte his tayl agayn, and layful stille.  
This frere, whan he loked hadde his fille  
Upon the torments of this sory place, 1701  
His spirit god restored of his grace

Un-to his body agayn, and he awook ;  
But natheles, for fere yet he quook, (40)  
So was the develes ers ay in his minde,  
That is his heritage of verray kinde. 1706  
God' save yow alle, save this cursed  
Frere ;  
My prologe wol I ende in this manere.'

Here endeth the Prologe of the Somnours Tale.

## THE SOMNOURS TALE.

Here biginneth the Somonour his Tale.

LORDINGS, ther is in Yorkshire, as I  
geese,  
A merashy contree called Holderneshe,  
In which ther wente a limitour aboute, 1711  
To preche, and eek to begge, it is no doute.  
And so bifel, that on a day this frere  
Had preched at a chirche in his manere,  
And specially, aboven every thing, 1715  
Excited he the peple in his preching  
To trentals, and to yeve, for goddes sake,  
Wher-with men mighten holy houses  
make, (10)  
Ther as divyne service is honoured,  
Nat ther as it is wasted and devoured, 1720  
Ne ther it nedeth nat for to be yive,  
As to possessioners, that mowen live,  
Thanked begod, in wele and habundaunce.  
'Trentals,' seyde he, 'deliveren fro pen-  
aunce 1724  
Hir freendes soules, as wel olde as yonge,  
Ye, whan that they been hastily y-songe ;  
Nat for to holde a preest joly and gay,  
He singeth nat but o masse in a day ; (20)  
Delivereth out,' quod he, 'anon the soules ;  
Ful hard it is with fleshhook or with oules  
To been y-clawed, or to brenne or bake ;  
Now spede yow hastily, for Cristes sake.'  
And whan this frere had seyde al his  
entente,  
With *qui cum patre* forth his way he wente.

Whan folk in chirche had yeve him  
what hem leste, 1735  
He wente his way, no lenger wolde he  
reste,  
With scrippe and tipped staf, y-tukked  
hye ; (29)  
In every hous he gan to poure and pryve,  
And beggeth mele, and cheese, or elles corn.  
His felawe hadde a staf tipped with horn,  
A peyre of tables al of ivory, 1741  
And a poyntel polissed fetially,  
And wroot the names alwey, as he stood,  
Of alle folk that yaf him any good, 1744  
Asounces that he wolde for hem preye.  
'Yeve us a busshel whete, malt, or reye,  
A goddes kechil, or a trip of cheese,  
Or elles what yow list, we may nat chese ;  
A goddes halfpeny or a masse-peny, (41)  
Or yeve us of your brawn, if ye have eny ;  
A dagon of your blanket, leve dame, 1751  
Oursuster dere, lo ! here I write your name ;  
Bacon or beef, or swich thing as ye finde.'  
A sturdy harlot wente ay hem bihinde,  
That was hir hostes man, and bar a sak,  
And what men yaf hem, leyde it on his  
bak. 1756  
And whan that he was out at dore anon,  
He planed away the names everichon (50)  
That he biforn had writen in his tables ;  
Reserved hem with nyfles and with fables.

'Nay, ther thou list, thou Somnour,'  
quod the Frere. 1761  
'Pees,' quod our Host, 'for Cristes  
moder dere;  
Tel forth thy tale and spare it nat at al.'  
So thyrve I, quod this Somnour, so I shal.—  
So longe he wente hous by hous, til he  
Cam til an hous ther he was wont to be  
Refreshed more than in an hundred  
placia. 1767  
Sik lay the gode man, whos that the place  
is; (60)  
Bedrede up-on a couche lowe he lay.  
'*Deus hic*,' quod he, 'O Thomas, freend,  
good day,' 1770  
Seyde this frere curteisly and softe.  
'Thomas,' quod he, 'god yelde yow! ful  
ofte  
Have I up-on this bench faren ful weel.  
Here have I eten many a mery meel;  
And fro the bench he droof away the cat,  
And leyde adoun his potente and his hat,  
And eek his scrippe, and sette him softe  
adoun. 1777  
His felawe was go walked in-to toun, (70)  
Forth with his knave, in-to that hostelrye  
Wher-as he shoop him thilke night to lye.  
'O dere maister,' quod this syke man,  
'How han ye fare sith that March bigan?  
I saugh yow noght this fourtenight or  
more.'  
'God woot,' quod he, 'laboured have I ful  
sore;  
And specially, for thy savacioun 1785  
Have I seyde many a precious orisoun,  
And for our othere frendes, god hem  
blesse!  
I have to-day been at your chirche at  
messe, (80)  
And seyde a sermon after my simple wit,  
Nat al after the text of holy writ; 1790  
For it is hard to yow, as I suppose,  
And therefore wol I teche yow al the glose.  
Glosinge is a glorious thing, certeyn,  
For lettre sleeth, so as we clerkes seyn.  
Ther have I taught hem to be charitable,  
And spende hir good ther it is resonable,  
And ther I saugh our dame; a! wher  
is she?' (89) 1797  
'Yond in the yerd I trowe that she be,'  
Seyde this man, 'and she wol come anon.'

'Ey, maister! wel-come be ye, by seint  
John!' 1800  
Seyde this wyf, 'how fare ye hertely?'  
The frere aryseth up ful curteisly,  
And hir embraceth in his armes narwe,  
And kiste hir swete, and chirke as  
a sparwe  
With his lippes: 'dame,' quod he, 'right  
weel, 1805  
As he that is your servant every deel.  
Thanked begod, that yow yaf soule and lyf,  
Yet saugh I nat this day so fair a wyf (100)  
In al the chirche, god so save me!'  
'Ye, god amende defautes, sir,' quod she,  
'Algautes wel-come be ye, by my fey!' 1811  
'Graunt mercy, dame, this have I founde  
alwey.  
But of your grete goodnesse, by your  
leve,  
I wolde pray yow that ye nat yow greve,  
I wol with Thomas speke a litel throwe.  
Thise curate been ful negligent and slowe  
To grope tendrely a conscience. (109) 1817  
In shrift, in preching is my diligence,  
And studie in Petres wordes, and in Poules.  
I walke, and flashe Cristen mennes soules,  
To yelden Jesu Crist his propre rent; 1821  
To sprede his word is set al myn en-  
tente.'  
'Now, by your leve, o dere sir,' quod she,  
'Chydeth him weel, for seinte Trinitee.  
He is as angry as a pissemyre, 1825  
Though that he have al that he can  
desyre,  
Though I him wrye a-night and make  
him warm, (119)  
And on hym leye my leg outhur myn arm,  
He groneth lyk our boor, lyth in our sty.  
Other desport right noon of him have I;  
I may nat plesse him in no maner cas.'  
'O Thomas! *Je vous dy*, Thomas!  
Thomas!  
This maketh the feend, this moste ben  
amended.  
Ire is a thing that hye god defended, 1834  
And ther-of wol I speke a word or two.'  
'Now maister,' quod the wyf, 'er that  
I go,  
What wol ye dyne? I wol go ther-about.'  
'Now dame,' quod he, '*Je vous dy sanz  
doute*, (130)



Have I nat of a capon but the liver,  
And of your softe breed nat but a shivere,  
And after that a rosted pigges heed, 1841  
(But that I nolde no beest for me were  
deed),

Thanne hadde I with yow humly suffi-  
saunce.

I am a man of litel sustenaunce.  
My spirit hath his fostring in the Bible.  
The body is ay so redy and penyble 1846  
To wake, that my stomak is destroyed.  
I prey yow, dame, ye be nat annoyed, (140)  
Though I so frendly yow my conseil  
shewe; 1849

By god, I wolde nat telle it but a fewe.'

'Now, sir,' quod she, 'but o word er I go;  
My child is deed with-inne thise wykes  
two,

Sone after that ye wente out of this toun.'

'His deeth saugh I by revelacioun,' 1854  
Seith this frere, 'at hoom in our dortour.  
I dar wel seyn that, er that half an hour  
After his deeth, I saugh him born to blisse  
In myn avisioun, so god me wisse! (150)  
So dide our sexteyn and our fermerer,  
That han been trewe freres fifty year;  
They may now, god be thanked of his  
lone, 1861

Maken hir jubilee and walke allone.  
And up I roos, and al our covant eke,  
With many a tere triking on my cheke,  
Withouten noyse or clateringe of belles;  
To *deum* was our song and no-thing elles,  
Save that to Crist I seyde an orisoun,  
Thankinge him of his revelacioun. (160)  
For sir and dame, trusteth me right weel,  
Our orisons been more effectueel, 1870  
And more we seen of Cristes secree thinges  
Than burel folk, al-though they weren  
kinges.

We live in povert and in abstinence,  
And burel folk in richesse and despence  
Of mete and drinke, and in hir foul delyt.  
We han this worldes lust al in despyt.  
Lazar and Dives liveden diversly, 1877  
And diverse guardon hadden they ther-by.  
Who-so wol preye, he moot faste and be  
clene, (171) 1879

And fatte his soule and make his body lene.  
We fare as seith th'apostle; cloth and fode  
Suffysen us, though they be nat ful gode.

The clenness and the fastinge of us freres  
Maketh that Crist accepteth our preyeres.

Lo, Moyses fourty dayes and fourty  
night 1885

Fasted, er that the heighe god of might  
Spak with him in the mountain of Sinay.  
With empty wombe, fastinge many a day.  
Receyved he the lawe that was written (181)  
With goddes finger; and Elie, wel ye  
witen, 1890

In mount Oreb, er he hadde any speche  
With hye god, that is our lyves leche,  
He fasted longe and was in contemplanee.

Aaron, that hadde the temple in govern-  
saunce, 1894

And eek the othere preestes everichon,  
In-to the temple whan they sholde gon  
To preye for the peple, and do servyse,  
They nolden drinken, in no maner wyse,  
No drinke, which that mighte hem dronke  
make, (191) 1899

But there in abstinence preye and wake,  
Lest that they deyden; tak heed what  
I seye.

But they be sobre that for the peple preye,  
War that I seye; namore! for it suffyeth.  
Our lord Jesu, as holy writ devyseeth, 1904  
Yaf us ensample of fastinge and preyeres.  
Therfor we mendinante, we sely freres,  
Been wedded to povert and continence,  
To charitee, humblesse, and abstinence,  
To persecucion for rightwisnesse, (201) 1900  
To wepinge, misericorde, and clenness.  
And therfor may ye see that our preyeres—  
I speke of us, we mendinante, we freres—  
Ben to the hye god more acceptable  
Than youre, with your festes at the table.  
Fro Paradys first, if I shal nat lye, 1915  
Was man out chased for his glotonye;  
And chaast was man in Paradys, certeyn.

But herkne now, Thomas, what I shal  
seyn. (210)

I ne have no text of it, as I suppose,  
But I shall finde it in a maner glose, 1920  
That specially our swete lord Jesus  
Spak this by freres, whan he seyde thus:  
"Blessed be they that povre in spirit  
been."

And so forth al the gospel may ye seen,  
Wher it be lyker our professioun, 1925  
Or hirs that swimmen in possessioun.

Fy on hir pompe and on hir glotonye !  
And for hir lewednesse I hem diffye. (220)

Me thinketh they ben lyk Jovinian,  
Fat as a whale, and walkinge as a swan ;  
Al vinolent as botel in the spence. 1931  
Hir preyer is of ful gret reverence ;  
Whan they for soules seye the psalm of  
Davit,  
Lo, "buf!" they seye, "*cor meum cruc-*  
*tavit!*"

Who folweth Cristes gospel and his fore,  
But we that humble been and chast and  
pore, 1936  
Werkers of goddes word, not auditours?  
Therefore, right as an hawk up, at a  
sour, (230)

Up springeth in-to their, right so prayers  
Of charitable and chaste bisy freres 1940  
Maken hir sour to goddes eres two.  
Thomas! Thomas! so mote I ryde or go,  
And by that lord that clepid is seint Yve,  
Nere thou our brother, sholdestou nat  
thryve! 1944

In our chapitre praye we day and night  
To Crist, that he thee sende hele and  
might,

Thy body for to welden hastily.'  
'God woot,' quod he, 'no-thing ther-of  
fele I; (240)

As help me Crist, as I, in fewe yeres, 1949  
Han spended, up-on dyvers maner freres,  
Ful many a pound; yet fare I never the  
bet.

Certeyn, my good have I almost biset,  
Farwel, my gold! for it is al ago!'

The frere answerde, 'O Thomas, dostow  
so? 1954

What nedeth yow diverse freres seche?  
What nedeth him that hath a parfit leche  
To sechan othere leches in the toun?

Your inconstance is your confusioun. (250)  
Holde ye than me, or elles our covent,  
To praye for yow ben insufficient? 1960  
Thomas, that jape nis nat worth a myte;  
Your maladye is for we han to lyte.

"A! yif that covent half a quarter otes!"  
"A! yif that covent four and twenty  
grotes!"

"A! yif that frere a peny, and lat him  
go!" 1965  
Nay, nay, Thomas! it may no-thing be so.

What is a ferthing worth parted in twelve?  
Lo, ech thing that is oned in him-selve  
Is more strong than whan it is to-  
scatered. (261)

Thomas, of me thou shalt nat been y-  
flatered; 1970  
Thou woldest han our labour al for noight.  
The hye god, that al this world hath  
wrought,  
Seith that the werkman worthy is his  
hye.

Thomas! noight of your tresor I desyre  
As for my-self, but that al our covent 1975  
To preye for yow is ay so diligent,  
And for to builden Cristes owene chirche.  
Thomas! if ye wol lernen for to wirche,  
Of buildinge up of chirches may ye  
finde (271)

If it be good, in Thomas lyf of Inde. 1980  
Ye lye heer, ful of anger and of yre,  
With which the devel set your herte  
a-fyre,

And chyden heer this sely innocent,  
Your wyf, that is so meke and pacient,  
And therfor, Thomas, trowe me if thee  
lest, 1985  
Ne stryve nat with thy wyf, as for thy  
beste;

And ber this word away now, by thy feith.  
Tounginge this thing, lo, what the wyse  
seith: (280)

"With-in thyn hous ne be thou no leoun;  
To thy subgits do noon oppressioun; 1990  
Ne make thyne aqueyntances nat to flee."  
And Thomas, yet eft-sones I charge thee,  
Be war from hir that in thy bosom slepeth;  
War fro the serpent that so slyly crepeth  
Under the gras, and stingeth subtilly. 1995  
Be war, my sone, and herkne patiently,  
That twenty thousand men han lost hir  
lyves,

For stryving with hir lemmans and hir  
wyves. (290)

Now sith ye han so holy and meke a wyf,  
What nedeth yow, Thomas, to maken  
stryf? 2000

Ther nis, y-wis, no serpent so cruel,  
Whan man tret on his tayl, ne half so fel,  
As woman is, whan she hath caught  
an ire;

Vengeance is thanne al that they desyre.

Ire is a sinne, oon of the grete of sevene,  
 Abhominable un-to the god of hevene;  
 And to him-self it is destrucccion.  
 This every lewed viker or person (300)  
 Can seye, how Ire engendreth homicyde.  
 Ire is, in sooth, executour of pryde. 2010  
 I coude of Ire seye so muche sorwe,  
 My tale sholde laste til to-morwe.  
 And therfor preye I god bothe day and  
 night, 2013  
 An irous man, god sende him litel might!  
 It is greet harm and, certes, gret pitee,  
 To sette an irous man in heigh degree.

Whilom ther was an irous potestat,  
 As seith Senek, that, duringe his estat,  
 Up-on a day out riden knightes two, (311)  
 And as fortune wolde that it were so, 2020  
 That oon of hem cam hoom. that other  
 noght.

Anon the knight bifore the juge is broght,  
 That seyde thus, "thou hast thy felawe  
 slayn,  
 For which I deme thee to the deeth, cer-  
 tain."

And to another knight comanded he, 2025  
 "Go lede him to the deeth, I charge thee."  
 And happed, as they wente by the weye  
 Toward the place ther he sholde deye,  
 The knight cam, which men wenden had  
 be deed. (321)

Thanne thoughte they, it was the beste  
 reed, 2030

To lede hem bothe to the juge agayn.  
 They seiden, "lord, the knight ne hath  
 nat slayn

His felawe; here he standeth hool alyve."  
 "Ye shul be deed," quod he, "so moot I  
 thryve!

That is to seyn, bothe oon, and two, and  
 three!" 2035

And to the firste knight right thus spak he,  
 "I dampned thee, thou most algate be  
 deed.

And thou also most nedes lese thyn heed,  
 For thou art cause why thy felawe deyth."  
 And to the thridde knight right thus he  
 seyth, (332) 2040

"Thou hast nat doon that I comanded  
 thee."

And thus he hide don sleen hem alle three.  
 Irous Cambyses was eek dronkelewe,

And ay deltyed him to been a shrewe.  
 And so bifel, a lord of his meynes, 2045  
 That lovede vertuous moralitee,  
 Seyde on a day bitwix hem two right thus:  
 "A lord is lost, if he be vicious; (340)  
 And dronkenesse is eek a foul record  
 Of any man, and namely in a lord. 2050  
 Ther is ful many an eye and many an ere  
 Awaiting on a lord, and he noot where.  
 For goddes love, drink more attamprely;  
 Wyn maketh man to lesen wrecchedly  
 His minde, and eek his limes everichon."

"Therevers shaltouse," quod he, "anon;  
 And prove it, by thyn owene experience,  
 That wyn no dooth to folk no swich  
 offence. (350) 2058

Ther is no wyn bireveth me my might  
 Of hand ne foot, ne of myn eyen sight"—  
 And, for despyt, he drank ful muchel more  
 An hondred part than he had doon bifore;  
 And right anon, this irous cursed wrecche  
 Leet this knightes sone bifore him fecche,  
 Comandinge him he sholde bifore him  
 stonde. 2065

And sodeynly he took his bowe in honde,  
 And up the streng he pulled to his ere,  
 And with an arwe he slow the child right  
 there: (360)

"Now whether have I a siker hand or  
 noon?"

Quod he, "is al my might and minde  
 agoon? 2070

Hath wyn bireved me myn eyen sight?"  
 What sholde I telle th'answere of the  
 knight?

Hissone was slayn, ther is na-more to seye.  
 Beth war therfor with lordes how ye pleye.  
 Singeth *Placebo*, and I shal, if I can, 2075  
 But if it be un-to a povre man.

To a povre man men sholde hise vyces telle,  
 But nat to a lord, thogh he sholde go to  
 helle. (370)

Lo irous Cirus, thilke Percien,  
 How he destroyed the river of Gysen, 2080  
 For that an hors of his was dreynt ther-  
 inne,

Whan that he wente Babiloigne to winne.  
 He made that the river was so smal,  
 That women mighte wade it over-al.

Lo, what seyde he, that so wel teche can?  
 "Ne be no felawe to an irous man, 2086

Ne with no wood man walke by the weye,  
Lest thee repente;" ther is na-more to  
seye. (380)

Now Thomas, leve brother, lef thyn ire;  
Thou shalt me finde as just as is a squire.  
Hold nat the develes knyfe at thyn herte;  
Thyn angre dooth thee al to sore smerte;  
But shewe to me al thy confessioun.'

'Nay,' quod the syke man, 'by Seint  
Simoun! 2094

I have be shriven this day at my curat;  
I have him told al hoolly myn estat;  
Nedeth na-more to speke of it,' seith he,  
'But if me list of myn humilitee.' (390)  
'Yif me thanne of thy gold, to make  
our cloistre,'

Quod he, 'for many a musole and many  
an oistre, 2100

Whan other men han ben ful wel at eyse,  
Hath been our fode, our cloistre for to reyse.  
And yet, god woot, unnetho the fundement  
Parfourned is, ne of our pavement 2104  
Nis nat a tyle yet with-inne our wones;  
By god, we owen fourty pound for stones!  
Now help, Thomas, for him that harwed  
helle!

For elles mooste we our bokes selle. (400)  
And if ye lakke our predicacioun, 2109  
Than gooth the world al to destruccioun.  
For who-so wolde us fro this world bireve,  
So god me save, Thomas, by your leve,  
He wolde bireve out of this world the sonne.  
For who can teche and werchen as we  
coune? 2114

And that is nat of litel tyme,' quod he;  
'But sith that Elie was, or Elisee,  
Han freres been, that finde I of record,  
In charitee, y-thanked be our lord. (410)  
Now Thomas, help, for seinte Charitee!  
And down anon he sette him on his knee.

This syke man wex wel ny wood for ire;  
He wolde that the frere had been on-fire  
With his false dissimulacioun.

'Swich thing as is in my possessioun,'  
Quod he, 'that may I yeven, and non  
other. 2125

Ye sey me thus, how that I am your  
brother?'

'Ye, certes,' quod the frere, 'trusteth  
weel;

I took our dame our lettre with our seel.'

'Now wel,' quod he, 'and som-what  
shal I yive (421)

Un-to your holy covent whyl I live, 2130  
And in thyn hand thou shalt it have  
anon;

On this condicioun, and other noon,  
That thou departe it so, my dere brother,  
That every frere have also muche as other.  
This shalton swere on thy professioun,  
With-outen fraude or cavillacioun.' 2136

'I swere it,' quod this frere, 'upon my  
feith!'

And ther-with-al his hand in his he leith:  
'Lo, heer my feith! in me shal be no lak.'

'Now thanne, put thyn hand down by  
my bak,' (432) 2140

Seyde this man, 'and grope wel bihinde;  
Byneth the my buttok ther shaltow finde  
A thing that I have hid in privetee.'

'A!' thoughte this frere, 'this shal go  
with me!'

And down his hand he launcheth to the  
cliffe, 2145

In hope for to finde ther a yifte. (438)

And whan this syke man felte this frere  
Aboute his tuwel grope there and here,  
Amidde his hand he leet the frere a fart.  
Ther nis no capul, drawinge in a cart, 2150  
That mighte have lete a fart of swich  
a soun.

The frere up stirte as doth a wood  
leoun:

'A! false cherl,' quod he, 'for goddes  
bones,

This hastow for despyt doon, for the  
nones!

Thou shalt abyge this fart, if that I may!'  
His meynee, whiche that herden this  
affray, 2156

Cam lepinge in, and chaced out the frere;  
And forth he gooth, with a ful angry  
chere, (450)

And fette his felawe, ther-as lay his stoor.  
He looked as it were a wilde boor; 2160

He grinte with his teeth, so was he wrooth.  
A sturdy pas down to the court he gooth,  
Wher-as ther woned a man of greet  
honour,

To whom that he was alwey confessour;  
This worthy man was lord of that village.

This frere cam, as he were in a rage, 2166

Wher-as this lord sat eting at his bord.  
Unnethe mighte the frere speke a word,  
Til atte laste he seyde: 'god yow see!' (461)

This lord gan loke, and seide, 'ben-  
cite!' 2170

What, frere John, what maner world is  
this?

I see wel that som thing ther is amis.  
Ye loken as the wode were ful of thevis,  
Sit down anon, and tel me what your  
grief is,

And it shal been amended, if I may.' 2175

'I have,' quod he, 'had a despyt this day,  
God yelde yow! adoun in your village,  
That in this world is noon so povre a page,  
That he nolde have abhominacioun (471)  
Of that I have receyved in your toun. 2180  
And yet ne greveth me no-thing so sore,  
As that this olde cherl, with lokkes hore,  
Blasphemed hath our holy covent eke.'

'Now, maister,' quod this lord, 'I yow  
biseke.'

'No maister, sire,' quod he, 'but servi-  
tour, 2185

Thogh I have had in scole swich honour.  
God lyketh nat that "Raby" men us calle,  
Neither in market ne in your large halle.'

'No fors,' quod he, 'but tel me al your  
grief.' (481)

'Sire,' quod this frere, 'an odious mes-  
chief 2190

This day bitid is to myn ordre and me,  
And so *per consequens* to ech degree  
Of holy chirche, god amende it sone!

'Sir,' quod the lord, 'ye woot what is  
to done.

Distempre yow noght, ye be my con-  
fessour; 2195

Ye been the salt of the erthe and the  
savour.

For goddes love your pacience ye holde,  
Tel me your grief:' and he anon him  
tolde, (490)

As ye han herd biforn, ye woot wel what.

The lady of the hous ay stille sat, 2200  
Til she had herd al what the frere seyde:  
'Ey, goddes moder,' quod she, 'blisful  
mayde!

Is ther oght elles? telle me faithfully.'

'Madame,' quod he, 'how thinketh yow  
her-by?'

'How that me thinketh?' quod she;  
'so god me speede, 2205

I seye, a cherl hath doon a charles dede.

What shold I seye? god lat him never  
thee!

His syke heed is ful of vanitee, (500)

I hold him in a maner frenesye.'

'Madame,' quod he, 'by god I shal nat  
lye; 2210

But I on other weyes may be wreke,

I shal diffame him over-al ther I speke,

This false blasphemour, that charged me

To parte that wol nat departed be,

To every man y-liche, with meschaunce!'

The lord sat stille as he were in a  
traunce, 2216

And in his herte he rolled up and doun.

'How hadde this cherl imaginacioun (510)

To shewe swich a probleme to the frere?

Never erst er now herde I of swich matere;

I trowe the devel putte it in his minde.

In ars-metryke shal ther no man finde,

Biforn this day, of swich a questioun.

Who sholde make a demonstracioun,

That every man sholde have y-liche his  
part 2225

As of the soun or savour of a fart? (518)

O nyce proude cherl, I shrewe his face!

Lo, sires,' quod the lord, with harde grace.

'Who ever herde of swich a thing er now?

To every man y-lyke? tel me how. 2230

It is an impossible, it may nat be!

Ey, nyce cherl, god lete him never thee!

The rumblinge of a fart, and every soun.

Nis but of eir reverberacioun, 2234

And ever it wasteth lyte and lyte away.

Ther is no man oon demen, by my fey,

If that it were departed equally. (520)

What, lo, my cherl, lo, yet how shrewedly

Un-to my confessour to-day he spak!

I holde him certeyn a demoniak! 2240

Now ete your mete, and lat the cherl go  
pleye,

Lat him go honge himself, a devel weye!'

Now stood the lordes squyer at the bord,

That carf his mete, and herde, word by  
word, 2244

Of alle thinges of which I have yow sayd.

'My lord,' quod he, 'be ye nat yvel apayd;

I coude telle, for a goune-clooth,

To yow, sir frere, so ye be nat wrooth, (540)

How that this fart sholde even deled be  
Among your covent, if it lyked me.' 2250  
'Tel,' quod the lord, 'and thou shalt  
have anon

A gounne-cloth, by god and by Seint John!'

'My lord,' quod he, 'whan that the  
weder is fair,

With-outen wind or perturbinge of air,  
Lat bringe a cartwheel here in-to this  
halle, 2255

But loke that it have his spokes alle.

Twelf spokes hath a cartwheel comunly.

And bring me than twelf freres, woot ye  
why? (550)

For thrithene is a covent, as I gesse.

The confessour heer, for his worthinesse,  
Shal parfournе up the nombre of his  
covent. 2261

Than shal they knele down, by oon assent,  
And to every spokes ende, in this manere,

Ful sadly leye his nose shal a frere.

Your noble confessour, ther god him save,  
Shal holde his nose upright, under the  
nave. 2266

Than shal this cherl, with bely stif and  
tought

As any tabour, hider been y-brought; (560)

And sette him on the wheel right of this  
cart, 2269

Upon the nave, and make him lete a fart.

And ye shul seen, up peril of my lyf,  
By preve which that is demonstratif,  
That equally the soun of it wol wende,  
And eek the stink, un-to the spokes  
ende;

Save that this worthy man, your con-  
fessour, 2275

By-cause he is a man of greet honour,  
Shal have the frste fruit, as reson is;  
The noble usage of freres yet is this, (570)  
The worthy men of hem shul first be  
served; 2279

And certainly, he hath it weel deserved.  
He hath to-day taught us so muchel good  
With preching in the pulpit ther he stood,  
That I may vouche-sauf, I sey for me,  
He hadde the frste smel of fartes three,  
And so wolde al his covent hardily; 2285  
He bereth him so faire and holily.'

The lord, the lady, and ech man, save  
the frere, (579)

Seyde that Jankin spak, in this matere,  
As wel as Euclide or [as] Ptholomee.

Touchinge this cherl, they seyde, subtiltee  
And heigh wit made him speken as he  
spak; 2291

He nis no fool, ne no demoniak.

And Jankin hath y-wonne a newe gouna.—  
My tale is doon we been almost at  
tonne. 2294

Here endeth the Somnours Tale.

## GROUP E.

## THE CLERK'S PROLOGUE.

Here folweth the Prologe of the Clerkes Tale of Oxenford.

'SIR clerk of Oxenford,' our hoste sayde,  
'Ye ryde as coy and stille as dooth a  
mayde,

Were newe spoused, sitting at the bord;  
This day ne herde I of your tonge a word.  
I trowe ye studie aboute som sophyme, 5  
But Salomon seith, "every thing hath  
tyme."

For goddes sake, as beth of better chere,  
It is no tyme for to studien here.  
Telle us som mery tale, by your fey;  
For what man that is entred in a play, 10  
He nedes moot unto the play assente.  
But precheth nat, as freres doon in Lente,  
To make us for our olde sinnes wepe,  
Ne that thy tale make us nat to alepe.

Telle us som mery thing of adventures;—  
Your termes, your colours, and your  
figures, 16  
Kepe hem in stoor til so be ye endyte  
Heigh style, as whan that men to kinges  
wryte.

Speketh so playn at this tyme, I yow preye,  
That we may understonde what ye seye.'

This worthy clerk benignely answerde,  
'Hoste,' quod he, 'I am under your yerde;  
Ye han of us as now the governaunce,  
And therfor wol I do yow obeisaunce,  
As fer as reson axeth, hardily. 25

I wol yow telle a tale which that I  
Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,  
As preved by his wordes and his werk.

He is now deed and nayled in his cheste,  
I prey to god so yeve his soule reste! 30

Fraunceys Petrark, the laureat poete,  
Highte this clerk, whos rethoryke sweete  
Enlumined al Itaille of poetrye,  
As Linian dide of philosophye  
Or lawe, or other art particular; 35  
But deeth, that wol nat suffre us dwellen  
heer

But as it were a twinkling of an yȝ,  
Ham bothe hath slayn, and alle shul we  
dyȝ.

But forth to tellen of this worthy man,  
That taughte me this tale, as I bigan, 40  
I seye that first with heigh style he  
endyteth,

Er he the body of his tale wryteth,  
A proheme, in the which discryveth he  
Pemond, and of Saluces the contree, 44  
And speketh of Apennyn, the hilles hye,  
That been the boundes of West Lum-  
bardye,

And of Mount Vesulus in special,  
Where as the Poo, out of a welle smal,  
Taketh his firste springing and his sours,  
That estward ay encresseth in his cours 50  
To Emelward, to Ferrare, and Venyse:  
The which a long thing were to devyse.  
And trewely, as to my judgement,  
Me thinketh it a thing impertinent,  
Save that he wol conveyen his matere: 55  
But this his tale, which that ye may here.'

## THE CLERKES TALE.

Here biginneth the Tale of the Clerk of Oxenford.

There is, at the west syde of Itaille, <sup>57</sup>  
 Doun at the rote of Vesulus the colde, <sup>58</sup>  
 A lusty playne, habundant of vitaille, <sup>59</sup>  
 Wher many a tour and toun thou mayst  
 biholde, <sup>60</sup>  
 That founded were in tyme of fadres olde, <sup>61</sup>  
 And many another delitable sighte, <sup>62</sup>  
 And Saluces this noble contree highte. <sup>63</sup>

A markis whylom lord was of thatlonde,  
 As were his worthy eldres him bifore; <sup>65</sup>  
 And obeisant and redy to his honde <sup>(10)</sup>  
 Were alle his liges, bothe lasse and more.  
 Thus in delyt he liveth, and hath donyore,  
 Bilowed and drad, thurgh favour of for-  
 tune, <sup>69</sup>  
 Bothe of his lordes and of his commune.

Therwith he was, to speke as of linage,  
 The gentilleste y-born of Lumbardy,  
 A fair persone, and strong, and yong of  
 age,  
 And ful of honour and of curteisye;  
 Discreet y-nogh his contree for to gye, <sup>75</sup>  
 Save in somme thinges that he was to  
 blame, <sup>(20)</sup>  
 And Walter was this yonge lordes name.

I blame him thus, that he considereth  
 noght <sup>78</sup>  
 In tyme cominge what mighte him bityde,  
 But on his lust present was al his thought,  
 As for to hanke and hunte on every syde;  
 Wel ny alle othere cures leet he slyde,  
 And eek he nolde, and that was worst of  
 alle, <sup>(27)</sup>  
 Wedde no wyf, for noght that may bifalla.

Only that point his peple bar so sore, <sup>85</sup>  
 That flokmele on a day they to him wente,  
 And oon of hem, that wysest was of lore,  
 Or elles that the lord best wolde assente

That he sholde telle him what his peple  
 mente, <sup>89</sup>  
 Or elles coude he shewe wel swich matere,  
 He to the markis seyde as ye shul here.

' O noble markis, your humanitee  
 Assureth us and yeveth us hardinesse,  
 As ofte as tyme is of necessitee <sup>94</sup>  
 That we to yow mowe telle our hevynesse;  
 Accepteth, lord, now for your gentillesse,  
 That we with pitous herte un-to yow  
 pleyne, <sup>(41)</sup>  
 And lete your eres nat my voys disdeyne.

Al have I noght to done in this matere  
 More than another man hath in this place,  
 Yet for as muche as ye, my lord so  
 dere, <sup>101</sup>  
 Han alwey shewed me favour and grace,  
 I dar the better aske of yow a space  
 Of audience, to shewen our requeste,  
 And ye, my lord, to doon right as yow  
 leste. <sup>105</sup>

For certes, lord, so wel us lyketh yow <sup>(50)</sup>  
 And al your werk and ever han doon,  
 that we

Ne coude nat us self devyzen how  
 We mighte liven in more felicitee,  
 Save o thing, lord, if it your wille be, <sup>110</sup>  
 That for to been a wedded man yow leste,  
 Than were your peple in sovereyn hertes  
 reste.

Boweth your nekke under that blisful yok  
 Of soveraynetee, noght of servyse,  
 Which that men clepeth sponsaille or  
 wedlok; <sup>115</sup>  
 And thenketh, lord, among your thoghtes  
 wyse, <sup>(50)</sup>  
 How that our dayes passe in sondry wyse;



For though we slepe or wake, or rome, or  
ryde,  
Ay fleeth the tyme, it nil no man abyde.

And though your grene youthe floure as  
yit, 120

In crepeth age alwey, as stille as stoon,  
And deeth manaceth every age, and smit  
In ech estaat, for ther escapeth noon :  
And al so certein as we knowe echoon  
That we shul deya, as uncerteyn we alle  
Been of that day whan deeth shal on us  
falle. (70) 126

Accepteth than of us the trewe entente,  
That never yet refuseden your heste,  
And we wol, lord, if that ye wol assente,  
Chese yow a wyf in short tyme, atte leste,  
Born of the gentilleste and of the meste  
Of al this lond, so that it oghte seme  
Honour to god and yow, as we can deme.

Deliver us out of al this bisy drede,  
And tak a wyf, for hye goddes sake ; 135  
For if it so bifelle, as god forbede, (80)  
That thurgh your deeth your linage  
sholde slake,

And that a straunge successour sholde  
take

Your heritage, o ! wo were us alyve !  
Wherfor we pray you hastily to wyve.' 140

Hir meke preyere and hir pitous chere  
Made the markis herte han pitea.  
'Ye wol,' quod he, 'myn owene peple  
dere,

To that I never erst thoghte streyne me.  
I me rejoyced of my libertee, 145  
That selde tyme is founde in mariage ; (90)  
Ther I was free, I moot been in servage.

But natheless I see your trewe entente,  
And truste upon your wit, and have don ay ;  
Wherfor of my free wil I wol assente 150  
To wedde me, as sone as ever I may.  
But ther-as ye han proffred me to-day  
To chese me a wyf, I yow relese  
That choys, and prey yow of that profre  
cesse. 154

For god it woot, that children ofte been  
Unlyk her worthy eldres ham bifore ; (100)

Bountee comth al of god, nat of the streen  
Of which they been engendred and y-bore ;  
I truste in goddes bountee, and therfore  
My mariage and myn estaat and reste 160  
I him bitake ; he may don as him leste.

Lat me alone in chesinge of my wyf,  
That charge up-on my bak I wol endure ;  
But I yow preye, and charge up-on your lyf,  
That what wyf that I take, ye me assure  
To worshipec hir, whyl that hir lyf may  
dure, (110) 166

In word and werk, bothe here and every-  
where,  
As she an emperoures daughter were.

And forthermore, this shal ye swere, that  
ye

Agayn my choys shul neither grucche ne  
stryve ; 170

For sith I shal forgoon my libertee  
At your requeste, as ever moot I thryve,  
Ther as myn herte is set, ther wol I wyve ;  
And but ye wole assente in swich manere,  
I prey yow, speketh na-more of this  
matere.' (119) 175

With hertly wil they sworn, and assenten  
To al this thing, therseyde no wight nay ;  
Bisekinge him of grace, er that they  
wenten,

That he wolde graunten hem a certein day  
Of his spousaille, as sone as ever he may ;  
For yet alwey the peple som-what dredde  
Lest that this markis no wyf wolde wedde.

He graunten hem a day, swich as him  
leste,

On which he wolde be wedded sikerly, 184  
And seyde, he hided al this at hir requeste :  
And they, with humble entente, buxomly,  
Knelinge up-on her knees ful reverently  
Him thanken alle, and thus they han an  
ende (132)

Of hir entente, and hoom agayn they  
wende.

And heer-up-on he to his officeres 190  
Comaundeth for the feste to purveye,  
And to his privies knightes and squyeres  
Swich charge yaf, as him liste on hem laye ;

And they to his comandement obeye,  
And ech of hem doth al his diligence 195  
To doon un-to the feste reverence. (140)

Explicit prima para.

Incipit secunda para.

Noght fer fro thilke paleys honourable  
Ther-as this markis shoop his mariage,  
Ther stood a throp, of site delitable,  
In which that povre folk of that village 200  
Hadden hir bestes and hir herbergage,  
And of hir labour took hir sustenance  
After that th'erthe yaf hem habundance.

Amonges thise povre folk ther dwelte  
a man

Which that was holden povrest of hem  
alle; 205

But hye god som tyme senden can (150)  
His grace in-to a litel oxes stalle:  
Janicula men of that throp him calle.  
A doghter hadde he, fair y-nogh to sighte,  
And Grisildis this yonge mayden highte.

But for to speke of vertuons beautee, 211  
Than was she con the faireste under  
sonne;

For povrelliche y-fostred up was she,  
No likerous lust was thurgh hir herte  
y-ronne; (158) 214

Wel ofter of the welle than of the tonne  
She drank, and for she wolde vertu please,  
She knew wel labour, but non ydel ese.

But thogh this mayde tendre were of age,  
Yet in the brest of hir virginitee  
Ther was enclosed rype and sad corage;  
And in greet reverence and charitee 221  
Hir olde povre fader fostred she;  
A fewe sheep spinning on feeld she kepte,  
She wolde noght been ydel til she slepte.

And whan she boonward cam, she wolde  
bringe 225

Wortes or othere herbes tymes ofte, (170)  
The whiche she shredde and seeth for hir  
livinge,

And made hir bed ful harde and no-thing  
softe;

And ay she kepte hir fadres lyf on-lofte  
With everich obeisaunce and diligence 230  
That child may doon to fadres reverence.

Up-on Grisilde, this povre creature,  
Ful ofte sythe this markis sette his y8  
As he on hunting rood paraventure; 234  
And whan it fil that he mighte hir espye,  
He noght with wantoun loking of folye  
His y8 caste on hir, but in sad wyse (181)  
Up-on hir chere he wolde him ofte avyse,

Commending in his herte hir womman-  
hede,

And eek hir vertu, passing any wight 240  
Of so yong age, as wel in chere as dede.  
For thogh the peple have no greet insight  
In vertu, he considered ful right  
Hir bountee, and disposed that he wolde  
Wedde hir only, if ever he wedde sholde.

The day of wedding cam, but no wight  
can (190) 246

Telle what womman that it sholde be;  
For which mervellewondred many a man,  
And seyden, whan they were in privetee,  
'Wol nat our lord yet leve his vanitee? 250  
Wol he nat wedde? allas, allas the whyle!  
Why wol he thus him-self and us bigyle?'

But natheles this markis hath don make  
Of gemmes, set in gold and in asure,  
Broches and ringes, for Grisildis sake, 255  
And of hir clothing took he the mesure  
By a mayde, lyk to hir stature, (201)  
And eek of othere ornamentes alle  
That un-to swich a wedding sholde falle.

The tyme of undern of the same day 260  
Approcheth, that this wedding sholde be;  
And al the paleys put was in array,  
Bothe halle and chambres, ech in his  
degree;

Houses of office stuffed with plentee 264  
Ther maystow seen of deynteous vitaille,  
That may be founde, as fer as last Itaille.

This royal markis, richely arrayed, (211)  
Lordes and ladyes in his companye,  
The whiche unto the feste were y-prayed,  
And of his retenue the bachelrye, 270  
With many a soun of sondry melodye,  
Un-to the village, of the which I tolde,  
In this array the righte wey han holde.

Grisilde of this, god woot, ful innocent,  
That for hir shapen was al this array, 275

To fecchen water at a well is went, (220)  
And cometh hoom as sone as ever she may.  
For wel she hadde herd seyde, that thilke  
day

The markis sholde wedde, and, if she  
might,  
She wolde fayn han seyn som of that  
sight. 280

She thoghte, 'I wol with othere maydens  
stonde,

That been my felawes, in our dore, and see  
The markisesse, and therfor wol I fonde  
To doon at hoom, as sone as it may be,  
The labour which that longeth un-to me;  
And than I may at leyser hir biholde, 286  
If she this way un-to the castel holde.' (231)

And as she wolde over hir threshfold goon,  
The markis cam and gan hir for to calle;  
And she set down hir water-pot anon 290  
Besyde the threshfold, in an oxes stalle,  
And down up-on hir knees she gan to falle,  
And with sad contenance kneleth stille  
Til she had herd what was the lordes wille.

This thoughtful markis spak un-to this  
mayde (239) 295

Ful sobroly, and seyde in this manere,  
'Wher is your fader, Grisildis?' he sayde,  
And she with reverence, in humble chere,  
Answerde, 'lord, he is al redy here.'  
And in she gooth with-uten lenger lette,  
And to the markis she hir fader fette. 301

He by the hond than took this olde man,  
And seyde thus, whan he him hadde  
sayde,

'Janicula, I neither may ne can 304  
Lenger the plesance of myn herte hyde.  
If that thou vouche-sauf, what-so bityde,  
Thy doghter wol I take, er that I wende,  
As for my wyf, un-to hir lyves ende. (252)

Thou lovest me, I woot it wel, certeyn,  
And art my feithful lige man y-bore; 310  
And al that lyketh me, I dar wel seyn  
It lyketh thee, and specially therefore  
Tel me that poynt that I have seyde bifore,  
If that thou wolt un-to that purpos drawe,  
To take me as for thy sone-in-lawe?' 315

This sodeyn cas this man astoned so, (260)  
That reed he wax, abayst, and al quaking  
He stood; unnethe seyde he wordes mo,  
But only thus: 'lord,' quod he, 'my wil-  
ling

Is as ye wole, ne ayeines your lyking 320  
I wol no-thing; ye be my lord so dere;  
Right as yow lust governeth this matere.'

'Yet wol I,' quod this markis softlye,  
'That in thy chambre I and thou and she  
Have a collacion, and wostow why? 325  
For I wol axe if it hir wille be (270)  
To be my wyf, and reule hir after me;  
And al this shal be doon in thy presence,  
I wol noght speke out of thyn audience.'

And in the chambre whyl they were  
about 330

Hir tretis, which as ye shal after here,  
The peple cam un-to the hous with-oute,  
And wondred hem in how honest manere  
And tentify she kepte hir fader dere. (278)  
But outerly Grisildis wondre mighte, 335  
For never erst ne saugh she swich a sighte.

No wonder is thogh that she were astoned  
To seen so greet a giest come in that place;  
She never was to swiche giestes woned,  
For which she loked with ful pale face.  
But shortly forth this tale for to chace,  
Thise arn the wordes that the markis  
sayde 342

To this benigne verray feithful mayde.

'Grisilde,' he seyde, 'ye shul wel under-  
stonde

It lyketh to your fader and to me 345  
That I yow wedde, and eek it may so  
stonde, (290)

As I suppose, ye wol that it so be.  
But thise demandes axe I first,' quod he,  
'That, sith it shal be doon in hastif wyse,  
Wol ye assente, or elles yow avyse? 350

I seye this, be ye redy with good herte  
To al my lust, and that I frely may,  
As me best thinketh, do yow laughe or  
smerte,

And never ye to grucche it, night ne day?  
And eek whan I sey "ye," ne sey nat  
"nay," 355

Neither by word ne frowning countenance;  
Swere this, and here I swere our alliance.'

Wondring upon this word, quaking for  
drede, (302)

She seyde, 'lord, undigne and unworthy  
Am I to thilke honour that yeme bede; 360  
But as ye wol your-self, right so wol I.  
And heer I swere that never willingly  
In werk ne thoght I nil yow disobeye,  
For to be deed, though me were looth to  
deye.' (308) 364

'This is y-nogh, Grisilde myn!' quod he.  
And forth he gooth with a ful sobre chere  
Out at the dore, and after that cam she,  
And to the peple he seyde in this manere,  
'This is my wyf,' quod he, 'that standeth  
here. 369

Honoureth hir, and loveth hir, I preye,  
Who-so me loveth; ther is na-more to  
seye.'

And for that no-thing of hir olde gere  
She sholde bringe in-to his hous, he bad  
That women sholde dispoilen hir right  
there; (318) 374  
Of which thise ladyes were nat right glad  
To handle hirclothes wher-in she was clad.  
But natheles this mayde bright of hewe  
Fro foot to heed they clothed han al newe.

Hir heres han they kembd, that lay un-  
tressed

Ful rudely, and with hir fingres smale 380  
A corone on hir heed they han y-dressed,  
And sette hir ful of nowches grete and  
smale;

Of hir array what sholde I make a tale?  
Unnethe the peple hir knew for hir fair-  
nesse,

When she translated was in swich rich-  
esse. 385

This markis hath hir sponused with a ring  
Brought for the same cause, and than hir  
sette (331)

Up-on an hors, snow-whyte and wel am-  
bling,

And to his paleys, er he lenger lette,  
With joyful peple that hir ladde and  
mette, 350

Conveyed hir, and thus the day they  
spende

In revel, til the sonne gan descende.

And shortly forth this tale for to chace,  
I seye that to this newe markisesse  
God hath swich favour sent hir of his  
grace, 395

That it ne semed nat by lyklinesse (340)  
That she was born and fed in rudenesse,  
As in a cote or in an oxe-stalle,  
But norished in an emperoures halle.

To every wight she woxen is so dere 400  
And worshipful, that folk ther she was  
bore

And from hir birthe knewe hir yeer by  
yere,

Unnethe trowed they, but dorste han  
swore

That to Janicle, of which I spak bifore,  
She doghter nas, for, as by conjecture, 405  
Hem thoughte she was another creature.

For thogh that ever vertuous was she, (351)  
She was encreessed in swich excellence  
Of thewes gode, y-set in heigh bountee,  
And so discreet and fair of eloquence, 410  
So benigne and so digne of reverence,  
And coude so the peples herte embrace,  
That ech hir lovede that loked on hir face.

Noght only of Saluces in the toun  
Publiced was the bountee of hir name, 415  
But eek bisyde in many a regioun, (360)  
If oon seyde wel, another seyde the same;  
So spradde of hir heigh bountee the fame,  
That men and wommen, as wel yonge as  
olde,

Gon to Saluce, upon hir to biholde. 420

Thus Walter lowly, nay but royally,  
Wedded with fortunat honestete,  
In goddes pees liveth ful eaily  
At hoom, and outward grace y-nogh had  
he; (368) 424

And for he saugh that under low degree  
Was ofte vertu hid, the peple him helde  
A prudent man, and that is seyn ful selde.

Nat only this Grisildis thurgh hir wit  
Coude al the feet of wyfly hoomlinesse,

But eek, whan that the cas requyred it,  
The commune profit coude she redressa.  
Ther nas discord, rancour, ne hevinessa  
In al that lond, that she ne coude apese,  
And wysly bringe hem alle in reste and  
ese.

Though that hir housbonde absent were  
anoon, 435  
If gentil men, or othere of hir contree  
Were wrothe, she wolde bringen hem  
atoon; (381)

So wyse and rype wordes hadde she,  
And jugements of so greet equitee,  
That she from heven sent was, as men  
wende, 440  
Peple to save and every wrong t'amende.

Nat longe tyme after that this Grisild  
Was wedded, she a doughter hath y-bore,  
Al had hir lever have born a knave child.  
Glad was this markis and the folk ther-  
fore; 445  
For though a mayde child come al bfore,  
She may unto a knave child atteyne (391)  
By lyklihed, sin she nis nat bareyne.

Explicit secunda para.

Incipit tercia para.

Ther fl, as it bifalleth tymes mo,  
Whan that this child had souked but  
a throwe, 450  
This markis in his herte longeth so  
To tempte his wyf, hir sadnesse for to  
knowe,  
That he ne mighte out of his herte throwe  
This merveillous desyr, his wyf t'assaye,  
Needless, god woot, he thoughte hir for  
t'affraye. 455

He hadde assayed hir y-nogh bfore, (400)  
And fond hir ever good; what neded it  
Hir for to tempte and alwey more and  
more?

Though som men preise it for a subtil wit,  
But as for me, I seye that yvel it sit 460  
T'assaye a wyf whan that it is no nede,  
And putten her in anguish and in drede.

For which this markis wroghte in this  
manere;  
He cam alone a-night, ther as she lay,

With sterne face and with ful trouble  
chere, 465  
And seyde thus, 'Grisild,' quod he, 'that  
day (410)  
That I yow took out of your povre array,  
And putte yow in estaat of heigh noblesse,  
Ye have nat that forgeten, as I gese.

I seye, Grisild, this present dignitee, 470  
In which that I have put yow, as I trowe,  
Maketh yow nat forgetful for to be  
That I yow took in povre estaat ful lowe  
For any wele ye moot your-selven knowe.  
Tak hede of every word that I yow seye,  
Ther is no wight that hereth it but we  
tweye. (420) 476

Ye woot your-self wel, how that ye cam  
here  
In-to this hous, it is nat longe ago,  
And though to me that ye be lief and  
dere,  
Un-to my gentils ye be no-thing so; 480  
They seyn, to hem it is greet shame and  
wo  
For to be subgets and ben in servage  
To thee, that born art of a smal village.

And namely, sith thy doghter was y-bore,  
Thise wordes han they spoken doutelees;  
But I desyre, as I have doon bfore, (430)  
To live my lyf with hem in reste and  
pees;  
I may nat in this caas be reccheles.  
I moot don with thy doghter for the  
beste,  
Nat as I wolde, but as my peple leste. 490

And yet, god wot, this is ful looth to me;  
But natheles with-oute your witing  
I wol nat doon, but this wol I,' quod he,  
'That ye to me assente as in this thing.  
Shewe now your pacience in your werking  
That ye me highte and swore in your  
village (440) 496  
That day that maketh was our mariage.'

Whan she had herd al this, she noght  
ameved  
Neither in word, or chere, or counten-  
aunce;  
For, as it semed, she was nat agrieved: 500

She seyde, 'lord, al lyth in your ples-  
saunce,

My child and I with hertly obeisaunce  
Ben youre al, and ye mowe save or spille  
Your owene thing; werketh after your  
wille. 504

Ther may no-thing, god so my soule save,  
Lyken to yow that may displese me; (450)  
Ne I desyre no-thing for to have,  
Ne drede for to lese, save only ye;  
This wil is in myn herte and ay shal be.  
No lengthe of tyme or deeth may this  
deface, 510  
Ne chaunge my corage to another place.'

Glad was this markis of hir answering,  
But yet he feyned as he were nat so;  
Al drery was his chere and his loking  
Whan that he sholde out of the chambere  
go. 515

Sone after this, a furlong wey or two, (460)  
He prively hath told al his entente  
Un-to a man, and to his wyf him senta.

A maner sergeant was this privee man,  
The which that feithful ofte he founden  
hadde 520  
In thinges grete, and eek swich folk wel  
can

Don execucioun on thinges badde.  
The lord knew wel that he him loved and  
dradde;  
And whan this sergeant wiste his lordes  
wille,  
In-to the chambere he stalked him ful  
stille. 525

'Madame,' he seyde, 'ye mote foryeve it  
me, (470)  
Thogh I do thing to which I am con-  
streyned;

Ye ben so wys that ful wel knowe ye  
That lordes hestes mowe nat been y-  
feyned;

They mowe wel been biwailed or com-  
pleyned, 530  
But men mot nede un-to her lust obeye,  
And so wol I; ther is na-more to seye.

This child I am comanded for to take '—  
And spak na-more, but out the child he  
hente

Despitously, and gan a chere make 535  
As though he wolde han slayn it er he  
wenta. (480)

Grisildis mot al suffren and consente;  
And as a lamb she sitteth meke and stille,  
And leet this cruel sergeant doon his wille.

Suspecious was the diffame of this man,  
Suspect his face, suspect his word also; 541  
Suspect the tyme in which he this bigan.  
Allas! hir doghter that she lovede so  
She wende he wolde han slawen it right  
tho. 544

But natheles she neither weep ne syked,  
Consenting hir to that the markis lyked.

But atte laste spoken she bigan, (491)  
And mekely she to the sergeant preyde,  
So as he was a worthy gentil man,  
That she mote kisse hir child er that it  
deyde; 550  
And in her barm this litel child she leyde  
With ful sad face, and gan the child to kisse  
And lulled it, and after gan it blisse.

And thus she seyde in hir benigne voys,  
'Far weel, my child; I shal thee never  
see; 555  
But, sith I thee have marked with the  
croys, (500)

Of thiike fader blessed mote thou be,  
That for us deyde up-on a croys of tree.  
Thy soule, litel child, I him bitake,  
For this night shaltow dyen for my sake.'

I trowe that to a norice in this cas 561  
It had ben hard this rewthe for to se;  
Wel mighte a mooder than han cryed  
'allas!'

But natheles so sad stedfast was she,  
That she endured all adversitee, 565  
And to the sergeant mekely she seyde, (510)  
'Have heer agayn your litel yonge mayde.

Goth now,' quod she, 'and dooth my  
lordes heste,  
But o thing wol I preye yow of your grace,  
That, but my lord forbad yow, atte leste  
Burieth this litel body in som place 571  
That bestes ne no briddes it to-race.'  
But he no word wol to that purpos seye,  
But took the child and wente upon his  
weya.

This sergeant cam un-to his lord ageyn, 575  
And of Grisildis wordes and hir chere (520)  
He tolde him point for point, in short and  
playn,

And him presenteth with his doghter  
dere.

Somwhat this lord hath rewthe in his  
manere;

But natheless his purpos heeld he stille,  
As lordes doon, whan they wol han hir  
wille; 581

And bad his sergeant that he prively  
Sholde this child ful softe winde and  
wrappe

With alle circumstances tendrely,  
And carie it in a cofre or in a lappe; 585  
But, up-on payne his heed of for to  
swappe, (530)

That no man sholde knowe of his entente,  
Ne whenne he cam, ne whider that he  
wente;

But at Boloigne to his suster dere,  
That thilke tyme of Panik was countesse,  
He sholde it take, and shewe hir this  
matere, 591

Bisekinge hir to don hir bisinesse  
This child to fostre in alle gentilese;  
And whos child that it was he bad hir  
hyde

From every wight, for oght that may  
bityde. 595

The sergeant gooth, and hath fulfild this  
thing; (540)

But to this markis now retourne we;  
For now goth he ful faste imagining  
If by his wyves chere he mighte see,  
Or by hir word aperceyve that she 600  
Were chaunged; but he never hir coude  
finde

But ever in oon y-lyke sad and kinde.

As glad, as humble, as bisy in servyse,  
And eek in love as she was wont to be,  
Was she to him in every maner wyse; 605  
Ne of hir doghter noght a word spak she.  
Non accident for noon adversitee (551)  
Was seyn in hir, ne never hir doghter  
name

Ne nempned she, in ernest nor in game.

Explicit tercia pars.

### Sequitur pars quarta.

In this estaat ther passed been foure  
yeer

Er she with childe was; but, as god wolde,  
A knave child she bar by this Walter,  
Ful gracious and fair for to biholde.  
And whan that folk it to his fader tolde,  
Nat only he, but al his contree, marie 615  
Was for this child, and god they thanke  
and herie. (560)

Whan it was two year old, and fro the  
brest

Departed of his norice, on a day  
This markis caughte yet another lest  
To tempte his wyf yet ofter, if he may. 620  
O needles was she tempted in assay!  
But wedded man ne knowe no mesure,  
Whan that they finde a pacient creatura.

'Wyf,' quod this markis, 'ye han herd er  
this,

My peple sikly berth our mariago, 625  
And namely, sith my sone y-boren is, (570)  
Now is it worse than ever in al our age.

The murmur sleeth myn herte and my  
corage;

For to myne eres comth the voys so  
smerte,

That it wel ny destroyed hath myn herte.

Now sey they thus, "whan Walter is  
agoon, 631

Then shal the blood of Janicle succede  
And been our lord, for other have we  
noon;"

Swiche wordes seith my peple, out of  
drede.

Wel oughte I of swich murmur taken  
hede; 635

For certainly I drede swich sentence, (580)  
Though they nat playn speke in myn  
audience.

I wolde live in pees, if that I mighte;  
Wherfor I am disposed outerly,  
As I his suster servede by nighte, 640  
Right so thanke I to serve him prively;  
This warne I yow, that ye nat sodeynly  
Out of your-self for no wo sholde outraye;  
Beth pacient, and ther-of I yow preya.'

'I have,' quod she, 'seyd thus, and ever  
shal, (589) 645

I wol no thing, ne nil no thing, certayn,  
But as yow list; noight greveth me at al,  
Thogh that my doghter and my sone be  
slayn,

At your comandement, this is to sayn.

I have noight had no part of children  
tweyne 650

But first siknesse, and after wo and payne.

Ye been our lord, doth with your owene  
thing

Right as yow list; axeth no reed at me.

For, as I lefte at hoom al my clothing,

Whan I first cam to yow, right so,' quod  
she, 655

'Lefte I my wil and al my libertee, (600)

And took your clothing; wherfor I yow  
preye,

Doth your plesaunce, I wol your lust  
obeye.

And certes, if I hadde prescience

Your wil to knowe er ye your lust me  
tolde, 660

I wolde it doon with-outen neoligence;

But now I woot your lust and what ye  
wolde,

Al your plesaunce ferme and stable  
I holde;

For wiste I that my deeth wolde do yow  
ese, 664

Right gladly wolde I dyen, yow to please.

Deth may noight make no comparisoun  
Un-to your love: ' and, whan this markis  
sey (611)

The constance of his wyf, he caste adoun

His yen two, and wondreth that she may  
In pacience suffre al this array. 670

And forth he gooth with drery conten-  
saunce,

But to his herte it was ful greet plesaunce.

This ugly sergeant, in the same wyse

That he hir doghter caughte, right so he,

Or worse, if men worse can devyse, 675

Hath hent hir sone, that ful was of  
beautea. (620)

And ever in oon so pacient was she,

That she no chere made of hevynesse,

But kiste hir sone, and after gan it blame;

Save this; she preyed him that, if he  
mighte, 680

Hir litel sone he wolde in erthe grave,

His tendre limes, delicat to sighte,

Fro foules and fro bestes for to save.

But she non answer of him mighte have.

He wente his wey, as him no-thing ne  
roghte; 685

But to Boloigne he tendrely it broghte.

This markis wondreth ever lenger the  
more (631)

Up-on hir pacience, and if that he

Ne hadde soothly knowen ther-bifore,

That partlytly hir children lovede she, 690

He wolde have wehd that of som subtiltee,

And of malice or for cruel corage,

That she had suffred this with sad visage.

But wel he knew that next him-self,  
certayn, 694

She loved hir children best in every wyse.

But now of womman wolde I axen fayn,

If thise assayes mighte nat suffyse? (641)

What coude a sturdy housbond more  
devyse

To preve hir wyfhod and hir stedfast-  
nesse, 699

And he continuing ever in sturdynesse?

But ther ben folk of swich condicioun,

That, whan they have a certain purpos  
take,

They can nat stinte of hir entencioun,

But, right as they were bounden to  
a stake,

They wol nat of that firste purpos slake.

Right so this markis fulliche hath pur-  
posed (650) 706

To tempte his wyf, as he was first disposed.

He waiteth, if by word or contenance

That she to him was changed of corage;

But never coude he finde variance; 710

She was ay oon in herte and in visage;

And ay the forther that she was in age,

The more trewe, if that it were possible,

She was to him in love, and more penible.

For which it semed thus, that of hem two

Ther nas but o wil; for, as Walter leste,

The same lust was hir plesaunce also, (661)



And, god be thanked, al fil for the beste.  
She shewed wel, for no worldly unreste  
A wyf, as of hir-self, no-thing ne sholde  
Wille in effect, but as hir housbond wolde.

The sclandre of Walter ofte and wyde  
spradde, 722

That of a cruel herte he wikkedly,  
For he a povre womman wedded hadde,  
Hath mordred bothe his children prively.  
Swich murmur was among hem comunly.  
No wonder is, for to the peples ere (671)  
Ther cam no word but that they mordred  
were.

For which, wher-as his peple ther-bifore  
Had loved him wel, the sclandre of his  
diffame 730

Made hem that they him hatede therefore;  
To been a mordrer is an hateful name.  
But natheles, for Ernest ne for game  
He of his cruel purpos nolde stente; 734  
To tempte his wyf was set al his entente.

Whan that his doghter twelf yeer was of  
age, (680)

He to the court of Rome, in subtil wyse  
Enformed of his wil, sente his message,  
Comaunding hem swiche bulles to devyse  
As to his cruel purpos may suffyse, 740  
How that the pope, as for his peples reste,  
Bad him to wedde another, if him leste.

I seye, he bad they sholde countrefete  
The popes bulles, making mencion  
That he hath leve his firste wyf to lete, 745  
As by the popes dispensacioun, (690)  
To stinte rancour and dissencion  
Bitwixe his peple and him; thus seyde  
the bulle,  
The which they han publiced atte fulla.

The rude peple, as it no wonder is, 750  
Wenden ful wel that it had been right so;  
But whan thise tydinges cam to Grisildis,  
I deme that hir herte was ful wo.  
But she, y-lyke sad for evermo,  
Disposed was, this humble creature, 755  
Th'adversitee of fortune al t'endure. (700)

Abyding ever his lust and his plesauce,  
To whom that she was yeven, herte and al,  
As to hir verray worldly suffisaunce;

But shortly if this storie I tellen shal, 760  
This markis writen hath in special  
A lettre in which he sheweth his entente,  
And secretly he to Boloigne it sente.

To th'eri of Panik, which that hadde tho  
Wedded his suster, preyde he specially 765  
To bringen hoom agayn his children two  
In honorable estaat al openly. (711)  
But o thing he him preyde outarly,  
That he to no wight, though men wolde  
enquere,  
Sholde nat telle, whos children that they  
were, 770

But seye, the mayden sholde y-wedded be  
Un-to the markis of Saluce anon.  
And as this erl was preyed, so dide he;  
For at day set he on his way is goon  
Toward Saluce, and lordes many oon, 775  
In riche array, this mayden for to gyde;  
Hir yonge brother ryding hir bigyde. (721)

Arrayed was toward hir mariage  
This freshe mayde, ful of gemmes clere;  
Hir brother, which that seven year was of  
age, 780  
Arrayed ook ful fresh in his manere.  
And thus in greet noblesse and with glad  
chere,  
Toward Saluces shaping hir journey,  
Fro day to day they ryden in hir way.

Explicit quarta para.

Sequitur quinta para.

Among al this, after his wikke usage, 785  
This markis, yet his wyf to tempte more  
To the uttereste prove of hir courage, (731)  
Fully to han experience and lore  
If that she were as stedfast as bifore,  
He on a day in open audiance 790  
Ful boistounly hath seyde hir this sentence:

'Certes, Grisilde, I hadde y-nough ples-  
aunce  
To han yow to my wyf for your goodnesse,  
As for your trouthe and for your obeis-  
aunce,  
Nought for your linage ne for your  
richesse; 795  
But now knowe I in verray soothfast-  
nesse (740)

That in gret lordshipe, if I wel avyse,  
Ther is gret servitute in sondry wyse.

I may nat don as every plowman may ;  
My peple me constreyneth for to take 800  
Another wyf, and cryen day by day ;  
And eek the pope, rancour for to slake,  
Consenteth it, that dar I undertake ;  
And treweliche thus muche I wol yow

seye,

My newe wyf is coming by the weye. 805

Be strong of herte, and voyde anon hir  
place, (750)

And thilke dower that ye broghten me  
Tak it agayn, I graunte it of my grace ;  
Retourneth to your fadres hous, quod he ;  
'No man may alwey han prosperitee ; 810  
With evene herte I rede yow t'endure  
The strook of fortune or of aventure.'

And she answerde agayn in pacience,  
'My lord,' quod she, 'I woot, and wiste  
alway

How that bitwixen your magnificence 815  
And my poverté no wight can ne may (760)  
Maken comparison ; it is no nay.  
I ne heeld me never digne in no manere  
To be your wyf, no, ne your chamberere.

And in this hous, ther ye me lady made—  
The heighe god take I for my witesse, 821  
And also wisly he my soule glade—  
I never heeld me lady ne maistresse,  
But humble servant to your worthinesse,  
And ever shal, whyl that my lyf may  
dure, 825  
Aboven every worldly creatura. (770)

That ye so longe of your benigntee  
Han holden me in honour and nobleye,  
Wher-as I was noght worthy for to be,  
That thanke I god and yow, to whom  
I preye 830  
Foryalde it yow ; there is na-more to seye.  
Un-to my fader gladly wol I wende,  
And with him dwelle un-to my lyves endé.

Ther I was fostred of a child ful smal,  
Til I be deed, my lyf ther wol I lede 835  
A widwe clene, in body, herte, and al. (780)  
For sith I yaf to yow my maydenhede,  
And am your trewe wyf, it is no drede,

God shilde swich a lordes wyf to take  
Another man to housbonde or to make. 840

And of your newe wyf, god of his grace  
So graunte yow wele and prosperitee :  
For I wol gladly yelden hir my place,  
In which that I was blisful wont to be,  
For sith it lyketh yow, my lord,' quod  
she, 845  
'That whylom weren al myn hertes reste,  
That I shal goon, I wol gon whan yow  
leste. (791)

But ther-as ye me profre swich dowaire  
As I first broghte, it is wel in my minde  
It were my wrecched clothes, no-thing  
faire, 850  
The which to me were hard now for to  
finde.

O gode god ! how gentil and how kinde  
Ye semed by your speche and your visage  
The day that maked was our mariage !

But sooth is seyde, algate I finde it trewe—  
For in effect it preved is on me— (800) 856  
Love is noght old as whan that it is newe.  
But certes, lord, for noon adversitee,  
To dyen in the cas, it shal nat be 859  
That ever in word or werk I shal repente  
That I yow yaf myn herte in hool entente.

My lord, ye woot that, in my fadres place,  
Ye dede me strepe out of my povre wede,  
And richely me cladden, of your grace.  
To yow broghte I noght elles, out of drede,  
But feyth and nakednesse and mayden-  
hede. (810) 866

And here agayn my clothing I restore,  
And eek my wedding-ring, for evermore.

The remenant of your jewels redy be 869  
In-with your chambre, dar I saufully sayn ;  
Naked out of my fadres hous, quod she,  
'I cam, and naked moot I turne agayn.  
Al your plesaunce wol I folwen fayn ;  
But yet I hope it be nat your entente 874  
That I smoklees out of your paleys wente.

Ye coude nat doon so dishoneste a thing,  
That thilke wombe in which your children  
leye (821)  
Sholde, biforn the peple, in my walking,

Be seyn al bare; wherfor I yow preye,  
 Lat me nat lyk a worm go by the weye. 880  
 Remembre yow, myn owene lord so dære,  
 I was your wyf, thogh I unworthy were.

Wherfor, in guerdon of my maydenhede,  
 Which that I broghte, and noght agayn  
 I here, 884

As voucheth sauf to yeve me, to my mede,  
 But swich a smok as I was' wont to were,  
 That I therwith may wrye the wombe of  
 here (831)

That was your wyf; and heer take I my  
 leve

Of yow, myn owene lord, lest I yow greve.'

'The smok,' quod he, 'that thou hast on  
 thy bak, 890

Lat it be stille, and ber it forth with thee.'  
 But wel unnethes thilke word he spak,  
 But wente his way for rewthe and for  
 pitee.

Biforn the folk hir-selven strepeth she,  
 And in hir smok, with heed and foot al  
 bare, (839) 895  
 Toward hir fader hous forth is she fare.

The folk hir folwe wepinge in hir weye,  
 And fortune ay they curen as they goon;  
 But she fro weping kepte hir yēn droye,  
 Ne in this tyme word ne spak she noon. 900  
 Hir fader, that this tyding herde anon,  
 Curseth the day and tyme that nature  
 Shoop him to been a lyves creature.

For out of doute this olde povre man  
 Was ever in suspect of hir mariage; 905  
 For ever he demed, sith that it bigan, (850)  
 That whan the lord fulfild had his courage,  
 Him wolde thinke it were a disparage  
 To his estaat so lowe for t'alighte,  
 And voyden hir as sone as ever he mighte.

Agayns his doghter hastilich goth he, 911  
 For he by noyse of folk knew hir cominge,  
 And with hir olde cote, as it mighte be,  
 He covered hir, ful sorwefully wepinge;  
 But on hir body mighte he it nat bringe.  
 For rude was the cloth, and more of age  
 By dayes fele than at hir mariage. (861)

Thus with hir fader, for a certeyn space,  
 Dwalleth this flour of wyfly pacience,

That neither by hir wordes ne hir face 920  
 Biforn the folk, ne eek in hir absence,  
 Ne shewed she that hir was doon offence;  
 Ne of hir heigh estaat no remembrance  
 Ne hadde she, as by hir countenance.

No wonder is, for in hir grete estaat 925  
 Hir goost was ever in pleyn humylitee:  
 Notendre mouth, non herte delicat, (871)  
 No pompe, no semblant of royaltee,  
 But ful of pacient benignitee,  
 Discreet and prydeles, ay honourable, 930  
 And to hir housbonde ever make and  
 stable.

Men speke of Job and most for his hum-  
 blesse,

As clerkes, whan hem list, can wel endyte,  
 Namely of men, but as in soothfastnesse,  
 Thogh clerkes preyse wommen but a  
 lyte, 935

Ther can no man in humblesse him ac-  
 quyte (880)

As womman can, ne can ben half so trewe  
 As wommen been, but it be falle of-newe.

[*Pars Sexta.*]

Fro Boloigne is this erl of Panik come,  
 Of which the fame up-sprang to more and  
 lesse, 940

And in the peples eres alle and some  
 Was couth eek, that a newe markisesse  
 He with him broghte, in swich pompe and  
 richesse,

That never was ther seyn with mannes yē  
 So noble array in al West Lombardy. 945

The markis, which that shoop and knew  
 al this, (890)

Er that this erl was come, sente his message  
 For thilke sely povre Grisildis;

And she with humble herte and glad  
 visage, 949

Nat with no swollen thoght in hir courage,  
 Cam at his heste, and on hir knees hir  
 sette,

And reverently and wysly she him grette.

'Grisild,' quod he, 'my wille is outerly,  
 This mayden, that shal wedded been to me,  
 Receyved be to-morwe as royally 955

As it possible is in myn hous to be. (900)  
 And eek that every wight in his degree  
 Have his estaat in sitting and servyse  
 And heigh plesaunce, as I can best devyse.

I have no wommen suffisaunt certayn 960  
 The chambres for t'arraye in ordinaunce  
 After my lust, and therfor wolde I fayn  
 That thyn were al swich maner govern-  
 aunce;

Thou knowest eek of old al my plesaunce;  
 Though thyn array be badde and yvel  
 biseye, 965  
 Do thou thy devoir at the leeste weye. (910)

'Nat only, lord, that I am glad,' quod she,  
 'To doon your lust, but I desyre also  
 Yow for to serve and plesse in my degree  
 With-uten feynting, and shal evermo. 970  
 Ne never, for no wele ne no wo,  
 Ne shal the gost with-in myn herte stente  
 To love yow best with al my trewe entente.'

And with that word she gan the hous to  
 dighte,  
 And tables for to sette and beddes make;  
 And peyned hir to doon al that she  
 mighte, (920) 976  
 Preying the chambereres, for goddes sake,  
 To hasten hem, and faste swepe and shake;  
 And she, the moste servisable of alle,  
 Hath every chambre arrayed and his halle.

Abouten undern gan this erl alighte, 981  
 That with him broghte thise noble child-  
 ren tweye,  
 For which the peple ran to seen the sighte  
 Of hir array, so richely biseye;  
 And than at erst amonges hem they seye,  
 That Walter was no fool, thogh that him  
 leste (930) 986  
 To chaunge his wyf, for it was for the beste.

For she is fairer, as they demen alle,  
 Than is Grisild, and more tendre of age,  
 And fairer fruit bitwene hem sholde  
 falle, 990  
 And more plesant, for hir heigh linage;  
 Hir brother eek so fair was of visage,  
 That hem to seen the peple hath caught  
 plesaunce,  
 Commending now the markis govern-  
 aunce.—

Auctor. 'O stormy peple! unsad and ever  
 untrewes! (939) 995

Ay undiscreet and chaunging as a vane,  
 Delyting ever in rumbel that is newe,  
 For lyk the mone ay wexe ye and wane;  
 Ay ful of clapping, dere y-nogh a jane;  
 Your doom is fals, your constance yvel  
 preveth, 1000  
 A ful greet fool is he that on yow leveth!'

Thus seyden sadde folk in that citee,  
 Whan that the peple gazed up and down,  
 For they were glad, right for the noveltee,  
 To han a newe lady of hir toun. 1005  
 Na-more of this make I now mencion;  
 But to Grisilde agayn wol I me dresse, (951)  
 And telle hir constance and hir bisinesse.—

Ful bisy was Grisilde in every thing  
 That to the feste was apertinent; 1010  
 Right noght was she abayst of hir clothing,  
 Though it were rude and somdel eek to-  
 rent.

But with glad chere to the yate is went,  
 With other folk, to grete the markisesse,  
 And after that doth forth hir bisinesse, 1015

With so glad chere his gastes she receyveth,  
 And conningly, everich in his degree, (961)  
 That no defaute no man aperceyveth;  
 But ay they wondren what she mighte be  
 That in so povre array was for to see, 1020  
 And coude swich honour and reverence;  
 And worthily they preisen hir prudence.

In al this mene while she ne stente  
 This mayde and eek hir brother to com-  
 mende

With al hir herte, in ful benigne entente,  
 So wel, that no man coude hir prys  
 amende. (970) 1026  
 But atte laste, whan that thise lordes  
 wende

To sitten down to mete, he gan to calle  
 Grisilde, as she was bisy in his halle.

'Grisilde,' quod he, as it were in his  
 play, 1030

'How lyketh thee my wyf and hir beautee?'  
 'Right wel,' quod she, 'my lord; for, in  
 good fey,

A fairer say I never noon than she.  
 I prey to god yve hir prosperitee; 1034

And so hope I that he wol to yow sende  
Plesance y-nogh un-to your lyves enda.

O thing biseke I yow and warne also, (981)  
That ye ne prikke with no tormentinge  
This tendre mayden, as ye han don mo;  
For she is fostred in hir norishinge 1040  
More tendrely, and, to my supposinge,  
She coude nat adversitee endure  
As coude a povre fostred creature.'

And whan this Walter say hir pacience,  
Hir glade chere and no malice at al, 1045  
And he so ofte had doon to hir offence, (990)  
And she ay sad and constant as a wal,  
Continuing ever hir innocence overal,  
This sturdy markis gan his herte dresse  
To rewen up-on hir wyflystedfastnesse. 1050

'This is y-nogh, Grisilde myn,' quod he,  
'Be now na-more agast ne yvel apayed;  
I have thy feith and thy benignitee,  
As wel as ever womman was, assayed,  
In greet estaat, and povrelliche arrayed. 1055  
Now knowe I, dere wyf, thy stedfast-  
nesse,'— (1000)  
And hir in armes took and gan hir kesse.

And she for wonder took of it no keep;  
She herde nat what thing he to hir seyde;  
She ferde as she had stert out of a sleep,  
Til she out of hir masednesse abreyde. 1061  
'Grisilde,' quod he, 'by god that for us  
deyde,

Thou art my wyf, ne noon other I have,  
Ne never hadde, as god my soule save!

This is thy doghter which thou hast sup-  
posed 1065  
To be my wyf; that other feithfully (1010)  
Shal be myn heir, as I have ay purposed;  
Thou bare him in thy body trewely.  
At Boloigne have I kept hem prively; 1069  
Tak hem agayn, for now maystow nat  
seye  
That thou hast lorn non of thy children  
tweye.

And folk that otherweyes han seyde of me,  
I warne hem wel that I have doon this  
dede

For no malice ne for no crueltee, 1074

But for t'assaye in thees thy wommanhede,  
And nat to sleen my children, god for-  
bede! (1030)

But for to kepe hem prively and stille,  
Til I thy purpos knewe and al thy wille.'

Whan she this herde, aswowne down she  
falleth 1079

For pitous joye, and after hir swowninge  
She bothe hir yonge children un-to hir  
calleth,

And in hir armes, pitously wepinge,  
Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissinge  
Ful lyk a mooder, with hir salte teres 1084  
She batheth bothe hir visage and hir herea.

O, which a pitous thing it was to see (1030)  
Hir swowning, and hir humble voys to  
here!

'Grauntmercy, lord, that thanke I yow,'  
quod she,

'That ye han saved me my children dere!  
Now rekke I never to ben deed right  
here; 1090

Sith I stonde in your love and in your grace,  
No fors of deeth, ne whan my spirit pace!

O tendre, o dere, o yonge children myne.  
Your woful mooder wende stedfastly 1094  
That cruel houndes or som foul vermayne  
Hadde eten yow; but god, of his mercy,  
And your benigne fader tendrely (1041)  
Hath doon yow kept;' and in that same  
stounde

Al sodeynly she swappte adoun to grounde.

And in her swough so sadly holdeth she  
Hir children two, whan she gan hem  
t'embrace, 1101

That with greet sleighte and greet diffi-  
cultee

The children from hir arm they gonne  
arace. (1047)

O many a teer on many a pitous face 1104  
Doun ran of hem that stoden hir biyde:  
Unnethe abouten hir mighte they abyde.

Walter hir gladeth, and hir sorwe slaketh:  
She ryseth up, abaysed, from hir traunce,  
And every wight hir joye and feste maketh.  
Til she hath caught agayn hir conten-  
saunce. 1110

Walter hir dooth so feithfully plesauce,  
That it was dayntee for to seen the chere  
Bitwixe hem two, now they ben mety-fere.

Thise ladyes, whan that they hir tymesay,  
Han taken hir, and in-to chambre goon,  
And strepen hir out of hिर rude array, (1060)  
And in a cloth of gold that brighte shoon,  
With a coroune of many a riche stoon  
Up-on hir heed, they in-to halle hir  
broughte, 1119  
And ther she was honoured as hir oghte.

Thus hath this pitous day a blisful ende,  
For every man and womman dooth his  
might

This day in murthe and revel to dispende  
Til on the welkne shoon the sterres light.  
For more solempne in every mannes sight  
This feste was, and gretter of costage, 1126  
Than was the revel of hir mariage. (1071)

Ful many a yeer in heigh prosperitee  
Liven thise two in concord and in reste,  
And richely his doghter married he 1130  
Un-to a lord, oon of the worthieste  
Of al Itaille; and than in pees and reste  
His wyves fader in his court he kepeth,  
Til that the soule out of his body crepeth.

His sone succedeth in his heritage 1135  
In reste and pees, after his fader day; (1080)  
And fortunat was eek in mariage,  
Al putte he nat his wyf in greet assay.  
This world is nat so strong, it is no nay,  
As it hath been in olde tymes yore, 1140  
And herkneth what this auctour seith  
therefore.

This storie is seyde, nat for that wyves  
sholde

Folwen Grisilde as in humilitee,  
For it were importable, though they wolde;  
But for that every wight, in his degree, 1145  
Sholde be constant in adversitee (1090)  
As was Grisilde; therfor Petrark wryteth  
This storie, which with heigh style he  
endyteth.

For, sith a womman was so pacient 1149  
Un-to a mortal man, wel more us oghte  
Receyven al in gree that god us sent;

For greet skille is, he prove that he wroughte.  
But he ne tempteth no man that he boghte,  
As seith seint Jame, if ye his pistol rede;  
He preveth folk al day, it is no drede, 1155

And suffreth us, as for our excercyse, (1100)  
With sharpe scourges of adversitee  
Ful ofte to be bete in sondry wyse;  
Nat for to knowe our wil, for certes he,  
Er we were born, knew al our freletee; 1160  
And for our beste is al his governaunce;  
Let us than live in vertuous suffraunce.\*

But o word, lordinges, herkneth er I go:—  
It were ful hard to finde now a dayes (1108)  
In al a toun Grisildes thres or two; 1165  
For, if that they were put to swiche assayes,  
The gold of hem hath now so badde alayes  
With bras, that thogh the coyne be fair  
at y8,

It wolde rather breste a-two than plye.

For which hear, for the wyves love of  
Bathe, 1170  
Whos lyf and al hir secte god mayntene  
In heigh maistrye, and elles were it sootho,  
I wol with lusty herte fresshe and grene  
Seyn yow a song to glade yow, I wene,  
And lat us stinte of earnestful matere:—  
Herkneth my song, that seith in this  
manere. (1120) 1176

#### Lenvoy de Chaucer.

Grisilde is deed, and eek hir pacience,  
And bothe atones buried in Itaille;  
For which I crye in open audience,  
No wedded man so hardy be t' assaille 1180  
His wyves pacience, in hope to finde  
Grisildes, for in certein he shall faille!

\* It seems to have been Chaucer's intention,  
in the first instance, to end this Tale here. Hence,  
we find, in MSS. E. Hn. Cm. Dd., the following  
genuine, but rejected stanza, suitable for insertion  
at this point:—

**Bihold the merye wordes of the Hosts.**  
This worthy Clerk, whan ended was his tale,  
Our hoste seyde, and swoor by goddes bones,  
'Me were lever than a bareil ale  
My wyf at hoom had herd this legende ones;  
This is a gentil tale for the nones,  
As to my purpos, wiste ye my wile;  
But thing that wol nat be, lat it be stilla.'

Here endeth the Tale of the Clerk  
of Oxenford.

O noble wyves, ful of heigh prudence,  
 Lat noon humilitee your tonge naille, 1184  
 Ne lat no clerk have cause or diligence  
 To wryte of yow a storie of swich mervaille  
 As of Grisildis pacient and kinde; (1131)  
 Lest Chicchevache yow swalwe in hir en-  
 traillle!

Folweth Ekko, that holdeth no silence,  
 But evere answereth at the countretaille;  
 Beth nat bidaffed for your innocence, 1191  
 But sharply tak on yow the governaille.  
 Emprinteth wel this lesson in your minde  
 For commune profit, sith it may availle,

Ye archewyves, stondeþ at defence, 1195  
 Sinye bestronge as is a greet camaille; (1140)  
 Nesuffreth nat that men yow doon offence.  
 And sclendre wyves, feble as in bataille,

Beth egre as is a tygre yond in Inde;  
 Ayclappeth as a mille, I yow consaille. 1200

Ne dreed hem nat, do hem no reverence;  
 For though thyn housbonde armed be in  
 maille,

The arwes of thy crabbed eloquence  
 Shal perce his brest, and eek his aventaille;  
 In jalousye I rede eek thou him binda, 1205  
 And thou shalt make him couche as dooth  
 a quaille. (1150)

If thou be fair, ther folk ben in presence  
 Shew thou thy visage and thyn apparaille;  
 If thou be foul, be free of thy dispence, 1209  
 To gete thee freendes ay do thy travaille;  
 Be ay of chere as light as leef on linde,  
 And lat him care, and wepe, and wringe,  
 and waille! (1156)

Here endeth the Clerk of Oxonford his Tale.

## THE MERCHANT'S PROLOGUE.

### The Prologe of the Marchantes Tale.

'WEPING and wayling, care, and other  
 sorwe

I know y-nogh, on even and a-morwe,  
 Quod the Marchaunt, 'and so don othere  
 mo 1215

That wedded been, I trowe that it be so.  
 For, wel I woot, it fareth so with me.  
 I have a wyf, the worste that may be;  
 Forthogh the feend to hir y-coupled were,  
 She wolde him overmacche, I dar wel  
 swere. 1220

What sholde I yow reherce in special  
 Hir hye malice? she is a shrewe at'al. (10)  
 Ther is a long and large difference  
 Bitwix Grisildis grete pacience  
 And of my wyf the passing crueltee. 1225  
 Were I unbounden, al-so moot I thee!  
 I wolde never eft comen in the snare.  
 We wedded men live in sorwe and care;

Assaye who-so wol, and he shal finde  
 I seye sooth, by seint Thomas of Inde, 1230  
 As for the more part, I sey nat alle.

God shilde that it sholde so bifalle! (20)

A! good sir hoost! I have y-wedded be  
 Thise monthes two, and more nat, pardee;  
 And yet, I trowe, he that all his lyve 1235  
 Wyfles hath been, though that men wolde  
 him ryve

Un-to the harte, ne coude in no manere  
 Tellen so muchel sorwe, as I now here  
 Coude tellen of my wyves cursednesse!

'Now,' quod our hoost, 'Marchaunt, so  
 god yow blesse, 1240

Sin ye so muchel knowen of that art,  
 Ful hertely I pray yow telle us part.' (30)

'Gladly,' quod he, 'but of myn owene  
 sore,

For sory herte, I telle may na-more.' 1244

## THE MARCHANTES TALE.

Here biginneth the Marchantes Tale.

WYTLON ther was dwellinge in Lumbardye  
A worthy knight, that born was of Pavye,  
In which he lived in greet prosperitee;  
And sixty yeer a wyfles man was he,  
And folwed ay his bodilly delyt  
On wommen, ther-as was his appetyt, 1250  
As doon thise foles that ben seculer.

And whan that he was passed sixty yeer,  
Were it for holinesse or for dotage,  
I can natseye, but swich a greet corage, (10)  
Hadde this knight to been a wedded man,  
That day and night he dooth al that he can  
Tespyn where he mighte wedded be;  
Preyinge our lord to granten him, that he  
Mighte ones knowe of thilke blisful lyf  
That is bitwixe an housbond and his wyf;  
And for to live under that holy bond 1261  
With which that first god man and  
womman bond.

'Non other lyf,' seyde he, 'is worth a bene;  
For wedlok is so esy and so clene, (20)  
That in this world it is a paradys.' 1265  
Thus seyde this olde knight, that was so  
wys.

And certainly, as sooth as god is king,  
To take a wyf, it is a glorious thing,  
And namely whan a man is old and hoor;  
Thanne is a wyf the fruit of his tresor. 1270  
Than sholde he take a yong wyf and a feir,  
On which he mighte engendren him an  
heir,

And lede his lyf in joye and in solas,  
Wher-as thise bacheleres singe 'allas,' (30)  
Whan that they finden any adversitee 1275  
In love, which nis but childish vanitee.  
And trewely it sit wel to be so,  
That bacheleres have often payne and wo;  
On brotel ground they bulde, and brotel-  
nesse 1279  
They finde, whan they wene sikernesse.

They live but as a brid or as a beste,  
In libertee, and under non areste,  
Ther-as a wedded man in his estaat  
Liveth a lyf blisful and ordinaat, (40)  
Under the yok of mariage y-bounde; 1285  
Wel may his herte in joye and blisse  
habounde.

For who can be so buxom as a wyf?  
Who is so trewe, and eek so ententyf  
To kepe him, syk and hool, as is his make?  
For wele or wo, she wol him nat forsake.  
She nis nat wery him to love and serve,  
Thogh that he lye bedrede til he sterve.  
And yet somme clerkes seyn, it nis nat so,  
Of whiche he, Theofraste, is oon of tho. (50)  
What force though Theofrastelistelye? 1295  
'Ne take no wyf,' quod he, 'for hous-  
bondrye,

As for to spare in houshold thy dispence;  
A trewe servant dooth more diligence,  
Thy good to kepe, than thyn owene wyf.  
For she wol clayme half partal hir lyf; 1300  
And if that thou be syk, so god me save,  
Thy verray frendes or a trewe knave  
Wol kepe thee bet than she that waiteth ay  
After thy good, and hath don many a day.'  
And if thou take a wyf un-to thyn  
hold, (61) [T. om.  
Ful lightly maystow been a coke-  
wold. 1306 [T. om.

This sentence, and an hundred thinges  
worse,  
Wryteth this man, ther god his bones  
corree!

But take no kepe of al swich vanitee;  
Deffye Theofraste and harke me. 1310  
A wyf is goddes yifte verrailly;  
Alle other maner yiftes hardily,  
As londes, rentes, pasture, or commune,  
Or moebles, alle ben yiftes of fortune, (70)



That passen as a shadwe upon a wal. 1315  
But dredelees, if playnly speke I shal,  
A wyf wol laste, and in thyn hous endure,  
Wel longer than thee list, paraventure.

Marriage is a ful gret sacrament;  
He which that hath no wyf, I holde him  
shent; 1320

He liveth helples and al desolat,  
I speke of folk in seculer estaat.  
And herke why, I sey nat this for noght, (79)  
That womman is for mannes helpy-wroght.  
The hye god, whan he hadde Adam makid,  
And saugh him al allone, bely-naked, 1326  
God of his grete goodnesse seyde than,  
'Let us now make an help un-to this man  
Lyk to him-self;' and thanne he made  
him Eve. 1329

Heer may ye se, and heer-by may ye preve,  
That wyf is mannes help and his confort,  
His paradys terrestre and his disport  
So buxom and so vertuous is she,  
They moste nedes live in unitee. (90) 1334  
O flesh they been, and o flesh, as I gesse,  
Hath but on herte, in wele and in distresse.

A wyf! a! Sainte Marie, *ben'cite*!  
How mighte a man han any adversitee  
That hath a wyf? certes, I can nat seye. 1339  
The blisse which that is bitwixe hem tweye  
Ther may no tonge telle, or herte thinke.  
If he be povre, she helpeth him to swinke;  
She kepeth his good, and wasteth never  
a deel;

Al that hir housbonde lust, hir lyketh  
weel; (100)

She seith not ones 'nay,' when he seith  
'ye.' 1345

'Do this,' seith he; 'al redy, sir,' seith she.  
O blisful ordre of wedlok precious,  
Thou art so mery, and eek so vertuous,  
And so commended and appreve eek,  
That every man that halt him worth a  
leak, 1350

Up-on his bare knees oghte al his lyf  
Thanken his god that him hath sent a  
wyf;

Or elles preye to god him for to sende  
A wyf, to laste un-to his lyves ende. (110)  
For thanne his lyf is set in sikernesse; 1355  
He may nat be deceyved, as I gesse,  
So that he werke after his wyves reed;  
Than may he boldly beren up his heed,

They been so trowe and ther-with-al so  
wyse;

For which, if thou wolt werken as the  
wyse, 1360

Do alwey so as wommen wol thee rede.  
Lo, how that Jacob, as thise clerkes  
rede,

By good conseil of his moder Rebekke,  
Bond the kides skin aboute his nekke; (120)  
Thurgh which his fadres benisoun he wan.

Lo, Judith, as the storie eek telle can,  
By wys conseil she goddes peple kepte,  
And slow him, Oloferus, whyl he slepte.

Lo Abigayl, by good conseil how she 1369  
Saved hir housbond Nabal, whan that he  
Sholde han be slayn; and loke, Ester also  
By good conseil delivered out of wo  
The peple of god, and made him, Mar-  
dochee,

Of Assuere enhaunced for to be. (130)

Ther nis no-thing in gree superlatyf, 1375  
As seith Senek, above an humble wyf.

Suffre thy wyves tonge, as Caton hit;  
She shal comande, and thou shalt suffren  
it;

And yet she wol obeye of curteisye.

A wyf is keper of thyn housbondrye; 1380  
Wel may the syke man biwaille and wepe,  
Ther-as ther nis no wyf the hous to kepe.  
I warne thee, if wysly thou wolt wirche,  
Love wel thy wyf, as Crist loveth his  
ohirche. (140) 1384

If thou lovest thy-self, thou lovest thy wyf;  
No man hateth his flesh, but in his lyf  
He fostreth it, and therefore bidde I thee,  
Cherisse thy wyf, or thou shalt never thee.  
Housbond and wyf, what so men jape or  
pleye,

Of worldly folk holden the siker weye; 1390  
They been so knit, ther may noon harm  
bityde:

And namely, up-on the wyves syde.  
For which this Janmarie, of whom I tolde,  
Considered hath, inwith his dayes olde, (150)  
The lusty lyf, the vertuous quite, 1395  
That is in marriage hony-swete;

And for his freendes on a day he sente,  
To tellen hem th'effect of his entente.

With face sad, his tale he hath hem  
told; 1399

He seyde, 'freendes, I am hoor and old,

And almost, god wot, on my pittes brinke ;  
 Up-on my soule somewhat mooste I thinke.  
 I have my body folily despended ; (159)  
 Blessed be god, that it shal been amended !  
 For I wol be, certeyn, a wedded man, 1405  
 And that anon in al the haste I can,  
 Un-to som mayde fair and tendre of age.  
 I prey yow, shapeth for my mariage  
 Al sodeynly, for I wol nat abyde ;  
 And I wol fonde t'espyen, on my syde, 1410  
 To whom I may be wedded hastily.

But for-as-muche as ye ben mo than I,  
 Ye shullen rather swich a thing espyen  
 Than I, and wher me best were to allyen.  
 But o thing warne I yow, my freendes  
 dere, (171) 1415

I wol non old wyf han in no manere.  
 She shal nat passe twenty yeer, certayn ;  
 Old fish and yong flesh wolde I have ful  
 fayn.

Bet is,' quod he, 'a pyk than a pikerel ;  
 And bet than old boef is the tendre veel.  
 I wol no womman thritty yeer of age, 1421  
 It is but bene-straw and greet forage.

And eek thise olde widwes, god it woot,  
 They conne so muchel craft on Wades  
 boot, (180)

So muchel broken harm, whan that hem  
 leste, 1425

That with hem sholde I never live in reste.  
 For sondry scoles maken sotil clerkis ;  
 Womman of manye scoles half a clerk is.  
 But certeynly, a yong thing may men gye,  
 Right as men may warm wax with handes  
 plye. 1430

Wherefore I sey yow pleylnly, in a clause,  
 I wol non old wyf han right for this  
 cause. (188)

For if so were, I hadde swich mischaunce,  
 That I in hir ne coude han no plessaunce,  
 Thanne sholde I lede my lyf in avoutrye,  
 And go streight to the devel, whan I dye.  
 Ne children sholde I none up-on hir geten ;  
 Yet were me lever houndes had me eten,  
 Than that myn heritage sholde falle 1439  
 In straunge hand, and this I tell yow alle.  
 I dote nat, I woot the cause why  
 Men sholde wedde, and forthermore wot I,  
 Ther speketh many a man of mariage,  
 That woot na-more of it than woot my  
 page, (200) 1444

For whiche causes man sholde take a wyf.  
 If he ne may nat liven chast his lyf,  
 Take him a wyf with greet devocioun,  
 By-cause of lefeful procracioun  
 Of children, to th'onour of god above,  
 And nat only for paramour or love ; 1450  
 And for they sholde lecherye eschue,  
 And yelde hir dettes whan that they ben  
 due ;

Or for that ech of hem sholde helpen  
 other (209)

In meschief, as a suster shal the brother ;  
 And live in chastitee ful holily. 1455  
 But sires, by your leve, that am nat I.

For god be thanked, I dar make avaunt,  
 I fele my limes stark and suffisaunt  
 To do al that a man bilongeth to ;

I woot my-selven best what I may do. 1460  
 Though I be hoor, I fare as dooth a tree  
 That blometh er that fruyt y-woxen be ;  
 A blommy tree nis neither drye ne deed.  
 I fele me nowher hoor but on myn heed ;  
 Myn herte and alle my limes been as  
 grane (221) 1465

As laurer thurgh the year is for to sene.  
 And sin that ye han herd al myn entente,  
 I pray yow to my wil ye wole assente.'

Diverse men diversely him tolde  
 Of mariage manye ensamples olde. 1470  
 Somme blamed it, somme preysed it,  
 certeyn ;

But atte laste, shortly for to seyn,  
 As al day falleth altercacioun 1473  
 Bitwixen freendes in disputisoun, (230)  
 Ther fil a stryf bitwixe his bretheren two,  
 Of whiche that oon was cleped Placebo,  
 Justinus soothly called was that other.

Placebo sayde, 'o Januarie, brother,  
 Ful litel nede had ye, my lord so dere,  
 Conseil to axe of any that is here ; 1480  
 But that ye been so ful of sapience,  
 That yow ne lyketh, for your heighe  
 prudence,

To weyven from the word of Salomon.  
 This word seyde he un-to us everichon :  
 "Wirk alle thing by conseil," thus seyde  
 he, (241) 1485

"And thanne shaltow nat repente thee."  
 But though that Salomon spak swich  
 a word,  
 Myn owene dere brother and my lord,

So wisly god my soule bringe at reste,  
 I hold your owene conseil is the beste. 1490  
 For brother myn, of me tak this motyf,  
 I have now been a court-man al my lyf.  
 And god it woot, though I unworthy be,  
 I have stonden in ful gret degree (250)  
 Abouten lordes of ful heigh estate; 1495  
 Yet hadde I never with noon of hem  
 debaat.

I never hem contraried, trewely;  
 I woot wel that my lord can more than I.  
 What that he seith, I holde it ferme and  
 stable;

I seye the same, or elles thing samblable.  
 A ful gret fool is any conseilour, 1501  
 That serveth any lord of heigh honour,  
 That dar presume, or elles thenken it,  
 That his conseil sholde passe his lordes  
 wit. (260)

Nay, lordes been no foles, by my fay; 1505  
 Ye han your-selven shewed heer to-day  
 So heigh sentence, so holily and weel,  
 That I consente and conferme every-deel  
 Your wordes alle, and your opinioun. 1509  
 By god, ther nis no man in al this toun  
 N'in al itaille, that coude bet han sayd;  
 Crist halt him of this conseil wel apayd.  
 And trewely, it is an heigh courage  
 Of any man, that stapen is in age, (270)  
 To take a yong wyf; by my fader kin,  
 Your herte hangeth on a joly pin. 1516  
 Doth now in this matere right as yow  
 leste,

For finally I holde it for the beste.'

Justinus, that ay stille sat and herde,  
 Right in this wyse to Placebo answerde:  
 'Now brother myn, be pacient, I preye,  
 Sin ye han seyde, and herkneth what I  
 seye. 1522

Senek among his othere wordes wyse  
 Seith, that a man oghte him right wel  
 avyse, (280)

To whom he yeveth his lond or his  
 catel. 1525

And sin I oghte avyse me right wel  
 To whom I yeve my good away fro me,  
 Wel muchel more I oghte avysed be  
 To whom I yeve my body; for alwey  
 I warne yow wel, it is no childes pley 1530  
 To take a wyf with-oute avysement.  
 Men moste enquire, this is myn assent,

Wher she be wys, or sobre, or dronke-  
 lewe, (289)

Or proud, or elles other-weys a shrewe;  
 A chydester, or wastour of thy good, 1535  
 Or riche, or poore, or elles mannish wood.  
 Al-be-it so that no man finden shal  
 Noon in this world that trottesth hool  
 in al,

Ne man ne beest, swich as men coude  
 devyse;

But natheless, it oghte y-nough suffice 1540  
 With any wyf, if so were that she hadde  
 Mo gode thewes than hir ryces hadde;  
 And al this axeth leyser for t'enquere.  
 For god it woot, I have wept many a tere  
 Ful prively, sin I have had a wyf. (301) 1545  
 Preyse who-so wole a wedded mannes lyf,  
 Certein, I finde in it but cost and care,  
 And observances, of alle blisses bare. 1548  
 And yet, god woot, my neighebores aboute,  
 And namely of wommen many a route,  
 Seyn that I have the moste stedefast wyf,  
 And eek the makeste oon that bereth lyf.  
 But I wot best wher wringeth me my  
 sho. (309)

Ye mowe, for me, right as yow lyketh do;  
 Avyseth yow, ye been a man of age, 1555  
 How that ye entren in-to mariage,  
 And namely with a yong wyf and a fair.  
 By him that made water, erthe, and air,  
 The yongest man that is in al this route  
 Is bisy y-nogh to bringen it aboute 1560  
 To han his wyf allone, trusteth me.  
 Ye shul nat plesse hir fully yeres thre,  
 This is to seyn, to doon hir ful plesaunce.  
 A wyf axeth ful many an observance. (320)  
 I prey yow that ye be nat yvel apayd.'

'Wel,' quod this Januarie, 'and hastow  
 sayd? 1566

Straw for thy Senek, and for thy pro-  
 verbes,

I counte nat a panier ful of herbes  
 Of scole-termes; wyser men than thou,  
 As thou hast herd, assented right now  
 To my purpos; Placebo, what sey ye?'

'I seye, it is a cursed man,' quod he,  
 'That letteth matrimoine, sikerly.' (329)  
 And with that word they rysen sodeynly,  
 And been assented fully, that he sholde  
 Be wedded whanne him list and wher he  
 wolde. 1576

Heigh fantasye and curious businesse  
 Fro day to day gan in the soule imprese  
 Of Januarie aboute his mariage.  
 Many fair shap, and many a fair visage  
 Ther passeth thurgh his herte, night by  
 night. (337) 1581

As who-so toke a mirour polished bright,  
 And sette it in a commune market-place,  
 Than sholde he see many a figure pace  
 By his mirour; and, in the same wyse,  
 Gan Januarie inwith his thought devyse  
 Of maydens, whiche that dwelten him  
 bisyde. 1587

He wiste nat wher that he mighte abyde.  
 For if that oon have beautee in hir face,  
 Another stant so in the peples grace 1590  
 For hir sadnesse, and hir benignitee,  
 That of the peple grettest voys hath she.  
 And somme were riche, and hadden badde  
 name. (349)

But natheles, bitwixe earnest and game,  
 He atte laste apoynted him on oon, 1595  
 And leet alle othere from his herte  
 goon,

And chees hir of his owens auctoritee;  
 For love is blind al day, and may nat see.  
 And whan that he was in his bed y-  
 broght,

He purtreyed, in his herte and in his  
 thought, 1600

Hir fresche beautee and hir age tendre,  
 Hir myddel smal, hir armes longe and  
 sclendre,

Hir wyse governaunce, hir gentillesse,  
 Hir wommanly beringe and hir sadnesse.  
 And whan that he on hir was con-  
 descended, (361) 1605

Him thoughte his chois mighte nat ben  
 amended.

For whan that he him-self concluded  
 hadde,

Him thoughte ech other mannes wit so  
 badde,

That impossible it were to reple  
 Agayn his chois, this was his fantasye. 1610  
 His freendes sente he to at his instaunce,  
 And preyed hem to doon him that ples-  
 aunce,

That hastily they wolden to him come;  
 He wolde abregge hir labour, alle and  
 some. (370) 1614

Nedeth na-more for him to go ne ryde,  
 He was apoynted ther he wolde abyde.

Placebo cam, and eek his freendes sone,  
 And alderfirst he bad hem alle a bone,  
 That noon of hem none argumentes make  
 Agayn the purpos which that he hath  
 take; 1620

'Which purpos was plesant to god,' seyde  
 he,

'And verray ground of his prosperitee.'

He seyde, ther was a mayden in the  
 town,

Which that of beautee hadde greet re-  
 noun, (380)

Al were it so she were of smal degree; 1625  
 Suffyseth him hir youthe and hir beante.  
 Which mayde, he seyde, he wolde han to  
 his wyf,

To lede in ese and holinesse his lyf.

And thanked god, that he mighte han  
 hire al, 1629

That no wight of his blisse parten shal.  
 And preyde hem to labouren in this  
 nede,

And shapen that he faille nat to spede;  
 For thanne, he seyde, his spirit was at ese.

'Thanne is,' quod he, 'no-thing may me  
 displese, (390) 1634

Save o thing priketh in my conscience,  
 The which I wol reherce in your presence.'

I have,' quod he, 'herd seyde, ful yore  
 ago,

Ther may no man han parfite blisses two,  
 This is to seye, in erthe and eek in  
 hevene.

For though he kepe him fro the sinnes  
 sevane, 1640

And eek from every branche of thilke  
 tree,

Yet is ther so parfyt felicittee,

And so greet ese and lust in mariage, (399)

That ever I am agast, now in myn age,

That I shal lede now so mery a lyf, 1645

So delicat, with-uten wo and stryf,

That I shal have myn hevene in erthe  
 here.

For sith that verray hevene is boght so  
 dere,

With tribulacioun and greet penaunce,

How sholde I thanne, that live in swich  
 plesaunce 1650

As alle wedded men don with hir wyvis,  
Come to the blisse ther Crist eterne on  
lyve is?

This is my drede, and ye, my bretheren  
tweye, (409)

Assolileth me this questioun, I preya.

Justinus, which that hated his folye, 1655  
Answerde anon, right in his japerye;  
And for he wolde his longe tale abregge,  
He wolde noon auctoritee allegge, 1658  
But seyde, 'sire, so ther be noon obstacle  
Other than this, god of his hys miracle  
And of his mercy may so for yow wirche,  
That, er ye have your right of holy  
chirche, (418)

Ye may repente of wedded mannes lyf,  
In which ye seyn ther is no wo ne stryf.  
And elles, god forbode but he sente 1665  
A wedded man him grace to repente  
Wel ofte rather than a sengle man!  
And therfore, sire, the beste reed I can,  
Dispeire yow noght, but have in your  
memorie, 1669

Paraunter she may be your purgatorie!  
She may be goddes mene, and goddes  
whippe;

Than shal your soule up to hevne skippe  
Swifter than dooth an arwe out of the  
bowe! (429)

I hope to god, her-after shul ye knowe,  
That their nis no so greet felicitee 1675  
In mariage, ne never-mo shal be,  
That yow shal lette of your savacioun,  
So that ye use, as skille is and resoun,  
The lustes of your wyf attemprely, 1679  
And that ye plesse hir nat to amorously,  
And that ye kepe yow eek from other  
sinne.

My tale is doon:—for my wit is thinne.  
Beth nat agast her-of, my brother dere.—  
(But let us waden out of this matere. (440)  
The Wyf of Bathe, if ye han understonde,  
Of mariage, which we have on honde, 1686  
Declared hath ful wel in litel space).—  
'Fareth now wel, god have yow in his  
grace.'

And with this word this Justin and his  
brother

Han take hir leve, and ech of hem of  
other. 1690

For whan they sawe it moste nedes be,

They wroghten so, by sly and wys tretece,  
That she, this mayden, which that Mainus  
highte,

As hastily as ever that she mighte, (450)  
Shal wedded be un-to this Januarie. 1695  
I trowe it were to longe yow to tarie,  
If I yow tolde of every sorit and bond,  
By which that she was feffed in his lond;  
Or for to herkennen of hir riche array.  
But finally y-comen is the day 1700  
That to the chiroche bothe be they went  
For to receyve the holy sacrament.

Forth comth the preest, with stole aboute  
his nakke, (459)  
And bad hir be lyk Sarra and Rebekke,  
In wisdom and in trouthe of mariage;  
And seyde his orisons, as is usage, 1706  
And crouched hem, and bad god sholde  
hem blesse,

And made al siker y-nogh with holinesse.  
Thus becn they wedded with solemp-  
nitee,

And at the feste sitteth he and she 1710  
With other worthy folk up-on the days.  
Al ful of joye and blisse is the paleys,  
And ful of instruments and of vitaille,  
The mooste deyntevous of al Itaille. (470)  
Biforn hem stode swiche instruments of  
soun, 1715

That Orpheus, ne of Thebes Amphion,  
Ne maden never swich a melodye.

At every cours than cam loud minstrel-  
cye,

That never tromped Joab, for to here,  
Nor he, Theodomas, yet half so clere, 1720  
At Thebes, whan the citee was in doute.  
Bacus the wyn hem skinketh al aboute,  
And Venns laugheth up-on every wight.  
For Januarie was birome hir knight, (480)  
And wolde bothe assayen his corage 1725  
In libertee, and eek in mariage;  
And with hir fyrbrond in hir hand aboute  
Daunceth biforn the bryde and al the  
route.

And certeinly, I dar right wel seyn this,  
Ymenus, that god of wedding is, 1730  
Sangh never his lyf so mary a wedded  
man.

Hold thou thy pees, thou poete Marcian,  
That wrytest us that ilke wedding murie  
Of hir, Philologe, and him, Mercurie,

And of the songes that the Muses songe.  
To smal is bothe thy penne, and eek thy  
tonge, (492) 1736

For to desoryven of this mariage.  
Whan tendre youthe hath wedded stouping age,

There is swich mirth that it may nat be  
written;

Assayeth it your-self, than may ye witen  
If that I lye or noon in this matere. 1741

Mains, that sit with so benigne a chere,  
Hir to biholde it samed fayerye; (499)

Quene Ester loket never with swich an yf  
On Assuer, so make a look hath she. 1745

I may yow nat devyse al hir beautee;  
But thus muche of hir beautee telle I

may,  
That she was lyk the brighte morwe of

May,  
Fulfd of alle beautee and plesaunce.

This Januarie is ravished in a traunce  
At every time he loket on hir face; 1751

But in his herte he gan hir to manace,  
That he that night in armes wolde hir

streyn  
Harder than ever Paris dide Eleyne. (510)

But natheles, yet hadde he greet pitee,  
That thilke night offendet hir moete he;

And thoughte, 'allas! o tendre creature!  
Now wolde god ye mighte wel endure

Al my corage, it is so sharp and kene;  
I am agust ye shul it nat sustene. 1760

But god forbede that I dide al my might!  
Now wolde god that it were woxen night,

And that the night wolde lasten evermo.  
I wolde that al this peple were ago.' (530)

And finally, he doth al his labour, 1765  
As he best mighte, savinge his honour,

To haste hem fro the mete in subtil  
wyse.

The tyme cam that reson was to ryse;  
And after that, men daunce and drinken

faste, 1769  
And spyces al aboute the hous they caste;

And ful of joye and blisse is every man;  
All but a squyer, highte Damian,

Which carf bifore the knight ful many  
a day.

He was so ravished on his lady May, (530)  
That for the verray payne he was ny

wood; 1775

Almost he swalte and swowned ther he  
stood.

So sore hath Venus hurt him with hir  
brond,

As that she bar it daunsinge in hir  
hond.

And to his bed he wente him hastily;  
Na-more of him as at this tyme speke I.

But ther I lete him wepe y-nough and  
pleyne, (537) 1781

Til freshe May wol rewen on his payne.  
O perilous fyr, that in the bedstraw

bredeth! Auctor.  
O famulier foo, that his servyce bedeth!

O servant traitour, false hoomly hewe, 1785  
Lyk to the naddre in bosom sly untrew,

God shilde us alle from your aqueynt-  
aunce!

O Januarie, dronken in plesaunce  
Of mariage, see how thy Damian,

Thyn owene squyer and thy borne man,  
Entendeth for to do thee vileinye. 1791

God graunte thee thyn hoomly fo t'espye.  
For in this world nis worse pestilence (549)

Than hoomly foo al day in thy presence.  
Parfourned hath the sonne his ark

diurne, 1795  
No lenger may the body of him sojurne

On th'orizonte, as in that latitude.  
Night with his mantel, that is dark and

rude,  
Gan oversprede the hemisperie aboute;

For which departed is this lusty route  
Fro Januarie, with thank on every syde.

Hom to hir houses lustily they ryde, 1802  
Wher-as they doon hir thinges as hem

leste,  
And whan they sye hir tyme, goon to

reste. (560)  
Sone after that, this hastif Januarie 1805

Wolde go to bedde, he wolde no lenger  
tarie.

He drinketh ipocras, clarree, and vernage  
Of spyces hote, t'encresen his corage;

And many a letuarie hadde he ful fyn,  
Swiche as the cursed monk dan Con-

stantyn 1810  
Hath writen in his book *de Coitu*; (567)

To eten hem alle, he nas no-thing eschu.  
And to his prives freendes thus seyde he:

'For goddes love, as sone as it may be,

Lat voyden al this hous in courteys wyse.  
And they han doon right as he wol  
devyse. 1816

Men drinken, and the travers drawe anon;  
The bryde was broght a-bedde as stille as  
stoon;

And whan the bed was with the preest  
y-blessed,

Out of the chambre hath every wight  
him dressed. 1820

And Januarie hath faste in armes take  
His fresche May, his parady, his make.  
He lulleth hir, he kisseth hir ful ofte  
With thikke bristles of his berd unsofte,  
Lyk to the skin of houndfish, sharp as  
brere, (581) 1825

For he was shave al newe in his manere.  
He rubbeth hir aboute hir tendre face,  
And seyde thus, 'allas! I moot trespace  
To yow, my spouse, and yow gretly offende,  
Er tyme come that I wil down descende.  
But natheles, considereth this,' quod he,  
'Ther nis no werkman, what-so-ever he be,  
That may bothe werke wel and hastily;  
This wol be doon at leyser parfitly. (590)  
It is no fors how longe that we pleye; 1835  
In trewe wedlok wedded be we tweye;  
And blessed be the yok that we been  
inne,

For in our actes we mowe do no sinne.  
A man may do no sinne with his wyf,  
Ne hurte him-selven with his owene knyf;  
For we han leve to pleye us by the  
lawe.' 1841

Thus laboureth he til that the day gan  
dawe;

And than he taketh a sop in fyn clarre,  
And upright in his bed than sitteth he,  
And after that he sang ful loude and  
clere, (601) 1845  
And kiste his wyf, and made wantoun  
chere.

He was al coltish, ful of ragerye,  
And ful of jargon as a flekked pye.  
The slakke skin aboute his nekke shaketh,  
Why! that he sang; so chaunteth he and  
craketh. 1850

But god wot what that May thoughte in  
hir herte,

Whan she him saugh up sittinge in his  
sherte,

In his night-cappe, and with his nekke  
lene;

She prayseth nat his pleying worth a  
bene. (610) 1854

Than seide he thus, 'my reste wol I take;  
Now day is come, I may no lenger wake.'  
And down he leyde his heed, and sleep  
til pryme.

And afterward, whan that he saugh his-  
tyme,

Up ryseth Januarie; but fresche May  
Holdeth hir chambre un-to the fourthe  
day, 1860

As usage is of wyves for the beste.

For every labour som-tyme moot han  
reste,

Or elles longe may he nat endure;  
This is to seyn, no lyves creature, (620)  
Be it of fish, or brid, or beest, or man. 1865

Auctor:

Now wol I speke of woful Damian,  
That languisheth for love, as ye shul  
here;

Therefore I speke to him in this manere:  
I seye, 'O sely Damian, alas!  
Answer to my demaunde, as in this cas,  
How shaltow to thy lady fresche May 1871  
Telle thy wo? She wole alwey seye "nay";  
Eek if thou speke, she wol thy wo bi-  
wrewe; (630)

God be thyn help, I can no better seye.

This syke Damian in Venus fyr 1875  
So brenneth, that he dyeth for desyr;  
For which he putte his lyf in aventure,  
No lenger mighte he in this wyse endure;  
But prively a penner gan he borwe,  
And in a lettre wroot he al his sorwe, 1880  
In manere of a compleynt or a lay,  
Un-to his faire fresche lady May.

And in a purs of silk, heng on his sherte,  
He hath it put, and leyde it at his  
herte. (640) 1884

The mone that, at noon, was, thilke day  
That Januarie hath wedded fresche May,  
In two of Taur, was in-to Cancr gliden;  
So longe hath Mains in hir chambre  
biden,

As custume is un-to thise nobles alle.

A bryde shal nat eten in the halle, 1890  
Til dayes foure or thre dayes atte leste  
Y-passed been; than lat hir go to feste.

The fourthe day compleet fro noon to noon, (649)

Whan that the heighe masse was y-doon,  
In halle sit this Januarie, and May 1895  
As fresh as is the brighte someres day.

And so bifel, how that this gode man  
Remembred him upon this Damian,  
And seyde, 'Sainte Marie! how may this be,  
That Damian entendeth nat to me? 1900  
Is he ay syk, or how may this bityde?'  
His squyeres, whiche that stoden ther  
bityde, (658)

Excused him by-cause of his siknesse,  
Which letted him to doon his bisinesse;  
Noon other cause mighte make him tarie.

'That me forthinketh,' quod this Janu-  
uarie, 1906

'He is a gentil squyer, by my trouthe!  
If that he deyde, it were harm and routhe;  
He is as wys, discreet, and as secree  
As any man I woot of his degree; 1910  
And ther-to manly and eek servisable,  
And for to been a thrifty man right able.  
But after mete, as sone as ever I may,  
I wol my-self visyte him and eek May,  
To doon him al the confort that I can.'  
And for that word him blessed every man,  
That, of his bountee and his gentillesse,  
He wolde so conforten in siknesse (674)  
His squyer, for it was a gentil dede.

Dame,' quod this Januarie, 'tak good  
hede, 1920

At-after mete ye, with your wommen alle,  
Whan ye han been in chambre out of  
this halle,

That alle ye go see this Damian;  
Doth him disport, he is a gentil man; (680)  
And telleth him that I wol him visyte,  
Have I no-thing but rested me a lyte;  
And spede yow faste, for I wole abyde  
Til that ye slepe faste by my syde.'

And with that word he gan to calle  
A squyer, that was marchal of his halle,  
And tolde him certeyn thinges, what he  
wolde. 1931

This fresche May hath streight hir way  
y-holde,

With alle hir wommen, un-to Damian.  
Doun by his beddes syde sit she than, (690)  
Confortinge him as goodly as she may.

This Damian, whan that his tyme he say,

In secree wise his purs, and eek his bille,  
In which that he y-written hadde his  
wille, 1938

Hath put in-to hir hand, with-outen more,  
Save that he syketh wonder depe and sore,  
And softly to hir right thus seyde he:

'Mercy! and that ye nat discoveere me;  
For I am deed, if that this thing be kid.'  
This purs hath she inwith hir bosom hid,  
And wente hir way; ye gete namore of me.  
But un-to Januarie y-comen is she, 1946  
That on his beddes syde sit ful softa. (703)

He taketh hir, aid kisseth hir ful ofte,  
And leyde him down to slepe, and that  
anon.

She fayned hir as that she moste gon 1950  
Ther-as ye woot that every wight mot  
nede.

And whan she of this bille hath taken  
hede,

She rente it al to cloutes atte laste,  
And in the privree softly it caste. (710)

Who studieth now but faire fresche  
May? 1955

Adoun by olde Januarie she lay,  
That sleep, til that the counge hath him  
awaked;

Anon he preyde hir strepen hir al naked;  
He wolde of hir, he seyde, han som ple-  
saunce,

And seyde, hir clothes dide him encom-  
braunce, 1960

And she obeyeth, be hir lief or looth.

But lest that precious folk be with me  
wrooth,

How that he wroghte, I dar nat to yow  
telle;

Or whether hir thoughte it paradys or  
helle; (720)

But here I lete hem werken in hir wyse  
Til evensong rong, and that they moste  
aryse. 1966

Were it by destinee or aventure,  
Were it by influence or by nature,  
Or constellacion, that in swich estat  
The hevene stood, that tyme fortunat 1970  
Was for to putte a bille of Venus werkes  
(For alle thing hath tyme, as seyn thise  
clerkes)

To any woman, for to gete hir love,  
I can nat seye; but grete god above, (730)



That knoweth that non act is causelesse,  
He deme of al, for I wol holde my pees.  
But sooth is this, how that this fresshe

May 1977

Hath take swich impression that day,  
For pitee of this syke Damian;  
That from hir herte she ne dryve can 1980  
The remembrance for to doon him ese.  
'Certeyn,' thought she, 'whom that this  
thing displese,

I rekke noght, for here I him assure,  
To love him best of any creature, (740)  
Though he na-more hadde than his sherte.'  
Lo, pitee renneth sone in gentil herte.

Heer may ye se how excellent franchise  
In women is, whan they hem narwe  
avyse. 1988

Som tyrant is, as ther be many oon,  
That hath an herte as hard as any stoon,  
Which wolde han lete him sterven in  
the place 1991

Wel rather than han graunted him hir  
grace;

And hem rejoyssen in hir cruel pryde,  
And rekke nat to been an homicyde. (750)

This gentil May, fulfilled of pitee, 1995  
Right of hir hande a lettre made she,  
In which she graunteth him hir verray  
grace;

Ther lakketh noght but only day and  
place,

Wher that she mighte un-to his lust  
suffyse:

For it shal be right as he wol devyse. 2000  
And whan she saugh hir time, up-on a day,  
To visite this Damian goth May,

And sotilly this lettre doun she threste  
Under his pilwe, rede it if him leste. (760)  
She taketh him by the hand, and harde  
him twiste 2005

So secretly, that no wight of it wiste,  
And bad him been al hool, and forth she  
wente

To Januarie, whan that he for hir sente.

Up ryseth Damian the nexte morwe,  
Al passed was his siknesse and his sorwe.  
He kembeth him, he proyneth him and  
pyketh, 2011

He dooth al that his lady lust and lyketh;  
And eek to Januarie he gooth as lowe  
As ever dide a dogge for the bowe. (770)

He is so plesant un-to every man, 2015  
(For craft is al, who-so that do it can)  
That every wight is fayn to speke him  
good;

And fully in his lady grace he stood.  
Thus lete I Damian aboute his nede,  
And in my tale forth I wol procede. 2020

Somme clerkes holden that felicitie  
Stant in delyt, and therefor certeyn he,  
This noble Januarie, with al his might,  
In honest wyse, as longeth to a knight,  
Shoop him to live ful deliciously. (781) 2025  
His housinge, his array, as honestly  
To his degree was makid as a kinges.  
Amonges othere of his honest thinges,  
He made a gardin, walled al with stoon;  
So fair a gardin woot I nowher noon. 2030  
For out of doute, I verrailly suppose,  
That he that wroot the Romance of the  
Rose

Ne coude of it the beautees wel devyse;  
Ne Priapus ne mighte nat suffyse, (790)  
Though he be god of gardins, for to  
telle 2035

The beautees of the gardin and the welle,  
That stood under a laurer alway grene.  
Ful ofte tyme he, Pluto, and his quene,  
Proserpina, and al hir fayërye  
Disporten hem and maken melodye 2040  
Aboute that welle, and daunced, as men  
tolde.

This noble knight, this Januarie the olde,  
Swich deintee hath in it to walke and  
pleye, (799)

That he wol no wight suffren bere the keye  
Save he him-self; for of the smale wiket  
He bar alwey of silver a smal cliket, 2046  
With which, whan that him leste, he it  
unshette.

And whan he wolde paye his wyf hir dette  
In somer seson, thider wolde he go,  
And May his wyf, and no wight but they  
two; 2050

And thinges whiche that were nat doon  
a-bedde,

He in the gardin parfourned hem and  
spedde.

And in this wyse, many a mary day,  
Lived this Januarie and fresshe May. (810)  
But worldly joye may nat alwey dure 2055  
To Januarie, ne to no creature.

Auctor.

O sodeyn hap, o thou fortune instable,  
Lyk to the scorpionn so deceivable,  
That flaterest with thyn heed when thou  
wolt stinge;

Thy tayl is deeth, thurgh thyn enveni-  
minge. 2060

O brotil joye! o swete venim queynte!  
O monstre, that so subtilly canst paynte  
Thy yiftes, under hewe of stedfastnesse,  
That thou deceyvest bothe more and lesse!  
Why hastow Januarie thus deceyved, (831)  
That haddest him for thy ful frend re-  
ceyved? 2066

And now thou hast biraft him bothe hise  
y8n,

For sorwe of which deyreth he to dyen.

Allas! this noble Januarie free,  
Amidde his lust and his prosperitee, 2070  
Is woxen blind, and that al sodeynly.  
He wepeth and he wayleth pitously;  
And ther-with-al the fyr of jealousye, (839)  
Lest that his wyf sholde falle in som folye,  
So brente his herte, that he woldefayn 2075  
That som man bothe him and hir had  
alayn.

For neither after his deeth, nor in his lyf,  
Ne wolde he that she were love ne wyf,  
But ever live as widwe in clothes blake,  
Soul as the turtle that lost hath hir make.  
But atte laste, after a monthe or tweye,  
His sorwe gan aswage, sooth to seye; 2082  
For whan he wiste it may noon other be,  
He paciently took his adversitee; (840)  
Save, out of doute, he may nat forgoon  
That he nas jealous evermore in oon;  
Which jealousye it was so outrageous,  
That neither in halle, n'in noon other hous,  
Ne in noon other place, never-the-mo,  
He nolde suffre hir for to ryde or go, 2090  
But-if that he had hand on hir alway;  
For which ful ofte wepeth fresshe May,  
That loveth Damian so benignely,  
That she mot outhur dyen sodeynly, (850)  
Or elles she mot han him as hir leste; 2095  
She wayteth whan hir herte wolde breste.

Up-on that other syde Damian  
Bicomen is the sorwefulleste man  
That ever was; for neither night ne day  
Ne mighte he speke a word to fresshe  
May, 2100

As to his purpos, of no swich matere,  
But-if that Januarie moete it here,  
That hadde an hand up-on hir evermo.  
But natheless, by wryting to and fro (860)  
And prives signes, wiste he what sho  
ments; 2105  
And she knew eek the fyn of his entente.

Auctor.

O Januarie, what mighte it thee availlo,  
Thou mightest see as fer as shippes saille?  
For also good is blind deceyved be,  
As be deceyved whan a man may see. 2110  
Lo, Argus, which that hadde an hondred  
y8n,

For al that ever he conde poure or pryen,  
Yet was he blent; and, god wot, so ben  
mo,

That wenen wisly that it be nat so. (870)  
Passe over is an ese, I sey na-moro. 2115

This fresshe May, that I spak of so  
yore,

In warme wax hath emprented the cliket,  
That Januarie bar of the smale wicket,  
By which in-to his gardin ofte he wente.  
And Damian, that knew al hir entente,  
The cliket countrefeted prively; 2121  
Ther nis na-more to seye, but hastily  
Som wonder by this cliket shal bityde,  
Which ye shul heren, if ye wole abyde.

O noble Ovyde, ful sooth seystou, god  
woot!

Auctor.

What sleighte is it, thogh it be long and  
hoot, (882) 2126  
That he nil finde it out in som manere?  
By Piramus and Tesbee may men lere;  
Thogh they were kept ful longe streite  
overal,

They been accorded, rounninge thurgh a  
wal, 2130  
Ther no wight coude han founde out  
swich a sleighte. (887)

But now to purpos; er that dayes eighte  
Were passed, er the monthe of Juil, bifil  
That Januarie hath caught so greet a wil,  
Thurgh egging of his wyf, him for to playe  
In hisgardin, and no wight but theytweye,  
That in a morwe un-to this May seith he:  
'Rys up, my wyf, my love, my lady free;  
The turtles vois is herd, my douve swete;  
The winter is goon, with alle his reynes  
wete; 2140

Com forth now, with thyn eyen columbyn !  
 How fairer been thy brestes than is wyn !  
 The gardin is enclosed al aboute ;  
 Com forth, my whyte spouse ; out of  
 doute, (900)  
 Thou hast me wounded in myn herte,  
 o wyf ! 2145

No'top of thee ne knew I al my lyf.  
 Com forth, and lat us taken our disport ;  
 I chees thee for my wyf and my confort.'

Swiche olde lewed wordes used he ;

On Damian a signe made she, 2150  
 That he sholde go biforen with his oliket :  
 This Damian thanne hath opened the  
 wiket,

And in he stirte, and that in swich manere,  
 That no wight mighte it see neither  
 y-here ; (910)

And stille he sit under a bush anon. 2155

This Januarie, as blind as is a stoon,  
 With Maius in his hand, and no wight mo,  
 In-to his freshe gardin is ago,  
 And clapte to the wiket sodeynly.

'Now, wyf,' quod he, 'heer nis but thou  
 and I, 2160

That art the creature that I best love.  
 For, by that lord that sit in heven above,  
 Lever ich hadde dyen on a knyf,  
 Than thee offende, trewe dere wyf ! (920)  
 For goddes sake, thank how I thee chees,  
 Noght for no coveityse, doutelees, 2166  
 But only for the love I had to thee.

And though that I be old, and may nat see,  
 Beth to me trewe, and I shal telle yow why.  
 Three thinges, certes, shul ye winne ther-  
 by ; 2170

First, love of Crist, and to your-self honour,  
 And al myn heritage, toun and tour ;  
 I yewe it yow, maketh chartres as yow  
 leste ; (929)

This shal be doon to-morwe er sonne reste.  
 So wialy god my soule bringe in blisse, 2175  
 I prey yow first, in covenant ye me kisse.  
 And though that I be jealous, wyte me noght.  
 Ye been so depe enprented in my thoght,  
 That, whan that I considere your beautee,  
 And ther-with-al the unlykly elde of me  
 I may nat, certes, thogh I sholde dye,  
 Forbere to been out of your companye  
 For verray love ; this is with-uten doute.  
 Now kis me, wyf, and lat us rome aboute.'

This freshe May, whan she thise wordes  
 herde, (941) 2185

Benignely to Januarie answerde,  
 But first and forward she bigan to wepe,  
 'I have,' quod she, 'a soule for to kepe  
 As wel as ye, and also myn honour,  
 And of my wyfthod thilke tendre flour, 2190  
 Which that I have assured in your hond,  
 Whan that the preest to yow my body  
 bond ;

Wherefore I wole answer in this manere  
 By the leve of yow, my lord so dere : (950)  
 I prey to god, that never dawes the day 2195  
 That I ne sterve, as foule as womman may,  
 If ever I do un-to my kin that shame,  
 Or elles I empeyre so my name,  
 That I be fals ; and if I do that lakke,  
 Do strepe me and put me in a sakke, 2200  
 And in the nexte river do me drenchen.  
 I am a gentil womman and no wenche.

Why speke ye thus ? but men ben ever  
 untrewes, (959)

And wommen have repreve of yoway newe.  
 Ye han non other contenance, I leve, 2205  
 But speke to us of untrust and repreve.'

And with that word she saugh wher  
 Damian

Sat in the bush, and coughen she bigan,  
 And with hir finger signes made she,  
 That Damian sholde climbe up-on a tree,  
 That charged was with fruit, and up he  
 wente ; 2211

For verrailly he knew al hir entente,  
 And every signe that she coude make  
 Wel bet than Januarie, hir owene make.  
 For in a lettre she had told him al 2215  
 Of this matere, how he werchen shal. (972)  
 And thus I lete him sitte up-on the pyrie,  
 And Januarie and May rominge myrie.

Bright was the day, and blew the firma-  
 ment,

Phebus of gold his strames down hath  
 sent, 2220

To gladen every flour with his warmnesse.  
 He was that tyme in *Geminis*, as I gesse,  
 But litel fro his declinacioun  
 Of Cancer, Jovis exaltacioun. (980)  
 And so bifel, that brighte morwe-tyde, 2225  
 That in that gardin, in the farther syde,  
 Pluto, that is the king of fayerye,  
 And many a lady in his companye,

Folwinge his wyf, the quene Proserpyne,  
 Ech after other, right as any lyne— 2230  
 Why! that she gadered floures in the mede,  
 In Claudian ye may the story rede,  
 How in his grisly carte he hir fette :—  
 This king of fairye thanne adoun him  
 sette (990) 2234

Up-on a bench of turves, fresh and grene,  
 And right anon thus seyde he to his quene.  
 'My wyf,' quod he, 'ther may no wight  
 sey nay ;

Th'experience so preveth every day  
 The treson whiche that wommen doon to  
 man. 2239

Ten hondred thousand [stories] telle I can  
 Notable of your untrouthe and brotilnesse.  
 O Salomon, wys, richest of richesse, 2242  
 Fulfil of sapience and of worldly glorie,  
 Ful worthy been thy-words to memorie  
 To every wight that wit and reson can.  
 Thus preiseth he yet the bountee of man :  
 "Amonges a thousand men yet fond Ioon,  
 But of womman alle fond I noon." (1004)

Thus seith the king that knoweth your  
 wikkednesse ;

And Jesus *Milus Syrak*, as I gesse, 2250  
 Ne speketh of yow but selde reverence.  
 A wilde fyr and corrupt pestilence  
 So falle up-on your bodies yet to-night!  
 Ne see ye nat this honourable knight, (1010)  
 By-cause, alas! that he is blind and old,  
 His owene man shal make him cokewold ;  
 Lo heer he sit, the lechour, in the tree. 2257  
 Now wol I graunten, of my magestee,  
 Un-to this olde blinde worthy knight  
 That he shal have ayeyn his eyen sight, 2260  
 Whan that his wyf wold doon him vileinye ;  
 Than shal he knowen al hir harlotrye  
 Both in repreve of hir and othere mo.'

'Ye shal,' quod Proserpyne, 'wol ye so ;  
 Now, by my modres sires soule I swere,  
 That I shal yeven hir suffisant answee,  
 And alle wommen after, for hir sake ;  
 That, though they be in any gilt y-take,  
 With face bold they shulle hem-self  
 excuse,

And bere hem down that wolden hem  
 accuse. 2270

For lakke of answer, noon of hem shal dyen.  
 Al hadde man seyn a thing with bothe his  
 y8n, (1028)

Yit shul we wommen visage it hardily,  
 And wepe, and swere, and chyde subtilly,  
 So that ye men shul been as lewed as gees.  
 What rekketh me of your auctoritees?

I woot wel that this Jew, this Salomon,  
 Fond of us wommen foles many oon.  
 But though that he ne fond no good  
 womman, 2279

Yet hath ther founde many another man  
 Wommen ful trewe, ful gode, and ver-  
 tuous.

Witnesse on hem that dwelle in Cristes  
 hous,

With martirdom they preved hir con-  
 stance. (1039)

The Romayn gestes maken remembrance  
 Of many a verray trewe wyf also. 2285  
 But sire, ne be nat wrooth, al-be-it so,  
 Though that he seyde he fond no good  
 womman,

I prey yow take the sentence of the man ;  
 He mente thus, that in sovereyn bontee  
 Nis noon but god, that sit in Trinitee. 2290

Ey! for verray god, that nis but oon,  
 What make ye so muche of Salomon?  
 What though he made a temple, goddes  
 hous? (1049)

What though he were riche and glorious?  
 So made he eek a temple of false goddis,  
 How mighte he do a thing that more for-  
 bode is? 2296

Pardee, as faire as ye his name emplastre,  
 He was a lechour and an ydolastre ;  
 And in his elde he verray god forsook.  
 And if that god ne hadde, asseith the book,  
 Y-spared him for his fadres sake, he sholde  
 Have lost his regne rather than he wolde.  
 I sette noght of al the vileinye, (1059)  
 That ye of wommen wryte, a boterflye.

I am a womman, nedes moot I speke, 2305  
 Or elles swelle til myn herte breke.

For sithen he seyde that we ben jan-  
 glereses,

As ever hool I mote brouke my tresses,  
 I shal nat spare, for no curteisye, 2309  
 Tospeke him harm that wolde us vileinye.'

'Dame,' quod this Pluto, 'be no lenger  
 wrooth ;

I yewe it up ; but sith I swoor myn ooth  
 That I wolde graunten him his sighte  
 agayn, (1069)

My word shalstonde, I warne yow, certeyn.  
I am a king, it sit me noght to lye.' 2315

'And I,' quod she, 'a queene of fayerye.  
Hir answeres shal she have, I undertake;  
Lat us na-more wordes heer-of make.  
For sothe, I wol no lenger yow contrarie.'

Now lat us turne agayn to Januarie, 2320  
That in the gardin with his faire May  
Singeth, ful merier than the papejay,  
'Yow love I best, and shal, and other  
noon.'

So longe aboute the aleyes is hegoon, (1080)  
Til he was come agaynes thilke pyrie, 2325  
Wher-as this Damian sitteth ful myrie  
An heigh, among the freshe leves grene.

This freshe May, that is so bright and  
shene,

Gan for to syke, and seyde, 'allas, my  
syde!

Now sir,' quod she, 'for aught that may  
bityde, 2330

I moste han of the peres that I see,  
Or I mot dye, so sore longeth me

To eten of the smale peres grene. (1089)

Help, for hir love that is of hevene queene!  
I telle yow wel, a womman in my  
plyt 2335

May han to fruit so greet an appetyt,  
That she may dyen, but she of it have.'

'Allas!' quod he, 'that I ne had heer  
a knave

That coude olimbe; alas! alas!' quod he,  
'That I am blind.' 'Ye, sir, no fors,'  
quod she: 2340

'But wolde ye vouche-sauf, for goddes  
sake,

The pyrie inwith your armes for to take,  
(For wel I woot that ye mistruste me)

Thanne sholde I climbe wel y-nogh,' quod  
she, (1100)

'So I my foot mighte sette upon your bak.'  
'Certes,' quod he, 'ther-on shal be no  
lak, 2346

Mighte I yow helpen with myn herte  
blood.'

Hestounpeth down, and on his bak she stood,  
And caughte hir by a twiste, and up she  
gooth.

Ladies, I prey yow that ye be nat wrooth;  
I can nat glose, I am a rude man. 2351  
And sodeynly anon this Damian

Gan pullen up the smok, and in he throng.  
And whan that Pluto saugh this grette  
wrong, (1110)

To Januarie he gaf agayn his sighte, 2355  
And made him see, as wel as ever he  
mighte.

And whan that he hadde caught his  
sighte agayn,

Ne was ther never man of thing so fayn.  
But on his wyf his thought was evermo;  
Up to the tree he caste his eyen two, 2360  
And saugh that Damian his wyf had  
dressed

In swich manere, it may nat ben ex-  
pressed

But if I wolde speke uncurteisly:

And up he yaf a roring and a cry (1120)  
As doth the moder whan the child shal  
dye: 2365

'Out! help! alas! harrow!' he gan to crye,  
'O stronge lady store, what dostow?'

And she answerde, 'sir, what eyleth  
yow?

Have pacience, and reson in your minde.  
I have yow holpe on bothe your eyen  
blinde. 2370

Up peril of my soule, I shal nat lyen,  
As me was taught, to hele with your yēn.  
Was no-thing bet to make yow to see

Than strugle with a man up-on a tree. (1130)  
God woot, I dide it in ful good entente.'

'Strugle!' quod he, 'ye, algate in it  
wente! 2376

God yewe yow bothe on shames deeth to  
dyan!

He swyved thee, I saugh it with myne yēn.  
And elles be I hanged by the hals!'

'Thanne is,' quod she, 'my medicyne  
al fals; 2380

For certainly, if that ye mighte see,  
Ye wolde nat seyn thisse wordes un-to me;  
Ye han somglimsing and no parfit sighte.'

'I see,' quod he, 'as wel as ever I  
mighte, \* (1140)

Thonked be god! with bothe myne eyen  
two, 2385

And by my trouthe, me thoughte he dide  
thee so.'

'Ye mase, mase, gode sire,' quod she,  
'This thank have I for I have maad yow  
see;

Allas!' quod she, 'that ever I was so kinde!'

'Now, dame,' quod he, 'lat al passe out of minde. 2390

Com down, my lief, and if I have missayd, God help me so, as I am yvel apayd.

But, by my fader soule, I wende han seyn, How that this Damian had by thee leyn, And that thy smok had leyn up-on his brest.' (1151) 2395

'Ye, sire,' quod she, 'ye may wene as yow lest;

But, sire, a man that waketh out of his sleep,

He may nat sodeynly wel taken keep

Up-on a thing, ne seen it parfitly,

Til that he be adawed verrailly; 2400

Right so a man, that longe hath blind y-be,

Ne may nat sodeynly so wel y-see,

First whan his sighte is newe come ageyn, As he that hath a day or two y-seyn. (1160)

Til that your sighte y-satled be a while,

Ther may ful many a sighte yow bigyle.

Beth war, I prey yow; for, by hevene king, 2407

Ful many a man weneth to seen a thing,

And it is al another than it semeth.

He that misconceyvethe, he misdemeth.'

And with that word she leep down fro the tree. 2411

This Januarie, who is glad but he?

He kisseth hir, and clippeth hir ful ofte,

And on hir wombe he stroketh hir ful softe, (1170)

And to his palays hoom he hath hir lad.

Now, gode men, I pray yow to be glad. 2416

Thus endeth heer my tale of Januarie;

God blesse us and his moder Seinte Marie!

Here is ended the Marchantes Tale of Januarie.

## EPILOGUE TO THE MARCHANTES TALE.

'Er! goddes mercy!' seyde our Hostetho,

'Now swich a wyf I pray god kepe me fro!

Lo, whiche sleighthes and subtilitees 2421

In wommen been! for ay as biay as bees

Ben there, us sely men for to deceyve,

And from a sothe ever wol they weyve;

By this Marchauntes Tale it preveth weel

But doutelees, as trewe as any steel 2426

I have a wyf, though that she povre be;

But of hir tonge a labbing shrewe is she,

And yet she hath an heap of vyces mo; (11)

Ther-of no fors, lat alle swiche thinges go.

But, wite ye what? in conseil be it seyde,

Me reweth sore I am un-to hir teyd. 2432

For, and I sholde rekenen every vyce

Which that she hath, y-wis, I were to nyce,

And cause why; it sholde reported be 2435

And told to hir of somme of this meynes;

Of whom, it nedeth nat for to declare,

Sin wommen connen outen swich chaf-fare; (20)

And eek my wit suffyzeth nat ther-to

To tellen al; wherfor my tale is do.' 2440

## GROUP F.

## THE SQUIERES TALE.

## The Squire's Prologue.

'SQUIER, com neer, if it your wille be,  
And sey somwhat of love; for, certes, ye  
Connen ther-on as muche as any man.'  
'Nay, sir,' quod he, 'but I wol seye as I can  
With hertly wille; for I wol nat rebelle  
Agayn your lust; a tale wol I telle.  
Have me excused if I speke amis,  
My wil is good; and lo, my tale is this.'

## Here biginneth the SQUIRES TALE.

At Sarray, in the land of Tartarye, (1)  
Ther dwelte a king, that werreyed Russye,  
Thurgh which ther deyde many a doughty  
man. 11  
This noble king was cleped Cambinakan,  
Which in his tyme was of so greet renoun  
That ther nas no-wher in no regioun  
So excellent a lord in alle thing; 15  
Him lakked noght that longeth to a king.  
As of the secte of which that he was born  
He kepte his lay, to which that he was  
sworn; (10)  
And ther-to he was hardy, wys, and riche,  
And þpietous and just, alwey y-liche; 20  
Sooth of his word, benigne and honourable,  
Of his corage as any centre stable;  
Yong, fresh, and strong, in armes desirous  
As any bacheler of al his hous.  
A fair persone he was and fortunat, 25  
And kepte alwey so wel royal estat,  
That ther was nowher swich another man.  
This noble king, this Tartre Cambinskan  
Hadde two sones on Elpheta his wyf, (21)  
Of whiche th'eldeste highte Algarayf, 30  
That other sone was cleped Cambalo.  
A doghter hadde this worthy king also,  
That yongest was, and highte Canacee.  
But for to telle yow al hir beantee,

It lyth nat in my tonge, n'in my conning;  
I dar nat undertake so heigh a thing. 36  
Myn English eek is insufficient;  
It mooste been a rethor excellent, (30)  
That coude his colours longing for that art,  
If he sholde hir discryven every part. 40  
I am non swich, I moot speke as I can.

And so bifel that, whan this Cambinskan  
Hath twenty winter born his diademe,  
As he was wont fro yeer to yeer, I deme,  
He leet the feste of his nativitee 45  
Don cryen thurghout Sarray his citee,  
The last Idus of March, after the yeer.  
Phebus the sonne ful joly was and cleer:  
For he was neigh his exaltacioun (41)  
In Martes face, and in his mansioun 50  
In Aries, the colerik hote signe.  
Ful lusty was the weder and benigne,  
For which the foules, agayn the sonne  
shene,

What for the secon and the yonge grene.  
Ful loude songen hir affecciouns; 55  
Hem semed han geten hem protecciouns  
Agayn the sword of winter kene and cold.

This Cambinskan, of which I have yow  
told, (50)

In royal vestiment sit on his deys,  
With diademe, ful heighe in his paleys,  
And halt his feste, so solempne and so  
riche 61  
That in this world ne was ther noon it  
liche.

Of which if I shal tellen al th'array,  
Than wolde it occupye a someres day;  
And eek it nedeth nat for to devyse 65  
At every cours the ordre of hir servyse.  
I wol nat tellen of hir strange sewes, (59)  
Ne of hir swannes, ne of hir heronsswes.  
Eek in that lond, as tellen knightes olde,  
Ther is som mete that is ful deyntee holde,

That in this lond men recche of it but  
smal; 71

Ther nis no man that may reporten al.  
I wol nat tarien yow, for it is pryne,  
And for it is no fruit but los of tyme;  
Un-to my firste I wol have my recoura. 75

And so bifel that, after the thriddre cours,  
Whyl that this king sittus in his noblaye,  
Herkninge his minstralles hir thinges  
pleye (70)

Biforn him at the bord deliciously,  
In at the halle-dore al sodeynly 80  
Ther cam a knight up-on a stede of bras,  
And in his hand a brood mirour of glas.  
Upon his thombe he hadde of gold a  
ring,

And by his syde a naked sward hanging;  
And up he rydeth to the heighe bord. 85  
In al the halle ne was ther spoke a word  
For merveille of this knight; him to bi-  
holde

Ful bisily ther wayten yonge and olde.

This strange knight, that cam thus  
sodeynly, (81)

Al armed save his heed ful richely, 90  
Salueth king and queen, and lordes alle,  
By ordre, as they seten in the halle,  
With so heigh reverence and obeisaunce  
As wel in speche as in contenaunce,  
That Gawain, with his olde curteisye, 95  
Though he were come ageyn out of Fairye,  
Ne coude him nat amende with a word.  
And after this, biforn the heighe bord, (90)  
He with a manly voys seith his message,  
After the forme used in his langage, 100  
With-outen vyce of sillable or of lettre;  
And, for his tale sholde seme the bettre,  
Accordant to his wordes was his chere,  
As techeth art of speche hem that it  
lere;

Al-be-it that I can nat sounne his style, 105  
Ne can nat climben over so heigh a style,  
Yet seye I this, as to commune entente,  
Thus muche amounteth al that ever he  
mente, (100)

If so be that I have it in minde.

He seyde, 'the king of Arable and of  
Inde, 110

My lige lord, on this solempne day  
Salueth yow as he best can and may,  
And sendeth yow, in honour of your feste,

By me, that am al redy at your heste,  
This stede of bras, that esily and wel 115  
Can, in the space of o day naturel,  
Thisis to seyn, in foure and twenty houres,  
Wher-so yow list, in droghte or elles  
shoures, (110)

Baren your body in-to every place  
To which your herte wilneth for to pace  
With-outen wem of yow, thurgh foul or  
fair; 121

Or, if yow list to fleen as hye in the air  
As doth an egle, whan him list to sore,  
This same stede shal bere yow ever-more  
With-outen harm, til ye be ther yow  
leste, 125

Though that ye slepen on his bak or reste;  
And turne ayeyn, with wrything of a pin.  
He that it wroghte coude ful many a gin;  
He wayted many a constellacioun (121)  
Er he had doon this operacioun; 130  
And knew ful many a seel and many  
a bond.

This mirour eek, that I have in myn  
hond,

Hath swich a might, that men may in it  
see

Whan ther shal fallen any adversitee  
Un-to your regne or to your-self also; 135  
And openly who is your freend or foe.  
And over al this, if any lady bright  
Hath set hir herte on any maner wight,  
If he be fals, she shal his tresoun see, (131)  
His newe love and al his subtiltee 140  
So openly, that ther shal no-thing hyde.  
Wherfor, ageyn this lusty someres tyde,  
This mirour and this ring, that ye may see,  
He hath sent to my lady Canacee,  
Your excellente doghter that is here. 145

The vertu of the ring, if ye wol here,  
Is this; that, if hir lust it for to were (139)  
Up-on hir thombe, or in hir purs it bere,  
Ther is no foul that fleeth under the  
hevene

That she ne shal wel understonde his  
stevene, 150

And knowe his mening openly and pleyen,  
And answeere him in his langage ageyn.  
And every gras that groweth up-on rote  
She shal eek knowe, and whom it wol do  
bote,

Al be h's woundes never so depe and wyde.



This naked sword, that hangeth by my  
syde, 156  
Swich vertu hath, that what man so ye  
smyte,

Thurgh-out his armure it wol kerve and  
byte, (150)

Were it as thikke as is a branched ook ;  
And what man that is wounded with the  
strook 160

Shal never be hool til that yow list, of  
grace,

To stroke him with the platte in thilke  
place

Ther he is hurt : this is as muche to seyn  
Ye mote with the platte sword ageyn  
Stroke him in the wounde, and it wol  
close ; 165

This is a verray sooth, with-uten glose,  
It failleth nat whyl it is in your hold.'

And whan this knight hath thus his  
tale told, (160)

He rydeth out of halle, and doun he lighte.  
His stede, which that shoon as sonne  
brighte, 170

Stant in the court, as stille as any stoon.  
This knight is to his chambre lad anon,  
And is unarmed and to mete y-set.

The presents been ful royally y-fet,  
This is to seyn, the sword and the mirour,  
And born anon in-to the heighe tour . 176

With certeine officers ordeyned therfore ;  
And un-to Canacee this ring was bore (170)  
Solempnely, ther she sit at the table.

But sikerly, with-uten any fable, 180  
The hors of bras, that may nat be remewed,  
It stantas it were to the ground y-glewed.

Ther may no man out of the place it dryve  
For noon engyn of windas or polyve ; 184  
And cause why, for they can nat the craft.

And therefore in the place they han it  
left

Til that the knight hath taught hem the  
manere

To voyden him, as ye shal after here. (180)  
Greet was the prees, that swarmeth to  
and fro, 189

To gauren on this hors that stondeh so ;  
For it so heigh was, and so brood and long,  
So wel proporcioned for to ben strong,

Right as it were a stede of Lumbardye ;  
Ther-with so horsly, and so quik of yē

As it a gentil Poileys coursere were. 195  
For certes, fro his tayl un-to his ere,  
Nature ne art ne coude him nat amende  
In no degree, as al the peple wende. (190)  
But evermore hir moste wonder was,  
How that it coude goon, and was of  
bras ; 200

It was of Fairye, as the peple semed.  
Diverse folk diversely they damed ;  
As many hedes, as many wittes ther been.  
They murmureden as dooth a swarm of  
been,

And maden skiles after hir fantasyes, 205  
Rehersinge of thise olde poetries,  
And seyden, it was lyk the Pegasee,  
The hors that hadde wings for to flee ; (200)  
Or elles it was the Grekes hors Synon,  
That broghte Troye to destruccioon, 210  
As men may in thise olde gestes rede.

'Myn herte,' quod oon, 'is evermore in  
drede ;

I trowe som men of armes been ther-inne,  
That shapen hem this citee for to winne.  
It were right good that al swich thing  
were knowa.' 215

Another rownded to his felawe lowe,  
And seyde, 'he lyeth, it is rather lyk  
An apparence y-maad by som magyk, (210)  
As jogelours pleyen at thise festes grete.'  
Of sondry doutes thus they jangle and  
trete, 220

As lewed peple demeth comunly  
Of thinges that ben maad more subtilly  
Than they can in her lewednes compre-  
hende ;

They demen gladly to the badder ende.  
And somme of hem wondred on the  
mirour, 225

That born was up in-to the maister-tour,  
How men mighte in it swiche thinges see.  
Another answerde, and seyde it mighte  
wel be (220)

Naturally, by composicioons  
Of angles and of slye reflexioons, 230  
And seyden, that in Rome was swich oon.  
They speken of Alocen and Vitulon,  
And Aristotle, that writen in hir lyves  
Of queynte mirours and of prospectyves,  
As known they that han hir bokes herd.

And othere folk hanwondred on the  
sword 236

That wolde percen thurgh-out every-thing;  
And fille in speche of Thelophus the king,  
And of Achilles with his queynte spere,  
For he coude with it bothe hele and dere,  
Right in swich wyse as men may with the  
sword (233) 241

Of which right now ye han your-selven  
herd.

They spoken of sondry harding of metal,  
And speke of medicynes ther-with-al,  
And how, and whanne, it sholde y-harded  
be; 245

Which is unknowe algates unto me.

Tho speke they of Canacees ring,  
And seyden alle, that swich a wonder  
thing (240)

Of craft of ringes herde they never non,  
Save that he, Moyses, and king Salomon  
Hadde a name of konning in swich art. 251  
Thus seyn the peple, and drawen hem  
apart.

But natheles, somme seyden that it was  
Wonder to maken of fern-assen glas,  
And yet nis glas nat lyk assen of fern;  
But for they han y-knowne it so fern, 256  
Therefore cesseth her jangling and her  
wonder.

As sore wondren somme on cause of  
thonder, (250)

On ebbe, on flood, on gossomer, and on  
mist, 259

And alle thing, til that the cause is wist.  
Thus jangle they and demen and devyse,  
Til that the king gan fro the bord aryse.

Phebus hath laft the angle meridional,  
And yet ascending was the beest royal,  
The gentil Leon, with his Aldiran, 265  
Whan that this Tartre king, this Cam-  
binskan, (258)

Roos fro his bord, ther that he sat ful hye.  
Toform him gooth the loude minstrelcye,  
Til he cam to his chambre of parements,  
Ther as they sownen diverse instruments,  
That it is lyk an heven for to here. 271  
Now dauncen lusty Venus children dere,  
For in the Fish hir lady sat ful hye,  
And loketh on hem with a freendly yē.

This noble king is set up in his trone. 275  
This strange knight is fet to him ful sone,  
And on the daunce he gooth with Canacee.  
Heer is the revel and the jolitee (270)

That is nat able a dul man to devyse. 279  
Hemoste han knowen love and his sarvyse,  
And been a festlich man as fresh as  
May,

That sholde yow devysen swich array.

Who coude telle yow the forme of  
daunces,

So uncounte and so freshe contenaunces,  
Swich subtil loking and dissimulinges 285  
For drede of jalouse mennes aperceyvinges?  
No man but Launcelot, and he is deed.

Therefor I passe of al this lustiheed; (280)  
I seye na-more, but in this joly nesse

I lete hem, til men to the soper drease, 290

The styward bit the spyces for to hye,  
And eek the wyn, in al this melodye.

The usshers and the squyers ben y-goon;  
The spyces and the wyn is come anon.

They ete and drinke; and whan this hadde  
an ende, 295

Un-to the temple, as reson was, they  
wende.

The service doon, they soupen al by day.  
What nedeth yow reheroen hir array? (290)

Eek man wot wel, that at a kinges feeste  
Hath plente, to the moeste and to the  
leeste, 300

And deyntees mo than been in my  
knowing.

At-after soper gooth this noble king  
To seen this hors of bras, with al the route  
Of lordes and of ladyes him aboute.

Swich wondring was ther on this hors  
of bras 305

That, sin the grete sege of Troye was,  
Ther-as men wondreden on an hors also,  
Ne was ther swich a wondring as was tho.

But fynally the king axeth this knight (301)  
The vertu of this courser and the might,  
And preyede him to telle his governaunce.

This hors anon bigan to trippe and  
daunce, 312

Whan that this knight leyde hand up-on  
his reyne,

And seyde, 'sir, ther is na-more to seyne,  
But, whan yow list to ryden any-where, 315

Ye moten trille a pin, stant in his ere,  
Which I shall telle yow bitwix vs two. (309)

Ye mote nempne him to what place also  
Or to what contree that yow list to ryde, 319

And whan ye come ther as yow list abyde,

Bidde him descende, and trille another pin,  
For ther-in lyth the effect of al the gin,  
And he wol down descende and doon your  
wille;

And in that place he wol abyde stille,  
Though al the world the contrarie hadde  
y-swore;

He shal nat thennes ben y-drawe n'y-  
bore.

Or, if yow liste bidde him thennes goon,  
Trille this pin, and he wol vanishe anon  
Out of the sighte of every maner wight, (321)  
And come agayn, be it by day or night, 330  
When that yow list to clepen him ageyn  
In swich a gyse as I shal to yow seyn  
Bitwixe yow and me, and that ful sone.  
Ryde whan yow list, ther is na-more to  
done.'

Enformed whan the king was of that  
knight,

And hath conceyved in his wit aright 335  
The maner and the forme of al this thing,  
Thus glad and blythe, this noble doughty  
king (330)

Repeireth to his revel as biforn.  
The brydel is un-to the tour y-born, 340  
And kept among his jewels leve and  
dare.

The hors vanished, I noot in what manere,  
Out of hir sighte; ye gete na-more of me.  
But thus I lete in lust and Iolitee  
This Cambynskan his lordes festeynge, 345  
Til wel ny the day bigan to springe.

Explicit prima pars.

Sequitur pars secunda.

The norice of digestioun, the slepe,  
Gan on hem winke, and bad hem taken  
kepe, (340)

That muchel drink and labour wolde han  
reste;

And with a galping mouth hem alle he  
keste, 350

And seyde, 'it was tyme to lye adoun,  
For blood was in his dominacioun;  
Cherissheth blood, natures freend,' quod  
he.

They thanken him galpinge, by two, by  
three,

And every wight gan drawe him to his  
reste, 355

As slepe hem bad; they toke it for the  
beste.

Hir dremes shul nat been y-told for me;  
Ful were hir hedes of fumositee, (350)  
That causeth dream, of which ther nis no  
charge. 359

They slepen til that it was pryme large,  
The moste part, but it were Canacee;  
She was ful mesurable, as wommen be.  
For of hir fader hadde she take leve  
To gon to reste, sone after it was eve;  
Hir liste nat appalled for to be, 365  
Nor on the morwe unfestlich for to see;  
And slepte hir firste sleep, and thanne  
awook. (359)

For swich a joye she in hir herte took  
Both of hir queynte ring and hir mirour,  
That twenty tyme she changed hir colour;  
And in hir slepe, right for impressioun 371  
Of hir mirour, she hadde a visioun.

Wherfore, er that the sonne gan up glyde,  
She cleped on hir maistresse hir biayde,  
And seyde, that hir liste for to ryse. 375

These olde wommen that been gladly  
wyse,

As is hir maistresse, answerde hir anon,  
And seyde, 'madame, whider wil ye  
goon (370)

Thus erly? for the folk ben alle on reste.'  
'I wol,' quod she, 'aryse, for me leste 380  
No lenger for to slepe, and walke aboute.'

Hir maistresse clepeth wommen a gret  
route,

And up they ryssen, wel a ten or twelve;  
Up ryseth fresshe Canacee hir-selve,  
As rody and bright as dooth the yonge  
sonne, 385

That in the Ram is four degrees up-ronne;  
Noon hyer was he, whan she redy was;  
And forth she walketh esily a pas, (380)  
Arrayed after the lusty seson note 389  
Lightly, for to pleye and walke on fote;  
Nat but with fyve or six of hir maynees;  
And in a trench, forth in the park, goth  
she.

The vapour, which that fro the erthe glood,  
Made the sonne to seme rody and brood;  
But nathelees, it was so fair a sighte 395  
That it made alle hir hertes for to lighte,  
What for the seson and the morweninge,  
And for the foules that she herde singe;

For right anon she wiste what they mente  
Right byhir song, and knewal hir entente.

The knotte, why that every tale is told,  
If it be taried til that lust be cold  
Of hem that han it after herked yore,  
The savour passeth ever langer the more,  
For fulsomnesse of his prolixitee. 405  
And by the same reson thinketh me,  
I sholde to the knotte condescende,  
And maken of hir walking sone an  
ende. (400)

Amidde a tree fordrye, as whyt as chalk,  
As Canacee was playing in hir walk, 410  
Ther sat a faucon over hir heed ful hye,  
That with a pitous voys so gan to crye  
That all the wode resounded of hir cry.  
Y-beten hath she hir-self so pitously 414  
With bothe hir winges, til the rede blood  
Ran endelong the tree ther-as she stood.  
And ever in oon she cryde alwey and  
shrighte,

And with hir beek hir-selven so she  
prighte, (410)  
That ther nis tygre, ne noon so cruel  
beste,

That dwelleth either in wode or in foreste  
That nolde han wept, if that he wepe  
coude, 421  
For sorwe of hir, she shrighte alwey so  
loude.

For ther nas never yet no man on lyve—  
If that I coude a faucon wel discryve—  
That herde of swich another of fairnesse,  
As wel of plumage as of gentillesse 426  
Of shap, and al that mighte y-rekened be.  
A faucon peregryn than semed she (420)  
Of fremde land; and evermore, as she  
stood,

She swowneth now and now for lakke of  
blood, 430  
Til wel neigh is she fallen fro the tree.

This faire kinges doghter, Canacee,  
That on hir finger bar the queynte ring,  
Thurgh which she understood wel every  
thing  
That any foul may in his ledene seyn, 435  
And coude answer him in his ledene  
ageyn,  
Hath understonde what this faucon seyde,  
And wel neigh for the rewthe almost she  
deyde. (430)

And to the tree she gooth ful hastily,  
And on this faucon loketh pitously, 440  
And heeld hir lappe abroad, for wel she  
wiste

The faucon moste fallen fro the twiste, ●  
When that it swowned next, for lakke of  
blood.

A longe while to wayten hir she stood  
Till atte laste she spak in this manere 445  
Un-to the hawk, as ye shul after here.

'What is the cause, if it be for to telle,  
That ye be in this furial pyne of helle?'  
Quod Canacee un-to this hawk above. (441)  
'Is this for sorwe of deeth or los of love?  
For, as I trowe, thise ben causes two 451  
That causen moost a gentil herte wo;  
Of other harm it nedeth nat to speke.

For ye your-self upon your-self yow wreke,  
Which proveth wel, that either love or  
drede 455

Mot been encheson of your cruel dede,  
Sin that I see non other wight yow ohace.  
For love of god, as dooth your-selven grace  
Or what may ben your help; for west nor  
east (451)

Ne sey I never er now no brid ne beest  
That ferde with him-self so pitously. 461  
Ye alse me with your sorwe, verrailly;  
I have of yow so gret compassioun.  
For goddes love, com fro the tree adoun;  
And, as I am a kinges doghter trewe, 465  
If that I verrailly the cause knewe  
Of your disece, if it lay in my might,  
I wolde amende it, er that it were night,  
As wisly helpe me gret god of kinde! (461)  
And herbes shal I right y-nowe y-finde  
To hele with your hurtes hastily.' 471

The shrighte this faucon more pitously  
Than ever she hide, and fil to grounde  
anoon,

And lyth aswowne, deed, and lyk a stoon,  
Til Canacee hath in hir lappe hir take 475  
Un-to the tymes she gan of swough awake.  
And, after that she of hir swough gan  
breyde,

Right in hir hawkes ledene thus she  
seyde:— (470)

'That pitee renneth sone in gentil herte,  
Feling his similitude in peynessmerte, 480  
Is preved al-day, as men may it see,  
As wel by werk as by auctoritee;

For gentil herte kytheth gentillesse.  
I see wel, that ye han of my distresse  
Compassioun, my faire Canacee, 485  
Of verray wommanly benignitee

• That nature in your principles hath set.  
But for non hope for to fare the bet, (480)  
But for to obeie un-to your herte free,  
And for to maken other be war by me,  
As by the whelp cluisted is the leoun, 491  
Right for that cause and that conclusion,  
Why! that I have a leyser and a space,  
Myn harm I wol confessen, er I pace.  
And ever, why! that oon hir sorwe tolde,  
That other weep, as she to water wolde,  
Til that the faucon bad hir to be stille;  
And, with a syk, right thus she seyde hir  
wille. (490) 498

'Ther I was bred (allas! that harde  
day!)

And fostred in a roche of marbul gray  
So tendrely, that nothing cyled me, 501  
I niste nat what was adversitee,  
Til I coude flees ful hye under the sky.  
Tho dwelte a tercelet me faste by,  
That semed welle of alle gentillesse; 505  
Al were he ful of treson and falsnesse,  
It was so wrapped under humble chere,  
And under hewe of trouthe in swich  
manere, (500)  
Under plesance, and under biis payne,  
That no wight coude han wend he coude  
feyne, 510

So depe in greyn he dyed his coloures.  
Right as a serpent hit him under floures  
Til he may seen his tyme for to byte,  
Right so this god of love, this ypoocryte,  
Doth so his cerimonies and obeisaunces,  
And kepeth in samblant alle his obser-  
vances 516

That sowneth in-to gentillesse of love.  
As in a tounbe is al the faire above, (510)  
And under is the corpe, swich as ye woot,  
Swich was this ypoocryte, bothe cold and  
hoot, 520

And in this wyse he served his entente,  
That (save the feend) non wiste what he  
mente.

Til he so longe had wopen and com-  
pleyned,

And many a yeer his service to me feyned,  
Til that myn herte, to pitous and to nyce,

Al innocent of his crowned malice, 526  
For-fered of his deeth, as thoughte me,  
Upon his othes and his seurtee, (520)  
Graunted him love, on this condicioun,  
That evermore myn honour and renoun  
Were saved, bothe prives and apert; 531  
This is to seyn, that, after his desert,  
I yaf him al myn herte and al my  
thought—

God woot and he, that otherwyse noight—  
And took his herte in chaunge for myn  
for ay. 535

But sooth is seyde, gon sithen many a day,  
"A trew wight and a theef thanken nat  
oon."

And, whan he saugh the thing so fer  
y-gooun, (530)

That I had graunted him fully my love,  
In swich a gyse as I have seyde above, 540  
And yeven him my trewe herte, as free  
As he swoor he his herte yaf to me;  
Anon this tygre, ful of doublenesse,  
Fil on his knees with so devout hum-  
blesse,

With so heigh reverence, and, as by his  
chere, 545

So lyk a gentil love of manere,  
So ravished, as it semed, for the joye,  
That never Jason, ne Parys of Troye, (540)  
Jason? certes, ne non other man,  
Sin Lameth was, that alderfirst bigan 550  
To loven two, as writen folk biforn,  
Ne never, sin the firste man was born,  
Ne coude man, by twenty thousand part,  
Countrefete the sophimes of his art;  
Ne were worthy unbokete his galoche, 555  
Ther doublenesse or feynyn sholde ap-  
proche,

Ne so coude thanke a wight as he did me!  
His maner was an heven for to see (550)  
Til any womman, were she never so  
wys;

So peynted he and kembde at point-devys  
As wel his wordes as his contenance. 561  
And I so lovede him for his obeisaunce,  
And for the trouthe I demed in his herte,  
That, if so were that any thing him  
smerte,

Al ware it never so lyte, and I it wiste, 565  
Me thoughte, I felte deeth myn herte  
twiste.

And shortly, so ferforth this thing is  
went, (559)

That my wil was his willes instrument;  
This is to seyn, my wil obeyed his wil  
In alle thing, as fer as reson fil, 570  
Keping the boundes of my worship ever.  
Ne never hadde I thing so leef, ne lever,  
As him, god woot! ne never shal na-mo.

This lasteth longer than a year or two,  
That I supposed of him noght but good.  
But fynally, thus atte laste it stood, 576  
That fortune wolde that he moste twinne  
Out of that place which that I was inne.  
Wher me was wo, that is no questioun;  
I can nat make of it discrepcioun; 580  
For o thing dar I tellen boldely, (573)  
I knowe what is the peyne of deth ther-by;  
Swich harm I felte for he ne mighte  
bileve.

So on a day-of me he took his leve,  
So sorwefully eek, that I wende verraily  
That he had felt as muche harm as I, 586  
Whan that I herde him speke, and saugh  
his hewe. (579)

But natheles, I thoughte he was so trewe,  
And eek that he repaire sholde ageyn  
With-inne a litel whyle, sooth to seyn; 590  
And reson wolde eek that he moste go  
For his honour, as ofte it happeth so,  
That I made vertu of necesitee,  
And took it wel, sin that it moste be.  
As I best mighte, I hidde fro him my  
sorwe, 595

And took him by the hond, seint John to  
borwe,

And seyde him thus: "lo, I am youre al;  
Beth swich as I to yow have been, and  
shal." (590)

What he answerde, it nedeth noght re-  
herce,

Who can sey bet than he, who can do  
warre? 600

Whan he hath al wel seyde, thanne hath  
he doon.

"Therfor bihoveth him a ful long spoon  
That shal ete with a feend," thus herde  
I seye.

So atte laste he moste forth his weye,  
And forth he fleeth, til he cam ther him  
leste. 605

Whan it cam him to purpos for to reste,

I trowe he hadde thilke text in minde,  
That "alle thing, repaire to his kinde,  
Gladeth him-self"; thus seyn men, as I  
geese; (601)

Men loven of propre kinde newfangel-  
nesse, 610

As briddes doon that men in cages fede.  
For though thou night and day take of  
hem hede,

And strawe hir cage faire and softe as  
silk,

And yeve hem sugre, hony, breed and  
milk,

Yet right anon, as that his dore is uppe,  
He with his feet wol spurne adoun his  
cuppe, 616

And to the wode he wol and wormes ete;  
So newefangel been they of hir mete, (610)

And loven novelryes of propre kinde;  
No gentillesse of blood [ne] may hem  
binde. 620

So ferde this tercelet, allas the day!  
Though he were gentil born, and fresh  
and gay,

And goodly for to seen, and humble and  
free,

He saugh up-on a tyme a kyte flec,  
And sodeynly he loved this kyte so, 625

That al his love is clene fro me ago,  
And hath his trouthe falsed in this wyse;

Thus hath the kyte my love in hir ser-  
vyse, (620)

And I am lorn with-outen remedye!  
And with that word this faucon gan to  
crye, 630

And swowned eft in Canace's barme.  
Greet was the sorwe, for the hawkes  
harme,

That Canacee and alle hir wommen made;  
They niste how they mighte the faucon  
glade. 634

But Canacee hom bereth hir in hir lappe,  
And softely in plastres gan hir wrappe,

Ther as she with hir beek had hurt hir-  
selve. (629)

Now can nat Canacee but herbes delve  
Out of the grounde, and make salves  
newe

Of herbes precions, and fyne of hewe, 640  
To helen with this hawk; fro day to night  
She dooth hir bisnesse and al hir might.

And by hir beddes heed she made a mewe,  
And covered it with veluëttes blewe,  
In signe of trouthe that is in wommen  
sene. 645

And al with-oute, the mewe is peynted  
grene,  
In which were peynted alle thise false  
foules, (639)

As beth thise tidifs, tercolets, and oules,  
Right for despyt were peynted hem biayde,  
And pyes, on hem for to crye and chyde.

Thus lete I Canacee hir hauk keping;  
I wol na-more as now speke of hir ring,  
Til it come eft to purpos for to seyn  
How that this faucon gat hir love ageyn  
Repentant, as the storie telleth us, 655  
By mediacioun of Cambalus,

The kinges sone, of whiche I yow tolde.  
But hennes-forth I wol my proces holde  
To speke of adventures and of batailles,  
That never yet was herd so grete mer-  
vailles. (652) 660

First wol I telle yow of Cambinskan,  
That in his tyme many a citee wan;  
And after wol I speke of Algarayf,  
How that he wan Theodora to his wyf,  
For whom ful ofte in greet peril he was,  
Ne hadde he ben holpen by the stede of  
bras; 666

And after wol I speke of Cambalo,  
That faught in listes with the bretheren  
two (660)

For Canacee, er that he mighte hir winne.  
And ther I lefte I wol ageyn biginne. 670

Explicit secunda para.

Incipit pars tercia.

Appollo whirleth up his char so hye,  
[T. om.]

Til that the god Mercurius hous the  
slye— [T. om.]

(Unfinished.)

Here folwen the wordes of the Frankelin  
to the Squier, and the wordes of the  
Host to the Frankelin.

'In feith, Squier, thou hast thee wel  
y-quit,

And gentilly I praise wel thy wit,'  
Quod the Frankelaysn, 'considering thy  
youthes, 675

So feelingly thou speakest, sir, I allow  
the!

As to my doom, there is non that is  
here

Of eloquence that shal be thy pere,  
If that thou live; god yeve thee good  
chaunce, 679

And in vertu sende thee continuance!  
For of thy speche I have greet deyntee.

I have a sone, and, by the Trinitee, (10)  
I hadde lever than twenty pound worth  
lond,

Though it right now were fallen in myn  
bond,

He were a man of swich discrecioun 685  
As that ye been! fy on possessioun  
But-if a man be vertuous with-al.

I have my sone snibbed, and yet shal,  
For he to vertu listeth nat entende;  
But for to pleye at dees, and to despande,

And leese al that he hath, is his usage. 691  
And he hath lever talken with a page(20)

Than to comune with any gentil wight  
Ther he mighte lerne gentillesse aright.'

'Straw for your gentillesse,' quod our  
host; 695

'What, frankelaysn? pardee, sir, wel thou  
wost

That eche of yow mot tallen atte leste  
A tale or two, or braken his bihesta.'

'That knowe I wel, sir,' quod the  
frankelaysn;

'I prey yow, haveth me nat in dedeayn  
Though to this man I speke a word or  
two.' 701

'Telle on thy tale with-outen wordes  
mo.' (30)

'Gladly, sir host,' quod he, 'I wol obeye  
Un-to your wil; now herkneth what  
I seye.

I wol yow nat contrarien in no wyse 705  
As fer as that my wittes wol suffyse;

I prey to god that it may plesen yow,  
Than woot I wel that it is good y-now.'

## THE FRANKLIN'S PROLOGUE.

## The Prologe of the Frankeleyns Tale.

Thise olde gentil Britons in hir dayes  
 Of diverse aventures maden layes, 710  
 Rymeyd in hir firste Briton tonge;  
 Which layes with hir instruments they  
 songe, (40)  
 Or elles redded hem for hir plesaunce;  
 And oon of hem have I in remembraunce,  
 Which I shal seyn with good wil as I  
 can. 715

But, sires, by-cause I am a burel man,  
 At my biginning first I yow biseche  
 Have me excused of my rude speche;

I lerned never rethoryk certeyn;  
 Thing that I speke, it moot be bare and  
 pleyn. 720  
 I sleep never on the mount of Pernaso,  
 Ne lerned Marcus Tullius Cithero. (50)  
 Colours ne knowe I none, with-oute  
 drede,  
 But swiche colours as growen in the mede,  
 Or elles swiche as men dye or peynta. 725  
 Colours of rethoryk ben me to queynte;  
 My spirit feleth noght of swich matere,  
 But if yow list, my tale shul ye here.

## THE FRANKLEYN'S TALE.

## Here biginneth the Frankeleyns Tale.

In Armorik, that called is Britayne,  
 Ther was a knight that loved and dide  
 his payne 730  
 To serve a lady in his beste wyse;  
 And many a labour, many a greet emprise  
 He for his lady wroughte, er she were  
 wonne.  
 For she was oon, the faireste under sonne,  
 And eek therto come of so heigh kinrede,  
 That wel unnethes dorste this knight, for  
 drede, 736  
 Telle hir his wo, his payne, and his  
 distresse.  
 But atte laste, she, for his worthinesse, (10)  
 And namely for his make obcysaunce,  
 Hath swich a pitee caught of his pen-  
 unce, 740

That prively she fil of his accord  
 To take him for hir housbonde and hir  
 lord,  
 Of swich lordshipe as men han over hir  
 wyves;  
 And for to lede the more in blisse hir  
 lyves, 744  
 Of his free wil he swoor hir as a knight,  
 That never in al his lyf he, day ne  
 night,  
 Ne sholde up-on him take no maistrise  
 Agayn hir wil, ne kythe hir jalousye, (20)  
 But hir obeye, and folwe hir wil in al  
 As any lover to his lady shal; 750  
 Save that the name of soveraynetee,  
 That wolde he have for shame of his  
 degree.



She thanked him, and with ful greet  
humblesse  
She seyde, 'sire, sith of your gentillesse  
Ye proffe me to have so large a reyne, 55  
Ne wolde never god bitwixe us tweyne,  
As in ray gilt, were outhur werre or stryf.  
Sir, I wol be your humble trewe wyf, (30)  
Have heer my trouthe, til that myn herte  
breste.'  
Thus been they bothe in quite and in  
resta. 760

For o thing, sires, sauflly dar I seye,  
That frendes everich other moot obeye,  
If they wol longe holden companye.  
Love wol nat ben constreyned by maist-  
trye;  
Whan maistrie comth, the god of love  
anon 765  
Beteth hise winges, and farewel! he is  
gon!

Love is a thing as any spirit free;  
Wommen of kinde desiren libertee, (40)  
And nat to ben constreyned as a thral;  
And so don mon, if I soth seyen shal. 770  
Loke who that is most pacient in love,  
He is at his advantage al above.  
Pacience is an heigh vertu certeyn;  
For it venquisseth, as thise clerkes seyn,  
Thinges that rigour sholde never atteyne.  
For every word men may nat chide or  
pleyne. 776  
Lerneth to suffre, or elles, so moot I goon,  
Ye shul it lerne, wher-so ye wole or noon.  
For in this world, certein, ther no wight  
is, (51)

That he ne dooth or seith som-tyme amis.  
Ire, siknesse, or constellacioun, 781  
Wyn, wo, or chaunginge of complexioun  
Causeth ful ofte to doon amis or spoken.  
On every wrong a man may nat be wrenken;  
After the tyme, mooste be temperaunce 785  
To every wight that can on governaunce.  
And therefore hath this wyse worthy  
knight,

To live in ese, suffrance hir bihight, (60)  
And she to him ful wisly gan to swere  
That never sholde ther be defaute in here.

Heer may men seen an humble wys  
accord; 791  
Thus hath she take hir servant and hir  
lord,

Servant in love, and lord in mariage;  
Than was he bothe in lordshipe and  
servage;

Servage? nay, but in lordshipe above, 795  
Sith he hath bothe his lady and his love;  
His lady, certes, and his wyf also,  
The which that lawe of love acordeth to.  
And whan he was in this prosperitee, (71)  
Hoom with his wyf he gooth to his  
contree, 800  
Nat fer fro Penmark, ther his dwelling  
was,

Wher-as he liveth in blisse and in soles.

Who coude tella, but he had wedded be,  
The joye, the ese, and the prosperitee  
That is bitwixe an housbonde and his wyf?  
A year and more lasted this blisful lyf, 806  
Til that the knight of which I speke of  
thus,

That of Kayrrud was cleped Arveragus, (80)  
Shoop him to goon, and dwelle a year or  
tweyne

In Engelond, that cleped was eek Briteyne.  
To seke in armes worship and honour; 811  
For al his lust he sette in swich labour;  
And dwelled ther two year, the book seith  
thus.

Now wol I stinte of this Arveragus,  
And speken I wole of Dorigen, his wyf, 815  
That loveth hir housbonde as hir hertes  
lyf.

For his absence wepeth she and syketh,  
As doon thise noble wyves whan hem  
lyketh. (91)

She moorneth, waketh, wayleth, fasteth.  
pleyneth; 819

Desyr of his presence hir so distreyneth.  
That al this wyde world she sette at noght.  
Hir frendes, whiche that knewe hir hevly  
thought,

Comforten hir in al that ever they may;  
They prechen hir, they telle hir night  
and day,

That causeles she sleeth hir-self, alas! 825  
And every confort possible in this cas  
They doon to hir with al hir businessse,  
Al for to make hir leve hir hevinessse. (100)

By proces, as ye knowen everichoon,  
Men may so longe graven in a stoon, 830  
Til som figure ther-inne emprented be.  
So longe han they comforted hir, til she

Receyved hath, by hope and by resoun,  
Th'emprenting of hir consolacioun, 834  
Thurgh which hir grete sorwe gan aswage;  
She may nat alwey duren in swich rage.

And eek Arveragus, in al this care,  
Hath sent hir lettres boon of his welfare,  
And that he wol come hastily agayn; (111)  
Or elles hadde this sorwe hir herte slayn.

Hir freendes sawe hir sorwe gan to  
slake, 841  
And preyede hir on knees, for goddes  
sake,

To come and romen hir in companye,  
Away to dryve hir derke fantasye.  
And finally, she graunted that requeste;  
For wel she saugh that it was for the  
beste. (118) 846

Now stood hir castel faste by the see,  
And often with hir freendes walketh she  
Hir to disporte up-on the bank an heigh,  
Wher-as she many a ship and barge seigh  
Seilinge hir cours, wher-as hem liste go;  
But than was that a parcel of hir wo.  
For to hir-self ful ofte 'allas!' seith she,  
'Is ther no ship, of so manye as I see,  
Wol bringen hom my lord? than were  
myn herte 855

Al warished of his bittre paynes smerte.'

Another tyme ther wolde she sitte and  
thinke,

And caste hir eyen downward fro the  
brinke. (130)

But whan she saugh the grisly rokkes  
blake,

For verray fere so wolde hir herte quake,  
That on hir feet she mighte hir noght  
sustene. 861

Than wolde she sitte adoun upon the  
grene,

And pitously in-to the see biholde,  
And seyn right thus, with sorweful sykes  
colde:

'Eterne god, that thurgh thy purvey-  
aunce 865

Ledest the world by certein governaunce,  
In ydel, as men seyn, ye no-thing make;  
But, lord, thise grisly feendly rokkes  
blake, (140)

That semen rather a foul confusioun  
Of werk than any fair orecioun 870  
Of swich a perfit wys god and a stable,

Why han ye wrought this werk unreson-  
able?

For by this werk, south, north, ne west,  
ne east,

Ther nis y-fostred man, ne brid, ne beast;  
It dooth no good, to my wit, but anyeth.  
See ye nat, lord, how mankinde it  
destroyeth? 876

An hundred thousand bodies of mankinde  
Han rokkes slayn, al be they nat in minde,  
Which mankinde is so fair part of thy  
werk (151)

That thou it madest lyk to thyn owene  
merk. 880

Than semed it ye hadde a greet chiertee  
Toward mankinde; but how than may  
it be

That ye swiche menes make it to de-  
stroyen,

Whiche menes do no good, but ever  
anoyen?

I woot wel clerkes wol seyn, as hem  
leste, 885

By arguments, that al is for the beste,  
Though I ne can the causes nat y-knowe.  
But thilke god, that made wind to blowe,  
As kepe my lord! this my conclusioun;  
To clerkes lete I al disputacioun. (162) 890  
But wolde god that alle thise rokkes blake  
Were sonken in-to helle for his sake!  
Thise rokkes sleen myn herte for the fere.'  
Thus wolde she seyn, with many a pitous  
tere.

Hir freendes sawe that it was no disport  
To romen by the see, but discomfort; 896  
And shopen for to playen somwher elles.  
They leden hir by riveres and by welles,  
And eek in othere places delitables; (171)  
They daunceen, and they playen at ches  
and tables. 900

So on a day, right in the morwe-tyde,  
Un-to a gardin that was ther bisyde,  
In which that they had maad hir ordin-  
aunce

Of vitaille and of other purveyaunce,  
They goon and playe hem al the longe  
day. 905

And this was on the sixte morwe of May,  
Which May had peynted with his softe  
shoures

This gardin ful of leves and of floures; (180)

And craft of mannes hand so curiously  
 Arrayed hadde this gardin, trewely, 910  
 That never was ther gardin of swich pryȝ,  
 But-if it were the verray paradys.  
 Th' odour of floures and the freshe sighte  
 Wolde han maad any herte for to lighte  
 That ever was born, but-if to gret sik-  
 nesse, 915

Or to gret sorwe helde it in distresse;  
 So ful it was of beautees with plesaunce.  
 At-after diner gonne they to daunce, (190)  
 And singe also, save Dorigen alone,  
 Which made alwey hir compleint and hir  
 mone; 920

For she ne saugh him on the daunce go,  
 That was hir housbonde and hir love also.  
 But natheles she moste a tyme abyde,  
 And with good hope lete hir sorwe slyde.

Up-on this daunce, amonges othere men,  
 Daunced a squyer biforen Dorigen, 926  
 That fresher was and jolyer of array,  
 As to my doom, than is the monthe of  
 May. (200)

He singeth, daunceeth, passinge any man  
 That is, or was, sith that the world bigan.  
 Ther-with he was, if men sholde him  
 discryve, 931

Oon of the beste faringe man on-lyve;  
 Yong, strong, right vertuous, and riche  
 and wys,

And wel biloved, and holden in gret pryȝ.  
 And shortly, if the sothe I tellen shal, 935  
 Unwiting of this Dorigen at al,  
 This lusty squyer, servant to Venus,  
 Which that y-cleped was Aurelius, (210)

Had loved hir best of any creature  
 Two yer and more, as was his aventure,  
 But never dorste he telle hir his gre-  
 vaunce; 941

With-outen coppe he drank al his pen-  
 aunce.

He was despayred, no-thing dorste he seye,  
 Save in his songes somewhat wolde he wreye  
 His wo, as in a general compleynyn; 945  
 He seyde he lovede, and was biloved no-  
 thing. (218)

Of swich matere made he manye layes,  
 Songes, compleintes, roundels, virolayes,  
 How that he dorste nat his sorwe telle,  
 But languisheth, as a furiedooth in helle;  
 And dye he moste, he seyde, as dide Ekko

For Narcissus, that dorste nat telle hir wo.  
 In other manere than ye here me seye,  
 Ne dorste he nat to hir his wo biwreye;  
 Save that, paraventure, som-tyme at  
 daunces, 955

Ther yonge folk kepen hir observaunces,  
 It may wel be he lokod on hir face  
 In swich a wyse, as man that asketh grace;  
 But no-thing wiste she of his entente. (231)  
 Natheles, it happed, er they theunnes  
 wente, 960

By-cause that he was hir neighebour,  
 And was a man of worship and honour,  
 And hadde y-knownen him of tyme yore,  
 They fille in speche; and forth more and  
 more

Un-to his purpos drough Aurelius, 965  
 And whan he saugh his tyme, he seyde  
 thus:

'Madame,' quod he, 'by god that this  
 world made,

So that I wiste it mighte your herte  
 glade, (240)

I wolde, that day that your Arveragus  
 Wente over the see, that I, Aurelius, 970  
 Had went ther never I sholde have come  
 agayn;

For wel I woot my service is in vayn.  
 My gerdoun is but bresting of myn herte;  
 Madame, reweth upon my peynes smerte;  
 For with a word ye may me sleen or save,  
 Heer at your feet god wolde that I were  
 grave! 976

I ne have as now no leyser more to  
 seye;

Have mercy, swete, or ye wol do me deye!'  
 She gan to loke up-on Aurelius, (251)  
 'Is this your wil,' quod she, 'and sey ye  
 thus? 980

Never erst,' quod she, 'ne wiste I what  
 ye mante.

But now, Aurelia, I knowe your entente,  
 By thilke god that yaf me soule and lyf,  
 Ne shal I never been untrewed wyf 984  
 In word ne werk, as fer as I have wit:  
 I wol ben his to whom that I am knit;  
 Tak this for fynal answer as of me.'

But after that in play thus seyde she: (260)  
 'Aurelia,' quod she, 'by heighe god  
 above, 989

Yet wolde I graunte yow to been your love,

Sin I yow see so pitously complayne;  
 Loke what day that, endelong Britayne,  
 Yeremeeve alle the rokkes, stoon bystoon,  
 That they ne lette ship ne boot to goon—  
 I seye, whan ye han maad the coost so  
 clene 995

Of rokkes, that ther nis no stoon y-sene,  
 Than wol I love yow best of any man;  
 Have heer my trouthe in al that ever I  
 can.' (270)

'Is ther non other grace in yow?' quod he.  
 'No, by that lord,' quod she, 'that maketh  
 me! 1000

For wel I woot that it shal never bityde.  
 Lat swiche folies out of your herte alyde.  
 What deyntee shold a man han in his lyf  
 For to go love another mannes wyf,  
 That hath hir body whan so that him  
 lyketh?' 1005

Aurelius ful ofte sore syketh;  
 Wo was Aurelie, whan that he this herde,  
 And with a sorweful herte he thus an-  
 swerde: (280)

'Madame,' quod he, 'this were an im-  
 possible! 1009

Than moot I dye of sodein deth horrible.'  
 And with that word he turned him anon.  
 Tho come hir othere freendes many oon,  
 And in the aleyes romeden up and doun,  
 And no-thing wiste of this conclusioun,  
 But sodeinly bigonne revel newe 1015  
 Til that the brighte sonne loste his hewe;  
 For th'orizonte hath raft the sonne his  
 light; (289)

This is as muche to seye as it was night.  
 And hoom they goon in joye and in solas,  
 Save only wrecche Aurelius, allas! 1020  
 He to his housis goon with sorweful herte;  
 He seeth he may nat fro his deeth asterte.  
 Him semed that he felte his herte colde;  
 Up to the hevene his handes he gan holde,  
 And on his knowes bare he sette him doun,  
 And in his raving seyde his orisoun. 1026  
 For verray wo out of his wit he breyde.  
 He niste what he spak, but thus he seyde;  
 With pitous herte his pleynt hath he  
 bigonne (301)

Un-to the goddes, and first un-to the  
 sonne: 1030

He seyde, 'Appollo, god and governour  
 Of every plaunte, herbe, tree and flour,

That yevest, after thy declinacioun,  
 To ech of hem his tyme and his sesoun,  
 As thyn herberwe chaungeth lowe or hye,  
 Lord Phebus, cast thy merciable y8 1036  
 On wrecche Aurelie, which that am but  
 lorn. (309)

Lo, lord I my lady hath my deeth y-sworn  
 With-oute gilt, but thy benignitee 1039  
 Upon my dedly herte have som pitee!  
 For wel I woot, lord Phebus, if yow lest,  
 Ye may me helpen, save my lady, best.  
 Now voucheth sauf that I may yow devyse  
 How that I may been holpe and in what  
 wyse. 1044

Your blisful suster, Lucina the shene,  
 That of the see is chief goddesse and quene,  
 Though Neptunus have deitee in the see,  
 Yet emperesse aboven him is she: (320)  
 Ye knowen wel, lord, that right as hir  
 desyr 1049

Is to be quiked and lightned of your fyr,  
 For which she folweth yow ful bisily,  
 Right so the see desyreth naturelly  
 To folwen hir, as she that is goddesse  
 Bothe in the see and riveres more and  
 lesse.

Wherefore, lord Phebus, this is my re-  
 queste— 1055

Do this miracle, or do myn herte breste—  
 That now, next at this opposicioun, (329)  
 Which in the signe shal be of the Leoun,  
 As prayeth hir so greet a flood to bringe,  
 That fyve fadme at the leeste it overspringe  
 The hyeste rokke in Armoric Britayne;  
 And lat this flood endure yeres tweyne;  
 Than certes to my lady may I seye:

"Holdeth your heste, the rokkes been  
 aweye." 1064

Lord Phebus, dooth this miracle for me;  
 Preye hir she go no faster cours than ye;  
 I seye, prayeth your suster that she go  
 No faster cours than ye this yeres two.  
 Than shal she been evene atte fulle alway,  
 And spring-flood laste bothe night and  
 day. (342) 1070

And, but she vonche-sauf in swiche manere  
 To graunte me my sovereyn lady dars,  
 Prey hir to sinken every rok adoun  
 In-to hir owene derke regioun

Under the ground, ther Pluto dwelleth  
 inne, 1075

Or never-mo shal I my lady winne.  
 Thy temple in Delphos wol I barefoot seke;  
 Lord Phebus, see the teres on my cheke,  
 And of my payne have som compassioun.  
 And with that word in swowne he fil  
 adoun, (352) 1080

And longe tyme he lay forth in a traunoe.

His brother, which that knew of his  
 penaunce,

Up caughte him and to bedde he hath  
 him brought.

Dispeyred in this torment and this thought  
 Lete I this woful creature lye; 1085  
 Chese he, for me, whether he wol live or  
 dye.

Arveragus, with hele and greet honour,  
 As he that was of chivalrye the flour, (360)  
 Is comen hoom, and othere worthy men.  
 O blisful artow now, thou Dorigen, 1090  
 That hast thy lusty housbonde in thyne  
 armes,

The freshe knight, the worthy man of  
 armes,

That loveth thee, as his owene hertes lyf.  
 No-thing list him to been imaginatyf  
 If any wight had spoke, whyl he was  
 oute, 1095

To hire of love; he hadde of it no doute.  
 He noght entendeth to no swich matere,  
 But daunceth, justeth, maketh hir good  
 chere; (370)

And thus in joye and blisse I lete hem  
 dwelle,

And of the syke Aurelius wol I telle. 1100

In langour and in torment furios  
 Two year and more lay wrecche Aurelius,  
 Er any foot he mighte on erthe goon;  
 Ne confort in this tyme hadde he noon,  
 Save of his brother, which that was a clerk;  
 He knew of al this wo and al this werk.

For to non other creature certeyn 1107  
 Of this matere he dorste no word seyn.

Under his brest he bar it more secree (381)  
 Than ever dide Pamphilus for Galathee.  
 His brest was hool, with-oute for to sene,  
 But in his herte ay was the arwe kene.

And wel ye knowe that of a sursanure  
 In surgerie is perilous the cure,  
 But men mighte touche the arwe, or come  
 therby. 1115

His brother weep and wayled prively,

Til atte laste him fil in remembraunce,  
 That whyl he was at Orlens in Fraunce,  
 As yonge clerkes, that been likerous (391)  
 To reden artes that been curious, 1120  
 Saken in every halke and every herne  
 Particuler sciencoes for to lerne,

He him remembred that, upon a day,  
 At Orlens in studie a book he saw  
 Of magik naturel, which his felawe, 1125  
 That was that tyme a bachelor of lawe,  
 Al were he ther to lerne another craft,  
 Had prively upon his desk y-laft; (400)  
 Which book spak muchel of the opera-  
 ciouns,

Touchinge the eighte and twenty man-  
 siouns 1130

That longen to the mone, and swich folye,  
 As in our dayes is nat worth a flye;  
 For holy chirches feith in our bileve  
 Ne suffreth noon illusion us to greva.

And whan this book was in his remem-  
 brance, 1135

Anon for joye his herte gan to daunce,  
 And to him-self he seyde prively:

'My brother shal be warished hastily;  
 For I am siker that ther be sciencoes, (411)  
 By whiche men make diverse apperances

Swiche as this subtil tregetours playe.  
 For ofte at festes have I wel herd seye,

That tregetours, with-inne an halle large,  
 Have maad come in a water and a barge.

And in the halle rowen up and down. 1145  
 Somtyme hath semed come a grim leoun;

And somtyme flourispringe as in a mede;  
 Somtyme a vyne, and grapes whyte and  
 rede; (420)

Somtyme a castel, al of lym and stoon;  
 And whan hem lyked, voyded it anon.

Thus semed it to every mannes sighte.

Now than conclude I thus, that if I  
 mighte 1152

At Orlens som old felawe y-finde,  
 That hadde this mones mansions in minde,

Or other magik naturel above, 1155  
 He sholde wel make my brother han his  
 love.

For with an apparence a clerk may  
 make

To mannes sighte, that alle the rokkes  
 blake (430)

Of Britaigne weren y-royded everichon,

And shippes by the brinke comen and  
gon, 1160

And in swich forme endure a day or two;  
Than were my brother warissshed of his  
wo.

Than moste she nedes holden hir biheste,  
Or elles he shal shame hir atte leste.

What sholde I make a lenger tale of  
this? 1165

Un-to his brotheres bed he comen is,  
And swich confort he yaf him fer to gon  
To Orlens, that he up stirte anon, (440)  
And on his way forthward thanne is he  
fare,

In hope for to ben lissed of his care. 1170  
When they were come almost to that  
citee,

But-if it were a two furlong or three,  
A yong clerk rominge by him-self they  
mette,

Which that in Latin thriftily hem grette,  
And after that he seyde a wonder thing:  
'I knowe,' quod he, 'the cause of your  
coming'; 1176

And er they ferther any fote wente, (449)  
He tolde hem al that was in hir entente.

This Briton clerk him asked of felawes  
The whiche that he had knowe in olde  
dawes; 1180

And he answerde him that they dede were,  
For which he weep ful ofte many a tere.

Doun of his hors Aurelius lighte anon,  
And forth with this magicien is he gon  
Hoom to his hous, and made hem wel at  
ese. 1185

Hem lakked no vitaille that mighte hem  
plese;

So wel arrayed hous as ther was oon  
Aurelius in his lyf saugh never noon. (460)

He shewed him, er he wente to sopear,  
Forestes, parkes ful of wilde deer; 1190  
Ther saugh he hertes with hir hornes  
hye,

The gretteste that ever were seyn with yð.  
He saugh of hem an hondred slayn with  
houndes,

And somme with arwes blede of bittre  
woundes.

He saugh, whan voided were these wilde  
deer, 1195

Thise fauconers upon a fair river,

That with hir haukes han the heron  
slayn.

Tho saugh he knightes justing in a playn;  
And after this, he dide him swich  
saunce, (471)

That he him shewed his lady on a daunce  
On which him-self he daunced, as him  
thoughte. 1201

And whan this maister, that this magik  
wroughte,

Saugh it was tyme, he clapte his handes  
two,

And farewell! al our revel was ago.  
And yet remoeved they never out of the  
hous, 1205

Why! they saugh al this sighte mervellous,  
But in his studie, ther-as his bookes be,  
They seten stille, and no wight but they  
three. (480)

To him this maister called his squyer,  
And seyde him thus: 'is redy our soper?  
Almost an houre it is, I undertake, 1211  
Sith I yow had our soper for to make,  
Whan that thise worthy men wenten  
with me

In-to my studie, ther-as my bookes be.'

'Sire,' quod this squyer, 'whan it lyketh  
yow, 1215

It is al redy, though ye wol right now.'  
'Go we than soupe,' quod he, 'as for the  
beste;

This amorous folk som-tyme mote han  
reste.' (490)

At-after soper fille they in trettee,  
What somme sholde this maistres guer-  
don be, 1220

To remoeven alle the rokkes of Britayne,  
And eek from Gerounde to the mouth of  
Sayne.

He made it straunge, and swoor, so god  
him save,

Lesse than a thousand pound he wolde  
nat have,

Ne gladly for that somme he wolde nat  
goon. 1225

Aurelius, with blisful herte anon,  
Answerde thus, 'fy on a thousand pound!  
This wyde world, which that men seye is  
round, (500)

I wolde it yewe, if I were lord of it. 1229  
This bargayn is ful drive, for we ben knit.

Ye shal be payed trewely, by my trouthe!  
But loketh now, for no necligance or  
slouthe,

Ye tarie us heer no longer than to-morwe.'  
'Nay,' quod this clerk, 'have heer my  
feith to borwe.'

To bedde is goon Aurelius whan him  
leste, 1235  
And wel ny al that night he hadde his  
reste; (508)

What for his labour and his hope of blisse,  
His woful herte of penaunce hadde a lisse.

Upon the morwe, whan that it was day,  
To Britaigne toke they the righte way, 1240  
Aurelius, and this magicien bisyde,  
And been descended ther they wolde  
abyde;

And this was, as the bokes me remembre,  
The colde frosty sason of Decembre.

Phebus wax old, and hewed lyk latoun,  
That in his hote declinacioun 1246  
Shoon as the burned gold with strames  
brigte; (519)

But now in Capricorn adoun he lighte,  
Wher-as he shoon ful pale, I dar wel seyn.  
The bittre frostes, with the sleet and reyn,  
Destroyed hath the grene in every yard.  
Janus sit by the fyr, with double berd,  
And drinketh of his bugle-horn the wyn.  
Biforn him stant braun of the tusked  
swyn, 1254

And 'Nowel' cryeth every lusty man.

Aurelius, in al that ever he can,  
Doth to his maister chere and reverence,  
And preyeth him to doon his diligence  
To bringen him out of his peynes smerte,  
Or with a sword that he wolde slitte his  
herte. (532) 1260

This subtil clerk swich rounthe had of  
this man,  
That night and day he spedde him that  
he can,

To wayte a tyme of his conclusioun;  
This is to seye, to make illusioun,  
By swich an apparence or jogelrye, 1265  
I ne can no termes of astrologye,  
That she and every wight sholde wene  
and seye, (539)

That of Britaigne the rokkes were awaye,  
Or elles they were sonken under grounde.  
So atte laste he bath his tyme y-founde

To maken his japes and his wrecched-  
nesse 1271

Of swich a superstitious cursednesse.  
His tables Toletanes forth he brought,  
Ful wel corrected, ne ther lakked noght,  
Neither his collect ne his expans yerres,  
Ne his rotes ne his othere geres, 1276

As been his centres and his arguments,  
And his proporcionels convenients (550)  
For his equacions in every thing.  
And, by his eighte spere in his wirking,  
He knew ful wel how fer Alnath was  
shove 1281

Fro the heed of thilke fixe Aries above  
That in the ninthe speere considered is;  
Ful subtilly he calculed al this.

Whan he had founde his firste man-  
sioun, 1285

He knew the remenant by proporcioun;  
And knew the arysing of his mone  
weel,

And in whos face, and terme, and every-  
deal; (560)

And knew ful weel the mones mansioun  
Acordaunt to his operacioun, 1290

And knew also his othere observances  
For swiche illusiouns and swiche mee-  
chances

As hethen folk used in thilke dayes;  
For which no longer maketh he delayes,  
But thurgh his magik, for a wyke or  
tweye, 1295

It semed that alle the rokkes were awaye.

Aurelius, which that yet despeired is  
Wher he shal han his love or fare amis,  
Awaiteth night and day on this miracle;  
And whan he knew that ther was noon  
obstacle, (572) 1300

That voided were thise rokkes everichon,  
Doun to his maistres feet he flil anon,

And seyde, 'I woful wrecche, Aurelius,  
Thanke yow, lord, and lady myn Venus,  
That me han holpen fro my cares colde.'  
And to the temple his way forth hath he  
holde, 1306

Wher-as he knew he sholde his lady see.  
And whan he saugh his tyme, anon-right  
he, (580)

With dredful herte and with ful humble  
chere,

Salewed hath his sovereyn lady dere: 1310

'My righte lady,' quod this woful man,  
'Whom I most drede and love as I best  
can,

And lothest were of al this world displese,  
Nere it that I for yow have swich disece,  
That I moste dyen heer at your foot  
anon, 1315

Noght wolde I telle how me is wo bigon;  
But certes outhere moste I dye or pleyne;  
Ye ales me gilteles for verray payne. (590)  
But of my deeth, thogh that ye have no  
routhe,

Ayseth yow, er that ye breke your  
trouthe. 1320

Repenteth yow, for thilke god above,  
Er ye me sleen by-cause that I yow love.  
For, madame, wel ye woot what ye han  
hight;

Nat that I chalange any thing of right  
Of yow my sovereyn lady, but your grace;  
But in a gardin yond, at swich a place,  
Ye woot right wel what ye bihighten me;  
And in myn hand your trouthe plighen  
ye (600)

To love me best, god woot, ye seyde so,  
Al be that I unworthy be therto. 1330  
Madame, I speke it for the honour of yow,  
More than to save myn hertes lyf right  
now;

I have do so as ye comanded me;  
And if ye vouche-sauf, ye may go see.  
Doth as yow list, have your biheste in  
minde, 1335

For quik or deed, right ther ye shul me  
finde;

In yow lyth al, to do me live or deye;—  
But wel I woot the rokkes been aweye!

He taketh his leve, and she astonied  
stood, (611)

In al hir face pas a drope of blood; 1340  
She wende never han come in swich a  
trappe:

'Allas!' quod she, 'that ever this sholde  
happe!

For wende I never, by possibilitee,  
That swich a monstre or merveille mighte  
be!

It is agayns the proces of nature: 1345  
And hoom she gooth a sorweful creature.  
For verray fere unnethe may she go,  
She wepeth, wailleth, al a day or two, (620)

And swowneth, that it routhe was to see;  
But why it was, to no wight tolde she; 1350  
For out of tounne was goon Arveragus.

But to hir-self she spak, and seyde thus,  
With face pale and with ful sorweful  
chere,

In hir compleynt, as ye shul after here:

'Allas,' quod she, 'on thee, Fortune,  
I playne, 1355  
That unwar wrapped hast me in thy  
cheyne;

For which, t'escape, woot I no socour  
Save only deeth or elles dishonour; (630)  
Oon of thise two bihoveth me to chese.

But natheless, yet have I lever lese 1360  
My lyf than of my body have a shame,  
Or knowe my-selven fals, or lese my name,  
And with my deth I may be quit, y-wis.

Hath ther nat many a noble wyf, er  
this, 1364

And many a mayde y-slayn hir-self, alas!  
Rather than with hir body doon trespas?

Yis, certes, lo, thise stories beren wit-  
nesse;

Whan thretty tyraunts, ful of cursed-  
nesse, (640)

Had slayn Phidoun in Athenes, atte feste,  
They comanded his doghtres for t'aresta,  
And bringen hem biforn hem in despyt  
Al naked, to fulfille hir foul delyt, 1372  
And in hir fadres blood they made hem  
daunce

Upon the pavement, god yeve hem mis-  
chaunce!

For which thise woful maydens, ful of  
drede, 1375

Rather than they wolde lese hir mayden-  
hede,

They prively ben stirt in-to a welle,  
And dreynte hem-selven, as the bokes  
telle. (650)

They of Messene lete enquire and seke  
Of Laecodomie fifty maydens eke, 1380

On whiche they wolden doon hir lecherye;  
But was ther noon of al that companye  
That she nas slayn, and with a good  
entente

Chees rather for to dye than assente  
To been oppressed of hir maydenhede. 1385  
Why sholde I thanne to dye been in  
drede?



Lo, eek, the tiraunt Aristoclidez (659)  
 That loved a mayden, heet Stimphalides,  
 When that hir fader slayn was on a night,  
 Un-to Dianas temple goth she right, 1390  
 And hente the image in hir handes two,  
 Fro which image wolde she never go.  
 No wight ne mighte hir handes of it arace,  
 Til she was slayn right in the selve place.  
 Now sith that maydens hadden swich  
 despyt 1395

To been defouled with mannes foul delyt,  
 Wel oghte a wyf rather hir-selven slee  
 Than be defouled, as it thinketh me. (670)

What shal I seyn of Hasdrubales wyf,  
 That at Cartage birafte hir-self hir lyf?  
 For whan she saugh that Romayns wan  
 the toun, 1401  
 She took hir children alle, and skipte  
 adoun

In-to the fyr, and chees rather to dye  
 Than any Romayn dide hir vileinye.

Hath nat Lucrece y-slayn hir-self,  
 alas! 1405

At Rome, whanne she oppressed was  
 Of Tarquin, for hir thoughte it was  
 a shame

To liven whan she hadde lost hir name?  
 The sevene maydens of Milesie also (681)  
 Han slayn hem-self, for verray drede and  
 wo, 1410

Rather than folk of Gaule hem sholde  
 oppresse.

Mo than a thousand stories, as I gesse,  
 Coude I now telle as touchinge this  
 matere.

Whan Habradate was slayn, his wyf so  
 dere

Hirselven slow, and leet hir blood to  
 glyde 1415

In Habradates woundes depe and wyde,  
 And seyde, "my body, at the leeste way,  
 Ther shal no wight defoulen, if I may."

What sholde I mo ensamples beer-of  
 sayn, (691) 1419

Sith that so manye han hem-selven slayn  
 Wel rather than they wolde defouled be?  
 I wol conclude, that it is bet for me  
 To sleen my-self, than been defouled thus.  
 I wol be trewe un-to Arveragus,  
 Or rather sleen my-self in som manere,  
 As dide Demociones doghter dere, 1426

By-cause that she wolde nat defouled be.  
 O Cedasus! it is ful greet pitee, (700)  
 To reden how thy doghtren deyde, alas!  
 That slowe hem-selven for swich maner  
 cas. 1430

As greet a pitee was it, or wel more,  
 The Theban mayden, that for Nichanore  
 Hir-selven slow, right for swich maner  
 wo.

Another Theban mayden dide right so;  
 For oon of Macedoine hadde hir oppressed,  
 She with hir deeth hir maydenhede re-  
 dressed. 1435

What shal I seye of Nicerates wyf,  
 That for swich cas birafte hir-self hir lyf?  
 How grewe eek was to Alcebiades (711)  
 His love, that rather for to dyen chees 1440  
 Than for to suffre his body unburied be!  
 Lo which a wyf was Alcestè, quod she.

'What seith Omer of gode Penalopee?  
 Al Grece knoweth of hir chastitee.

Pardee, of Laodomya is writen thus, 1445  
 That whan at Troye was slayn Prothe-  
 selas,

No lenger wolde she live after his day.

The same of noble Porcia telle I may;  
 With-oute Brutus coude she nat live, (721)  
 To whom she hadde al hool hir herte  
 yive. 1450

The parfit wyfhod of Arthemeseye  
 Honoured is thurgh al the Barbarye.

O Tenta, queen! thy wyfhy chastitee  
 To alle wyves may a mirour be. 1454

The same thing I seye of Bilia, [T. om.  
 Of Rodogone, and eek Valeria.] [T. om.

Thus playned Dorigene a day or tweye,  
 Purposinge ever that she wolde deyde. (730)

But nathelees, upon the thridd night,  
 Hom cam Arveragus, this worthy knight,  
 And asked hir, why that she weep so  
 sore? 1461

And she gan wepen ever lenger the more.  
 'Allas!' quod she, 'that ever was  
 I born!

Thus have I seyd,' quod she, 'thus have  
 I sworn'—

And told him al as ye han herd bifore; 1465  
 It nedeth nat rehce it yow na-more.

This housbond with glad chere, in  
 frendly wyse,

Answerde and seyde as I shal yow devyze:

'Is ther ought elles, Dorigen, but this?' (741)

'Nay, nay,' quod she, 'god help me so,  
as wis; 1470

This is to muche, and it were goddes wille.'

'Ye, wyf,' quod he, 'lat slepen that is  
stille;

It may be wel, paraventure, yet to-day.

Ye shul your trouthe holden, by my fay!

For god so wisly have mercy on me, 1475

I hadde wel lever y-stiked for to be,

For verray love which that I to yow have,  
But-if ye sholde your trouthe kepe and  
save. (750)

Trouthe is the hyeste thing that man  
may kepe:—

But with that word he braст anon to  
wepe, 1480

And seyde, 'I yow forbode, up peyne of  
deeth,

That never, whyl thee lasteth lyf ne  
breeth,

To no wight tel thou of this aventure.

As I may best, I wol my wo endure,

Ne make no contenance of hevinesse, 1485

That folk of yow may demen harm or  
gesse.'

And forth he cleped a squyer and  
a mayde:

'Goth forth anon with Dorigen,' he  
sayde, (760)

'And bringeth hir to swich a place  
anon.'

They take hir leve, and on hir way they  
gon; 1490

But they ne wiste why she thider wente.

He nolde no wight tellen his entente. (764)

Paraventure an heap of yow, y-wis,  
[T. om.]

Wol holden him a lewed man in this,  
[T. om.]

That he wol putte his wyf in jupartye;

[T. om.]

Herkneth the tale, er ye up-on hir crye.

[T. om.]

She may have bettre fortune than yow  
semeth; [T. om.]

And whan that ye han herd the tale,  
demeth. [T. om.]

This squyer, which that highte Aurelius,  
On Dorigen that was so amorous, (772) 1500  
Of aventure happed hir to mete

Amidde the toun, right in the quikkest  
strete,

As she was boun to goon the way forth-  
right

Toward the gardin ther-as she had hight.

And he was to the gardinward also; 1505

For wel he spyed, whan she wolde go

Out of hir hous to any maner place.

But thus they mette, of aventure or  
grace; (780)

And he saleweth hir with glad entente,

And asked of hir whiderward she wente?

And she answered, half as she were mad,

'Un-to the gardin, as myn housbond bad,  
My trouthe for to holde, allas! allas!'

Aurelius gan wondren on this cas,

And in his herte had greet compassioun

Of hir and of hir lamentacioun, 1516

And of Arveragus, the worthy knight,

That bad hir holden al that she had  
hight, (790)

So looth him was his wyf sholde breke  
hir trouthe;

And in his herte he caughte of this greet  
routhe, 1520

Consideringe the beste on every syde,

That fro his lust yet were him lever abyde

Than doon so heigh a cherlish wrecched-  
nesse

Agayns franchyse and alle gentillesse;

For which in fewe wordes seyde he thus:

'Madame, sayth to your lord Arveragus,  
That sith I see his grete gentillesse (800)

To yow, and eek I see wel your distresse,

That him were lever han shame (and that  
were routhe)

Than ye to me sholde breke thus your  
trouthe, 1530

I have wel lever ever to suffre wo

Than I departe the love bitwix yow two.

I yow releese, madame, in-to your hond

Quit every surement and every bond, 1534

That ye han maad to me as heer-biforn,

Sith thilke tyme which that ye were born.

My trouthe I plighte, I shal yow never  
repreve

Of no biheste, and here I take my leve,

As of the treweste and the beste wyf (811)

That ever yet I knew in al my lyf. 1540

But every wyf be-war of hir biheste,

On Dorigene remembreth atte leste.

Thus can a squyer doon a gentil dede,  
As well as can a knight, with-outen drede.'

Sho thonketh him up-on hir knees al  
bare, 1545

And hoom un-to hir housbond is she fare,  
And tolde him al as ye han herd me sayd;  
And be ye siker, he was so weel apayd, (820)  
That it were impossible me to wryte;

What sholde I lenger of this cas endyte?

Arveragus and Dorigene his wyf 1551  
In sovereyn blisse leden forth hir lyf.

Never eft ne was ther angre ham bitwene;  
He cheriseth hir as though she were  
a quene; 1554

And she was to him trewe for evermore.

Of thise two folk ye gete of me na-more.

Aurelius, that his cost hath al forlorn,  
Curseth the tyme that ever he was born:  
'Allas,' quod he, 'allas! that I bihighte  
Of pured gold a thousand pound of  
wighte (832) 1560

Un-to this philosophre! how shal I do?

I see na-more but that I am fordo.

Myn heritage moot I nedes selle,

And been a begger; heer may I nat  
dwelle,

And shamen al my kinrede in this place,  
But I of him may gete bettre grace. 1566

But nathelees, I wol of him assaye, (839)

At certeyn dayes, yeer by yeer, to paye,  
And thanke him of his grete curteisye;

My trouthe wol I kepe, I wol nat lye.' 1570

With herte soor he gooth un-to his cofre,  
And broghte gold un-to this philosophre,

The value of fyve hundred pound, I gesse,

And him bisecheth, of his gentillesse,

To graunte him dayes of the remenaunt,

And seyde, 'maister, I dar wel make  
avaunt, 1576

I failed never of my trouthe as yit;

For sikerly my dette shal be quit (850)

Towards yow, how-ever that I fare

To goon a-begged in my kirtle bare. 1580

But wolde ye vouche-sauf, up-on seurtee,

Two yeer or three for to respyten me,

Than were I wel; for elles moot I selle

Myn heritage; ther is na-more to telle.'

This philosophre sobrelly answerde, 1585

And seyde thus, whan he thise wordes  
herde: (858)

'Have I nat holden covenant un-to thee?'

'Yes, certes, wel and trewely,' quod he.

'Hastow nat had thy lady as thee lyketh?'

'No, no,' quod he, and sorwefully he  
syketh. 1590

'What was the cause? tel me if thou can.'

Aurelius his tale anon bigan,

And tolde him al, as ye han herd bifore;

It nedeth nat to yow rehorce it more.

He seide, 'Arveragus, of gentillesse, 1595

Had lever dye in sorwe and in distresse

Than that his wyf were of hir trouthe  
fals,' (869)

The sorwe of Dorigen he tolde him als,

How looth hir was to been a wikked wyf,

And that she lever had lost that day hir

lyf, 1600

And that hir trouthe she swoor, thurgh  
innocence:

'She never erst herde speke of apparence;

That made me han of hir so greet pitee.

And right as frely as he sente hir me,

As frely sente I hir to him ageyn. 1605

This al and som, ther is na-more to seyn.'

This philosophre answerde, 'leve  
brother,

Everich of yow dide gentilly til other. (880)

Thou art a squyer, and he is a knight;

But god forbede, for his blisful might, 1610

But-if a clerk coude doon a gentil dede

As wel as any of yow, it is no drede!

Sire, I relesee thee thy thousand pound,

As thou right now were copen out of the  
ground, 1614

Ne never er now ne haddest knowen me.

For sire, I wol nat take a peny of thee

For al my craft, ne noght for my travaille.

Thou hast y-payed wel for my vitaille; (890)

It is y-nogh, and farewel, have good day.'

And took his horn, and forth he gooth  
his way. 1620

Lordinges, this question wolde I aske  
now,

Which was the moste free, as thinketh yow?

Now telleth me, er that ye ferther wende.'

I can na-more, my tale is at an ende. (896)

Here is ended the Frankeleyns Tale.

\* \* The six lines, numbered 11929-34 in Tyrwhitt's text, are spurious; for his ll. 11935-12902, see pp. 551-564; for ll. 12903-15468, see pp. 492-551.

## GROUP G.

## THE SECONDE NONNES TALE.

## The Prologe of the Seconde Nonnes Tale.

THE minstre and the norice un-to vyces,  
Which that men clepe in English ydel-  
nesse,

That porter of the gate is of delyces,  
T'eschue, and by hir contrarie hir op-  
presse,

That is to seyn, by leueful bisnesse, 5  
Wel oghten we to doon al our entente,  
Lest that the feend thurgh ydelnesse us  
hente.

For he, that with his thousand cordes alye  
Continuelly us waiteth to biclappe,  
Whan he may man in ydelnesse espye, 10  
He can so lightly cacche him in his trappe,  
Til that a man be hent right by the lappe,  
He nis nat war the feend hath him in  
honde;

Wel oughte us werche, and ydelnes with-  
stonde.

And though men dradden never for to dye,  
Yet seen men wel by reson douteles, 16  
That ydelnesse is roten slogardiye,  
Of which ther never comth no good  
encrees;

And seen, that slouthe hir holdeth in  
a lees

Only to slepe, and for to ete and drinke,  
And to deuouren al that othere swinke. 21

And for to putte us fro swich ydelnesse,  
That cause is of so greet confusioun,  
I have heer doon my feithful bisnesse,  
After the legende, in translacioun 25  
Right of thy glorious lyf and passioun,  
Thou with thy gerland wrought of rose  
and lillie;

Thee mene I, mayde and martir, seint  
Cecilie!

*Inuocatio ad Mariam.*

AND thou that flour of virgines art alle,  
Of whom that Bernard list so wel to  
wryte, 30

To thee at my biginning first I calle;  
Thou comfort of us wrecches, do me  
endyte

Thy maydens deeth, than wan thurgh hir  
meryte

The eternal lyf, and of the feend victorie,  
As man may after reden in hir storie. 35

Thou mayde and mooder, doghter of thy  
sone,

Thou welle of mercy, sinful soules cure,  
In whom that god, for bountee, chees to  
wone,

Thou humble, and heigh over every  
creature,

Thou nobledest so ferforth our nature, 40  
That no desdayn the maker hadde of  
kinde,

His sone in blode and flesh to clothe and  
winde.

Withinne the cloistre blisful of thy sydes  
Took mannes shap the eternal love and  
pees,

That of the tryne compas lord and gyde  
is, 45

Whom erthe and see and heven, out of  
relees,

Ay herien; and thou, virgin wemmelees,  
Bar of thy body, and dweltest mayden  
pure,

The creatour of every creature.

Assembled is in thee magnificence 50  
With mercy, goodness, and with swich  
pitee

That thou, that art the sonne of excellence,  
 Nat only helpest hem that preyen thee,  
 But ofte tyme, of thy benignitee, 54  
 Ful frely, er that men thyn help biseche,  
 Thou goost biforn, and art hir lyves leche.

Now help, thou meke and blisful fayre mayde,  
 Me, flemed wrecche, in this desert of galle;  
 Think on the womman Cananee, that sayde

That whelpes eten somme of the crommes alle 60

That from hir lordes table been y-falle;  
 And though that I, unworthy sone of Eve,  
 Be sinful, yet accepte my bileve.

And, for that feith is deed with-uten werkes,

So for to werken yif me wit and space, 65  
 That I be quit fro thennes that most derk is!

O thou, that art so fayr and ful of grace,  
 Be myn advocat in that heighe place  
 Ther-as withouten ende is songe 'Osanne,'  
 Thou Cristes mooder, doghter dere of Anne! 70

And of thy light my soule in prison lighte,  
 That troubled is by the contagioun  
 Of my body, and also by the wighte  
 Of erthly luste and fals affeccoun;  
 O haven of refut, o salvacioun 75  
 Of hem that been in sorwe and in distresse,

Now help, for to my werk I wol me dresse.

Yet preye I yow that reden that I wryte,  
 Foryeve me, that I do no diligence  
 This ilke storie subtilly to endyte; 80  
 For both have I the wordes and sentence  
 Of him that at the seintes reverence  
 The storie wroot, and folwe hir legende,  
 And prey yow, that ye wol my werk amende.

*Interpretacio nominis Cecilie, quam ponit  
 frater Iacobus Ianuensis in Legenda  
 Aurea.*

FIRST wolde I yow the name of seint  
 Cecilie 85  
 Expounre, as men may in hir storie see,

It is to seye in English 'hevenes lillie,'  
 For pure chastnesse of virginitee;  
 Or, for she whytnesse hadde of honestee,  
 And grene of conscience, and of good fame 90  
 The sote savour, 'lillie' was hir name.

Or Cecile is to seye 'the way to blinde,'  
 For she ensample was by good techinge;  
 Or elles Cecile, as I writen finde,  
 Is joyned, by a maner conjoininge 95  
 Of 'hevene' and 'Lia'; and heer, in figuringe,  
 The 'heven' is set for thought of holinesse,  
 And 'Lia' for hir lasting businessse.

Cecile may eek be seyde in this manere,  
 'Wanting of blindnesse,' for hir grette light 100  
 Of sapience, and for hir thewes clere;  
 Or elles, lo! this maydens name bright  
 Of 'hevene' and 'leos' comth, for which by right  
 Men mighte hir wel 'the heven of peple' calle, 104  
 Ensamble of gode and wyse werkes alle.

For 'leos' 'peple' in English is to seye,  
 And right as men may in the hevene see  
 The sonne and mone and starres every weye,  
 Right so men gostly, in this mayden free,  
 Seyen of feith the magnanimittee, 110  
 And eek the cleernesse hool of sapience,  
 And sondry werkes, brighte of excellence.

And right so as thise philosophres wryte  
 That heven is swift and round and eek brenninge,  
 Right so was fayre Cecilie the whyte 115  
 Ful swift and bisy ever in good workinge,  
 And round and hool in good perseveringe.  
 And brenning ever in charitee ful brighte;  
 Now have I yow declared what she highte.

*Explicit.*

Here biginneth the Seconde Nonnes  
 Tale, of the lyf of Sainte Cecile.

This mayden bright Cecilie, as hir lyf  
 seith, 120  
 Was comen of Romayns, and of noble kinde,

And from hir cradel up fostred in the  
feith

Of Crist, and bar his gospel in hir minde;  
She never cessed, as I writen finde,  
Of hir preyere, and god to love and drede,  
Biseking him to kepe hir maydenhede. 126

And when this mayden sholde unto a man  
Y-wedded be, that was ful yong of age,  
Which that y-cleped was Valerian,  
And day was comen of hir mariage, 130  
She, ful devout and humble in hir corage,  
Under hir robe of gold, that sat ful fayre,  
Had next hir flesh y-clad hir in an heyre.

And whyl the organs maden melodye,  
To god alone in herte thus sang she; 135  
'O lord, my soule and eek my body gye  
Unwemmed, lest that I confounded be.'  
And, for his love that deyde upon a tree,  
Every seconde or thridde day she faste,  
Ay biddinge in hir orisons ful faste. 140

The night cam, and to bedde moste she  
gon

With hir housbonde, as ofte is the manere,  
And prively to him she seyde anon,  
'O swete and wel biloved spouse dere,  
Ther is a conseil, and ye wolde it here,  
Which that right fain I wolde unto yow  
seye, 146  
So that ye swere ye shul me nat biwreye.'

Valerian gan faste unto hir swere,  
That for no cas, ne thing that mighte be,  
He sholde never-mo biwrayen here; 150  
And thanne at erst to him thus seyde she,  
'I have an angel which that loveth me,  
That with greet love, whar-so I wake or  
slepe,  
Is redy ay my body for to kepe. 154

And if that he may felen, out of drede,  
That ye me touche or love in vileinye,  
He right anon wol slee yow with the dede,  
And in your yowthe thus ye shulden dye;  
And if that ye in clene love me gye,  
He wol yow loven as me, for your clen-  
nesse, 160  
And shewen yow his joye and his bright-  
nesse.'

Valerian, corrected as god wolde,  
Answerde agayn, 'if I shal trusten thee,  
Let me that angel see, and him biholde;  
And if that it a verray angel be, 165  
Than wol I doon as thou hast preyed me;  
And if thou love another man, for sothe  
Right with this sward than wol I slee yow  
bothe.'

Cecile answerde anon right in this wyse,  
'If that yow list, the angel shul ye see, 170  
So that ye trowe on Crist and yow bap-  
tysse.

Goth forth to Via Apia,' quod she,  
'That fro this toun ne stant but myles  
three,

And, to the povre folkes that ther dwelle,  
Sey hem right thus, as that I shal yow  
telle. 175

Telle hem that I, Cecile, yow to hem sente,  
To shewen yow the gode Urban the olde,  
For secree nedes and for good entente.

And whan that ye saint Urban han bi-  
holde,

Telle him the wordes whiche I to yow  
tolde; 180

And whan that he hath purged yow fro  
sinne,  
Thanne shul ye see that angel, er ye  
twinne.'

Valerian is to the place y-gon,  
And right as him was taught by his  
lerninge,

He fond this holy olde Urban anon 185  
Among the seintes burials lotinge.

And he anon, with-uten taryinge,  
Dide his message; and whan that he it  
tolde,

Urban for joye his hondes gan up holde.

The teres from his yën leet he falle— 190

'Almighty lord, O Jesu Crist,' quod he,  
'Sower of chast conseil, herde of us alle,  
The fruit of thilke seed of chastitee  
That thou hast sowe in Cecile, tak to thee!  
Lo, lyk a bisy bee, with-uten gyle, 195  
Thee serveth ay thyn owene thral Cecile!

For thilke sponse, that she took but now  
Ful lyk a fiers leoun, she sendeth here,

As meke as ever was any lamb, to yow !'  
 And with that worde, anon ther gan  
 appere 200  
 An old man, clad in whyte clothes clere,  
 That hadde a book with lettre of golde in  
 . honde,  
 And gan biforn Valerian to stonde.

Valerian as deed fil down for drede  
 Whan he him saugh, and he up hente  
 him tho, 205  
 And on his book right thus he gan to  
 rede—

'Oo Lord, oo feith, oo god with-outen mo,  
 Oo Cristendom, and fader of alle also,  
 Aboven alle and over al everywhere'—  
 Thise wordes al with gold y-writen were.

Whan this was rad, than seyde this olde  
 man, 211  
 'Levestow this thing or no? sey ye or  
 nay.'

'I leve al this thing,' quod Valerian,  
 'For sother thing than this, I dar wel say,  
 Under the hevene no wight thinke may.'  
 Tho vanished th'olde man, he niste  
 where, 216  
 And pope Urban him cristened right  
 there.

Valerian goth hoom, and fnt Cecilie  
 With-inne his chambre with an angel  
 stonde;  
 This angel hadde of roses and of lillie 220  
 Corones two, the which he bar in honde;  
 And first to Cecile, as I understonde,  
 He yaf that oon, and after gan he take  
 That other to Valerian, hir make.

'With body clene and with unwemmed  
 thoght 225  
 Kepeth ay wel thise coronas,' quod he;  
 'Fro Paradys to yow have I hem broght,  
 Ne never-mo ne shal they roten be,  
 Ne lese her sote savour, trusteth me;  
 Ne never wight shal seen hem with his yē,  
 But he be chaast and hate vileinyē. 231

And thou, Valerian, for thou so sone  
 Assentedest to good conseil also,  
 Sey what thes list, and thou shalt han  
 thy bone.'

'I have a brother,' quod Valerian tho, 235  
 'That in this world I love no man so.  
 I pray yow that my brother may han  
 grace  
 To knowe the trouthe, as I do in this  
 place.'

The angel seyde, 'god lyketh thy requeste,  
 And bothe, with the palm of martirdom,  
 Ye shullen come unto his blisful feste.'  
 And with that word Tiburce his brother  
 oom.  
 And whan that he the savour undernom  
 Which that the roses and the lillies caste,  
 With-inne his herte he gan to wondre  
 faste, 245

And seyde, 'I wondra, this tyme of the  
 year,  
 Whennes that sote savour cometh so  
 Of rose and lillies that I smelle heer.  
 For though I hadde hem in myn hondes  
 two, 249  
 The savour mighte in me no depper go.  
 The sote smel that in myn herte I finde  
 Hath chaunged me al in another kinde.'

Valerian seyde, 'two coronas han we,  
 Snow-whyte and rose-reed, that shynen  
 clere,  
 Whiche that thyn yē han no might to  
 see; 255  
 And as thou smellest hem thurgh my  
 prayers,  
 So shaltow seen hem, leve brother dere,  
 If it so be thou wolt, withouten slounthe,  
 Bileve aright and knowen verray trouthe.'

Tiburce answerde, 'seistow this to me 260  
 In soothnesse, or in drem I herkne this?'  
 'In dremes,' quod Valerian, 'han we be  
 Unto this tyme, brother myn, y-wis.  
 But now at erst in trouthe our dwelling is.'  
 'How woostow this,' quod Tiburce, 'in  
 what wyse?' 265  
 Quod Valerian, 'that shal I thes devyse.'

The angel of god hath me the trouthe  
 y-taught  
 Which thou shalt seen, if that thou wolt  
 reneye

The ydoles and be cleue, and elles  
naught.'— 269

And of the miracle of thise coronestweye  
Saint Ambrose in his preface list to seye ;  
Solempnely this noble doctour dere  
Commendeth it, and seith in this manere :

The palm of martirdom for to receyve,  
Seinte Cecile, fulfild of goddes yifte, 275  
The world and eek hir chambre gan she  
weyve ;

Witnes Tyburces and +Valerians shrifte,  
To whiche god of his bountee wolde  
shifte

Corones two of floures wel smellinge,  
And made his angel hem the corones  
bringe : 280

The mayde hath broght thise men to  
blisse above ;

The world hath wist what it is worth,  
certeyn,

Devocioun of chastitee to love.—

Tho shewede him Cecile al open and pleyn  
That alle ydoles nis but a thing in veyn ;  
For they been dombe, and therto they  
been deve, 286

And charged him his ydoles for to leue.

'Who so that troweth nat this, a beste  
he is,'

Quod tho Tiburce, 'if that I shal nat lye.'  
And she gan kisse his brest, that herde  
this, 290

And was ful glad he coude trounthe espye.

'This day I take thee for myn allye,'

Seyde this blisful fayre mayde dere ;

And after that she seyde as ye may here :

'Lo, right so as the love of Crist,' quod  
she, 295

'Made me thy brotheres wyf, right in  
that wyse

Anon for myn allye heer take I thee,

Sin that thou wolt thyn ydoles despyse.

Go with thy brother now, and thee bap-  
tyse,

And make thee cleue ; so that thou mowe  
biholde 300

The angels face of which thy brother  
tolde.'

Tiburce answerde and seyde, 'brother  
dere,

First tel me whider I shal, and to what  
man ?'

'To whom ?' quod he, 'com forth with  
right good chere,

I wol thee lede unto the pope Urban.' 305

'Til Urban ? brother myn Valerian,'

Quod tho Tiburce, 'woltowmethider lede ?

Me thinketh that it were a wonder dede.

Ne menestow nat Urban,' quod he tho,

'That is so ofte dampned to be deed, 310

And woneth in halkes alwey to and fro,

And dar nat ones putte forth his heed ?

Men sholde him brennen in a fyr so reed

If he were founde, or that men mighte him  
spye ;

And we also, to bere him companye— 315

And whyl we seken thilke divinitee

That is y-hid in hevene prively,

Algate y-brand in this world shul we be !'

To whom Cecile answerde boldely, 319

'Men mighten dreden wel and skilfully

This lyf to lese, myn owene dere brother,

If this were livinge only and non other.

But ther is better lyf in other place,

That never shal be lost, ne drede thee  
nought,

Which goddes sone us tolde thurgh his  
grace ; 325

That fadres sone hath alle thinges wrought ;

And al that wrought is with a skilful thoght,

The goost, that fro the fader gan procede,

Hath sowled hem, withouten any drede.

By word and by miracle goddes sone, 330

Whan he was in this world, declared here

That ther was other lyf ther men may  
wone.'

To whom answerde Tiburce, 'O suster dere,

Ne seydestow right now in this manere,

Ther nis but o god, lord in soothfastnesse ;

And now of three how maystow bere  
witnesse ?' 336

'That shal I telle,' quod she, 'er I go.

Right as a man hath sapiances three,

Memorie, engyn, and intellect also,

So, in o being of divinitee, 340



Three persones may ther right wel be.  
 Tho gan she him ful bisily to preche  
 Of Cristes come and of his paynes teche,

And many pointes of his passioun ;  
 How goddes sone in this world was with-  
 holde, 345

To doon mankinde pleyn remissioun,  
 That was y-bounde in sinne and cares  
 colde :

Al this thing she unto Tiburce tolde.  
 And after this Tiburce, in good entente,  
 With Valerian to pope Urban he wente,

That thanked god ; and with glad herte  
 and light 351

He cristned him, and made him in that  
 place

Parfit in his lerninge, goddes knight.  
 And after this Tiburce gat swich grace,  
 That every day he saugh, in tyme and  
 space, 355

The angel of god ; and every maner bone  
 That he god axed, it was sped ful sone.

It were ful hard by ordre for to seyn  
 How many wondres Jesus for hem  
 wroughte ;

But atte laste, to tellen short and pleyn,  
 The sergeants of the toun of Rome hem  
 soghte, 361

And hem biforn Almache the prefect  
 broghte,

Which hem apposed, and knew al hir  
 entente,

And to the image of Jupiter hem sente,

And seyde, ' who so wol nat sacrifice, 365  
 Swap of his heed, this is my sentence  
 here.'

Anon thise martirs that I yow devyse,  
 Oon Maximus, that was an officers  
 Of the prefectes and his corniculere,  
 Hem hente ; and whan he forth the  
 seintes ladde, 370  
 Him-self he weep, for pitee that he hadde.

Whan Maximus had herd the seintes lore,  
 He gat him of the tormentours leve,  
 And ladde hem to his hous withoute  
 more ; 374

And with hir preching, er that it were eve,

They gonnen fro the tormentours to reve,  
 And fro Maxime, and fro his folk echone  
 The false feith, to trowe in god allone.

Cecilie cam, whan it was woxen night,  
 With preestes that hem cristned alle  
 y-fere ; 380

And afterward, whan day was woxen  
 light,

Cecile hem seyde with a ful sobre chere,  
 ' Now, Cristes owene knightes leve and  
 dere,

Caste alle away the werkes of derknesse,  
 And armeth yow in armure of bright-  
 nesse. 385

Ye han for sothe y-doon a greet bataille,  
 Your cours is doon, your feith han ye  
 conserved,

Goth to the corone of lyf that may nat  
 faille ;

The rightful juge, which that ye han  
 served, 389

Shall yeve it yow, as ye han it deserved.'  
 And whan this thing was seyde as I devyse,  
 Men ladde hem forth to doon the sacrificye.

But whan they weren to the place broght,  
 To tellen shortly the conclusioun,  
 They nolde encense ne sacrifice right  
 noght, 395

But on hir knees they setten hem adoun  
 With humble herte and sad devocioun,  
 And losten bothe hir hedes in the place.  
 Hir soules wenten to the king of grace.

This Maximus, that saugh this thing  
 bityde, 400

With pitous teres tolde it anon-right,  
 That he hir soules saugh to heven glyde  
 With angels ful of cleer nesse and of light,  
 And with his word converted many a  
 wight ;

For which Almachius dide him so to-bete  
 With whippe of leed, til he his lyf gan  
 lete. 406

Cecile him took and buried him anon  
 By Tiburce and Valerian softly,  
 Withinne hir burying-place, under the  
 stoon.

And after this Almachius hastily 410

Bad his ministres fecchen openly  
Cecile, so that she mighte in his presence  
Doon sacrifice, and Jupiter encense.

But they, converted at hir wyse lore,  
Wepten ful sore, and yaven ful credence  
Unto hir word, and cryden more and  
more, 416  
'Crist, goddes sone withouten difference,  
Is verray god, this is al our sentence,  
That hath so good a servant him to serve;  
This with o voys we trowen, thogh we  
sterve!' 420

Almachius, that herde of this doinge,  
Bad fecchen Cecile, that he might hir see,  
And alderfirst, lo! this was his axinge,  
'What maner womman artow?' tho quod  
he, 424  
'I am a gentil womman born,' quod she.  
'I axe thee,' quod he, 'thogh it thee greve,  
Of thy religioun and of thy bileve.'

'Ye han bigonne your question folly,'  
Quod she, 'that wolden two answeres  
conclude  
In oo demande; ye axed lewedly.' 430  
Almache answerde unto that similitude,  
'Of whennes comth thyn answering so  
rude?'  
'Of whennes?' quod she, whan that she  
was freyned,  
'Of consience and of good feith un-  
feyned.' 434

Almachius seyde, 'ne takestow non hede  
Of my power?' and she answerde him  
this—

'Your might,' quod she, 'ful litel is to  
drede;  
For every mortal mannes power nis  
But lyk a bladdre, ful of wind, y-wis. 439  
For with a nedles poynt, whan it is blowe,  
May al the boost of it be leyd ful lowe.'

'Ful wrongfully bigonne thou,' quod he,  
'And yet in wrong is thy perseveraunce;  
Wostow nat how our mighty princes free  
Han thus comanded and maad ordin-  
aunce, 445  
That every Cristen wight shal han pen-  
aunce

But-if that he his Cristendom withseye,  
And goon al quit, if he wol it reneye?'

'Your princes erren, as your nobley dooth,'  
Quod tho Cecile, 'and with a wood  
sentence 450  
Ye make us giltly, and it is nat sooth;  
For ye, that knowen wel our innocence,  
For as muche as we doon a reverence  
To Crist, and for we bere a Cristen name,  
Ye putte on us a cryme, and eek a blame.

But we that knowen thilke name so 456  
For vertuous, we may it nat withseye.'  
Almache answerde, 'chees oon of thise  
two,  
Do sacrifice, or Cristendom reneye,  
That thou mowe now escapen by that  
weye.' 460

At which the holy blisful fayre mayde  
Gan for to laughe, and to the juge seyde,

'O juge, confus in thy nycetee,  
Woltow that I reneye innocence, 464  
To make me a wikked wight?' quod she;  
'Lo! he dissimuleth here in audienoe,  
Hestareth and woodeth in his advertence!'  
To whom Almachius, 'unsely wreche,  
Ne wostow nat how far my might may  
streche?

Han noght our mighty princes to me  
yeven, 470  
Ye, bothe power and auctoritee  
To maken folk to dyen or to liven?  
Why spekestow so proudly than to me?'  
'I speke noght but stedfastly,' quod she,  
'Nat proudly, for I seye, as for my syde,  
We haten deedly thilke vyce of pryde.

And if thou drede nat a sooth to here,  
Than wol I shewe al openly, by right,  
That thou hast maad a ful gret leasng here.  
Thou seyst, thy princes han thee yeven  
might 480

Bothe for to sleen and for to quiken a  
wight;  
Thou, that ne mayst but only lyf bireve,  
Thou hast non other power ne no leve!

But thou mayst seyn, thy princes han  
thee maked 484  
Ministre of deeth; for if thou speke of mo,

Thou lyeest, for thy power is ful naked.  
 'Do wey thy boldnes,' seyde Almachiun  
 tho,  
 'And sacrifice to our goddes, er thou go;  
 I recche nat what wrong that thou me  
 profre,  
 For I can suffre it as a philosophre; 490

But thilke wronges may I nat endure  
 That thou spekest of our goddes here,'  
 quod he.

Cecile answerede, 'O nyce creature,  
 Thou seydest no word sin thou spak to me  
 That I ne knew therwith thy nycetee; 495  
 And that thou were, in every maner  
 wyse,  
 A lewed officer and a veyn justyse.

Ther lakketh no-thing to thyn utter y8n  
 That thou nat blind, for thing that we  
 seen alle 499

That it is stoon, that men may wel espyen,  
 That ilke stoon a god thou wolt it calle.  
 I rede thee, lat thyn hand upon it falle,  
 And taste it wel, and stoon thou shalt it  
 finde,  
 Sin that thou seest nat with thyn y8n  
 blinde.

It is a shame that the peple shal 505  
 So scorne thee, and laughe at thy folye;  
 For comunly men woot it wel overal,  
 That mighty god is in his hevenes hye,  
 And thise images, wel thou mayst espye,  
 To thee ne to hem-self mowe nought  
 profyte, 510  
 For in effect they been nat worth a myte.'

Thise wordes and swiche othere seyde she,  
 And he weex wroth, and bad men sholde  
 hir lede

Hom til hir hous, 'and in hir hous,' quod  
 he,

'Brenne hir right in a bath of flambes  
 rede.' 515

And as he bad, right so was doon in dede;  
 For in a bath they gonne hir faste shetten,  
 And night and day greet fyr they under  
 betten.

The longe night and eek a day also,  
 For al the fyr and eek the bathes hete,  
 She sat al cold, and felede no wo, 521  
 It made hir nat a drope for to swete.  
 But in that bath hir lyf she moste lete;  
 For he, Almachiun, with ful wikke entente  
 To sleen hir in the bath his sonde sente.

Three strokes in the nekke he smoot hir  
 tho, 526  
 The tormentour, but for no maner chaunce  
 He mighte noght smyte al hir nekke  
 a-two;

And for ther was that tyme an ordin-  
 aunce,

That no man sholde doon man swich  
 penaunce 530

The ferthe strook to smyten, softe or sore,  
 This tormentour ne dorste do na-more.

But half-deed, with hir nekke y-corven  
 there,

He lefte hir lye, and on his way is went.  
 The Cristen folk, which that aboute hir  
 were, 535

With shetes han the blood ful faire y-bent.

Three dayes lived she in this torment,  
 And never cessed hem the faith to teche;  
 That she hadde fostred, hem she gan to  
 preche;

And hem she yaf hir moebles and hir  
 thing, 540

And to the pope Urban bitook hem tho,  
 And seyde, 'I axed this at hevene king,  
 To han respyt three dayes and na-mo,  
 To recomende to yow, er that I go,  
 Thise soules, lo! and that I mighte do  
 werche 545

Here of myn hous perpetually a cherche.'

Seint Urban, with his deknes, prively  
 The body fette, and buried it by nighte  
 Among his othere seintes honestly.

Hir hous the chirche of seint Cecillie  
 highte; 550

Seint Urban halwed it, as he wel mighte;  
 In which, into this day, in noble wyse,  
 Men doon to Crist and to his seint servyse.

Here is ended the Seconde Nonnes Tale.

## THE CANON'S YEOMAN'S PROLOGUE.

The prologe of the Chanons Yemannes Tale.

WHAN ended was the lyf of seint Ceceyle,  
 Er we had riden fully fyve myle, 555  
 At Boghton under Blee us gan atake  
 A man, that clothed was in clothes blake,  
 And undernethe he hadde a whyt surplys.  
 His hakeney, that was al pomely grys,  
 So swatte, that it wonder was to see; 560  
 It semed he had priked myles thre.  
 The hors eek that his yeman rood upon  
 So swatte, that unnethe mighte it gon. (10)  
 Aboute the peytrel stood the foom ful hye,  
 He was of fomme al flekked as a pye. 565  
 A male tweyfold on his croper lay,  
 It semed that he caried lyte array.  
 Al light for somer rood this worthy man,  
 And in myn herte wondren I bigan  
 What that he was, til that I understood  
 How that his cloke was sowed to his  
 hood; 571  
 For which, when I had longe avysed me,  
 I demed him som chanon for to be. (20)  
 His hat heng at his bak down by a laas,  
 For he had riden more than trot or paas;  
 He had ay priked lyk as he were wood.  
 A clote-leef he hadde under his hood 577  
 For swoot, and for to kepe his heed from  
 heta.  
 But it was joye for to seen him swete!  
 His forheed dropped as a stillatorie, 580  
 Were ful of plantain and of paritoria.  
 And whan that he was come, he gan to  
 crye,  
 'God save,' quod he, 'this joly companye!  
 Faste have I priked,' quod he, 'for your  
 sake, (31)  
 By-cause that I wolde yow atake, 585  
 To ryden in this mary companye.'  
 His yeman eek was ful of curteisye,  
 And seyde, 'sires, now in the morwe-tyde  
 Out of your hostelrye I saugh you ryde,

And warned hear my lord and my  
 soverayn, 590  
 Which that to ryden with yow is ful fayn,  
 For his desport; he loveth daliaunoe.'  
 'Freend, for thy warning god yeve thee  
 good chaunce,' (40)  
 Than seyde our host, 'for certes, it wolde  
 seme  
 Thy lord were wys, and so I may wel  
 dame; 595  
 He is ful joound also, dar I leye.  
 Can he oght telle a mery tale or tweye,  
 With which he glade may this companye?'  
 'Who, sire? my lord? ye, ye, withouten  
 lye,  
 He can of murthe, and eek of jolitee 600  
 Nat but ynough; also sir, trusteth me,  
 And ye him knewe as wel as do I,  
 Ye wolde wondre how wel and craftily (50)  
 He coude werke, and that in sondry wyse.  
 He hath take on him many a greet  
 emprise, 605  
 Which were ful hard for any that is  
 here  
 To bringe aboute, but they of him it lere.  
 As homely as he rit amonges yow,  
 If ye him knewe, it wolde be for your  
 prow; 609  
 Ye wolde nat forgoon his aqueyntaunce  
 For mochel good, I dar leye in balounce  
 Al that I have in my possessioun.  
 He is a man of heigh discrecioun, (60)  
 I warne you wel, he is a passing man.'  
 'Wel,' quod our host, 'I pray thee, tel  
 me than, 615  
 Is he a clerk, or noon? tel what he is.'  
 'Nay, he is gretter than a clerk, y-wis,'  
 Seyde this yeman, 'and in wordes fewe,  
 Host, of his craft som-what I wol yow  
 shewe. 619

I seye, my lord can swich subtilitee—  
(But al his craft ye may nat wite at me ;  
And som-what helpe I yet to his werking)—  
That al this ground on which we been  
ryding, (70)

Til that we come to Caunterbury toun,  
He coude al clene turne it up-so-down, 625  
And pave it al of silver and of gold.'

And whan this yeman hadde thus y-told  
Unto our host, he seyde, '*ben'cite!*  
This thing is wonder marveillous to me,  
Sin that thy lord is of so heigh prudence,  
By-cause of which men sholde him rever-  
ence, 631

That of his worship rekketh he so lyte ;  
His overalloppe nis nat worth a myte, (80)  
As in effect, to him, so mote I go !

It is al bandy and to-tore also. 635  
Why is thy lord so sluttish, I thee preye,  
And is of power better cloth to beye,  
If that his dede accorde with thy speche?  
Telle me that, and that I thee biseche.'

'Why?' quod this yeman, 'wherto axe  
ye me? 640

God help me so, for he shal never thee !  
(But I wol nat avowe that I seye,  
And therfor kepe it secrete, I yow preye).  
He is to wys, in feith, as I bileve ; (91)  
That that is overdoon, it wol nat preve 645  
Aright, as clerkes seyn, it is a vyce.  
Wherfor in that I holde him lewed and  
nyce.

For whan a man hath over-greet a wit,  
Ful oft him happeth to misusen it ;  
So dooth my lord, and that me greveth  
sore. 650

God it amende, I can sey yow na-more.'  
'Ther-of no fors, good yeman,' quod our  
host ;

'Sin of the conning of thy lord thou  
wost, (100)

Tel how he dooth, I pray thee hertely,  
Sin that he is so crafty and so sly. 655  
Wher dwellen ye, if it to telle be?'

'In the suburbs of a toun,' quod he,  
'Lurkinge in hernes and in lanes blinde,  
Wher-as thise robbours and thise theves  
hy kinde

Holden hir privree fereful residence, 660  
As they that dar nat shewen hir presence ;  
So faren we, if I shal seye the sothe.'

'Now,' quod our host, 'yit lat me talke  
to the ; (110)

Why artow so discoloured of thy face?'

'Peter!' quod he, 'god yewe it harde  
grace, 665

I am so used in the fyr to blowe,  
That it hath chaunged my colour, I trowe.  
I am nat wont in no mirour to pryde,  
But swinke sore and lerne multiplie.  
We blondren ever and pouren in the fyr,  
And for al that we faye of our desyr, 671  
For ever we lakken our conclusioun.

To mochel folk we doon illusioun, (120)  
And borwe gold, be it a pound or two,  
Or ten, or twelve, or many sommes mo, 675  
And make hem wenen, at the leeste weye,  
That of a pound we coude make tweye !  
Yet is it fals, but ay we han good hope  
It for to doon, and after it we grope.

But that science is so fer us biforn, 680  
We mowen nat, al-though we hadde it  
sworn,

It overtake, it slit away so faste ;  
It wol us maken beggers atte laste.' (130)

Whyl this yeman was thus in his  
talking,

This chanoun drough him neer, and herde  
al thing 685

Which this yeman spak, for suspicioun  
Of mennes speche ever hadde this cha-  
noun.

For Catoun seith, that he that gilty is  
Demeth al thing be spoke of him, y-wis.  
That was the cause hegan so ny him drawe  
To his yeman, to herkenen al his sawe. 691  
And thus he seyde un-to his yeman tho,  
'Hold thou thy pees, and spek no wordes  
mo, (140)

For if thou do, thou shalt it dere abyde ;  
Thou solaundrest me heer in this com-  
panye, 695  
And eek discoverest that thou sholdest  
hyde.'

'Ye,' quod our host, 'telle on, what so  
bityde ;

Of al his threting rekke nat a myte !'

'In feith,' quod he, 'namore I do but lyte.'  
And whan this chanon saugh it wolde  
nat be, 700

But his yeman wolde telle his privtee,  
He fledde away for verray sorwe and shame.

'A!' quod the yeman, 'heer shal aryse  
game, (150)  
Al that I can anon now wol I tella. 704  
Sin he is goon, the foule feend him quelle!  
For never her-after wol I with him mete  
For peny ne for pound, I yow bihete!  
He that me broghte first unto that game,  
Er that he dya, sorwe have he and shame!  
For it is earnest to me, by my feith; 710  
That fele I wel, what so any man seith.

And yet, for al my smerte and al my  
grief,  
For al my sorwe, labour, and meschief,  
I coude never leve it in no wyse. (161)  
Now wolde god my wit mighte suffyse 715  
To tellen al that longeth to that art!  
But natheles yow wol I tellen part;  
Sin that my lord is gon, I wol nat spare;  
Swich thing as that I knowe, I wol de-  
clare.'— 719

Here endeth the Prologe of the Chanouns Yemannes Tale.

## THE CHANOUNS YEMANNES TALE.

Here biginneth the Chanouns Yeman his Tale.

[Prima Para.]

With this chanoun I dwelt have seven  
year, 720  
And of his science am I never the neer.  
Al that I hadde, I have y-lost ther-by;  
And god wot, so hath many mo than I. (170)  
Ther I was wont to be right fresh and gay  
Of clothing and of other good array, 725  
Now may I were an hose upon myn heed;  
And wher my colour was bothe fresh and  
reed,  
Now is it wan and of a leden hewe;  
Who-so it useth, sore shal he rewe.  
And of my swink yet blered is myn yē, 730  
Lo! which advantage is to multiplie!  
That slydngscience hath me maad so bare,  
That I have no good, wher that ever I fare;  
And yet I am endetted so ther-by (181)  
Of gold that I have borwed, trewely, 735  
That whyl I live, I shal it quyte never.  
Lat every man be war by me for ever!  
What maner man that casteth him ther-to,  
If he continue, I holde his thrift y-do.  
Sohelpe megod, ther-by shal he nat winne,  
But empte his purs, and make his wittes  
thinne. (188) 741  
And whan he, thurgh his madnes and folye,

Hath lost his owene good thurgh jupartye,  
Thanne he excyteth other folk ther-to,  
To lese hir good as he him-self hath do. 745  
For unto shrewes joye it is and ese  
To have hir felawes in payne and disese;  
Thus was I ones lerned of a clerk.  
Of that no charge, I wol speke of our werk.  
Whan we been ther as we shul exerceyse  
Our elvish craft, we semen wonder wyse,  
Our termes been so clerghial and so  
queynte. (199) 752  
I blowe the fyr til that myn herte feynte.

What sholde I tellen ech proporcioun  
Of thinges whiche that we werche upon,  
As on fyve or sixe ounces, may wel be, 756  
Of silver or som other quantitee,  
And bisie me to telle yow the names  
Of orpiment, brent bones, yren squames,  
That into poudre grounden been ful smal?  
And in an erthen pottle how put is al, 761  
And salt y-put in, and also papeer, (209)  
Biforn thise poudres that I speke of heer,  
And wel y-covered with a lampe of glas,  
And mochel other thing which that ther  
was? 765  
And of the pot and glasses enluting,  
That of the cyre mighte passe out no-thing?

And of the esy fyr and smart also,  
Which that was maad, and of the care  
and wo 769

That we hadde in our matres sublyming,  
And in amalgaming and calceoning  
Of quik-silver, y-clept Mercurie crude?  
For alle our sleightes we can nat con-  
clude. (220)

Our orpiment and sublymed Mercurie,  
Our grounden litarge eek on the porphurie,  
Of eeh of thise of ounces a certeyn 776  
Nought helpeth us, our labour is in veyn.  
Ne eek our spiritres ascencioun,  
Ne our materes that lyen al fixe adoun,  
Mowe in our werking no-thing us avayle.  
For lost is al our labour and travayle, 781  
And al the cost, a twenty devel weye,  
Is lost also, which we upon it leye. (230)

Ther is also ful many another thing  
That is unto our craft apertening; 785  
Though I by ordre hem nat reherce can,  
By-cause that I am a lewed man,  
Yet wol I telle hem as they come to minde,  
Though I ne can nat sette hem in hir  
kinde;

As bole armoniak, verdegrees, boras, 790  
And sondry vessels maad of erthe and glas,  
Our urinales and our descensories,  
Violes, croaslets, and sublymatories, (240)  
Cucurbitres, and alambikes eek,  
And othere swiche, dere y-nough a leek.  
Nat nedeth it for to reherce hem alle, 796  
Watres rubifying and boles galle,  
Arsenik, sal armoniak, and brimstoon;  
And herbes coude I telle eek many oon,  
As egremoine, valerian, and lunarie, 800  
And othere swiche, if that me liste taria.  
Our lampes brenning bothe night and day,  
To bringe aboute our craft, if that we  
may. (250)

Our fourneys eek of calcinacioun,  
And of watres albigacioun, 805  
Unalekked lym, chalk, and gleyre of an ey,  
Poudres diverse, ashes, dong, piss, and  
clay,  
Cered pokets, sal peter, vitriole;  
And divers fyres maad of wode and cole;  
Sal tartre, alkaly, and sal preparat, 810  
And combust materes and coagulat,  
Cley maad with hors or mannes heer, and  
oile

Of tartre, alum, glas, berm, wort, and  
argouille, (260)

Resalgar, and our materes enbibing;  
And eek of our materes encorporing, 815  
And of our silver citrinacioun,  
Our cementing and fermentacioun,  
Our ingottes, testes, and many mo.

I wol yow telle, as was me taught also,  
The foure spiritres and the bodies sevene,  
By ordre, as oftȝ I herde my lord hem  
nevene. 821

The firste spirit quik-silver called is, (269)  
The second orpiment, the thridde, y-wis,  
Sal armoniak, and the ferthe brimstoon.  
The bodies sevene eek, lo! hem heer anon:  
Sol gold is, and Luna silver we threpe, 826  
Mars yren, Mercurie quik-silver we clepe,  
Saturnus leed, and Jupiter is tin,  
And Venus copar, by my fader kin! 829

This cursed craft who-so wol exercyse,  
He shal no good han that him may suffyse;  
For al the good he spendeth ther-about, e,  
He lese shal, ther-of have I no doute. (280)  
Who-so that listeth outen his folye, 834  
Let him come forth, and lerne multiplie;  
And every man that oght hath in his cofre,  
Let him appere, and wexe a philosofre.  
Asaunce that craft is so light to lere?  
Nay, nay, god woot, al be he monk or  
frere,

Preest or chanoun, or any other wight, 840  
Though he sitte at his book bothe day and  
night,

In lernyng of this elvish nyce lore,  
Al is in veyn, and parde, mochel more!  
To lerne a lewed man this subtiltee, (291)  
Fy! spek nat ther-of, for it wol nat be; 845  
Al conne he letterure, or conne he noon,  
As in effect, he shal finde it al oon.  
For bothe two, by my savacioun,  
Concluden, in multiplicacioun,  
Y-lyke wel, whan they han al y-do; 850  
This is to seyn, they faylen bothe two.

Yet forgot I to maken rehersaille  
Of watres corosif and of limaille, (300)  
And of bodies mollificacioun,  
And also of hir induracioun, 855  
Oiles, ablucions, and metal fusible,  
To tellen al wolde passen any bible  
That o-wher is; wherfor, as for the beste,  
Of alle thise names now wol I me reste.

For, as I trowe, I have yow told y-nowe 860  
To reyse a feend, al loka he never so rowe.

A ! may ! lat be ; the philosophres stoon,  
Elixir clept, we sechen faste echoon ; (310)  
For hadde we him, than were we siker  
y-now.

But, unto god of heven I make avow, 865  
For al our craft, whan we han al y-do,  
And al our sleighte, he wol nat come us to.  
He hath y-maad us spenden mochel good,  
For sorwe of which almost we wexen wood,  
But that good hope crepeth in our herte,  
Supposinge ever, though we sore smerte,  
To be releved by him afterward ; 872  
Swich supposing and hope is sharp and  
hard ; (320)

I warne yow wel, it is to seken ever ;  
That futur temps hath maad men to dis-  
sever, 875  
In trust ther-of, from al that ever they  
hadde.

Yet of that art they can nat wexen sadde,  
For unto hem it is a bitter swete ;  
So semeth it ; for nadde they but a shete  
Which that they mighte wrappe hem inne  
a-night, 880

And a bak to walken inne by day-light,  
They wolde hem selle and spenden on this  
craft ; (329)

They can nat stinte til no-thing be laft.  
And evermore, wher that ever they goon,  
Men may hem knowe by smel of brim-  
ston ; 885

For al the world, they stinken as a goot ;  
Her savour is so rammish and so hoot,  
That, though a man from hem a myle be,  
The savour wol infecte him, trusteth me ;  
Lo, thus by smelling and threedbare array,  
If that men liste, this folk they knowe may.  
And if a man wol aske hem prively, 892  
Why they been clothed so unthriftilly, (340)  
They right anon wol rownen in his ere,  
And seyn, that if that they espyed were,  
Men wolde hem slee, by-cause of hir  
seience ; 896

Lo, thus this folk bitrayen innocence !  
Passe over this ; I go my tale un-to  
Er than the pot be on the fyr y-do,  
Of metals with a certain quantitee, 900  
My lord hem tempreth, and no man but  
he--

Now he is goon, I dar seyn boldely--

For, as men seyn, he can don craftily ; (350)  
Algate I woot wel he hath swich a name,  
And yet ful ofte he renneth in a blame ; 905  
And wite ye how ? ful ofte it happeth so,  
The pot to-braketh, and farewel ! al is go !  
These metals been of so greet violence,  
Our wallis mowe nat make hem resistance,  
But if they weren wrought of lym and stoon ;  
They percen so, and thurgh the wal they  
goon, 911  
And somme of hem sinken in-to the  
ground-- (359)

Thus han we lost by tymes many a pound--  
And somme are scattered al the floor aboute,  
Somme lepe in-to the roof ; with-outen  
doute, 915  
Though that the feend nocht in our sighte  
him shewe,

I trowe he with us be, that ilke shrewe !  
In helle whar that he is lord and sire,  
Nis ther more wo, ne more rancour ne ire.  
Whan that our pot is broke, as I have  
sayd, 920

Every man chit, and halt him yvel apayd.  
Som sayde, it was long on the fyr-  
making, (369)

Som sayde, nay ! it was on the blowing ;  
(Than was I fered, for that was myn office) ;  
'Straw !' quod the thridda, 'ye been lewed  
and nyce, 925

It was nat tempred as it oghte be.'  
'Nay !' quod the ferthe, 'stint, and herkene  
me ;

By-cause our fyr ne was nat maad of beech,  
That is the cause, and other noon, so  
theech !'

I can nat telle wher-on it was long, 930  
But wel I wot greet styrf is us among.

'What !' quod my lord, 'ther is na-more  
to done,

Of these perils I wol be war eft-sone ; (380)  
I am right siker that the pot was crased.  
Be as be may, be ye no-thing amased ; 935  
As usage is, lat swepe the floor as swythe,  
Plukke up yow hertes, and beth gladd  
and blythe.'

The mullok on an hepe y-sweped was,  
And on the floor y-cast a canewas,  
And al this mullok in a sive y-throwe, 940  
And sifted, and y-piked many a throwe.



'Pardee,' quod oon, 'somwhat of our metal

Yet is ther heer, though that we han nat al.  
Al-though this thing mishapped have as  
now, (391)

Another tyme it may be wel y-now, 945  
Us mooste putte our good in aventure ;  
A marchant, parde ! may nat ay endure  
Trusteth me wel, in his prosperitee ;  
Somytme his good is drenched in the see,  
And somtym comth it sauf un-to the  
londe.' 950

'Pees!' quod my lord, 'the next tyme  
I wol fonde (398)

To bringe our craft al in another plyte ;  
And but I do, sirs, lat me han the wyte ;  
Ther was defeaute in som-what, wel I woot.'

Another seyde, the fyr was over hoot :—  
But, be it hoot or cold, I dar seye this, 956  
That we concluden evermore amis.

We fayle of that which that we wolden  
have,

And in our madnesse evermore we rave.  
And whan we been togidres everichoon,  
Every man semeth a Salomon. 961

But al thing which that shyneth as the  
gold (409)

Nis nat gold, as that I have herd it told ;  
Ne every appel that is fair at y8  
No is nat good, what-so men clappe or  
crye. 965

Right so, lo ! fareth it amonges us ;  
He that semeth the wysest, by Jesus !  
Is most fool, whan it cometh to the preef ;  
And he that semeth trewest is a theef ;  
That shul ye knowe, er that I fro yow  
wende, 970

By that I of my tale have maad an ende.

*Explicit prima pars.*

*Et sequitur pars secunda.*

Ther is a chanoun of religioun  
Amonges us, wolde infecte al a town, (420)  
Though it as greet were as was Ninivee,  
Rome, Alisaundre, Troye, and othere three.  
His sleightes and his infinit falsnesse 976  
Ther coude no man wryten, as I gesse,  
Thogh that he mighte liven a thousand  
yeer.

In al this world of falshede nis his peer ;  
For in his termes so he wolde him winde,

And speke his wordes in so sly a kinde, 981  
Whan he commune shal with any wight,  
That he wol make him doten anon right,  
But it a feend be, as him-selven is. (431)  
Ful many a man hath he bigyled er this,  
And wol, if that he live may a while ; 986  
And yet men ryde and goon ful many a  
myle

Him for to seke and have his aqueeint-  
aunce,

Noght knowinge of his false governaunce.  
And if yow list to yeve me audience, 990  
I wol it tellen heer in your presence.

But worshipful chanouns religious,  
Ne demeth nat that I solaundre your hous,  
Al-though my tale of a chanoun be. (441)  
Of every ordre som shrewe is, parde, 995  
And god forbode that al a compaignye  
Sholde rewe a singular mannes folye.  
To solaundre yow is no-thing myn entente,  
But to correcten that is mis I mente.

This tale was nat only told for yow, 1000  
But eek for othere mo ; ye woot wel how  
That, among Cristes apostelles twelve,  
Ther nas no traytour but Judas him-selve.  
Than why sholde al the remenant have  
blame (451)

That gillees were ? by yow I seye the same.  
Save only this, if ye wol herkne me, 1006  
If any Judas in your covent be,  
Remeveth him bitymes, I yow rede,  
If shame or los may causen any drede. 1009  
And beth no-thing displeased, I yow preye,  
But in this cas herkneth what I shal seye.

In London was a preest, an annualear,  
That therin dwelled hadde many a yeer,  
Which was so plesaunt and so servisable  
Unto the wyf, wher-as he was at table, (462)  
That she wolde suffre him no-thing for to  
paye 1016  
For bord ne clothing, wente he never so  
gaye ;

And spending-silver hadde he right y-now.  
Therof no fors ; I wol procede as now, 1019  
And telle forth my tale of the chanoun,  
That broughte this preest to confusioun.

This false chanoun cam up-on a day  
Unto this preestes chambre, wher he lay,  
Biseching him to lene him a certeyn (471)  
Of gold, and he wolde quyte it him ageyn.

'Lene me a mark,' quod he, 'but dayes  
three, 1026

And at my day I wol it quytan thee.  
And if so be that thou me finde fals,  
Another day do hange me by the hals !'

This preest him took a mark, and that  
as swythe, 1030

And this chanoun him thanked ofte sythe,  
And took his leve, and wente forth his  
weye, (479)

And at the thridde day broghte his moneye,  
And to the preest he took his gold agayn,  
Wherof this preest was wonder glad and  
fayn. 1035

'Certes,' quod he, 'no-thing anyeth me  
To lene a man a noble, or two or three,  
Or what thing were in my possessioun,  
Whan he so trewe is of condicioun,  
That in no wyse he breke wol his day ; 1040  
To swich a man I can never seye nay.'

'What !' quod this chanoun, 'sholde I  
be untrew ? (489)

Nay, that were thing y-fallen al of-newe.  
Trouthe is a thing that I wol ever kepe  
Un-to that day in which that I shal crepe  
In-to my grave, and elles god forbede ; 1046  
Bileveth this as siker as is your crede.

God thanke I, and in good tyme he it sayd,  
That ther was never man yet yvel apayd  
For gold ne silver that he to me lente, 1050  
Ne never falshe in myn herte I mente.

And sir,' quod he, 'now of my privetee,  
Sin ye so goodlich han been un-to me, (500)

And kythed to me so greet gentillesse, 1054  
Somwhat to quyte with your kindenesse,  
I wol yow shewe, and, if yow list to lere,  
I wol yow teche pleynly the manere,

How I can werken in philosophye.  
Taketh good heed, ye shul wel seen at y8,  
That I wol doon a maistrie er I go.' 1060

'Ye,' quod the preest, 'ye, sir, and wol  
ye so ?

Marie ! ther-of I pray yow hertely !' (509)

'At your comandement, sir, trewely,'  
Quod the chanoun, 'and elles god forbede !'

Lo, how this thief coude his servyse  
bede ! 1065

Ful sooth it is, that swich profred servyse  
Stinketh, as witnessen thise olde weye ;  
And that ful sone I wol it verifie

In this chanoun, rote of al trecherye, 1069

That ever-more delyt hath and gladnesse—  
Swich feendly thoughtes in his herte im-  
presse—

How Cristes peple he may to meeschief  
bringe ; (519)

God kepe us from his fals dissimulinge !  
Noght wiste this preest with whom that  
he delte,

Ne of his harm cominge he no-thing felte.  
O sely preest ! O sely innocent ! 1076

With coveityse anon thou shalt be blent !  
O gracelesse, ful blind is thy conceit,  
No-thing ne artow war of the deceit

Which that this fox y-shapen hath to thee !  
His wyly wrenches thou ne mayst nat fle.

Wherfor, to go to the conclusioun 1082  
That refereth to thy confusioun, (530)

Unhappy man ! anon I wol me hye  
To tellen thyn unwit and thy folye, 1085

And eek the falsnesse of that other  
wrecche,

As ferforth as that my conning may  
strecche.

This chanoun was my lord, ye wolden  
wene ?

Sir host, in feith, and by the hevenes  
quene,

It was another chanoun, and nat he, 1090  
That can an hundred fold more subtiltee !

He hath bitrayed folkes many tyme ;  
Of his falshe it dulleth me to ryme. (540)

Ever whan that I speke of his falshe, de,  
For shame of him my chekes waxen rede ;

Al gates, they biginnen for to glowe, 1096  
For reednesse have I noon, right wel I

knowe,  
In my visage ; for fumes dyverse

Of metals, which ye han herd me reherce,  
Consumed and wasted han my reednesse.

Now tak heed of this chanouns cursed-  
nesse ! 1101

'Sir,' quod he to the preest, 'lat your  
man gon (549)

For quik-silver, that we it hadde anon ;  
And lat him bringen ounces two or three ;

And whan he comth, as faste shul ye see  
A wonder thing, which ye saugh never er

this.' 1106

'Sir,' quod the preest, 'it shal be doon,  
y-wis.'

He bad his servant fecchen him this thing,

And he al redy was at his bidding,  
And wente him forth, and cam anon  
agayn 1110

With this quik-silver, soothly for to sayn,  
And took this ounces three to the chanoun;  
(559)

And he hem leyde fayre and wel adoun,  
And bad the servant coles for to bringe,  
That he anon mighte go to his werkinge.

The coles right anon weren y-fet, 1116  
And this chanoun took out a crosselet  
Of his bosom, and shewed it the preest.  
'This instrument,' quod he, 'which that  
thou seest,

Tak in thy hand, and put thy-self ther-  
inne 1120

Of this quik-silver an ounce, and heer bi-  
ginne,

In the name of Crist, to wexe a philosofre.  
Ther been ful fewe, whiche that I wolde  
profre (570)

To shewen hem thus muche of my science.  
For ye shul seen heer, by experience, 1125

That this quik-silver wol I mortifye  
Right in your sighte anon, withouten lye,

And make it as good silver and as fyn  
As ther is any in your purs or myn,

Or elleswher, and make it malliable; 1130  
And elles, holdeth me fals and unable

Amonges folk for ever to appere! (579)  
I have a poudre heer, that coste me dere,

Shal make al good, for it is cause of al  
My conning, which that I yow shewen  
shal. 1135

Voydeth your man, and let him be ther-  
oute,

And shet the dore, whyle we been aboute  
Our privetee, that no man us espye

Whyle that we werke in this philosophye.  
Al as he bad, fulfilled was in dede, 1140

This ilke servant anon-right out yede,  
And his maister shette the dore anon,

And to hir labour speedily they gon. (590)  
This preest, at this cursed chanouns  
bidding,

Up-on the fyr anon sette this thing, 1145  
And blew the fyr, and bisied him ful faste;

And this chanoun in-to the croslet caste  
A poudre, noot I wher-of that it was

Y-maad, other of chalk, other of glas,  
Or som-what elles, was nat worth a flye

To blynde with the preest; and bad him  
hye 1151

The coles for to couchen al above (599)  
The croslet; 'for, in tokening I thee  
love,'

Quod this chanoun, 'thyn owene hondes  
two

Shal werche al thing which that shal heer  
be do.' 1155

'Graunt mercy,' quod the preest, and  
was ful glad,

And couched coles as the chanoun bad.  
And whyle he busy was, this feendly  
wreocche,

This fals chanoun, the foule feend him  
feseche!

Out of his bosom took a bechen cole, 1160  
In which ful subtilly was maad an hole,

And ther-in put was of silver lymaille  
An ounce, and stopped was, with-outen  
fayle, (610)

The hole with wax, to kepe the lymail in.  
And understondeth, that this false gin  
Was nat maad ther, but it was maad  
bifore; 1166

And othere thinges I shal telle more  
Herafterward, which that he with him  
broughte;

Er he cam ther, him to bigyle he thoughte,  
And so he dide, er that they wente  
a-twinne; 1170

Til he had terved him, coude he not blinne.  
It dulleth me whan that I of him speke,

On his falschede fayn wolde I me wreke,  
If I wiste how; but he is heer and ther:

He is so variaunt, he abit no-wher. 1175  
But taketh heed now, sirs, for goddes  
love!

(623)  
He took his cole of which I spak above,  
And in his hond he bear it prively.

And whyles the preest couchede busily  
The coles, as I tolde yow er this, 1180

This chanoun seyde, 'freend, ye doon amis;  
This is nat couched as it oghte be;

But sone I shal amenden it,' quod he. (630)  
'Now lat me medle therwith but a whyle,

For of yow have I pitee, by saint Gyle! 1185  
Ye been right hoot, I see wel how ye swete,

Have heer a cloth, and wype away the  
wete.'

And whyles that the preest wyped his face,

This chanoun took his cole with harde  
grace, 1189

And leyde it above, up-on the middeward  
Of the croalet, and blew wel afterward,  
Til that the coles gonne faste brænne.

'Now yeve us drinke,' quod the chanoun  
thenne, (640)

'As swythe al shal be wel, I undertake;  
Sitte we doun, and lat us mery make.' 1195  
And whan that this chanounes bechen  
cole

Was brant, al the lymaille, out of the hole,  
Into the croalet fil anon adoun;  
And so it moste nedes, by resoun,  
Sin it so even aboven couched was; 1200  
But ther-of wiste the preest no-thing, alas!  
He demed alle the coles y-liche good,  
For of the sleighte he no-thing under-  
stood. (650)

And whan this alkamistre saugh his tyme,  
'Rys up,' quod he, 'sir preest, and stondeth  
by me; 1205

And for I woot wel ingot have ye noon,  
Goth, walketh forth, and bring us a chalk-  
stoon;

For I wol make oon of the same shap  
That is an ingot, if I may han hap.  
And bringeth eek with yow a bolle or  
a panne, 1210

Ful of water, and ye shul see wel thanne  
How that our businesse shal thryve and  
preve.

And yet, for ye shul han no misbileve (660)  
Ne wrong conceit of me in your absence,  
I ne wol nat been out of your presence, 1215  
But go with yow, and come with yow  
ageyn.'

The chambre-dore, shortly for to seyn,  
They opened and shette, and wente hir  
weye.

And forth with hem they carieden the  
keye, 1219

And come agayn with-outen any delay.  
What sholde I tarien al the longe day?  
He took the chalk, and shoop it in the  
wyse

Of an ingot, as I shal yow devyse. (670)

I seye, he took out of his owene sleve  
A tayne of silver (gyve mote he cheve!)  
Which that ne was nat but an ounce of  
weichte; 1226

And taketh heed now of his cursed  
sleighte!

He shoop his ingot, in lengthe and eek  
in brede,

Of this teyne; with-outen any drede,  
So slyly, that the preest it nat espyde; 1230  
And in his sleve agayn he gan it hyde;  
And fro the fyr he took up his matere,  
And in th'ingot putte it with mery chere,  
And in the water-vessel he it caste (681)  
Whan that him luste, and bad the preest  
as faste, 1235

'Look what ther is, put in thyn hand and  
gripe,

Thow finde shalt ther silver, as I hope;  
What, devel of helle! sholde it elles be?  
Shaving of silver silver is, pardee!'

He putte his hond in, and took up a teyne  
Of silver fyn, and glad in every veyne 1241  
Was this preest, whan he saugh that it  
was so.

'Goddas blessing, and his modres also, (690)  
And alle halwes have ye, sir chanoun,'

Seyde this preest, 'and I hir malisoun, 1245  
But, and ye vouche-sauf to techen me  
This noble craft and this subtiltee,  
I wol be youre, in al that ever I may!'

Quod the chanoun, 'yet wol I make assay  
The second tyme, that ye may taken hede  
And been expert of this, and in your nede  
Another day assaye in myn absence 1252  
This disciplyne and this crafty science.

Lat take another ounce,' quod he tho, (701)  
'Of quik-silver, with-outen wordes mo, 1255  
And do ther-with as ye han doon er this  
With that other, which that now silver is.'

This preest him bisieeth in al that he can  
To doon as this chanoun, this cursed man,  
Comanded him, and faste he blew the fyr,  
For to come to th'effect of his desyr. 1261  
And this chanoun, right in the mene  
whyte,

Al redy was, the preest eft to bigyle, (710)  
And, for a countenance, in his hande he bar  
An holwe stikke (tak keep and be war!)  
In the ende of which an ounce, and  
na-more, 1266

Of silver lymail put was, as bifore  
Was in his cole, and stopp'd with wax  
weel

For to kepe in his lymail every deel.

And whyl this preest was in his biisnesse,  
This chanoun with his stikke gan him  
dresse 1271

To him anon, and his pouder caste ia (719)  
As he did er; (the devel out of his skin  
Him terve, I pray to god, for his falshede;  
For he was ever fals in thought and dede);  
And with this stikke, above the croalet,  
That was ordeyned with that false get,  
He stired the coles, til relente gan  
The wax agayn the fyr, as every man,  
But it a fool be, woot wel it mot nede, 1280  
And al that in the stikke was out yede,  
And in the croalet hastily it fel. (729)  
Now gode sir, what wol ye bet than wel?  
Whan that this preest thus was bigyled  
ageyn, 1284

Supposing noght but trouthe, soth to seyn,  
He was so glad, that I can nat expresse  
In no manere his mirthe and his glad-  
nesse;

And to the chanoun he profred eftsoone  
Body and good; 'ye,' quod the chanoun  
sone,

'Though povre I be, crafty thou shalt me  
finde; 1290

I warne thee, yet is ther more bihinde.

Is ther any coper her-inne?' seyde he.

'Ye,' quod the preest, 'sir, I trowe wel  
ther be.' (740)

'Elles go bye us som, and that as swythe,  
Now, gode sir, go forth thy way and  
hy the.'

He wente his way, and with the coper  
cam, 1296

And this chanoun it in his handes nam,  
And of that coper weyed out but an ounce.  
Al to simple is my tonge to pronounce,  
As ministre of my wit, the doublaness  
Of this chanoun, rote of al cursednesse. 1301  
He semed frendly to hem that knewe  
him noght,

But he was feendly bothe in herte and  
thought. (750)

It warieth me to telle of his falsnesse,  
And nathelless yet wol I it expresse, 1305  
To th'entente that men may be war therby,  
And for noon other cause, trewely.

He putte his ounce of coper in the  
croalet,

And on the fyr as swythe he hath it set,

And caste in poudre, and made the preest  
to blowe, 1310

And in his working for to stoupe lowe,  
As he dide er, and al nas but a jape;  
Right as him liste, the preest he made  
his ape; (760)

And afterward in th'ingot he it caste,  
And in the panne putte it at the laste 1315  
Of water, and in he putte his owene hond.  
And in his sleve (as ye biforn-hond  
Herde me telle) he hadde a silver teyne.  
He slyly took it out, this cursed heyne—  
Unwiting this preest of his false craft—  
And in the pannes botme he hath it laft;  
And in the water rombled to and fro,  
And wonder prively took up also (770)  
The coper teyne, noght knowing this  
preest,

And hidde it, and him hente by the breest,  
And to him spak, and thus seyde in his  
game, 1326

'Stoupeth adoun, by god, ye be to blame,  
Helpeth me now, as I dide yow whyl-er,  
Putte in your hand, and loketh what is  
ther.' 1329

This preest took up this silver teyne anon,  
And thanne seyde the chanoun, 'lat us  
gon

With thise three teynes, which that we  
han wrought,

To som goldsmith, and wite if they been  
oght. (780)

For, by my feith, I nolde, for myn hood,  
But-if that they were silver, fyn and  
good, 1335

And that as swythe proved shal it be.'

Un-to the goldsmith with thise teynes  
three

They wente, and putte thise teynes in assay  
To fyr and hamer; mighte no man sey nay,  
But that they weren as hem oghte be.

This sotted preest, who was gladder  
than he? 1341

Was never brid gladder agayn the day,  
Ne nightingale, in the sesoun of May, (790)  
Nas never noon that luste bet to singe;  
Ne lady lustier in carolinge 1345  
Or for to speke of love and wommanhede,  
Ne knight in armes to doon an hardy dede  
To stonde in grace of his lady dera,  
Than had this preest this sory craft to lere;

And to the chanoun thus he spak and  
seyde, 1350

'For love of god, that for us alle dayde,  
And as I may deserve it un-to yow,  
What shal this receit coste? telleth now!'

'By our lady,' quod this chanoun, 'it is  
dare, (801)

I warne yow wel; for, save I and a frere,  
In Engelond ther can no man it make.'

'No foris,' quod he, 'now, sir, for goddes  
sake, 1357

What shal I paye? telleth me, I praye.'

'Y-wis,' quod he, 'it is ful dare, I seye;

Sir, at o word, if that thee list it have,  
Ye shul paye fourty pound, so god me  
save! 1361

And, nere the frendship that ye dide er  
this

To me, ye sholde paye more, y-wis.' (810)

This preest the somme of fourty pound  
anon

Of nobles fette, and took hem everichon  
To this chanoun, for this ilke receit; 1366

Al his werking nas but fraude and deceit.

'Sir preest,' he seyde, 'I kepe han no loos  
Of my craft, for I wolde it kept were cloos;

And as ye love me, kepeth it secree; 1370

For, and men knewe al my subtiltee,  
By god, they wolden han so greet envye

To me, by-cause of my philosophye, (820)

I sholde be deed, ther were non other  
weye.'

'God it forbede!' quod the preest,  
'what sey ye?' 1375

Yet hadde I lever spenden al the good

Which that I have (and elles wexe I wood!)

Than that ye sholden falle in swich mes-  
cheef.'

'For your good wil, sir, have ye right  
good preef.'

Quod the chanoun, 'and far-wel, grant  
mercy!' 1380

He wente his way and never the preest  
him sy

After that day; and whan that this preest  
sholde (829)

Maken assay, at swich tyme as he wolde,

Of this receit, far-wel! it wolde nat be!

Lo, thus byjaped and bigyled was he! 1385

Thus maketh he his introduccioun

To bringe folk to hir destruccioun.—

Considereth, sir, how that, in ech  
estast,

Bitwixe man and gold ther is debaat

So ferforth, that unnethes is ther noon.

This multiplying blent so many oon, 1391

That in good feith I trowe that it be

The cause grettest of swich scarstee. (840)

Philosophres spoken so mistily

In this craft, that men can nat come  
therby, 1395

For any wit that men han now a-dayes.

They mowe wel chiteren, as doon thise  
javes,

And in her termesette hir lust and payne,

But to hir purpos shul they never atteyne.

A man may lightly lerne, if he have aught,

To multiplie, and bringe his good to  
naught! (848) 1401

Lo! swich a lucre is in this lusty game,

A mannes mirthe it wol torne un-to game,

And empten also grete and hevvy purses,

And maken folk for to purchasen curpes

Of hem, that han hir good therto y-lent.

O! fy! for shame! they that han been  
brent, 1407

Allas! can they nat fle the fyres hete?

Ye that it use, I rede ye it lete,

Lest ye lese al; for bet than never is  
late. 1410

Never to thryve were to long a date.

Though ye prolle ay, ye shul it never  
finde; (859)

Ye been as bolde as is Bayard the blinde,

That blundreth forth, and peril casteth  
noon;

He is as bold to renne agayn a stoon 1415

As for to goon besydes in the weye.

So faren ye that multiplie, I seye.

If that your yēn can nat seen aright,

Loke that your minde lakke nought his  
sight. (866)

For, though ye loke never so brode, and  
stare, 1420

Ye shul nat winne a myte on that chaffare,

But wasten al that ye may rape and renne.

Withdrawe the fyr, lest it to faste brenne;

Medleth na-more with that art, I mene,

For, if ye doon, your thrift is goon ful  
clene. 1425

And right as swythe I wol yow tellen here,

What philosophres seyn in this matere.

Lo, thus seith Arnold of the Newe Toun,  
As his Rosarie maketh mencionn;  
He seith right thus, with-outen any lye,  
'Ther may no man Mercurie mortifye, 1431  
But it be with his brother knowleching.  
How that he, which that first seyde this  
thing, (880)

Of philosophres fader was, Hermes;  
He seith, how that the dragoun, douteles,  
Ne deyeth nat, but-if that he be slayn 1436  
With his brother; and that is for to sayn,  
By the dragoun, Mercurie and noon other  
He understood; and brimston by his  
brother,

That out of *sol* and *luna* were y-drawe.  
And therfor,' seyde he, 'tak heed to my  
sawe, 1441

Let no man bisy him this art for to seche,  
But-if that he th'entencion and speche  
Of philosophres understonde can; (891)  
And if he do, he is a lewed man. 1445  
Forthisscienceandthisconning,' quod he,  
'Is of the secrees of secrees, parde.'

Also ther was a disciple of Plato,  
That on a tyme seyde his maister to,  
As his book Senior wol bere witnesse, 1450  
And this was his demande in soothfast-  
nesse:

'Tel me the name of the privy stoon?'

And Plato answerde unto him anon,  
'Tak the stoon that Titanos men name.'

'Which is that?' quod he. 'Magnesia  
is the same,' (902) 1455

Seyde Plato. 'Ye, sir, and is it thus?  
This is *ignotum per ignotum*.

What is Magnesia, good sir, I yow preye?'

'It is a water that is maad, I seye,  
Of elementes foure,' quod Plato. 1460

'Tel me the rote, good sir,' quod he tho.

'Of that water, if that it be your wille?'

'Nay, nay,' quod Plato, 'certain, that  
I nille. (910)

The philosophres sworn were everichoon.

That they sholden discoveire it un-to  
noon, 1465

Ne in no book it wryte in no manere;

For un-to Crist it is so leef and dere

That he wol nat that it discovered be,

But wher it lyketh to his deitee

Man for t'enspyre, and eek for to defende

Whom that him lyketh; lo, this is the  
ende.' 1471

Thanne conclude I thus; sith god of  
hevene

Ne wol nat that the philosophres nevene  
How that a man shal come un-to this  
ston, (921)

I rede, as for the beste, lete it goon. 1475

For who-so maketh god his adversarie,

As for to werken any thing in contrarie

Of his wil, certes, never shal he thryve.

Thogh that he multiplie terme of his  
lyve.

And ther a poynt; for ended is my tale;  
God sende every trewe man bote of his  
bale!—Amen. (928) 1481

Here is ended the Chanouns Yemannes Tale.

## GROUP H.

## THE MANCIPLE'S PROLOGUE.

Here foloweth the Prologe of the Maunciples Tale.

Wrris ye nat wher ther stant a litel toun  
Which that y-cleped is Bob-up-and-doun,  
Under the Blee, in Caunterbury weye?  
Ther gan our hoste for to jape and pleye,  
And seyde, 'sirs, what! Dun is in the  
myre! 5

Is ther no man, for preyere ne for hyre,  
That wol awake our felawe heer bihinde?  
A theef mighte him ful lightly robbe and  
binda.

See how he nappeth! see, for cokkes bones,  
As he wol falle from his hors at ones. 10  
Is that a cook of Londoun, with mes-  
chaunce?

Do him come forth, he knoweth his pen-  
aunce,

For he shal telle a tale, by my fey!  
Al-though it be nat worth a botel hey.  
Awake, thou cook,' quod he, 'god yeve  
thee sorwe, 15

What eyleth thee to slepe by the morwe?  
Hastow had fleen al night, or artow  
drenke,

Or hastow with som quane al night y-  
swonke,

So that thou mayst nat holden up thy  
heed?'

That cook, that was ful pale and no-  
thing reed, 20

Seyde to our host, 'so god my soule blesse,  
As ther is falle on me swich hevynesse,  
Noot I nat why, that me were lever slepe  
Than the beste galoun wyn in Chepe.'

'Wel,' quod the maunciple, 'if it may  
doon ese 25

To thee, sir cook, and to no wight displese  
Which that heer rydeth in this compagne,  
And that our host wol, of his curteisye,  
I wol as now excuse thee of thy tale;  
For, in good feith, thy visage is ful pale,

Thyn yēn daswen eek, as that me  
thinketh, 31

And wel I woot, thy breeth ful soure  
stinketh,

That sheweth wel thou art not wel dis-  
posed;

Of me, certain, thou shalt nat been  
y-glosed.

Se how he ganeth, lo, this dronken wight,  
As though he wolde us swolwe anon-right.  
Hold cloos thy mouth, man, by thy fader  
kin! 37

The devel of helle sette his foot ther-in!  
Thy cursed breeth infecte wol us alle;

Fy, stinking swyn, fy! foule moot thee  
falle! 40

A! taketh heed, sirs, of this lusty man.  
Now, swete sir, wol ye justen atte fan?

Ther-to me thinketh ye been wel y-shape!  
I trowe that ye dronken han wryn ape,

And that is whan men playen with a  
straw.' 45

And with this speche the cook wax wrooth  
and wraw,

And on the maunciple he gan nodde faste  
For lakke of speche, and doun the hors  
him caste,

Wher as he lay, til that man up him took;  
This was a fayr chivachee of a cook! 50

Allas! he nadde holde him by his ladel!  
And, er that he agayn were in his sadel,

Ther was greet showing bothe to and fro,  
To lifte him up, and muchel care and wo,

So unwelody was this sory palled goost 55  
And to the maunciple thanne spak our

host,  
'By-cause drink hath dominacioun

Upon this man, by my savacioun  
I trowe he lewedly wolde telle his tale.

For, were it wyn, or old or moysty ale, 60



That he hath dronke, he speketh in his  
nose,  
And fneseth faste, and eek he hath the  
pose.

He hath also to do more than y-nough  
To kepe him and his capel out of slough ;  
And, if he falle from his capel eft-sones, 65  
Than shul we alle have y-nough to done,  
In lifting up his hevy dronken coars.  
Telle on thy tale, of him make I no fors.

But yet, maunciple, in feith thou art to  
nyoe,

Thus openly repreve him of his vyce. 70  
Another day he wol, peraventure,  
Reclayne thee, and bringe thee to lure ;  
I mene, he speke wol of smale thinges,  
As for to pinchen at thy rekeninges,  
That war not honeste, if it cam to preef.

'No,' quod the maunciple, 'that were  
a greet mescheef ! 76  
So mighte he lightly bringe me in the  
snare.

Yet hadde I lever payen for the mare  
Which he rit on, than he sholde with me  
stryve ; 79

I wol nat wratthe him, al-so mote I thryve !  
That that I spak, I seyde it in my bourde ;  
And wite ye what ? I have heer, in  
a gourde,

A draught of wyn, ye, of a rype grape,  
And right anon ye shul seen a good jape.  
This cook shal drinke ther-of, if I may ; 85  
Uppayne of deeth, he wol nat aseye me nay !'

And certainly, to tellen as it was,  
Of this vessel the cook drank faste, alas !  
What neded him ? he drank y-nough  
biforn.

And whan he hadde pouped in this horn,  
To the maunciple he took the gourde  
agayn ; 91

And of that drinke the cook was wonder  
fayn,

And thanked him in swich wyse as he  
coude.

Than gan our host to laughen wonder  
loude,

And seyde, 'I see wel, it is necessarie, 95  
Wher that we goon, good drink we with  
us carie ;

For that wol turne rancour and disese  
Tacord and love, and many a wrong apees.

O thou Bachus, y-blessed be thy name,  
That so canst turnen earnest in-to game !

Worship and thank be to thy deitee ! 101  
Of that matere ye gete na-more of me.

Tel on thy tale, maunciple, I thee praye.  
'Wel, sir,' quod he, 'now herkneht  
what I seye.'

Thus endeth the Prologe of the Maunciple.

## THE MAUNCIPLES TALE.

Here biginneth the Maunciples Tale of the Crowe.

WHAN Phebus dwelled here in this erthe  
adoun, 105

As olde bokes maken mencioun,  
He was the moste lusty bachiler  
In al this world, and eek the beste archer ;  
He slow Phitoun, the serpent, as he lay  
Slepinge agayn the sonne upon a day ; 110

And many another noble worthy dede  
He with his bowe wroghte, as men may  
rede.

Playen he coude on every minstrelcye,  
And singen, that it was a melodye, 115  
To heren of his clere vois the soun.  
Certes the king of Thebes, Amphicoun,

That with his singing walled that citee,  
 Coude never singen half so wel as he.  
 Therto he was the semelieste man 119  
 That is or was, eith that the world bigan.  
 What nedeth it his fetures to discryve?  
 For in this world was noon so fair on lyve.  
 He was ther-with fulfild of gentillesse,  
 Of honour, and of parfyt worthinesse. (20)

This Phebus, that was flour of bachelrye,  
 As wel in fredom as in ohivalrye, 126  
 For his desport, in signe eek of victorie  
 Of Phitoun, so as telleth us the storie,  
 Was wont to beren in his hand a bowe.

Now had this Phebus in his hous a crowe,  
 Which in a cage he fostred many a day,  
 And taughte it speken, as men teche a jay.  
 Whyt was this crowe, as is a snow-whyte  
 swan, (29)

And countrefete the speche of every man  
 He coude, whan he sholde telle a tale. 135  
 Ther-with in al this world no nightingale  
 Ne coude, by an hondred thousand deel,  
 Singen so wonder merily and weel.

Now had this Phebus in his hous a wyf,  
 Which that he lovede more than his lyf,  
 And night and day dide ever his diligence  
 Hir for to plesse, and doon hir reverence,  
 Save only, if the sothe that I shal sayn,  
 Jalous he was, and wolde have kept hir  
 fayn; (40)

For him were looth by-japed for to be. 145  
 And so is every wight in swich degree;  
 But al in ydel, for it availleth noght.  
 A good wyf, that is clene of werk and  
 thought,

Sholde nat been kept in noon await,  
 cartayn;

And trewely, the labour is in vayn 150  
 To kepe a shrewe, for it wol nat be.  
 This holde I for a verray nygetee,  
 To spille labour, for to kepe wyves;  
 Thus writen olde clerkes in hir lyves. (50)

But now to purpos, as I first bigan : 155  
 This worthy Phebus dooth all that he can  
 To plesen hir, weninge by swich plessaunce,  
 And for his manhede and his governaunce,  
 That no man sholde han put him from  
 hir grace.

But god it woot, ther may no man embrace  
 As to destreyne a thing, which that nature  
 Hath naturelly set in a creature. 162

Tak any brid, and put it in a cage,  
 And do al thyn ontente and thy courage (60)  
 To fostre it tendrely with mete and  
 drinke, 165  
 Of alle dayntees that thou canst bithinke,  
 And keep it al-so clenly as thou may;  
 Al-though his cage of gold be never so gay,  
 Yet hath this brid, by twenty thousand  
 fold,

Lever in a forest, that is rude and cold, 170  
 Gon ete wormes and swich wrecchednesse.  
 For ever this brid wol doon his bisnesse  
 To escape out of his cage, if he may;  
 His libertee this brid desireth ay. (70)

Lat take a cat, and fostre him wel with  
 milk, 175  
 And tendre flesh, and make his couche  
 of silk,

And lat him seen a mous go by the wal;  
 Anon he weyvethe milk, and flesh, and al,  
 And every deyntee that is in that hous,  
 Swich appetyt hath he to ete a mous. 180  
 Lo, here hath lust his dominacioun,  
 And appetyt flemeth discrecioun.

A she-wolf hath also a vileins kinde;  
 The lewdeste wolf that she may finde, (80)  
 Or leest of reputacion wol she take, 185  
 In tyme whan hir lust to han a make.

Alle thise ensamples speke I by thise  
 men  
 That been untrewa, and no-thing by wom-  
 men.

For man han ever a likerous appetyt  
 On lower thing to parfourne hir delyt 190  
 Than on hir wyves, be they never so faire,  
 Ne never so trewe, ne so debonaire.  
 Flesh is so newefangel, with meechaunce,  
 That we ne conne in no-thing han ple-  
 saunce (90)

That souneth in-to vertu any whyle. 195  
 This Phebus, which that thoghte upon  
 no gyle,

Deceyved was, for al his jolitee;  
 For under him another hadde she,  
 A man of litel reputacioun, 199  
 Noght worth to Phebus in comparisoun.  
 The more harm is; it happeth ofte so,  
 Of which ther cometh muchel harm and  
 wo.

And so bifel, whan Phebus was absent,  
 His wyf anon hath for hir lemman sent;

Hir lemman? certes, this is a knavish  
speche! (101) 205

Foryeveth it me, and that I yow bisceche.

The wyse Plato seith, as ye may rede,  
The word mot nede accorde with the  
dede.

If men shal telle proprely a thing,  
The word mot coain be to the working. 210  
I am a boistous man, right thus seye I,  
Ther nis no difference, trewely,  
Bitwixe a wyf that is of heigh degree,  
If of hir body dishonest she be, (110)

And a povre wenche, other than this—  
If it so be, they werke bothe amis— 216  
But that the gentile, in estaat above,  
She shal be cleped his lady, as in love;  
And for that other is a povre womman,  
She shal be cleped his wenche, or his  
lemman. 220

And, god it woot, myn owene dere brother,  
Men leyn that oon as lowe as lyth that  
other.

Right so, bitwixe a titleles tiraunt  
And an outlawe, or a theef erraunt, (120)  
The same I seye, ther is no difference. 225  
To Alisaundre told was this sentence;  
That, for the tyrant is of gretter might,  
By force of meynes for to sleen down-right,  
And brennen hous and hoom, and make  
al plain,

Lo! therfor is he cleped a capitain; 230  
And, for the outlawe hath but smal meyn-  
nee,

And may nat doon so greet an harm as he,  
Ne bringe a contree to so greet mescheef,  
Men clepen him an outlawe or a theef.

But, for I am a man noght textual, 235  
I wol noght telle of textes never a del;  
I wol go to my tale, as I bigan. (133)

Whan Phebus wyf had sent for hir lem-  
man,

Anon they wroghten al hir lust volage.

The whyte crowe, that hang ay in the  
cage, 240

Biheld hir werk, and seyde never a word.  
And whan that hoom was come Phebus,  
the lord,

This crowe sang 'cokkow! cokkow!  
cokkow!'

'What, brid?' quod Phebus, 'what  
song singestow? (140)

Ne were thow wont so meryly to singe 245  
That to myn herte it was a rejoisinge

To here thy vois? alas! what song is this?'

'By god,' quod he, 'I singe nat amis;  
Phebus,' quod he, 'for al thy worthinesse,  
For al thy beautee and thy gentillesse, 250  
For al thy song and al thy minstrelcye,  
For al thy waiting, blered is thyn y<sup>e</sup>  
With oon of lital reputacioun, (149)  
Noght worth to thee, as in comparisoun.  
The mountance of a gnat; so mote I thryve!  
For on thy bed thy wyf I saugh him swyve.'

What wol ye more? the crowe anon  
him tolde, 257

By sadde tokenes and by wordes bolde,  
How that his wyf had doon hir lecherye,  
Him to gret shame and to gret vileinye:  
And tolde him ofte, he saugh it with his  
y<sup>en</sup>. 261

This Phebus gan awayward for to wryen,  
Him thoughte his sorweful herte brast  
a-two;

His bowe he bente, and sette ther-inne  
a flo, (160)

And in his ire his wyf thanne hath he  
slayn. 265

This is th'effect, ther is na-more to sayn;  
For sorwe of which he brak his min-  
stralcye,

Bothe harpe, and lute, and giterne, and  
sautrye;

And eek he brak his arwes and his  
bowe.

And after that, thus spak he to the crowe:  
'Traitor,' quod he, 'with tonge or  
scorpioun, 271

Thou hast me broght to my confusioun!  
Allas! that I was wroght! why nere I  
deed?

O dere wyf, O gemme of lustiheed, (170)  
That were to me so sad and eek so trewe,  
Now lystow deed, with face pale of hewe,  
Ful gilteles, that dorste I swere, y-wis!  
O rakel hand, to doon so foule amis!

O trouble wit, O ire rechelees,  
That unavyssed smytest gilteles! 280  
O wantrust, ful of fals suspeioun,  
Where was thy wit and thy discrecioun?  
O every man, be-war of rakelnesse,  
Ne trowe no-thing with-uten strong wit-  
nesse; (180)

Smyt nat to sone, er that ye witen why,  
And beeth avysed wel and sobrelly 286  
Er ye doon any execucioun,  
Up-on your ire, for suspeccioun.

Allas! a thousand folk hath rakel ire 289  
Fully fordoon, and broght hem in the mire.  
Allas! for sorwe I wol my-selven slee!

And to the crowe, 'O false theef!'  
seyde he, (188)

'I wol thee quyte anon thy false tale!  
Thou songe whylom lyk a nightingale;  
Now shaltow, false theef, thy song forgon,  
And eek thy whyte fetheres everichon,  
Ne never in al thy lyf ne shaltou speke.  
Thus shal men on a traitour been awreke;  
Thou and thyn of-spring ever shul be blake,  
Ne never swete noise shul ye make, 300  
But ever crye agayn tempest and rayn,  
In tokeninge that thurgh thee my wyf is  
slayn.'

And to the crowe he stirte, and that anon,  
And pulled his whyte fetheres everichon,  
And made him blak, and refte him al his  
song, (201) 305  
And eek his speche, and out at dore him  
slong

Un-to the deval, which I him bitake;  
And for this cas ben alle crowes blake.—

Lordings, by this ensample I yow preye,  
Beth war, and taketh kepe what I seye:  
Ne telleth never no man in your lyf 311  
How that another man hath dight his wyf;  
He wol yow haten mortally, certeyn.  
Daun Salomon, as wyse clerkes seyn, (210)  
Teacheth a man to kepe his tonge wel; 315  
But as I seyde, I am nocht textuel.  
But natheless, thus taughte me my dame:  
'My sone, thenk on the crowe, a goddes  
name;

My sone, keep wel thy tonge and keep  
thy freend.

A wikked tonge is worse than a feend. 320  
My sone, from a feend men may hem  
blesse;

My sone, god of his endelees goodnesse  
Walled a tonge with teeth and lippes eke,  
For man sholde him avyse what he speke.  
My sone, ful ofte, for to muche speche,

Hath many a man ben spilt, as clerkes  
teche; (222) 326

But for a litel speche avysely  
Is no men shent, to speke generally.

My sone, thy tonge sholdestow restreyn  
At alle tyme, but whan thou doost thy  
peyne 330

To speke of god, in honour and prayere.  
The firste vertu, sone, if thou wolt lere,  
Is to restreyn and kepe wel thy tonge.—  
Thus lerne children whan that they ben  
yonge.— (230) 334

My sone, of muchel speking yvel-avysed,  
Ther lassespeking haddey-nough suffysed,  
Comth muchel harm, thus was me told  
and taught.

In muchel speche sinne wanteth naught.  
Wostow wher-of a rakel tonge serveth?  
Right as a swerd forcutteth and forkerveth  
An arm a-two, my dere sone, right so 341  
A tonge cutteth frendship al a-two.

A jangler is to god abhominable; (239)  
Reed Salomon, so wys and honourable;  
Reed David in his psalmes, reed Senekke.  
My sone, speke nat, but with thyn heed  
thou bakke. 346

Dissemble as thou were deaf, if that thou  
here

A jangler speke of perilous matere.  
The Fleming seith, and lerne it, if thee  
leste, 349

That litel jangling causeth muchel reste.  
My sone, if thou no wikked word hast seyde,  
Thee thar nat drede for to be biwreyd;  
But he that hath misseyd, I dar wel sayn,  
He may by no wey clepe his word agayn.  
Thing that is seyde, is seyde; and forth it  
gooth, (251) 355

Though him repente, or be him leef or  
looth.

He is his thral to whom that he hath sayd  
A tale, of which he is now yvel apayd.

My sone, be war, and be non auctour newe  
Of tydinges, whether they ben false or  
trewe. 360

Wher-so thou come, amonges hye or lowe,  
Kepe wel thy tonge, and thenk up-on the  
crowe.'

Here is ended the Maunciples Tale of the Crowe.

## GROUP I.

## THE PARSON'S PROLOGUE:

Here foliweþ the Prologe of the Persones Tale.

By that the maunciple hadde his tale al  
 ended,  
 The sonne fro the south lyne was de-  
 scended  
 So lowe, that he nas nat, to my sighte,  
 Degreës nyne and twenty as in highte. 4  
 Foure of the klokke it was tho, as I gesse:  
 For eleven foot, or litel more or lesse,  
 My shadwe was at thilke tyme, as there,  
 Of swich feet as my lengthe parted were  
 In six feet equal of proporcioun.  
 Ther-with the mones exaltacioun, 10  
 I mene Libra, alwey gan ascende,  
 As we were entringe at a thropes ende;  
 For which our host, as he was wont to gye,  
 As in this caas, our joly companye,  
 Seyde in this wyse, 'lordings everichoon,  
 Now lakketh us no tales mo than oon. 16  
 Fulfilð in my sentence and my decree;  
 I trowe that we han herd of ech degree.  
 Almost fulfilð is al myn ordinaunce;  
 I pray to god, so yeve him right good  
 chaunce, 20  
 That telleth this tale to us lustily.  
 Sir preest, quod he, 'artow a vicary?  
 Or art a person? sey sooth, by thy fey!  
 Be what thou be, ne breke thou nat our  
 pley;  
 For every man, save thou, hath told his  
 tale, 25  
 Unbokel, and shewe us what is in thy male;  
 For trewely, me thinketh, by thy chere,  
 Thou sholdest knitte up wel a greet matere.  
 Tel us a tale anon, for cokkes bones!'  
 This Personne him answerde, al at ones,  
 'Thou getest fable noon y-told for me; 31  
 For Paul, that wryteth unto Timothee,  
 Reprevehem that weyven soothfast-  
 nesse,  
 And tellen fables and swich wrecched-  
 nesse. 34  
 Why sholde I sowen draf out of my fest,  
 Whan I may sowen whete, if that me lest?

For which I seye, if that yow list to here  
 Moralitee and vertuous matere,  
 And thanne that ye wol yeve me audience,  
 I wol ful fayn, at Cristes reverence, 40  
 Do yow plesaunce leeful, as I can.  
 But trusteth wel, I am a Southren man.  
 I can nat geste—rum, ram, ruf—by letre,  
 Ne, god wot, rym holde I but litel better;  
 And therfor, if yow list, I wol nat glose.  
 I wol yow telle a mery tale in prose 46  
 To knitte up al this feeste, and make an  
 ende.  
 And Jesu, for his grace, wit me sende  
 To shewe yow the way, in this viage,  
 Of thilke parfit glorious pilgrimage 50  
 That highte Jerusalem celestial.  
 And, if ye vouche-sauf, anon I shal  
 Biginne upon my tale, for whiche I preye  
 Telle your avys, I can no better seye.  
 But natheles, this meditacioun 55  
 I putte it ay under correccioun  
 Of clerkes, for I am nat textual;  
 I take but the sentens, trusteth wel.  
 Therfor I make protestacioun  
 That I wol stonde to correccioun.' 60  
 Up-on this word we han assented sone,  
 For, as us semed, it was for to done,  
 To enden in som vertuous sentence,  
 And for to yeve him space and audience:  
 And bede our host he sholde to him  
 seye, 65  
 That alle we to telle his tale him preye.  
 Our host hadde the wordes for us alle:—  
 'Sir preest, quod he, 'now fayre yow  
 bifalle!  
 Sey what yow list, and we wol gladly  
 here'—  
 And with that word he seyde in this  
 manere— 70  
 'Telleth, quod he, 'your meditacioun.  
 But hasteth yow, the sonne wol adoun;  
 Beth fructuous, and that in litel space,  
 And to do wel god sende yow his grace!'

Explicit prohemium.

## THE PERSONES TALE.

Here biginneth the Persones Tale.

*Jer. 6<sup>o</sup>. State super vias et videte et interrogate de viis antiquis, que sit via bona; et ambulate in ea, et inuenietis refrigerium animabus vestris, &c.*

§ 1. Our swete lord god of havene, that no man wol perisse, but wote that we comen alle to the knoweleche of him, and to the blisful lyf that is perdurable, / amonesteth us by the prophete Jeremie, that seith in this wyse : / ' stondesth upon the weyes, and seeth and azeth of olde pathes (that is to seyn, of olde sentences) which is the goode wey ; / and walketh in that way, and ye shul finde refresshing for your soules, ' &c. / Manye been the weyes espirituels that leden folk to oure Lord Jesu Crist, and to the regne of gloria. / Of whiche weyes, ther is a ful noble wey and a ful covenable, which may nat faile to man ne to womman, that thurgh sinne hath misgoon fro the righte wey of Jerusalem celestial ; / and this wey is cleped Penitence, of which man sholde gladly herknen and enquire with al his herte ; / to witen what is Penitence, and whennes it is cleped Penitence, and in how manye maneres been the accions or werkings of Penitence, / and how manye spyces ther been of Penitence, and whiche thinges apertenen and bihoven to Penitence, and whiche thinges destourben Penitence. /

§ 2. Saint Ambrose seith, that ' Penitence is the playnyng of man for the gilt that he hath doon, and na-more to do any thing for which him oghte to pleyne. ' / And som doctour seith : ' Penitence is the waymentinge of man, that sorweth for his sinne and pyneth him-self for he hath misdoon. ' / Penitence, with certeyne circunstances, is verray repentance of a man that halt him-self

in sorwe and other peyne for hise giltes. / And for he shal be verray penitent, he shal first biwailen the sinnes that he hath doon, and stidefastly purposen in his herte to have shrift of mouthe, and to doon satisfaccioun, / and never to doon thing for which him oghte more to biwayle or to complayne, and to continue in goode werkes : or elles his repentance may nat availle. / For as seith seint Isidre : ' he is a japer and a gabber, and no verray repentant, that aftersone dooth thing, for which him oghte repenta. ' / Wepinge, and nat for to stinte to doon sinne, may nat avaylle. / But natheless, man shal hope that every tyme that man falleth, be it never so ofte, that he may arise thurgh Penitence, if he have grace : but certainly it is greet doute. / For as seith Seint Gregorie : ' unnethe aryseth he out of sinne, that is charged with the charge of yvel usage. ' / And therefore repentant folk, that stinte for to sinne, and forlete sinne er that sinne forlete hem, holy chirche holdeth hem siker of hir savacioun. / And he that sinneth, and verrailly repenteth him in his laste ende, holy chirche yet hopeth his savacioun, by the grete mercy of oure lord Jesu Crist, for his repentaunce ; but tak the siker wey. / (20)

§ 3. And now, sith I have declared yow what thing is Penitence, now shul ye understonde that ther been three accions of Penitence. / The firste accion of Penitence is, that a man be baptized after that he hath sinned. / Seint Augustin seith : ' but he be penitent for his olde sinful lyf, he may nat biginne the newe clene lif. ' / For certes, if he be baptized withouten penitence of his olde gilt, he receiveth the mark of baptisme, but nat the grace ne the remission of his sinnes, til he have repentance verray. /

Another defeaute is this, that men doon  
deedly sinne after that they han received  
baptisme. / The thridde defeaute is, that  
men fallen in venial sinnes after hir  
100 baptisme, fro day to day. / Ther-of seith  
Saint Augustin, that 'penitence of goode  
and humble folk is the penitence of every  
day.'

§ 4. The spyces of Penitence been three.  
That oon of hem is solempne, another is  
commune, and the thridde is privee. /  
Thilke penance that is solempne, is in  
two maneres; as to be put out of holy  
chirche in lente, for slaughtre of children,  
and swich maner thing. / Another is,  
whan a man hath sinned openly, of which  
sinne the fame is openly spoken in the  
contree; and thanne holy chirche by  
jugement destrineth him for to do open  
(30) penaunce. / Commune penaunce is that  
preestes enjoinen men comunly in certeyn  
caas; as for to goon, peraventure, naked  
105 in pilgrimages, or bare-foot. / Privee  
penaunce is thilke that men doon alday  
for privee sinnes, of whiche we shryve us  
prively and receyve privee penaunce. /

§ 5. Now shaltow understande what is  
bihoveley and necessarie to verray parfit  
Penitence. And this stant on three  
things; / Contricioun of herte, Con-  
fessioun of Mouth, and Satisfaccioun. /  
For which seith Saint John Crisostom:  
'Penitence destreyneth a man to accepte  
benignely every payne that him is en-  
joyned, with contricion of herte, and  
shrif of mouth, with satisfaccion; and  
in werkinge of alle maner humilitee.' /  
And this is fruitful Penitence agayn  
three thinges in whiche we wratthe oure  
110 lord Jesu Crist: / this is to seyn, by delyt  
in thinkinge, by rechelesnesse in spek-  
inge, and by wikked sinful werkinge. /  
And agayns thise wikkede gyltes is Peni-  
tence, that may be lykned un-to a tree. /

§ 6. The rote of this tree is Contricion,  
that hydeth him in the herte of him that  
is verray repentant, right as the rote of  
a tree hydeth him in the erthe. / Of the  
rote of Contricion springeth a stalke,  
that bereth braunches and leves of Con-  
(40) fession, and fruit of Satisfaccioun. / For

which Crist seith in his gospel: 'dooth  
digne fruit of Penitence'; for by this  
fruit may men knowe this tree, and nat  
by the rote that is hid in the herte of  
man, ne by the braunches ne by the  
leves of Confession. / And therefore 115  
oure Lord Jesu Crist seith thus: 'by the  
fruit of hem ye shul knowen hem.' / Of  
this rote eek springeth a seed of grace,  
the which seed is moder of sikernesse,  
and this seed is agre and hoot. / The  
grace of this seed springeth of god,  
thurgh remembrance of the day of dome  
and on the peynes of helle. / Of this  
matere seith Salomon, that 'in the drede  
of god man forleteth his sinne.' / The  
hete of this seed is the love of god, and  
the desiring of the joye perdurable. / 120  
This hete draweth the herte of a man to  
god, and dooth him haten his sinne. /  
For soothly, ther is no-thing that savour-  
eth so wel to a child as the milk of his  
nорice, ne no-thing is to him more abho-  
minable than thilke milk whan it is  
medled with other mete. / Right so the  
sinful man that loveth his sinne, him  
semeth that it is to him most swete of  
any-thing; / but fro that tyme that  
he loveth sadly our lord Jesu Crist, and  
desireth the lif perdurable, ther nis to  
him no-thing more abhominable. / For 125  
soothly, the lawe of god is the love of  
god; for which David the prophete seith:  
'I have loved thy lawe and hated wikked-  
nesse and hate'; he that loveth god  
kepeth his lawe and his word. / This 130  
tree saugh the prophete Daniel in spirit,  
up-on the avision of the king Nabugo-  
donosor, whan he counselled him to do  
penitence. / Penaunce is the tree of lyf  
to hem that it receiven, and he that  
holdeth him in verray penitence is  
blessed; after the sentence of Salomon. /

§ 7. In this Penitence or Contricion  
man shal understande foure thinges,  
that is to seyn, what is Contricion: and  
whiche been the causes that moeven a  
man to Contricion: and how he sholde  
be contrit: and what Contricion availleth  
to the soule. / Thanne is it thus: that  
Contricion is the verray sorwe that a

man receiveth in his herte for his sinnes, with sad purpos to shryve him, and to do penance, and nevermore to do sinne. / And this sorwe shal been in this manere, as seith seint Bernard: 'it shal been hevvy and grevous, and ful sharpe and poinant in herte.' / First, for man hath agilt his lord and his creatour; and more sharpe and poinant, for he hath agilt his fader celestial; / and yet more sharpe and poinant, for he hath wrathed and agilt him that boghte him; which with his precious blood hath delivered us fro the bondes of sinne, and fro the crueltee of the devel and fro the peynes of helle. /

§ 8. The causes that oghte moeve a man to Contricion been six. First, a man shal remembre him of hise sinnes; / but loke he that thilke remembrance ne be to him no delyt by no way, but greet shame and sorwe for his gilt. For Job seith: 'sinful men doon werkes worthy of Confession.' / And therfore seith Ezechie: 'I wol remembre me alle the yeres of my lyf, in bitterness of myn herte.' / And god seith in the Apocalips: 'remembreth yow fro whennes that ye been falle'; for biforn that tyme that ye sinned, ye were the children of god, and limes of the regne of god; / but for your sinne ye been woxen thral and foul, and membres of the feend, hate of aungels, sclaundre of holy chiroche, and fode of the false serpent; perpetual matere of the fyr of helle. / And yet more foul and abhominable, for ye trespassen so ofte tyme, as doth the hound that retourneth to eten his spewing. / And yet be ye fouler for your longe continuing in sinne and your sinful usage, for which ye be roten in your sinne, as a beest in his dong. / Swiche manere of thoghtes maken a man to have shame of his sinne, and no delyt, as god seith by the prophete Ezechiel: / 'ye shal remembre yow of youre weyes, and they shuln displese yow.' Sothly, sinnes been the weyes that leden folk to helle. /

§ 9. The seconde cause that oghte make a man to have desdeyn of sinne is this:

that, as seith seint Peter, 'who-so that doth sinne is thral of sinne'; and sinne put a man in greet thralldom. / And therfore seith the prophete Ezechiel: 'I wente sorweful in desdayn of my-self.' And certes, wel oghte a man have desdayn of sinne, and withdrawe him from that thralldom and vileinye. / And lo, what seith Seneca in this matere. He seith thus: 'though I wiste that neither god ne man ne sholde never knowe it, yet wolde I have desdayn for to do sinne.' / (70) And the same Seneca also seith: 'I am born to gretter thinges than to be thral to my body, or than for to maken of my body a thral.' / Ne a fouler thral may no man ne womman maken of his body, than for to yeven his body to sinne. / Al were it the fouleste cherl, or the fouleste womman that liveth, and leest of value, yet is he thanne more foule and more in servitute. / Evere fro the hyer degree that man falleth, the more is he thral, and more to god and to the world vile and abhominable. / O gode god, wel oghte man have desdayn of sinne; eith that, thurgh sinne, ther he was free, now is he maked bonda. / And therfore seyth Seint Augustin: 'if thou hast desdayn of thy servant, if he agilte or sinne, have thou thanne desdayn that thou thy-self sholdest do sinne.' / Take reward of thy value, that thou ne be to foul to thy-self. / Allas! wel oghten they thanne have desdayn to been servaunts and thralles to sinne, and sore been ashamed of hem-self, / that god of his endelees goodnesse hath set hem in heigh estate, or yeven hem wit, strengthe of body, hele, beantee, prosperitee, / and boghte hem fro the deeth with his herte blood, that they so unkindely, agayns his gentillesse, quyten him so vileinsly, to slaughtre of hir owene soules. / O gode god, ye womman that been of so greet beantee, remembreth yow of the proverbe of Salomon, that seith: / 'he lyketh a fair womman, that is a fool of hir body, lyk to a ring of gold that were in the groyn of a sowe.' / For right as a sowe wroteth in everich ordure, so wroteth



she hir beautee in the stinkinge ordure of sinne. /

§ 10. The thridde cause that oghte movee a man to Contricion, is drede of the day of dome, and of the horrible paynes of helle. / For as seint Jerome seith: 'at every tyme that me remembreth of the day of dome, I quake; / for whan I ete or drinke, or what-so that I do, evere semeth me that the trompe  
160 sowneth in myn ere: / riseth up, ye that been dede, and cometh to the jugement.' / O gode god, muchel oghte a man to drede swich a jugement, 'ther-as we shullen been alle,' as seint Poul seith, 'biforn the sete of oure lord Jesu Crist'; / wher-as he shal make a general congregacion, wher-as no man may been absent. / For certes, there availleth noon esoyne ne  
(90) excusacion. / And nat only that oure defautes shullen be juged, but eek that  
165 alle oure werkis shullen openly be knowe. / And as seith Saint Bernard: 'ther ne shal no plyinge availle, ne no sleighte; we shullen yeven rekeninge of everich ydel word.' / Ther shul we han a juge that may nat been deceived ne corrupt. And why? For, certes, alle our thoghtes been discovered as to him; ne for preyere ne for mede he shal nat been corrupt. / And therefore seith Salomon: 'the wratthe of god ne wol nat spare no wight, for preyere ne for yifte'; and therefore, at the day of doom, ther nis noon hope to escape. / Wherefore, as seith Seint Anselm: 'ful greet angwisch shul the sinful folk have at that tyme; / ther shal the sterne and wrothe juge sitte above, and under him the horrible put of helle open to destroyen him that moot  
biknownen hise sinnes, whiche sinnes openly been shewed biforn god and bi-  
170 forn every creature. / And on the left syde, mo deves than herte may bithinke, for to harie and drawe the sinful soules to the pyne of helle. / And with-inne the hertes of folk shal be the bytinge conscience, and with-oute-forth shal be the world al brenninge. / Whider shal thanne the wretched sinful man fle to hyden him? Certes, he may nat hyden

him; he mooste come forth and shewen him.' / For certes, as seith seint Jerome: 'the erthe shal casten him out of him, and the see also; and the eyr also, that shal be ful of thonder-clappes and lightnings.' / Now sothly, who-so wel remembreth him of these thinges, I gesse that his sinne shal nat turne him in-to delyt, but to greet sorwe, for drede of the payne of helle. / And therefore seith Job  
175 to god: 'suffre, lord, that I may a while biwaille and wepe, er I go with-oute returning to the derke lond, covered with the derkenesse of deeth; / to the lond of misese and of derkenesse, where-as is the shadwe of deeth; where-as ther is noon ordre or ordinance, but grisly drede that evere shal laste.' / Lo, here may ye seen that Job prayde respyt a while, to biwepe and waille his trespas; for soothly on day of respyt is bettre than al the tresor of the world. / And for-as-muche as a man may acquiten him-self biforn god by penitence in this world, and nat by tresor, therefore sholde he preye to god to yeve him respyt a while, to biwepe and biwailen his trespas. / For certes, al the sorwe that a man mighte make fro the beginning of the world, nis but a litel thing at regard of the sorwe of helle. / The cause why that Job clepeth  
180 helle 'the lond of derkenesse'; / understondeth that he clepeth it 'londe' or erthe, for it is stable, and nevere shal faille; 'derk,' for he that is in helle hath defaute of light material. / For certes, the derke light, that shal come out of the fyr that evere shal brenne, shal turne him al to payne that is in helle; for it sheweth him to the horrible devesles that him tormenten. / 'Covered with the derkenesse of deeth': that is to seyn, that he that is in helle shal have defaute of the sighte of god; for certes, the sighte of god is the lyf perdurable. / 'The  
(110) derkenesse of deeth' been the sinnes that the wretched man hath doon, whiche that destourben him to see the face of god; right as doth a derk cloude bitwixe us and the sonne. / 'Lond of misese': /  
185 by-cause that ther been three maneres

of defeautes, agayn three thinges that folk of this world han in this present lyf, that is to seyn, honour, delyces, and riches. / Agayns honour, have they in helle shame and confusion. / For wel ye woot that men clepen 'honour' the reverence that man doth to man; but in helle is noon honour ne reverence. For certes, na-more reverence shal be doon there to a king than to a knave. / For which god seith by the prophete Jeremye: 'thilke folk that me despyssen shul been in despyt.' / 'Honour' is eek cleped greet lordshipe; ther shal no man serven other but of harm and torment. 'Honour' is eek cleped greet dignitee and heighnesse; but in helle shul they been al  
 190 fortroden of devenes. / And god seith: 'the horrible devenes shulle goon and comen up-on the hevedes of the dampned folk.' And this is for-as-muche as, the hyer that they were in this present lyf, the more shulle they been abated and defouled in helle. / Agayns the riches of this world, shul they han misese of poverté; and this poverté shal been in fourre thinges: / in defeaute of tresor, of which that David seith; 'the riche folk, that embraceden and oneden al hir herte to tresor of this world, shul slepe in the slepinge of deeth; and no-thing ne shul they finden in hir handes of al hir tresor.' / And more-over, the misese of helle shal been in defeaute of mete and  
 (120) drinke. / For god seith thus by Moyses; 'they shul been wasted with hunger, and the briddes of helle shul devouren hem with bitter deeth, and the galle of the dragon shal been hir drinke, and the venom of the dragon hir morsel.' / And  
 195 forther-over, hir misese shal been in defeaute of clothing: for they shulle be naked in body as of clothing, save the fyr in which they brenne and others filthes; / and naked shul they been of soule, of alle manere vertues, which that is the clothing of the soule. Where been thanne the gaye robes and the softe shetes and the smale shertes? / Lo, what seith god of hem by the prophete Isaye: 'that under hem shul been strawed motthes, and hir

covertures shulle been of wormes of helle.' / And forther-over, hir misese shal been in defeaute of freendes; for he nis nat povre that hath goode freendes, but there is no freend; / for neither god ne no creature shal been freend to hem, and everich of hem shal haten other with deedly hate. / 'The sones and the 200 doghtren shullen rebelen agayns fader and mooder, and kinrede agayns kinrede, and chyden and despyssen everich of hem other,' bothe day and night, as god seith by the prophete Michias. / And the lovinge children, that whylom loveden so fleshly everich other, wolden everich of hem eten other if they mighte. / For how sholden they love hem togidre in the payne of helle, when they hated ech of hem other in the prosperitee of this lyf? / For truste wel, hir fleshly love was deedly hate; as seith the prophete David: 'who-so that loveth wikkednesse he hateth his soule.' / And who-so hateth his owene  
 205 soule, certes, he may love noon other wight in no manere. / And therefore, 205 in helle is no solas ne no frendshipe, but eare the more fleshly kinredes that been in helle, the more cursinges, the more chydinges, and the more deedly hate ther is among hem. / And forther-over, they shul have defeaute of alle manere delyces; for certes, delyces been after the appetites of the fyve wittes, as sighte, heringe, smellinge, savoringe, and touchinge. / But in helle hir sighte shal be ful of derknesse and of smoke, and therefore ful of teres; and hir heringe, ful of waymentinge and of grintage of teeth, as seith Jesu Crist; / hir nosethirles shullen be ful of stinkinge stink. And as seith Isaye the prophete: 'hir savoring shal be ful of bitter galle.' / And touchinge of al hir body, y-covered with 'fyr that nevere shal quenche, and with wormes that nevere shul dyen,' as god seith by the mouth of Isaye. / And for-as-muche 210 as they shul nat wene that they may dyen for payne, and by hir deeth flee fro payne, that may they understonden by the word of Job, that seith: 'ther-as is the shadwe of deeth,' / Certes, a

shadwe hath the lyknesse of the thing of which it is shadwe, but shadwe is nat the same thing of which it is shadwe. / Right so fareth the payne of helle; it is lyk deeth for the horrible anguisshe, and why? For it peyneth hem evere, as though they sholde dye anon; but certes they shal nat dye. / For as seith Seint Gregorie: 'to wrecche caytives shal be deeth with-oute deeth, and ende with-oute ende, and defaute with-oute failinge. / For hir deeth shal alwey liven, and hir ende shal everemo biginne, and 215 hir defaute shal nat faille.' / And therefore seith Seint John the Evangelist: 'they shullen folwe deeth, and they shul nat finde him; and they shul desyren to dye, and deeth shal fleo fro hem.' / And eek Job seith: that 'in helle is noon ordre of rule.' / And al-be-it so that god hath creat alle thinges in right ordre, and no-thing with-oute ordre, but alle thinges been ordeyned and nombred; yet natheles they that been dampned been no-thing in ordre, ne holden noon ordre. / For the erthe ne shal bere hem no fruit. / For, as the prophete David seith: 'god shal destroye the fruit of the erthe as fro hem'; ne 220 water ne shal yeve hem no moisture; ne the eyr no refresching, ne fyr no light. / For as seith seint Basillie: 'the brenninge of the fyr of this world shal god yeven in helle to hem that been dampned; / but the light and the cleerneshe shal be yeven in hevене to hise children'; right as the gode man yeveth flesh to hise children, and bones to his boundes. / And for they shullen have noon hope to escape, seith seint Job atte laste: that 'ther shal horroure and grisly drede dwellen with-oute ende.' / Horroure is alwey drede of harm that is to come, and this drede shal evere dwelle in the hertes of hem that been dampned. And therefore han they lorn al hir hope, for severe 150 causes. / First, for god that is hir juge shal be with-oute mercy to hem; ne they may nat plesse him, ne noon of hise halwes; ne they ne may yeve no-thing 225 for hir raunson; / ne they have no vois

to speke to him; ne they may nat fleo fro payne; ne they have no goodnesse in hem, that they mowe shewe to delivere hem fro payne. / And therefore seith Salomon: 'the wikked man dyeth; and whan he is deed, he shal have noon hope to escape fro payne.' / Who-so thanne wolde wel understande these peynes, and bithinke him weel that he hath deserved thilke peynes for his sinnes, certes, he sholde have more talent to syken and to wepe than for to singen and to playe. / For as that seith Salomon: 'who-so that hadde the science to knowe the peynes that been establissed and ordeyned for sinne, he wolde make sorwe.' / 'Thilke science,' as seith seint Augustin, 'maketh a man to waymenten in his herte.' 230

§ 11. The fourthe point, that oghte maken a man to have contricion, is the sorweful remembrance of the good that he hath left to doon here in erthe; and eek the good that he hath lorn. / Soothly, the gode werkes that he hath left, outhere they been the gode werkes that he wroghte er he fel in-to deedly sinne, or elles the gode werkes that he wroghte while he lay in sinne. / Soothly, the gode werkes, that he dide biforn that he fil in sinne, been al mortified and astoned and dilled by the ofte sinning. / The othere gode werkes, that he wroghte whyl he lay in deedly sinne, they been outrelly dede as to the lyf perdurable in hevене. / Thanne thilke gode werkes 160 that been mortified by ofte sinning, whiche gode werkes he dide whyl he was in charitee, ne mowe nevere quiken agayn with-oute verray penitence. / And therefore 235 of seith god, by the mouth of Ezechiel: that, 'if the rightful man returne agayn from his rightwisnesse and werke wikkednesse, shal he live?' / Nay; for alle the gode werkes that he hath wroght ne shul nevere been in remembrance; for he shal dyen in his sinne. / And up-on thilke chapitre seith seint Gregorie thus: 'that we shulle understonde this principally; / that whan we doon deedly sinne, it is for noght thanne to rehercen or drawn in-to memorie the gode werkes that we

han wrought biforn.' / For certes, in the  
 werkinge of the deedly sinne, ther is no  
 trust to no good werk that we han doon  
 biforn; that is to seyn, as for to have  
 240 therby the lyf perdurable in hevene. /  
 But natheless, the gode werkes quiken  
 agayn, and comen agayn, and helpen,  
 and availen to have the lyf perdurable  
 in hevene, whan we han contricion. /  
 But soothly, the gode werkes that men  
 doon whyl they been in deedly sinne,  
 for-as-muche as they were doon in deedly  
 sinne, they may nevere quiken agayn. /  
 For certes, thing that nevere hadde lyf  
 may nevere quikene; and natheless, al-  
 be-it that they ne availen nought to han  
 the lyf perdurable, yet availen they to  
 abregge of the peyne of helle, or elles to  
 geten temporal richesse, / or elles that  
 god wole the rather enlumine and lightne  
 the herte of the sinful man to have  
 170 repentance; / and eek they availen for  
 to usen a man to doon gode werkes, that  
 the feend have the lasse power of his  
 245 soula. / And thus the curteis lord Jesu  
 Crist wole that no good werk be lost;  
 for in somewhat it shal availle. / But  
 for-as-muche as the gode werkes that  
 men doon whyl they been in good lyf,  
 been al mortified by sinne folwinge; and  
 eek, sith that alle the gode werkes that  
 man doon whyl they been in deedly  
 synne, been outrelly dede as for to have  
 the lyf perdurable; / wel may that man,  
 that no good werke ne dooth, singe thilke  
 newe Franshe song: '*Jay tout perdu mon  
 temps et mon labour.*' / For certes, sinne  
 bireveth a man bothe goodnesse of nature  
 and eek the goodnesse of grace. / For  
 soothly, the grace of the holy goost  
 fareth lyk fyr, that may nat been ydel;  
 for fyr faileth anon as it forleteth his  
 250 wirkinge, and right so grace fayleth  
 anon as it forleteth his werkinge. /  
 Than leseth the sinful man the goodnesse  
 of glorie, that only is bihight to gode  
 men that labouren and werken. / Wel  
 may he be sory thanne, that oweth al  
 his lif to god as long as he hath lived,  
 and eek as long as he shal live, that no  
 goodnesse ne hath to paye with his dette

to god, to whom he oweth al his lyf. /  
 For trust wel, 'he shal yeven accountes,'  
 as seith saint Bernard, 'of alle the godes  
 that han be yeven him in this present  
 lyf, and how he hath hem despended; /  
 in so muche that ther shal nat perisse an  
 heer of his heed, ne a moment of an  
 houre ne shal nat perisse of his tyme,  
 that he ne shal yeve of it a rekening.' / (180)

§ 12. The fifthe thing that oghte movee  
 a man to contricion, is remembrance of  
 the passion that oure lord Jesu Crist  
 suffred for oure sinnes. / For, as seith 255  
 saint Bernard: 'whyl that I live, I shal  
 have remembrance of the travailles that  
 oure lord Crist suffred in preching; / his  
 werinesse in travailling, hise temptacions  
 whan he fasted, hise longe wakinges  
 whan he preyde, hise teres whan that  
 he weep for pitee of good peple; / the  
 wo and the shame and the filthe that  
 men seyden to him; of the foule spitting  
 that men spitte in his face, of the  
 buffettes that men yaven him, of the  
 foule mowes, and of the reprevs that  
 men to him seyden; / of the nayles with  
 whiche he was nailed to the croys, and  
 of al the remenant of his passion that he  
 suffred for my sinnes, and no-thing for  
 his gilt.' / And ye shul understonde,  
 that in mannes sinne is every manere of  
 ordre or ordinance turned up-so-doun. / 260  
 For it is sooth, that god, and reson, and  
 sensualitee, and the body of man been so  
 ordeyned, that everich of thise foure  
 thinges sholde have lordshipe over that  
 other; / as thus: god sholde have lord-  
 shipe over reson, and reson over sensu-  
 alitee, and sensualitee over the body of  
 man. / But sothly, whan man sinneth,  
 al this ordre or ordinance is turned  
 up-so-doun. / And therefore thanne, for-  
 as-muche as the reson of man ne wol nat  
 be subget ne obeisant to god, that is his  
 lord by right, therefore leseth it the lord-  
 shipe that it sholde have over sensualitee,  
 and eek over the body of man. / And (190)  
 why? For sensualitee rebelleth thanne  
 agayns reson; and by that way leseth  
 reson the lordshipe over sensualitee and  
 over the body. / For right as reson is 265

rebel to god, right so is bothe sensualitee  
 rebel to reson and the body also. / And  
 certes, this discordance and this re-  
 bellion oure lord Jesu Crist aboghte  
 up-on his precious body ful dere, and  
 herkneth in which wyse. / For-as-muche  
 thanne as reson is rebel to god, therefore  
 is man worthy to have sorwe and to be  
 deed. / This suffred oure lord Jesu Crist  
 for man, after that he hadde be bitrayzed  
 of his disciple, and distreyned and  
 bounde, 'so that his blood brast out at  
 every nail of hise handes,' as seith seint  
 Augustin. / And forther-over, for-as-  
 muchel as reson of man ne wol nat  
 daunte sensualitee whan it may, therefore  
 is man worthy to have shame; and this  
 suffred oure lord Jesu Crist for man,  
 270 whan they spetten in his visage. / And  
 forther-over; for-as-muchel thanne as the  
 catif body of man is rebel bothe to reson  
 and to sensualitee, therefore is it worthy  
 the deeth. / And this suffred oure lord  
 Jesu Crist fer man up-on the croys,  
 where-as ther was no part of his body  
 free, with-outen greet payne and bitter  
 passion. / And al this suffred Jesu  
 Crist, that nevere forfeted. And therefore  
 reasonably may be seyde of Jesu in this  
 manere: 'to muchel am I payned for  
 the thinges that I nevere deserved, and  
 to muche defouled for shendshipe that  
 man is worthy to have.' / And therefore  
 may the sinful man wel seye, as seith  
 seint Bernard: 'acursed be the bitter-  
 nesse of my sinne, for which ther moste  
 (200) be suffred so muchal bitterness.' / For  
 certes, after the diverse discordances of  
 oure wikkednesses, was the passion of  
 275 Jesu Crist ordeyned in diverse thinges, /  
 as thus. Certes, sinful mannes soule is  
 bitrayzed of the devel by covetise of  
 temporel prosperitee, and scorned by  
 deceite whan he cheeseth fleshly delyces;  
 and yet is it tormented by incapience of  
 adversitee, and bispet by servage and  
 subjeccion of sinne; and atte laste it is  
 slayn fynally. / For this discordaunce  
 of sinful man was Jesu Crist first bi-  
 trayzed, and after that was he bounde,  
 that cam for to unbynden us of sinne

and payne. / Thanne was he biscorned,  
 that only sholde han been honoured in  
 alle thinges and of alle thinges. / Thanne  
 was his visage, that oghte be desired  
 to be seyn of al man-kinde, in which  
 visage aungels desyren to looken, vileynly  
 bispet. / Thanne was he scourged that  
 no-thing hadde agilt; and fynally, thanne  
 was he crucified and slayn. / Thanne 280  
 was accomplied the word of Isaye: 'he  
 was wounded for oure misdedes, and  
 defouled for oure felonies.' / Now sith  
 that Jesu Crist took up-on him-self the  
 payne of alle oure wikkednesses, muchel  
 oghte sinful man wepen and biwayle,  
 that for hise sinnes goddes sone of  
 hevene sholde al this payne endure. /

§ 18. The sixte thing that oghte moeve  
 a man to contricion, is the hope of three  
 thynges; that is to seyn, foryiffnesse of  
 sinne, and the yifte of grace wel for to  
 do, and the glorie of hevene, with which  
 god shal guerdone a man for hise gode  
 dedes. / And for-as-muche as Jesu Crist  
 yeveth us thise yiftes of his largesse and  
 of his sovereyn bountee, therefore is he  
 cleped *Jesu Nazareus rex Judeorum*. / (210)  
*Jesu* is to seyn 'saviour' or 'salvacion',  
 on whom men shul hope to have foryif-  
 nesse of sinnes, which that is proprely  
 salvacion of sinnes. / And therefore seyde 285  
 the aungel to Joseph: 'thou shalt clepen  
 his name *Jesu*, that shal saven his peple  
 of hir sinnes.' / And heer-of seith seint  
 Peter: 'ther is noon other name under  
 hevene that is yeve to any man, by which  
 a man may be saved, but only *Jesu*.' /  
*Nazareus* is as muche for to seye as  
 'flourishinge,' in which a man shal hope,  
 that he that yeveth him remission of  
 sinnes shal yeve him eek grace wel for to  
 do. For in the flour is hope of fruit in  
 tyme cominge; and in foryiffnesse of  
 sinnes hope of grace wel for to do. /  
 'I was atte dore of thyn herte,' seith  
*Jesu*, 'and cleped for to entre; he that  
 openeth to me shal have foryiffnesse of  
 sinne. / I wol entre in-to him by my  
 grace, and soupe with him,' by the goode  
 werkes that he shal don; whiche werkes  
 been the foodes of god; 'and he shal

soupe with me,' by the grete joye that  
 290 I shal yeven him. / Thus shal man hope,  
 for hise werkes of penance, that god  
 shal yeven him his regne; as he bihoteth  
 him in the gospel. /

§ 14. Now shal a man understonde, in  
 which manere shal been his contricion.  
 I seye, that it shal been universal and  
 total; this is to seyn, a man shal be  
 verray repentant for alle hise sinnes that  
 he hath doon in delyt of his thought; for  
 delyt is ful perilous. / For ther been  
 two manere of consentinges; that oon of  
 hem is cleped consentinge of affection,  
 whan a man is moeved to do sinne, and  
 delyteth him longe for to thinke on that  
 sinne; / and his reson aperceyeth it  
 wel, that it is sinne agayns the lawe of  
 god, and yet his reson refreyneth nat his  
 foul delyt or talent, though he see wel  
 apertly that it is agayns the reverence of  
 god; al-though his reson ne consente  
 320 nocht to doon that sinne in dede, / yet  
 seyn somme doctours that swich delyt  
 that dwelleth longe, it is ful perilous,  
 295 al be it nevere so lita. / And also a man  
 sholde sorwe, namely, for al that evere  
 he hath desired agayn the lawe of god  
 with perfitt consentinge of his reson; for  
 ther-of is no doute, that it is deedly sinne  
 in consentinge. / For certes, ther is no  
 deedly sinne, that it nas first in mannes  
 thought, and after that in his delyt; and  
 so forth in-to consentinge and in-to dede. /  
 Wherfore I seye, that many men ne re-  
 penten hem nevere of swiche thoghtes  
 and delytes, ne nevere shryven ham of it,  
 but only of the dede of grete sinnes  
 outward. / Wherfore I seye, that swiche  
 wikked delytes and wikked thoghtes been  
 subtille bigylares of hem that shullen be  
 dampned. / More-over, man oghte to  
 sorwe for hise wikkede wordes as wel as  
 for hise wikkede dedes; for certes, the  
 repentance of a singular sinne, and nat  
 repente of alle hise othere sinnes, or elles  
 repenten him of alle hise othere sinnes,  
 and nat of a singular sinne, may nat  
 300 availle. / For certes, god almighty is al  
 good; and ther-fore he foryeveth al, or  
 elles right nocht. / And heer-of seith

seint Augustin: 'I woot certainly / that  
 god is enemy to everich sinnere'; and  
 how thanne? He that observeth o sinne,  
 shal he have foryifnesse of the reme-  
 naunt of hise othere sinnes? Nay. /  
 And forther-over, contricion sholde be  
 wonder sorweful and anguissous, and  
 therfore yeveth him god pleynly his  
 mercy; and therfore, whan my soule  
 was anguissous with-inne me, I hadde  
 remembrance of god that my preyere  
 mighte come to him. / Forther-over, (230)  
 contricion moste be continual, and that  
 man have stedefast purpos to shryven  
 him, and for to amenden him of his lyf. / 305  
 For soothly, whyl contricion lasteth, man  
 may evere have hope of foryifnesse; and  
 of this comth hate of sinne, that destroy-  
 eth sinne bothe in himself, and eek in  
 other folk, at his power. / For which  
 seith David: 'ye that loven god hateth  
 wikkednesse.' For trusteth wel, to love  
 god is for to love that he loveth, and  
 hate that he hateth. /

§ 15. The laste thing that man shal  
 understonde in contricion is this; wher-  
 of awayleth contricion. I seye, that som  
 tyme contricion delivereth a man fro  
 sinne; / of which that David seith:  
 'I seye,' quod David, that is to seyn,  
 'I purposed firmly to shryve me; and  
 thow, Lord, reledest my sinne.' / And  
 right so as contricion availleth nocht,  
 with-uten sad purpos of shrifte, if man  
 have oportunitie, right so litel worth is  
 shrifte or satisfacion with-uten con-  
 tricion. / And more-over, contricion 310  
 destroyeth the prison of helle, and maketh  
 wayk and feble alle the strengthes of the  
 develes, and restoreth the yiftes of the  
 holy goost and of alle gode vertues; / and  
 it clenseth the soule of sinne, and  
 delivereth the soule fro the payne of  
 helle, and fro the compaignie of the devel,  
 and fro the servage of sinne, and restoreth  
 it to alle godes espirituels, and to the  
 compaignie and communion of holy  
 chirohe. / And forther-over, it maketh  
 him that whylom was sone of ire to be  
 sone of grace; and alle thise thinges been  
 preved by holy writ. / And therfore, he

that wolde sette his entente to thise  
 thinges, he were ful wys; for soothly, he  
 ne sholde nat thanne in al his lyf have  
 corage to sinne, but yeven his body and  
 al his herte to the service of Jesu Crist,  
 (240) and ther-of doon him hommage. / For  
 soothly, oure swete lord Jesu Crist hath  
 spared us so debonairely in our folies, that  
 if he ne hadde pitee of mannes soule,  
 315 a sory song we mighten alle singe. /

Explicit prima pars Penitentie; et  
 sequitur secunda pars eiusdem.

§ 16. The seconde partie of Penitence is  
 Confession, that is signe of contricion. /  
 Now shul ye understonde what is Con-  
 fession, and whether it oghte nedes be  
 doon or noon, and whiche thinges been  
 covenable to verray Confession. /

§ 17. First shaltow understonde that  
 Confession is verray shewing of sinnes  
 to the preest; / this is to seyn 'verray,'  
 for he moste confessen him of alle the  
 condiciouns that bilongen to his sinne, as  
 ferforth as he can. / Al moot be seyde,  
 and no thing excused ne hid ne for-  
 wrapped, and noght avaunte him of his  
 320 gode werkes. / And further over, it is  
 necessarie to understonde whennes that  
 sinnes springen, and how they encreesen,  
 and whiche they been. /

§ 18. Of the springinge of sinnes seith  
 seint Paul in this wise: that 'right as by  
 a man sinne entred first in-to this world,  
 and thurgh that sinne deeth, right so  
 thilke deeth entred in-to alle men that  
 sinneden.' / And this man was Adam,  
 by whom sinne entred in-to this world  
 whan he brak the comaundement of  
 god. / And therefore, he that first was so  
 mighty that he sholde not have dyed,  
 bicam swich oon that he moste nedes dye,  
 whether he wolde or noon; and all his  
 progenie in this world that in thilke man  
 (250) sinneden. / Loke that in th'estaat of  
 innocence, when Adam and Eve naked  
 weren in paradys, and no-thing ne hadden  
 325 shame of hir nakednesse, / how that the  
 serpent, that was most wyly of alle othere  
 bestes that god hadde maked, seyde to

the womman: 'why comanded god to  
 yow, ye sholde nat eten of every tree in  
 paradys?' / The womman answerde:  
 'of the fruit' quod she, 'of the trees in  
 paradys we feden us; but soothly, of the  
 fruit of the tree that is in the middel of  
 paradys, god forbad us for to ete, ne nat  
 touchen it, lest per-aventure we should  
 dyen.' / The serpent seyde to the wom-  
 man: 'nay, nay, ye shul nat dyen of  
 deeth; for sothe, god woot, that what day  
 that ye eten ther-of, youre eyen shul  
 opene, and ye shul been as goddes,  
 knowinge good and harm.' / The wom-  
 man thanne saugh that the tree was good  
 to feding, and fair to the eyen, and  
 delitable to the sighte; she tok of the  
 fruit of the tree, and eet it, and yaf to hir  
 housbonde, and he eet; and anon the  
 eyen of hem bothe openeden. / And  
 whan that they knewe that they were  
 naked, they sowed of fige-leves a manere  
 of breeches to hidden hir membra. / There 330  
 may ye seen that deadly sinne hath first  
 suggestion of the feend, as sheweth here  
 by the naddre; and afterward, the delyt  
 of the flesh, as sheweth here by Eve; and  
 after that, the consenting of resoun, as  
 sheweth here by Adam. / For trust wel,  
 thogh so were that the feend tempted Eve,  
 that is to seyn the flesh, and the flesh hadde  
 delyt in the beautes of the fruit defended,  
 yet certes, til that resoun, that is to seyn,  
 Adam, consented to the etinge of the  
 fruit, yet stood he in th'estaat of inno-  
 cence. / Of thilke Adam toke we thilke  
 sinne original; for of him fleshly de-  
 scended be we alle, and engendred of vile  
 and corrupt matere. / And whan the  
 soule is put in our body, right anon is  
 contract original sinne; and that, that  
 was erst but only payne of concupiscence.  
 is afterward bothe payne and sinne. / (261)  
 And therefore be we alle born sones of  
 wratthe and of dampnacion perdurable, if  
 it nere baptesme that we receyven, which  
 binimeth us the culpe; but for sothe, the  
 payne dwelleth with us, as to tempta-  
 cion, which payne highte concupiscence. / 335  
 Whan it is wrongfully disposed or or-  
 deyned in man, it maketh him coveite.

by covetise of flesh, fleshly sinne, by sighte of hise eyen as to erthely thinges, and covetise of hynesse by pryde of herte. /

§ 19. Now as for to spoken of the firste covetise, that is, concupiscence after the lawe of oure membres, that weren lawefullliche y-maked and by rightful judgement of god; / I seye, for-as-muche as man is nat obeisaunt to god, that is his lord, therefore is the flesh to him disobedisaunt thurgh concupiscence, which yet is cleped norissinge of sinne and occasion of sinne. / Therefore, al the whyle that a man hath in him the peyne of concupiscence, it is impossible but he be tempted somtyme, and moeved in his flesh to sinne. / And this thing may nat faille as longe as he liveth; it may wel wexe feble and faille, by vertu of baptesme and by the grace of god thurgh penitence; / but fully ne shal it nevere quenche, that he ne shal som tyme be moeved in him-self, but-if he were al refreyded by sickness, or by malefice of sorcerie or colde drinks. / For lo, what seith seint Paul: 'the flesh coveteth agayn the spirit, and the spirit agayn the flesh; they been so contrarie and so stryven, that a man may nat alwey doon as he wolde.' / The same seint Paul, after his grete penaunce in water and in lond (in water by night and by day, in greet peril and in greet peyne, in lond, in famine, in thurst, in cold and clothes, and ones stoned almost to the deeth) / yet seyde he: 'allas! I, caytif man, who shal deliver me fro the prisoun of my caytif body?' / And seint Jerome, whan he longe tyme hadde woned in desert, where-as he hadde no compagne but of wilde bestes, where-as he ne hadde no mete but herbes and water to his drinke, ne no bed but the naked erthe, for which his flesh was blak as an Ethiopen for hete and ny destroyed for cold; / yet seyde he: that 'the brennings of lecherie boiled in al his body.' / Wherefore I woot wel sikerly, that they been deceyved that seyn, that they ne be nat tempted in hir body. / Witnesse on

Seint Jame the Apostel, that seith: that 'every wight is tempted in his owen concupiscence;' that is to seyn, that everich of us hath matere and occasion to be tempted of the norissinge of sinne that is in his body. / And therefore seith Seint John the Evaungelist: 'if that we seyn that we beth with-oute sinne, we deceyve us-selve, and trouthe is nat in us.' /

§ 20. Now shal ye understonde in what manere that sinne wexeth or encreseth in man. The firste thing is thilke norissinge of sinne, of which I spak biforn, thilke fleshly concupiscence. / And after that comth the subjeccion of the devel, this is to seyn, the develes bely, with which he bloweth in man the fyr of fleshly concupiscence. / And after that, a man bithinketh him whether he wol doon, or no, thilke thing to which he is tempted. / And thanne, if that a man withstonde and weyve the firste entysinge of his flesh and of the feend, thanne is it no sinne; and if it so be that he do nat so, thanne feleth he anon a flambe of delyt. / And thanne is it good to be war, and kepen him wel, or elles he wol falle anon in-to consentinge of sinne; and thanne wol he do it, if he may have tyme and place. / And of this matere (280) seith Moyses by the devel in this manere: 'the feend seith, I wole chace and pursue the man by wikked suggestion, and I wole hente him by moevynge or stiringe of sinne. I wol departe my pryse or my praye by deliberacion, and my lust shal been accompliced in delyt; I wol drawe my sword in consentinge;' / for certes, 355 right as a sword departeth a thing in two peces, right so consentinge departeth god fro man: 'and thanne wol I sleen him with myn hand in dede of sinne'; thus seith the feend. / For certes, thanne is a man al deed in soule. And thus is sinne accompliced by temptacion, by delyt, and by consentinge; and thanne is the sin cleped actual. /

§ 21. For sothe, sinne is in two maneres; outhur it is venial, or deedly sinne. Soothly, whan man loveth any



creature more than Jesu Crist oure creatour, thanne is it deedly sinne. And venial synne is it, if man love Jesu Crist lasse than him oghte. / For sothe, the dede of this venial sinne is ful perilous; for it amenuseth the love that men sholde han to god more and more. / And therefore, if a man charge him-self with manye swiche venial sinnes, certes, but-if so be that he som tyme discharge him of hem by shrifte, they mowe ful lightly amenuse in him al the love that he hath  
 360 to Jesu Crist; / and in this wise skippeth venial in-to deedly sinne. For certes, the more that a man chargeth his soule with venial sinnes, the more is he enclined to fallen in-to deedly sinne. / And therefore, lat us nat be negligent to deschargen us of venial sinnes. For the proverbe seith: that manye smale maken a greet. / And herkne this ensample. A greet wawe of the see comth som-tyme with so greet a violence that it drencheth the ship. And the same harm doth som-tyme the smale dropes of water, that entren thurgh a litel crevace in-to the thurrok, and in-to the botme of the ship, if men be so negligent that they ne discharge hem nat by tyme. / And therefore, although ther be a difference bitwixe thise two causes of drenchinge, algates the ship is dreynt. /  
 (290) Right so fareth it som-tyme of deedly sinne, and of anyouse veniale sinnes, whan they multiplie in a man so greetly, that thilke worldly thinges that he loveth, thurgh whiche he sinneth venially, is as greet in his herte  
 365 as the love of god, or more. / And therefore, the love of every thing, that is nat biset in god ne doon principally for goddes sake, al-though that a man love it lasse than god, yet is it venial sinne; / and deedly sinne, whan the love of any thing weyeth in the herte of man as muchel as the love of god, or more. / 'Deedly sinne,' as seith seint Augustin, 'is, whan a man turneth his herte fro god, which that is verray sovereyn bountee, that may nat change, and yeveth his herte to thing that may change and flitte'; / and certes, that is

every thing, save god of hevene. For sooth is, that if a man yeve his love, the which that he oweth al to god with al his herte, un-to a creature, certes, as muche of his love as he yeveth to thilke creature, so muche he bireveth fro god; / and therefore doth he sinne. For he, that is dettour to god, ne yeldeth nat to god al his dette, that is to seyn, al the love of his herte. /

§ 22. Now sith man understondeth generally, which is venial sinne, thanne is it covenable to tellen specially of sinnes which that many a man per-aventure ne demeth hem nat sinnes, and ne shryveth him nat of the same thinges; / and yet natheless they been sinnes. / Soothly, as thise clerkes wryten, this is to seyn, that at every tyme that a man eteth or drinketh more than suffyeth to the sustenance of his body, in certein he dooth sinne. / And eek whan he speketh more than nedeth, it is sinne. Eke whan he herkneth nat benignely the complaint of the povre. / Eke whan he is in hale of body and wol nat faste, whan othere folk faste, with-outen cause reasonable. Eke whan he alepeth more than nedeth, or whan he comth by thilke enchesoun to late to chirche, or to othere werkis of charite. / Eke whan he useth his wyf, (300) with-outen sovereyn deyr of engendrure, to the honour of god, or for the entente to yelde to his wyf the dette of his body. / 375 Eke whan he wol nat visite the sike and the prisoner, if he may. Eke if he love wyf or child, or other worldly thing, more than resoun requyreth. Eke if he flaters or blandishe more than him oghte for any necesitee. / Eke if he amenuse or withdrawe the almese of the povre. Eke if he apparailleth his mete more deliciously than nede is, or ete it to hastily by likerousnesse. / Eke if he tale vanitees at chirche or at goddes service, or that he be a talker of ydel wordes of folye or of vileinye; for he shal yelden accountes of it at the day of doma. / Eke whan he biheteth or assureth to do thinges that he may nat perfourne. Eke whan that he, by lightnesse or folie, misseyeth

or scorneth his neighbore. / Eke whan  
he hath any wikked suspencion of thing,  
380 Ther he ne woot of it no soothfastnesse. /  
Thise thinges and mo with-oute nombre  
been sinnes, as seith seint Augustin. /

Now shal men understonde, that al-be-  
it so that noon erthely man may eschue  
alle venial sinnes, yet may he refreyne  
him by the brenninge love that he hath  
to oure lord Jesu Crist, and by preyeres  
and confession and othere gode werkes,  
so that it shal but litel greve. / For, as  
seith seint Augustin: 'if a man love god  
in swiche manere, that al that evere he  
doth is in the love of god, and for the love  
of god verrailly, for he brenneth in the  
love of god: / loke, how muche that  
a droppe of water that falleth in a fourneys  
ful of fyr anoyeth or greveth, so muche  
anoyeth a venial sinne un-to a man that  
(310) is parfit in the love of Jesu Crist.' / Men  
may also refreyne venial sinne by re-  
ceyvinge worthily of the precious body  
385 of Jesu Crist; / by receyving eek of holy  
water; by almesdede; by general con-  
fession of *Confiteor* at masse and at  
complin; and by blessinge of bisshopes  
and of preestes, and by othere gode  
werkes. /

Explicit secunda pars Penitentie.

Sequitur de Septem Peccatis Mortalibus  
et eorum dependenciis circumstantiis  
et speciebus.

§ 23. Now is it bihovely thing to telle  
whiche been the deedly sinnes, this is to  
seyn, chieftaines of sinnes; alle they  
renne in o lees, but in diverse maneres.  
Now been they cleped chieftaines for-as-  
muche as they been chief, and †springers  
of alle othere sinnes. / Of the roote of  
thise sevene sinnes thanne is Pryde, the  
general rote of alle harmes; for of this  
rote springen certain branches, as Ire,  
Envy, Acedie or Slewthe, Avarice or  
Coveitise (to commune understandinge),  
Glotony, and Lecherye. / And everich  
of thise chief sinnes hath hise branches  
and hise twigges, as shal be declared in  
hir chapitres folwinge. /

De Superbia.

§ 24. And thogh so be that no man  
can outirely telle the nombre of the  
twigges and of the harmes that cometh  
of Pryde, yet wol I shewe a partie of  
hem, as ye shul understonde. / Ther 390  
is Inobedience, Avauntinge, Ipocrisie,  
Despyt, Arrogance, Impudence, Swellinge  
of herte, Insolence, Elacion, Impacience,  
Strif, Contumacia, Presumpcion, Irre-  
verence, Pertinacie, Veyne Glorie; and  
many another twig that I can nat  
declara. / Inobedient, is he that dis-  
obeyeth for despyt to the comandements  
of god and to hise sovereyns, and to his  
goostly fader. / Avauntour, is he that  
bosteth of the harm or of the bountee  
that he hath doon. / Ipocrite, is he that  
hydeth to shewe him swiche as he is, and  
sheweth him swiche as he noght is. / (320)  
Despitous, is he that hath desdeyn of his  
neighbore, that is to seyn, of his evene-  
cristene, or hath despyt to doon that him  
oghte to do. / Arrogant, is he that 395  
thinketh that he hath thilke bountees in  
him that he hath noght, or weneth that  
he sholde have hem by hise desertes; or  
elles he demeth that he be that he nis  
nat. / Impudent, is he that for his pride  
hath no shame of hise sinnes. / Swellinge  
of herte, is whan a man rejoyseth him of  
harm that he hath doon. / Insolent, is  
he that despyseth in his jugement alle  
othere folk as to regard of his value, and  
of his conning, and of his speking, and of  
his bering. / Elacion, is whan he ne may  
neither suffre to have maister ne felawe. / 400  
Impacient, is he that wol nat been y-  
taught ne undernome of his vyce, and by  
stryf werreyeth trouthe wittingly, and  
deffendeth his folye. / Contumar, is he  
that thurgh his indignacion is agayns  
everich auctoritee or power of hem that  
been hise sovereyns. / Presumpcion, is  
whan a man undertaketh an emprise  
that him oghte nat do, or elles that he  
may nat do; and that is called Surqui-  
dria. Irreverence, is whan men do nat  
honour theeres hem oghte to doon, and  
waiten to be revered. / Pertinacie,

is whan man deffendeth his folye, and  
 (330) trusteth to muchel in his owene wit. /  
 Veyne glorie, is for to have pompe and  
 delyt in his temporel hynesse, and  
 405 glorifie him in this worldly estaat. /  
 Jangling, is whan men speken to muche  
 biforn folk, and clappen as a mille, and  
 taken no kepe what they seye. /

§ 25. And yet is ther a privee spece of  
 Pryde, that waiteth first to be salewed er  
 he wole salewe, al be he lasse worth than  
 that other is, per-aventure; and eek he  
 waiteth or desyreth to sitte, or elles to  
 goon above him in the way, or kisse pax,  
 or been encensed, or goon to offring biforn  
 his neighebores, / and swiche semblable  
 thinges; agayns his duete, per-aventure,  
 but that he hath his herte and his  
 entente in swich a proud desyr to be  
 magnified and honoured biforn the  
 peple. /

§ 26. Now been ther two maneres of  
 Pryde; that oon of hem is with-inne the  
 herte of man, and that other is with-  
 oute. / Of whiche soothly thise forseyde  
 thinges, and mo than I have seyde, aper-  
 tenen to pryde that is in the herte of  
 man; and that othere speces of pryde  
 410 been with-oute. / But natheles that oon  
 of thise speces of pryde is signe of that  
 other, right as the gaye leefsel atte taverne  
 is signe of the wyn that is in the celer. /  
 And this is in manye thinges: as in speche  
 and contenance, and in outrageous array  
 of clothing; / for certes, if ther ne hadde  
 be no sinne in clothing, Crist wolde nat  
 have noted and spoken of the clothing of  
 thilke riche man in the gospel. / And, as  
 seith Saint Gregorie, that precious clothing  
 is couped for the derthe of it, and for  
 his softenesse, and for his strangenesse  
 and degysinesse, and for the superfluitee,  
 (340) or for the inordinat scantnesse of it. /  
 Allas! may men nat seen, as in oure  
 dayes, the sinful costlewe array of cloth-  
 inge, and namely in to muche superfluitee,  
 415 or elles in to desordinat scantnesse? /

§ 27. As to the firste sinne, that is in  
 superfluitee of clothinge, which that  
 maketh it so dere, to harm of the peple; /  
 nat only the cost of embroudinge, the

degysse endantinge or barringe, oundinge,  
 pallinge, windinge, or bendinge, and  
 semblable wast of clooth in vanitee; /  
 but ther is also costlewe furringe in hir  
 gounes, so muche pounsoninge of chisels  
 to maken holes, so muche dagginge of  
 sheres; / forth-with the superfluitee in  
 lengthe of the forseide gounes, trailinge  
 in the dong and in the myre, on horse  
 and eek on fote, as wel of man as of  
 womman, that al thilke trailing is verrailly  
 as in effect wasted, consumed, thredbare,  
 and roten with donge, rather than it is  
 yeven to the povre; to greet damage of  
 the forseide povre folk. / And that in  
 sondry wyse: this is to seyn, that the  
 more that clooth is wasted, the more it  
 costeth to the peple for the scantnesse; / 420  
 and farther-over, if so be that they wolde  
 yeven swich pounsoned and dagged cloth-  
 ing to the povre folk, it is nat convenient  
 to were for hir estaat, ne sufficient to bete  
 hir necessitee, to kepe hem fro the dis-  
 temperance of the firmament. / Upon  
 that other syde, to speken of the horrible  
 disordinat scantnesse of clothing, as been  
 thise cutted sloppes or hainselins, that  
 thurgh hir shortnesse ne covere nat the  
 shameful membres of man, to wikked  
 entente. / Allas! somme of hem shewen  
 the boce of hir shap, and the horrible  
 swollen membres, that semeth lyk the  
 maladie of hirnias, in the wrappings of hir  
 hoses; / and eek the buttokes of hem  
 faren as it were the hindre part of a she-  
 ape in the fulle of the mone. / And (350)  
 more-over, the wrecched swollen mem-  
 bres that they shewe thurgh the degy-  
 singe, in departinge of hir hoses in whyt  
 and reed, semeth that half hir shameful  
 privee membres weren flayn. / And if 425  
 so be that they departen hire hoses in  
 othere colours, as is whyt and blak, or  
 whyt and blew, or blak and reed, and so  
 forth; / thanne semeth it, as by variance  
 of colour, that half the partie of hir  
 privee membres were corrupt by the fyr  
 of saint Antony, or by cancre, or by other  
 swich meschaunce. / Of the hindre part  
 of hir buttokes, it is ful horrible for to  
 see. For certes, in that partie of hir

body ther-as they purgen hir stinkinge ordure, / that foule partie shewe they to the peple proudly in despyt of honestetee, the which honestetee that Jesu Crist and hise freendes observede to shewen in hir lyve. / Now as of the outrageous array of wommen, god woot, that though the visages of somme of hem seme ful chaast and debonaire, yet notifie they in hir array of styr likerousnesse and  
 430 pryde. / I sey nat that honestetee in clothinge of man or womman is unconvenable, but certes the superfluitee or disordinat scantitee of clothinge is reprevable. / Also the sinne of aornement or of apparaille is in thinges that apertenen to rydinge, as in to manye delicat horses that been holden for delyt, that been so faire, fatte, and costlewe; / and also to many a vicious knave that is sustened by cause of hem; in to curious harneys, as in sadeles, in crouperes, peytrels, and brydles covered with precious clothing and riche, barres and plates of gold and of silver. / For which god seith by Zakarie the prophete, 'I wol confounde  
 (360) the ryderes of swiche horses.' / This folk taken litel reward of the rydinge of goddes sone of hevene, and of his harneys whan he rood up-on the asse, and ne hadde noon other harneys but the povre clothes of hise disciples; ne we ne rede  
 435 nat that evere he rood on other beest. / I speke this for the sinne of superfluitee, and nat for reasonable honestetee, whan reson it requyeth. / And forther, certes pryde is greetly notified in holdinge of greet meinee, whan they be of litel profit or of right no profit. / And namely, whan that meinee is felonous and damagous to the peple, by hardinesse of heigh lordshipe or by way of offices. / For certes, swiche lordes sellen thanne hir lordshipe to the devel of helle, whanne they sustenen the wikkednesse of hir meinee. / Or elles whan this folk of lowe degree, as thilke that holden hostleries, sustenen the thefte of hir hostilers,  
 440 and that is in many manere of deceites. / Thilke manere of folk been the fyes that folwen the hony, or elles the houndes

that folwen the careyne. Swiche forseyde folk stranglen spiritually hir lordshipes; / for which thus seith David the prophete, 'wikked doeth mote come up-on thilke lordshipes, and god yeve that they mote descenden in-to helle al down; for in hir houses been iniquitees and shrewednesse,' and nat god of hevene. / And certes, but-if they doon amendement, right as god yaf his benison to †Laban by the service of Jacob, and to †Pharao by the service of Joseph, right so god wol yeve his malison to swiche lordshipes as sustenen the wikkednesse of hir servaunts, but-if they come to amendement. / Pryde of the table appereth eek ful ofte; for certes, riche men been cleped to festes, and povre folk been put away and rebuked. / Also in excesse of diverse  
 (370) metes and drinkes; and namely, swiche manere bake metes and dish-metes, brenninge of wilde fyr, and peynted and castelled with papir, and semblable wast; so that it is abusion for to thinke. / And  
 445 eek in to greet preciousnesse of vessel and curiositee of minstralcie, by whiche a man is stired the more to delcyces of luxurie, / if so be that he sette his herte the lasse up-on oure lord Jesu Crist, certain it is a sinne; and certainly the delcyces mighte been so grete in this caas, that man mighte lightly falle by hem in-to deedly sinne. / The aspesces that souden of Pryde, soothly whan they sourden of malice ymagined, avysed, and forncast, or elles of usage, been deedly synnes, it is no doute. / And whan they sourden by freletee unavysed sodeinly, and sodeinly withdrawn ayen, al been they grevouse sinnes, I gesse that they ne been nat deedly. / Now mighte men axe wher-of that Pryde sourdeth and springeth, and I seye: somtyme it springeth of the goodes of nature, and som-tyme of the goodes of fortune, and som-tyme of the goodes of grace. / Certes,  
 450 the goodes of nature stonden outhen in goodes of body or in goodes of soule. / Certes, goodes of body been hele of body, as strengthe, delivernesse, beautee, gentrye, franchise. / Goodes of nature of the soule been good wit, sharp under-

stondynge, subtil engin, vertu naturel,  
 good memorie. / Goodes of fortune been  
 riches, highe degrees of lordshippes,  
 (380) preisinges of the peple. / Goodes of grace  
 been science, power to suffre spiritual  
 travaille, benignitee, vertuous contem-  
 placion, withstandinge of temptacion,  
 455 and semblable thinges. / Of whiche for-  
 seyde goodes, certes it is a ful greet folye  
 a man to pryden him in any of hem  
 alle. / Now as for to speken of goodes of  
 nature, god woot that som-tyme we han  
 hem in nature as muche to oure damage  
 as to oure profit. / As, for to speken  
 of hele of body; certes it passeth ful  
 lightly, and eek it is ful ofte encheson of  
 the siknesse of oure soule; for god woot,  
 the flesh is a ful greet enemy to the  
 soule; and therefore, the more that the  
 body is hool, the more be we in peril to  
 falla. / Eke for to pryde him in his  
 strengthe of body, it is an heigh folye;  
 for certes, the flesh covaiteth agayn the  
 spirit, and ay the more strong that the  
 flesh is, the sorer may the soule be: /  
 and, over al this, strengthe of body and  
 worldly hardinesse causeth ful ofte many  
 460 a man to peril and meschaunce. / Eek  
 for to pryde him of his gentrye is ful  
 greet folye; for ofte tyme the gentrye of  
 the body binimeth the gentrye of the  
 soule; and eek we ben alle of o fader and  
 of o moder; and alle we been of o nature  
 roten and corrupt, both riche and povre. /  
 For sothe, oo manere gentrye is for to  
 preise, that apparailleth mannes corage  
 with vertues and moralitees, and maketh  
 him Cristes child. / For truste wel, that  
 over what man sinne hath maistrie, he is  
 a verray cherl to sinne. /

§ 28. Now been ther generale signes of  
 gentilese; as eschewing of vyce and  
 ribaudye and servage of sinne, in word,  
 (390) in werk, and contenance; / and usinge  
 vertu, curteisye, and clennesse, and to be  
 liberal, that is to seyn, large by mesure;  
 for thilke that passeth mesure is folye  
 465 and sinne. / Another is, to remembre  
 him of bountee that he of other folk hath  
 receyved. / Another is, to be benigne to  
 hise goode subgetis; wherfore, as seith

Senek, 'ther is no-thing more covenable  
 to a man of heigh estaat than debonairetee  
 and pitee. / And therefore thise flyes that  
 men clepeth bees, whan they maken hir  
 king, they chesen oon that hath no prikke  
 wherwith he may stinge.' / Another is,  
 a man to have a noble herte and a dili-  
 gent, to attayne to heighe vertuous  
 thinges. / Now certes, a man to pryde  
 him in the goodes of grace is eek an out-  
 rageous folye; for thilke yiftes of grace  
 that sholde have turned him to goodnesse  
 and to medicine, turneth him to venim  
 and to confusoun, as seith saint Gregorie. / 470  
 Certes also, who-so prydeh him in the  
 goodes of fortune, he is a ful greet fool;  
 for som-tyme is a man a greet lord by the  
 morwe, that is a caitif and a wreoche er  
 it be night: / and somtyme the richesse  
 of a man is cause of his deeth; somtyme  
 the delays of a man is cause of the  
 grevous maladye thurgh which he dyeth. /  
 Certes, the commendacion of the peple is  
 somtyme ful fals and ful brotel for to  
 triste; this day they preysen, tomorwe  
 they blame. / God woot, desyr to have  
 commendacion of the peple hath caused  
 deeth to many a biy man. / (400)

#### Remedium contra peccatum Superbie.

§ 29. Now sith that so is, that ye han  
 understonde what is pryde, and whiche  
 been the spes of it, and whennes pride  
 sourdeth and springeth; / now shul ye 475  
 understonde which is the remedie agayns  
 the sinne of pryde, and that is, humilitee  
 or mekenesse. / That is a vertu, thurgh  
 which a man hath verray knoweleche of  
 him-self, and holdeth of him-self no prys  
 ne deyntee as in regard of hise desertes,  
 consideringe evere his frailetee. / Now  
 been ther three maneres of humilitee; as  
 humilitee in herte, and another humilitee  
 in his mouth; the thridde in hise werkes. /  
 The humilitee in herte is in foure maneres:  
 that oon is, whan a man holdeth him-self  
 as noght worth biforn god of hevene.  
 Another is, whan he ne despysyth noon  
 other man. / The thridde is, whan he  
 rekkeh nat thogh men holde him noght  
 worth. The farthe is, whan he nis nat

480 sory of his humiliacion. / Also, the humilitee of mouth is in foure thinges: in attemptee speche, and in humblesse of speche, and whan he biknoweth with his owene mouth that he is swich as him thinketh that he is in his herte. Another is, whan he preiseth the bountee of another man, and nothing ther-of amenueth. / Humilitee eek in werkes is in foure maneres: the firste is, whan he putteth othere men biforn him. The seconde is, to chese the loweste place over-al. The thridde is, gladly to assente to good conseil. / The farthe is, to stonde gladly to the award of hise sovereyns, or of him that is in hyer degree; certain, this is a greet werk of humilitee. /

#### Sequitur de Invidia.

§ 80. After Pryde wol I speken of the foule sinne of Envye, which is, as by the word of the philosophre, sorwe of other mannes prosperitee; and after the word of saint Augustin, it is sorwe of other mannes wele, and joye of othere mennes harm. / This foule sinne is platly agayns the holy goost. Al-be-it so that every sinne is agayns the holy goost, yet natheles, for as muche as bountee aperteneth properly to the holy goost, and Envye comth properly of malice, therefore it is properly agayn the bountee of the holy 485 goost. / Now hath malice two speces, that is to seyn, hardnesse of herte in wikkednesse, or elles the flesh of man is so blind, that he considereth nat that he is in sinne, or rekketh nat that he is in sinne; which is the hardnesse of the devel. / That other spece of malice is, whan a man werreyeth trouthe, whan he woot that it is trouthe. And eek, whan he werreyeth the grace that god hath yeve to his neighbere; and al this is by Envy. / Certes, thanne is Envye the worste sinne that is. For soothly, alle othere sinnes been som-tyme only agayns o special vertu; / but certes, Envye is agayns alle vertues and agayns alle goodnesse; for it is sory of alle the bountees of his neighbere; and in this manere it is divers from alle othere sinnes. / For

wel unnethe is ther any sinne that it ne hath som delyt in itself, save only Envye, that evere hath in itself anguish and sorwe. / The speces of Envye been thise: 490 ther is first, sorwe of other mannes goodnesse and of his prosperitee; and prosperitee is kindly matere of joye; thanne is Envye a sinne agayns kinde. / The seconde spece of Envye is joye of other mannes harm; and that is proprely lyk to the devel, that evere rejoyseth him of mannes harm. / Of thise two speces comth bakbyting; and this sinne of bakbyting or detraccion hath certeine speces, as thus. Som man preiseth his neighbere by a wikke entente; / for he maketh alwey a wikked knotte atte laste ende. Alwey he maketh a 'but' atte laste ende, that is digne of more blame, than worth is al the preisinge. / The seconde spece (495) is, that if a man be good and dooth or seith a thing to good entente, the bakbyter wol turne all thilke goodnesse up-so-down to his shrewed entente. / The thridde 495 is, to amenuse the bountee of his neighbere. / The fourthe spece of bakbyting is this; that if men speke goodnesse of a man, thanne wol the bakbyter seyn, 'parfey, swich a man is yet bet than he'; in dispreisinge of him that men preise. / The fifte spece is this; for to consente gladly and harkne gladly to the harm that men speke of other folk. This sinne is ful greet, and ay encreaseth after the wikked entente of the bakbyter. / After bakbyting cometh grucching or murmuracion; and somtyme it springeth of impaciencie agayns god, and somtyme agayns man. / Agayns god it is, whan a man gruccheth agayn the peynes of helle, or agayns poverte, or los of catel, or agayn reyn or tempest; or elles gruccheth that shrewes han prosperitee, or elles for that goode men han adversitee. / 500 And alle thise thinges sholde men suffre patiently, for they comen by the rightful judgement and ordinance of god. / Somtyme comth grucching of avarice; as Judas gruccheth agayns the Magdalayne, whan she enoynte the heved of oure lord Jesu Crist with hir precious

oynement. / This maner murmure is swich as whan man grucbeth of goodnesse that him-self dooth, or that other folk doon of hir owene catel. / Somtyme comth murmure of Pryde; as whan Simon the Pharisee grucched agayn the Magdaleyne, whan she approached to Jesu (430) Crist, and weep at his feet for hir sinnes. / And somtyme grucching souldeth of Envy; whan men discovereth a mannes harm that was prived, or bereth him on 505 hond thing that is fals. / Murmure eek is ofte amonges servants, that grucchen whan hir sovereyns bidden hem doon lefeful thinges; / and, for-as-muche as they dar nat openly withseye the comandements of hir sovereyns, yet wol they seyn harm, and grucche, and murmure prively for verray despyt; / whiche wordes men clepen the develes *Pater-noster*, though so be that the devel ne hadde nevere *Pater-noster*, but that lewed folk yeven it swich a name. / Somtyme grucching comth of ire or prive hate, that noriseth rancour in herte, as afterward I shal declare. / Thanne cometh eek bitterness of herte; thurgh which bitterness every good dede of his neigh- 510 bor semeth to him bitter and unsavory. / Thanne cometh discord, that unbindeth alle manere of frendshipe. Thanne comth scorninge, as whan a man seketh occasion to anyen his neighbor, al do he never so weel. / Thanne comth accusinge, as whan man seketh occasion to anyen his neighbor, which that is lyk to the craft of the devel, that waiteth bothe night and day to accusen us alle. / Thanne comth malignitee, thurgh which a man anyeth his neighbor prively if he may; / and if he noght may, algate his wikked wil ne shal nat wante, as for to brennen his hous prively, or empoysone or sleen hise bestes, and semblable (440) thinges. /

Remedium contra peccatum Invidie.

§ 81. Now wol I speke of the remedie agayns this foule sinne of Envy. First, is the love of god principal, and loving of his neighbor as him-self; for soothly,

that oon ne may nat been withoute that other. / And truste wel, that in the 515 name of thy neighebor thou shalt understonde the name of thy brother; for certes alle we have o fader fleshy, and o moder, that is to seyn, Adam and Eve; and eek o fader espirituel, and that is god of hevene. / Thy neighebor artow holden for to love, and wilne him alle goodnesse; and therfore seith god, 'love thy neighebor as thyselfe,' that is to seyn, to salvacion bothe of lyf and of soule. / And more-over, thou shalt love him in word, and in benigne amonestinge, and chaastyng; and conforten him in hise anoyes, and preye for him with al thyh herte. / And in dede thou shalt love him in swich wyse, that thou shalt doon to him in charitee as thou woldest that it were doon to thyh owene persona. / And therfore, thou ne shalt doon him no damage in wikked word, ne harm in his body, ne in his catel, ne in his soule, by entysing of wikked ensample. / Thou 520 shalt nat desyren his wyf, ne none of hise thinges. Understand eek, that in the name of neighebor is comprehended his enemy. / Certes man shal loven his enemy by the comandement of god; and soothly thy frend shaltow love in God. / I seye, thyh enemy shaltow love for goddes sake, by his comandement. For if it were reson that a man sholde haten his enemy, for sothe god nolde nat receiven us to his love that been hise enemys. / Agayns three manere of wronges that his enemy dooth to hym, he shal doon three thinges, as thus. / Agayns hate (43. and rancour of herte, he shal love him in herte. Agayns chydying and wikkede wordes, he shal preye for his enemy. And agayn the wikked dede of his enemy, he shal doon him bountee. / For Crist 525 seith, 'loveth youre enemys, and preyeth for hem that speke yow harm; and eek for hem that yow chacen and pursewen, and doth bountee to hem that yow haten.' Io, thus comaundeth us oure lord Jesu Crist, to do to oure enemys. / For soothly, nature dryveth us to loven oure freendes, and parfey, oure enemys han more nede

to love than our freendes ; and they that more nede have, certes, to hem shal men doon goodnesse ; / and certes, in thilke dede have we remembrance of the love of Jesu Crist, that dayde for hise enemya. / And in-as-muche as thilke love is the more grevous to perfourne, in-so-muche is the more gretter the merite ; and therefore the lovinge of oure enemy hath confounded the venim of the devel. / For right as the devel is disconfited by humilitee, right so is he wounded to the deeth by love of oure enemy. / Certes, thanne is love the medicine that casteth out the venim of Envy fro mannes herte. / The spesce of this pas shullen be more largely in hir chapitres folwinge declared. /

### Sequitur de Ira.

§ 82. After Envy wol I discryven the synne of Ira. For soothly, who-so hath envye upon his neighebor, anon he wole comunly finde him a matere of wratthe, in word or in dede, agayns him to whom he hath envye. / And as wel comth Ire of Pryde, as of Envy ; for soothly, he that is proude or envious is lightly wrooth. /

§ 83. This synne of Ire, after the discryving of seint Augustin, is wikked wil to been avenged by word or by dede. / Ire, after the philosophre, is the fervent blood of man y-quiked in his herte, thurgh which he wole harm to him that he hateth. / For certes the herte of man, by eschaufinge and moevinge of his blood, wexeth so trouble, that he is out of alle jugement of resoun. / But ye shal understonde that Ire is in two maneres ; that oon of hem is good, and that other is wikked. / The gode Ire is by jalousye of goodnesse, thurgh which a man is wrooth with wikkednesse and agayns wikkednesse ; and therefore seith a wys man, that 'Ire is bet than play.' / This Ire is with debonairetee, and it is wrooth withouten bitterness ; nat wrooth agayns the man, but wrooth with the misdede of the man ; as seith the prophete David, *Irascimini et nolite peccare*. / Now understondeth, that wikked Ire is in two maneres, that is to seyn,

sodeyn Ire or hastif Ire, withouten avise-ment and consentinge of resoun. / The mening and the sens of this is, that the resoun of man ne consente nat to thilke sodeyn Ire ; and thanne it is venial. / Another Ire is ful wikked, that comth of felonye of herte avysed and cast biforn ; with wikked wil to do vengeance, and therto his resoun consenteth ; and soothly this is deedly sinne. / This Ire is so displeasing to god, that it troubleth his hous and chaceeth the holy goost out of mannes soula, and wasteth and destroyeth the lyknesse of god, that is to seyn, the vertu that is in mannes soule ; / and put in him the lyknesse of the devel, and binimeth the man fro god that is his rightful lord. / This Ire is a ful greet plessaunce to the devel ; for it is the develes fourneys, that is eschaufed with the fyr of helle. / For certes, right so as fyr is more mighty to destroyen erthely thinges than any other element, right so Ire is mighty to destroyen alle spiritual thinges. / Loke how that fyr of smale gledes, that been almost dede under aschen, wollen quike agayn when they been touched with brimston ; right so Ire wol everemo quiken agayn, when it is touched by the pryde that is covered in mannes herte. / For certes fyr ne may nat comen out of no-thing, but-if it were first in the same thing naturally ; as fyr is drawn out of flintes with steel. / And right so as pryde is ofte tyme matere of Ire, right so is rancour norice and keper of Ira. / Ther is a maner tree, as seith seint Isidre, that whan men maken fyr of thilke tree, and covere the coles of it with aschen, soothly the fyr of it wol lasten al a year or more. / And right so fareth it of rancour ; whan it is ones conceyved in the hertes of som men, certain, it wol lasten peraventure from oon Estre-day unto another Estre-day, and more. / But certes, thilke man is ful far fro the mercy of god al thilke while. /

§ 84. In this foresayde develes fourneys ther forgen three shrewes : Pryde, that ay bloweth and encreseth the fyr by chyd-inge and wikked wordes. / Thanne stant



Envy, and holdeth the hote iren upon  
 the herte of man with a paire of longe  
 555 tonges of long rancour. / And thanne  
 stant the sinne of contumelie or stryf and  
 cheeste, and batereth and forgeth by  
 vileyns reprevings. / Certes, this cursed  
 sinne anoyeth bothe to the man him-self  
 and eek to his neighbor. For soothly,  
 almost al the harm that any man dooth  
 to his neighbore comth of wratthe. /  
 For certes, outrageous wratthe doth al  
 that evere the devel him comaundeth;  
 for he ne spareth neither Crist, ne his  
 swete mooder. / And in his outrageous  
 anger and Ire, alas! alas! ful many oon  
 at that tyme feleth in his herte ful wik-  
 kedly, bothe of Crist and of alle hise  
 halwes. / Is nat this a cursed vice? Yis,  
 certes. Alas! it binimeth from man his  
 wit and his resoun, and al his debonaire  
 560 lyf espirituel that sholde kepen his soule. /  
 Certes, it binimeth eek goddes due lord-  
 ships, and that is mannes soule, and the  
 love of hise neighebores. It stryveth eek  
 alday agayn trouthe. It reveth him the  
 quiete of his herte, and subverteth his  
 soule. /

§ 85. Of Ire comen thise stinkinge  
 engendures: first hate, that is old  
 wratthe; discord, thurgh which a man  
 forsaketh his olde freend that he hath  
 loved ful longe. / And thanne cometh  
 werre, and every manere of wrong that  
 man dooth to his neighebores, in body or  
 in catel. / Of this cursed sinne of Ire  
 cometh eek manslaughter. And under-  
 stonde wel, that homicyde, that is man-  
 slaughtre, is in dyverse wyse. Som manere  
 (190) of homicyde is spirituel, and som is bodily. /  
 Spirituel manslaughter is in six thinges.  
 First, by hate; as seint John seith, 'he  
 565 that hateth his brother is homicyde.' /  
 Homicyde is eek by bakbytinge; of whiche  
 bakbyteres seith Salomon, that 'they han  
 two swerdes with which they sleen hir  
 "neighebores.' For soothly, as wikke is to  
 binime his good name as his lyf. / Homi-  
 cyde is eek, in yevinge of wikked conseil  
 by fraude; as for to yeven conseil to  
 areysen wrongful custumes and taillages. /  
 Of whiche seith Salomon, 'Leon rorynge

and bere hongry been lyke to the cruel  
 lordshipes,' in withholdinge or abregginge  
 of the shepe (or the hyre), or of the wages  
 of servaunts, or elles in usure or in with-  
 drawinge of the almesse of povre folk. /  
 For which the wyse man seith, 'fedeth  
 him that almost dyeth for hunger'; for  
 soothly, but-if thou fede him, thou sleest  
 him; and alle thise been deadly sinnes. /  
 Bodily manslaughter is, whan thou sleest  
 him with thy tonge in other manere; as  
 whan thou comandest to sleen a man, or  
 elles yevest him conseil to sleen a man. / 570  
 Manslaughtre in dede is in foure maneres.  
 That oon is by lawe; right as a justice  
 dampneth him that is coupable to the  
 deeth. But lat the justice be war that he  
 do it rightfully, and that he do it nat for  
 delyt to spille blood, but for kepinge of  
 rightwisenesse. / Another homicyde is,  
 that is doon for necessitee, as whan o man  
 sleeth another in his defendaunt, and  
 that he ne may noon otherwise escape  
 from his owene deeth. / But certainly,  
 if he may escape withouten manslaughter  
 of his adversarie, and sleeth him, he doth  
 sinne, and he shal bere penance as for  
 deadly sinne. / Eek if a man, by ceas or  
 aventure, shete an arwe or caste a stoon  
 with which he sleeth a man, he is homi-  
 cyde. / Eek if a womman by negligens (575)  
 overlieth hir child in hir sleping, it is  
 homicyde and deadly sinne. / Eek whan 575  
 man destourbeth concepcon of a child,  
 and maketh a womman outhur bareyne  
 by drinkinge venemouse herbes, thurgh  
 which she may nat conceyve, or sleeth  
 a child by drinkes wilfully, or elles put-  
 teth certeine material thinges in hir  
 secree places to sle the child; / or elles  
 doth unkindely sinne, by which man or  
 womman shedeth hir nature in manere  
 or in place ther-as a child may nat be  
 conceived; or elles, if a womman have  
 conceived and hurt hir-self, and sleeth  
 the child, yet is it homicyde. / What  
 seye we eek of wommen that mordren hir  
 children for drede of worldly shame?  
 Certes, an horrible homicyde. / Homi-  
 cyde is eek if a man approacheth to a  
 womman by desir of lecherye, thurgh

which the child is perished, or elles smytheth a womman wittingly, thurgh which alle leseth hir child. Alle these been homicydes and horrible deadly synnes. / Yet comen ther of Ire manye mo synnes, as wel in word as in thought and in dede; as he that arreteth upon god, or blameth god, of thing of which he is him-self guilty; or despyeth god and alle hise halwes, as doon thise cursede hasardours in diverse contrees. / This cursede sinne doon they, when they felan in hir hertes ful wikkedly of god and of hise halwes. / Also, when they treten unreverently the sacrament of the auter, thilke sinne is so greet, that unnethes may it been releued, but that the mercy of god passeth alle hise werkes; it is so greet and he so benigne. / Thanne comth of Ire attri angre; whan a man is sharply amonested in his shrifte for foreten his sinne, / than wole he be angry and answeren bokerly and angrily, and deffenden or excusen his sinne by unstedfastnesse of his flesh; or elles he dide it for to holde companye with hise felawes, or elles, he seith, the fend entyced him; / or elles he dide it for his youthe, or elles his complexioun is so courageous, that he may nat forbere; or elles it is his destinee, as he seith, unto a certain age; or elles, he seith, it cometh him of gentillesse of hise auncestres; and semblable thinges. / Alle this manere of folk so wrappen hem in hir synnes, that they ne wol nat delivere hem-self. For soothly, no wight that excuseth him wilfully of his sinne may nat been delivered of his sinne, til that he makely biknoweth his sinne. / After this, thanne cometh swering, that is expres agayn the comandement of god; and this bifalleth ofte of anger and of Ira. / God seith: 'thou shalt nat take the name of thy lord god in veyn or in ydel.' Also oure lord Jesu Crist seith by the word of saint Mathew: '*Nolite iurare omnino*;' ne wol ye nat swere in alle manere; neither by hevene, for it is goddes trone; ne by erthe, for it is the bench of his feet; ne by Jerusalem, for it is the citee of a greet king; ne by thyn

heed, for thou mayst nat make an heer whyt ne blak. / But seyeth by youre word, "ye, ye," and "nay, nay"; and what that is more, it is of yvel, seith Crist. / For Cristes sake, ne swereth nat so sinfully, in dismembryng of Crist by soule, herte, bones, and body. For certes, it semeth that ye thinke that the cursede Jewes ne dismembred nat y-nough the precious persone of Crist, but ye disembre him more. / And if so be that the lawe compelle yow to swere, thanne rule yow after the lawe of god in youre swering, as seith Jeramyne *quarto capitulo*, '*Iurabis in veritate, in iudicio et in iusticia*:' thou shalt kepe three condicions; thou shalt swere in trouthe, in doom, and in rightwisnesse. / This is to seyn, thou shalt swere sooth; for every lesinge is agayns Crist. For Crist is verray trouthe. And think wel this, that every greet swerere, nat compelled lawefully to swere, the wounde shal nat departe from his hous whyl he useth swich unleveful swering. / Thou shalt sweren eek in doom, when thou art constreyned by thy domesman to witnessen the trouthe. / Eek thou shalt nat swere for envye ne for favour, ne for mede, but for rightwisnesse; for declaracioun of it to the worship of god and helping of thyne evenecristene. / And therefore, every man that taketh goddes name in ydel, or falsly swereth with his mouth, or elles taketh on him the name of Crist, to be called a Cristene man, and liveth agayns Cristes livinge and his techinge, alle they taken goddes name in ydel. / Loke eek what saint Peter seith, *Actuum quarto capitulo*, '*Non est aliud nomen sub celo*,' &c. 'Ther nis noon other name,' seith saint Peter, 'under hevene, yeven to men, in which they mowe be saved;' that is to seyn, but the name of Jesu Crist. / Take kepe eek how that the precious name of Crist, as seith saint Paul *ad Philipenses secundo*, '*In nomine Jesu*,' &c.: that in the name of Jesu every knee of hevenely creatures, or erthely, or of helle sholden bowe; for it is so heigh and so worshipful, that the cursede fend in helle sholde tremblen to

heren it y-nampned. / Thanne semeth it, that men that sweren so horribly by his blessed name, that they despyse him more boldely than dide the cursede Jewes, or elles the devel, that tremebleth whan he hereth his name. /

§ 86. Now certes, sith that swering, but-if it be lawefully doon, is so heighly defended, muche worse is forswering  
600 falsly, and yet nedeles. /

§ 87. What seye we eek of hem that delyten hem in swering, and holden it a gentrie or a manly dede to swere grete othes? And what of hem that, of verray usage, ne cesse nat to swere grete othes, al be the cause nat worth a straw? Certes, this is horrible sinne. / Sweringe sodeynly with-oute avysement is eek a sinne. / But lat us go now to thilke horrible swering of adjuracioun and conjuracioun, as doon thise false enchauntours or nigromanciens in bacins ful of water, or in a bright sward, in a cercele, or in a fyr, or in a shulder-boon of a sheep. / I can nat seye but that they doon cursedly and damnably, agayns  
(530) Crist and al the feith of holy chirohe. /

§ 88. What seye we of hem that bileven in divynalles, as by flight or by noyse of brides, or of bestes, or by sort, by geomancie, by dremes, by chirkinge of dorees, or crakkinge of houses, by gnawynge of  
605 rattes, and swich manere wrecchednesse? /

Certes, al this thing is defended by god and by al holy chirohe. For which they been acursed, til they come to amende-ment, that on swich filthe setten hir bileve. / Charmes for woundes or maladye of men, or of bestes, if they taken any effect, it may be perventure that god suffreth it, for folk sholden yeve the more feith and reverence to his name. /

§ 89. Now wol I speken of lesinges, which generally is fals significacioun of word, in entente to deceyven his evenecristene. / Som lesinge is of which ther comth noon advantage to no wight: and som lesinge turneth to the ese or profit of o man, and to disese and damage of another man. / Another lesinge is for to saven his lyf or his catel. Another

lesinge comth of delyt for to lye, in which delyt they wol forge a long tale, and peynten it with alle circumstaunces, where al the ground of the tale is fals. / 600 Som lesinge comth, for he wole sustene his word; and som lesinge comth of recchelesnesse, with-oute avysement; and samblable thinges. /

§ 40. Lat us now touche the vyce of flateringe, which ne comth nat gladly but for drede or for covetise. / Flaterye is generally wrongful preisinge. Flatereres been the develes norices, that norisen hise children with milk of losangeria. / For sothe, Salomon seith, that 'flaterie is wors than detraccioun.' For som-tyme detraccion maketh an hantain man be the more humble, for he dredeth detraccion; but certes flaterye, that maketh a man to enhaunce his herte and his contaunce. / Flatereres been the de-  
(540) veles enchauntours; for they make a man to wene of him-self be lyk that he nis nat lyk. / They been lyk to Judas  
615 that bitraysed [god; and thise flatereres bitraysen] a man to sellen him to his enemy, that is, to the devel. / Flatereres been the develes chapelleyne, that singen evere *Placebo*. / I rekene flaterye in the vyces of Ire; for ofte tyme, if o man be wrooth with another, thanne wol he flatore som wight to sustene him in his querela. /

§ 41. Speke we now of swich cursinge as comth of irons herte. Malisoun generally may be seyde every maner power of harm. Swich cursinge bireveth man fro the regne of god, as seith saint Paul. / And ofte tyme swich cursinge wrongfully retorneth agayn to him that curseth, as a brid that retorneth agayn to his owene nest. / And over alle thing men oghten  
620 eschewe to cursen hir children, and yeven to the devel hir engendrure, as ferforth as in hem is; certes, it is greet peril and greet sinne. /

§ 42. Lat us thanne speken of chydinge and reproche, which been ful grete woundes in mannes herte; for they un-sowen the semes of frendshipe in mannes herte. / For certes, unnethes may a man

pleynly been accorded with him that hath him openly revyled and reprevd in disclandrea. This is a ful grisly sinne, as Crist seith in the gospel. / And tak kepe now, that he that repreveth his neighebor, outhur he repreveth him by som harm of peyne that he hath on his body, as 'mesel,' 'croked harlot,' or by som sinne that he dooth. / Now if he reprev him by harm of peyne, thanne turneth the reprev to Jesu Crist; for peyne is sent by the rightwys sonde of god, and by his suffrance, be it meselrie, or maheym, or maladye. / And if he reprev him uncharitably of sinne, as, 'thou holour,' 'thou dronkelewe harlot,' and so forth; thanne aperteneth that to the rejoyngs of the devel, that evere hath joye that men doon sinne. / And certes, chydunge may nat come but out of a vileyns herte. For after the habundance of the herte speketh the mouth ful ofte. / And ye shul understonde that loke, by any way, whan any man shal chastyse another, that he be war from chydunge or reprevings. For trewely, but he be war, he may ful lightly quiken the fyr of angre and of wratthe, which that he sholde quenche, and per-aventure sleeth him which that he mighte chastyse with benigntee. / For as seith Salomon, 'the amiable tonge is the tree of lyf,' that is to seyn, of lyf espiritual: and sothly, a deslavec tonge sleeth the spiritus of him that repreveth, and eek of him that is reprevd. / Lo, what seith seint Augustin: 'ther is no-thing so lyk the develes child as he that ofte chydeth.' Seint Paul seith eek: 'I, servant of god, bihove nat to chyde.' / And how that chydunge be a vileyns thing bitwixe alle manere folk, yet it is certes most uncoovenable bitwixe a man and his wyf; for there is nevere reste. And therefore seith Salomon, 'an hous that is uncovered and droppinge, and a chydunge wyf, been lyke.' / A man that is in a droppinge hous in many places, though he eschewe the droppinge in o place, it droppeth on him in another place; so fareth it by a chydunge wyf. But she chyde him in o place, she wol

chyde him in another. / And therefore, 'bette is a morsel of breed with joye than an hous ful of deloyes, with chydunge,' seith Salomon. / Seint Paul seith: 'O ye wommen, be ye subgetes to youre housbondes as bihoveth in god; and ye men, loveth youre wyves.' *Ad Colossenses, tertio.* (560)

§ 43. Afterward speke we of scorninge, which is a wikked sinne; and namely, whan he scorneth a man for hise gode werkes. / For certes, swiche scorneres 635 faren lyk the foule tode, that may nat endure to smelle the sote savour of the vyne whanne it florissheth. / These scorneres been parting felawes with the devel; for they han joye whan the devel winneth, and sorwe whan he leseth. / They been adversaries of Jesu Crist; for they haten that he loveth, that is to seyn, salvacion of soule. /

§ 44. Speke we now of wikked conseil; for he that wikked conseil yeveth is a traytour. For he deceyveth him that trusteth in him, *ut Achitofel ad Absolonem*. But natheless, yet is his wikked conseil first agayn him-self. / For, as seith the wyse man, every fals livinge hath this propertee in him-self, that he that wole anoye another man, he anoyeth first him-self. / And men shul understonde, 640 that man shal nat taken his conseil of fals folk, ne of angry folk, or grevous folk, ne of folk that loven specially to muchel hir owene profit, ne to muche worldly folk, namely, in conseilinge of soules. /

§ 45. Now comth the sinne of hem that sowen and maken discord amonges folk, which is a sinne that Crist hateth outrelly; and no wonder is. For he deyde for to make concord. / And more shame do they to Crist, than dide they that him crucifyede; for god loveth bettre, that frendshipe be amonges folk, than he dide his owene body, the which that he yaf for unitee. Therefore been they lykned to the devel, that evere been aboute to maken discord. /

§ 46. Now comth the sinne of double tonge; swiche as speken faire biforn folk,

and wikkedly bihinde; or elles they maken semblant as though they speke of good entencioun, or elles in game and play, and yet they speke of wikked entente. /

§ 47. Now comth biwreying of conseil, thurgh which a man is defamed; certes, 645 unnethe may he restore the damage. /

Now comth manace, that is an open folye; for he that ofte manaceth, he threateth more than he may perfourne ful ofte tyme. /

Now cometh ydel wordes, that is with-outen profit of him that speketh the wordes, and eek of him that herketh the wordes. Or elles ydel wordes been tho that been nedelees, or with-outen entente of naturel profit. / And al-be-it that ydel wordes been som tyme venial sinne, yet sholde men douten hem; for we shul yeve rekeninge of hem bifore god. /

Now comth jangling, that may nat been withoute sinne. And, as seith Salomon, 'it is a sinne of apert folye.' / And therfore a philosopre seyde, whan men axed him how that men sholde plesse the peple; and he answerde, 'do many 650 gode werkes, and spek fewe jangles.' /

After this comth the sinne of japeres, that been the develes apes; for they maken folk to laughe at hir japerie, as folk doon at the gaudes of an ape. Swiche japeres deffendeth seint Paul. / Loke how that vertuouse wordes and holy conforten hem that travaillen in the service of Crist; right so conforten the vileyns wordes and knakkes of japeris hem that travaillen in the service of the devel. / These been the sinnes that comen of the tonge, that comen of Ire and of othere sinnes mo. /

**Sequitur remedium contra peccatum Ire.**

§ 48. The remedye agayns Ire is a vertu that men clepen Mansuetude, that is Debonairetee; and eek another vertu, 580 that men callen Pacience or Suffrance. /

§ 49. Debonairetee withdraweth and refreyneth the stiringes and the moevynge of mannes corage in his herte, in

swich manere that they ne skippe nat out by angre ne by Ire. / Suffrance suffreth swetely alle the annoyances and the wronges that men doon to man outward. / Seint Jerome seith thus of debonairetee, that 'it doth noon harm to no wight, ne seith; ne for noon harm that men doon or seyn, he ne eschafeth nat agayns his rescoun.' / This vertu som-tyme comth of nature; for, as seith the philosopre, 'a man is a quik thing, by nature debonaire and trestable to goodnesse; but whan debonairetee is enformed of grace, thanne is it the more worth.' /

§ 50. Pacience, that is another remedye agayns Ire, is a vertu that suffreth swetely every mannes goodnesse, and is nat wrooth for noon harm that is doon to him. / The philosopre seith, that 'pacience is thilke vertu that suffreth debonairely alle the outrages of adversitee and every wikked word.' / This 660 vertu maketh a man lyk to god, and maketh him goddes owene dere child, as seith Crist. This vertu disconfiteth thyn enemy. And therfore seith the wyse man, 'if thou wolt venquise thyn enemy, lerne to suffre.' / And thou shalt understonde, that man suffreth foure manere of grevances in outward thinges, agayns the whiche foure he moot have foure manere of paciences. /

§ 51. The firste grevance is of wikkede wordes; thilke suffrede Jesu Crist withouten grucching, ful patiently, whan the Jewes despyed and repreved him ful ofte. / Suffre thou therfore patiently; for the wyse man seith: 'if thou stryve with a fool, though the fool be wrooth or though he laughe, algate thou shalt have no reste.' / That other grevance outward is to have damage of thy catel. Ther-agayns suffred Crist ful patiently, whan he was despoiled of al that he hadde in this lyf, and that nas but hise clothes. / 705 The thridde grevance is a man to have harm in his body. That suffred Crist ful patiently in al his passoun. / The fourthe grevance is in outrageous labour in werkes. Wherefore I seye, that folk

that maken hir servants to travailen to greuously, or out of tyme, as on halydayes, soothly they do greet sinne. / Heer-agayns suffred Crist ful patiently, and taughte us pacience, whan he bar up-on his blissed shulder the croys, up-on which he sholde suffren despitous deeth. / Heer may men lerne to be patient; for certes, nocht only Cristen men been patient for love of Jesu Crist, and for guerdoun of the blisful lyf that is perdurable; but certes, the olde payens, that nevere were Cristene, commendeden and useden the vertu of pacience. /

§ 52. A philosophe up-on a tyme, that wolde have beten his disciple for his grete trespass, for which he was greatly amoeved, and broghte a yerde to scourge the child; / and whan this child saugh the yerde, he seyde to his maister, 'what thanke ye to do?' 'I wol bete thee,' quod the maister, 'for thy correccion.' / 'For sothe,' quod the child, 'ye oghten first correcte youre-self, that han lost al youre pacience for the gilt of a child.' / 'For sothe,' quod the maister al wepinge, 'thou seyst sooth; have thou the yerde, my dere sone, and correcte me for myn incapience.' / Of Pacience comth Obedience, thurgh which a man is obedient to Crist and to alle hem to whiche he oghte to be obedient in Crist. / And understond wel that obedience is perfit, whan that a man doth gladly and hastily, with good herte entierly, al that he sholde do. / Obedience generally, is to perfourne the doctrine of god and of his sovereyns, to whiche him oghte to ben obeissant in alle rightwysnesse. /

#### Sequitur de Accidia.

§ 53. After the sinnes of Envy and of Ire, now wol I spoken of the sinne of Accidia. For Envy blindeth the herte of a man, and Ire troubleth a man; and Accidia maketh him hevvy, thoughtful, and wrawe. / Envy and Ire maken bitterness in herte; which bitterness is moder of Accidia, and binimeth him the love of alle goodnesse. Thanne is Accidia the anguissch of a trouble herte; and seint

Augustin seith: 'it is any of goodnesse and joye of harm.' / Certes, this is a dampnable sinne; for it doth wrong to Jesu Crist, in-as-muche as it binimeth the service that men oghte doon to Crist with alle diligence, as seith Salomon. / But Accidia dooth no swich diligence; he dooth alle thing with any, and with wrawnesse, slaknesse, and excusacioun, and with ydelnesse and unlust; for which the book seith: 'acursed be he that doth the service of god neeligently.' / Thanne is Accidia enemy to everich estaat of man; for certes, the estaat of man is in three maneres. / Outher it is th'estaat of innocence, as was th'estaat of Adam biforn that he fl into sinne; in which estaat he was holden to wirche, as in herynge and adouringe of god. / Another estaat is the estaat of sinful men, in which estaat men been holden to labour in preyinge to god for amendement of hir sinnes, and that he wole graunte hem to aysen out of hir sinnes. / Another estaat is th'estaat of grace, in which estaat he is holden to werkes of penitence; and certes, to alle thise thinges is Accidia enemy and contraria. For he loveth no bisinesse at al. / Now certes, this foule sinne Accidia is eek a ful greet enemy to the lyfode of the body; for it ne hath no purveance agayn temporal necessitee; for it forleweth and forsluggeth, and destroyeth alle goodes temporeles by rechelesnesse. /

§ 54. The fourthe thinge is, that Accidia is lyk to hem that been in the payne of helle, by-cause of hir slouth and of hir hevynesse; for they that been dampned been so bounde, that they ne may neither wel do ne wel thinka. / Of Accidia comth first, that a man is anyed and encombred for to doon any goodnesse, and maketh that god hath abhominacion of swich Accidia, as seith seint Johan. /

§ 55. Now comth Slouth, that wol nat suffre noon hardnesse ne no penaunce. For soothly, Slouth is so tendre, and so delicat, as seith Salomon, that he wol nat suffre noon hardnesse ne penaunce, and therefore he shendeth al that he

dooth. / Agayns this roten-herted sinne of Accidis and Slouthe sholde men exercise hem-self to doon gode werkes, and manly and vertuously cacohen corage wel to doon; thinkinge that oure lord Jesu Crist quyeth every good dede, be it never so lyte. / Usage of labour is a greet thing; for it maketh, as seith saint Bernard, the laborer to have stronge armes and harde sinwes; and Slouthe maketh hem feble and tendre. / Thanne comth drede to biginne to werke any gode werkes; for certes, he that is enclined to sinne, him thinketh it is so greet an empyree for to undertake to doon werkes of goodnesse, / and casteth in his herte that the circumstaunces of goodnesse been so grevous and so chargeaunt for to suffre, that he dar nat undertake to do werkes of goodnesse, as seith saint Gregorie. /

§ 56. Now comth wanhope, that is despire of the mercy of god, that comth somtyme of to muche outrageous sorwe, and somtyme of to muche drede: imaginige that he hath doon so muche sinne, that it wol nat avallien him, though he wolde repenten him and forsake sinne: / thurgh which despire or drede he abandoneh al his herte to every maner sinne, (620) as seith saint Augustin. / Which dampnable sinne, if that it continue un-to his ende, it is cleped sinning in the holy gost. / This horrible sinne is so perilous, that he that is despired, ther nis no felonye ne no sinne that he douteth for to do; as shewed wel by Judas. / Certes, aboven alle sinnes thanne is this sinne most displeant to Crist, and most adversarie. / Soothly, he that despireth him is lyk the coward champion recreant, that seith orent withoute nede. Allas! allas! nedeles is he recreant and nedeles despired. / Certes, the mercy of god is evere redy to every penitent, and is aboven alle hise werkes. / Allas! can nat a man bithinke him on the gospel of saint Luk, 15., where-as Crist seith that 'as wel shal ther be joye in hevene upon a sinful man that doth penitence, as up-on nynety and nyne rightful men

that neden no penitence?' / Loke further, in the same gospel, the joye and the feste of the gode man that hadde lost his sone, whan his sone with repentaunce was retourned to his fader. / Can they nat remembren hem eek, that, as seith saint Luk ~~xxiii~~<sup>xxii</sup> capitulo, how that the theef that was hanged bisyde Jesu Crist, seyde: 'Lord, remembre of me, whan thou comest in-to thy regne?' / 'For sothe,' seyde Crist, 'I seye to thee, to-day shaltow been with me in Paradye.' / Certes, ther is noon so horrible sinne of man, that it ne may, in his lyf, be destroyed by penitence, thurgh vertu of the passion and of the deeth of Crist. / (63) Allas! what nedeth man thanne to been despired, sith that his mercy so redy is and large? Axe and have. / Thanne cometh Sompnolence, that is, sluggy slombringe, which maketh a man be hevvy and dol, in body and in soule; and this sinne comth of Slouthe. / And certes, the tyme that, by wey of resoun, men sholde nat slepe, that is by the morwe; but-if ther were cause reasonable. / For soothly, the morwe-tyde is most covenable, a man to seye his preyer, and for to thinken on god, and for to honour god, and to yeven almese to the povre, that first cometh in the name of Crist. / Lo! what seith Salomon: 'who-so wolde by the morwe awaken and seke me, he shal finde.' / Thanne cometh Negligence, or recchelesnesse, that reketh of no-thing. And how that ignorance be moder of alle harm, certes, Negligence is the norice. / Negligence; (64) ne doth no fore, whan he shal doon a thing, whether he do it weel or baddely. /

§ 57. Of the remedie of thise two sinnes, as seith the wyse man, that 'he that dredeth god, he spareth nat to doon that him oghte doon.' / And he that loveth god, he wol doon diligence to please god by his werkes, and abandone him-self, with al his might, wel for to doon. / Thanne comth ydelnesse, that is the yate of alle harmes. An ydel man is lyk to a place that hath no walles; the develes may entre on every syde and sheten at him at discover, by temptation on every

40) syde. / This ydelnesse is the thurrok of alle wikked and vleyens thoghtes, and of  
 715 alle jangles, trufles, and of alle ordure. / Certes, the hevene is yeven to hem that wol labouroun, and nat to ydel folk. Bek David seith: that 'they ne been nat in the labour of men, ne they shul nat been whipped with men,' that is to seyn, in purgatorie. / Certes, thanne semeth it, they shul be tormented with the devel in helle, but-if they doon penitence. /

§ 58. Thanne comth the sinne that men clepen *Turditas*, as whan a man is to latrede or tarynges, er he wole turne to god; and certes, that is a greet folye. He is lyk to him that falleth in the dich, and wol nat aryse. / And this vyce comth of a fals hope, that he thinketh that he shal live longe; but that hope failleth ful ofte. /

§ 59. Thanne comth *Lachesse*; that is he, that whan he biginneth any good werk, anon he shal forleten it and stinten; as doon they that han any wight to governe, and ne taken of him na-more kepe, anon as they finden any contrarie  
 720 or any any. / Thise been the newe shepherdes, that leten hir sheep wittingly go renne to the wolf that is in the breres, or do no fors of hir owene governaunce. / Of this comth poverté and destrucciooun, bothe of spiritual and temporel thinges. Thanne comth a manere coldnesse, that freseth al the herte of man. / Thanne comth undevoicioun, thurgh which a man is so blent, as seith saint Bernard, and hath swiche langour in soule, that he may neither rede ne singe in holy chirche, ne here ne thinke of no devocioun, ne travaille with hise handes in no good werk, that it nis him unsavory and al  
 550 apalled. / Thanne waxeth he slow and slombry, and sone wol be wrooth, and sone is enclyned to hate and to envye. / Thanne comth the sinne of worldly sorwe, swich as is cleped *tristitia*, that sleeth man, as saint Paul seith. / For certes, swich sorwe werketh to the deeth of the soule and of the body also; for ther-  
 735 of comth, that a man is anyed of his owene lyf. / Wherfore swich sorwe short-

eth ful ofte the lyf of a man, er that his tyme be come by wey of kinde. /

#### Remedium contra peccatum Accidie.

§ 60. Agayns this horrible sinne of Accidie, and the branches of the same, ther is a vertu that is called *Fortitudo* or Strengthe; that is, an affeccioun thurgh which a man despyseth anyous thinges. / This vertu is so mighty and so vigorous, that it dar withstonde mightily and wysely kepen him-self fro perils that been wikked, and wrestle agayn the assautes of the devel. / For it enhaunceth and enforeth the soule, right as Accidie abateth it and maketh it feble. For this *Fortitudo* may endure by long suffraunce the travailles that been  
 730 covenable. /

§ 61. This vertu hath manye spesces; and the firste is cleped *Magnanimites*, that is to seyn, greet courage. For certes, ther bihoveth greet courage agains Accidie, lest that it ne swolwe the soule by the sinne of sorwe, or destroye it by wanhope. / This vertu maketh folk to undertake harde thinges and grevouse thinges, by hir owene wil, wysely and reasonably. / And for as muchel as the devel fighteth agayns a man more by queyntise and by sleighte than by strengthe, therefore men shal withstonden him by wit and by resoun and by discrecioun. / Thanne arn ther the vertues of feith, and hope in god and in hise seintes, to acheve and accomplice the gode werkes in the whiche he purposeth fermely to continue. / (660)  
 Thanne comth seuretee or sikernes; and that is, whan a man ne dotteth no travaille in tyme cominge of the gode werkes that a man hath bigonne. / 735  
 Thanne comth Magnificence, that is to seyn, whan a man dooth and perfourmeth grete werkes of goodnesse that he hath bigonne; and that is the ende why that men sholde do gode werkes; for in the accomplisshinge of grete goode werkes lyth the grete guerdoun. / Thanne is ther Constauce, that is, stablenesse of courage; and this sholde been in herte by stedefast feith, and in mouth, and in beringe, and



in chere and in dede. / Eke ther been  
no speciale remedies agains Accidie, in  
diverse werkes, and in consideracioun of  
the peynes of helle, and of the joyes of  
hevene, and in trust of the grace of the  
holy goost, that wole yeve him might to  
perfourne his gode entente. /

#### Sequitur de Avaricia.

§ 62. After Accidie wol I speke of  
Avarice and of Coveitise, of which sinne  
seith seint Paule, that 'the rote of alle  
harmes is Coveitise': *Ad Timotheum, secundo  
capitulo*. / For soothly, whan the herte  
of a man is confounded in it-self and  
troubled, and that the soule hath lost the  
comfort of god, thanne seketh he an ydel  
740 solas of worldly thinges. /

§ 63. Avarice, after the descripcioun of  
seint Augustin, is likerousnesse in herte  
to have erthely thinges. / Som other  
folk seyn, that Avarice is, for to pur-  
chacen manye erthely thinges, and no-  
thing yeve to hem that han nede. / And  
understonde, that Avarice ne stant nat  
only in lond ne catel, but somtyme in  
science and in glorie, and in every manere  
of outrageous thing is Avarice and  
Coveitise. / And the difference bitwixe  
Avarice and Coveitise is this. Coveitise  
is for to coveite swiche thinges as thou  
hast nat; and Avarice is for to withholde  
(670) and kepe swiche thinges as thou hast,  
with-oute rightful nede. / Soothly, this  
Avarice is a sinne that is ful dampnable;  
for al holy writ curseth it, and speketh  
agayns that vyce; for it dooth wrong to

745 Jesu Crist. / For it bireveth him the  
love that men to him owen, and turneth  
it bakward agayns alle rescoun; / and  
maketh that the avaricious man hath  
more hope in his catel than in Jesu Crist,  
and dooth more observance in kepinge of  
his tresor than he dooth to service of  
Jesu Crist. / And therfore seith seint  
Paul *ad Ephesios, quinto*, that 'an  
avaricious man is in the thraldom of  
ydolatrie.' /

§ 64. What difference is bitwixe an  
ydolastre and an avaricious man, but  
that an ydolastre, per aventure, ne hath

but o mawmet or two, and the avaricious  
man hath manye? For certes, every  
florin in his cofre is his mawmet. / And  
certes, the sinne of Mawmetrye is the  
firste thing that God defendend in the ten  
comandments, as bereth witnesse *Exodi,  
capitulo xxi*: / 'Thou shalt have no false  
goddess bifore me, ne thou shalt make  
to thee no grave thing.' Thus is an  
avaricious man, that loveth his tresor  
biforn god, an ydolastre. / thurgh this  
cursed sinne of Avarice. Of Coveitise  
comen thise harde lordshipes, thurgh  
whiche men been distreyned by tallages,  
custumes, and cariages, more than hir  
duetes or rescoun is. And eek they taken  
of hir bonde-men amerciments, whiche  
mighten more resonably ben cleped  
extorciouns than amerciments. / Of whiche  
amerciments and ransouninge of bonde-  
men, somme lordes stywardes seyn, that  
it is rightful; for-as-muche as a cherl  
hath no temporel thing that it ne is his  
lordes, as they seyn. / But certes, thise  
lordshipes doon wrong, that bireven hir  
bonde-folk thinges that they nevere yave  
hem: *Augustinus de Civitate, libro nono*. / (680)  
Sooth is, that the condicioun of thraldom  
and the firste cause of thraldom is for  
sinne; *Genecis, quinto*. / 75

§ 65. Thus may ye seen that the gilt  
disserveth thraldom, but nat nature. /  
Wherfore thise lordes ne sholde nat  
muche glorifyen hem in hir lordshipes,  
sith that by naturel condicion they been  
nat lordes of thralles; but for that  
thraldom comth first by the desert of  
sinne. / And further-over, ther-as the  
lawe seith, that temporel godes of bonde-  
folk been the godes of hir lordshipes, ye,  
that is for to understonde, the godes of  
the emperour, to defenden hem in hir  
right, but nat for to robben hem ne reven  
hem. / And therfore seith Seneca: 'thy  
prudence sholde live benignely with thy  
thralles.' / Tilke that thou clepest thy  
thralles been goddesses peple; for humble  
folk been Cristes freendes; they been  
contubernial with the lord. / 70

§ 66. Think eek, that of swich seed as  
charles springeth, of swich seed springen

lordes. As wel may the cherl be saved as the lord. / The same deeth taketh the cherl, swich deeth taketh the lord. Wherfore I rede, do right so with thy cherl, as thou woldest that thy lord dide with thee, if thou were in his plyt. / Every synful man is a cherl to sinne. I rede thee, certes, that thou, lord, werke in swiche wyse with thy cherles, that they rather love thee than drede. / I woot wel ther is degree above degree, as reson is; and skile it is, that men do hir devoir ther-as it is due; but certes, extorciouns and despit of youre underlinges is dampnable. /

§ 67. And farther-over understond wel, that thise conquerours or tiraunts maken ful ofte thralles of hem, that been born of as royal blood as been they that hem conqueren. / This name of thraldom was nevere erst outh, til that Noe seyde, that his sone Canaan sholde be thral to hise bretheren for his sinne. / What seye we thanne of hem that pilen and doon extorciouns to holy chirche? Certes, the sword, that men yeven first to a knight whan he is newe dubbed, signifieth that he sholde defenden holy chirche, and nat robben it ne pilen it; and who so dooth, is traitour to Crist. / And, as seith seint Augustin, 'they been the develes wolves, that stranglen the sheep of Jesu Crist'; and doon worse than wolves. / For soothly, whan the wolf hath ful his wombe, he stinteth to strangle sheep. But soothly, the pilours and destroyours of goddes holy chirche ne do nat so; for they ne stinte nevere to pile. / Now, as I have seyde, sith so is that sinne was first cause of thraldom, thanne is it thus; that thilke tyme that al this world was in sinne, thanne was al this world in thraldom and subjeccioun. / But certes, sith the tyme of grace cam, god ordeyned that som folk sholde be more heigh in estat and in degree, and som folk more lowe, and that everich sholde be served in his estat and in his degree. / And therefore, in somme contrees ther they byen thralles, whan they han turned hem to the faith, they maken

hir thralles free out of thraldom. And therefore, certes, the lord oweth to his man that the man oweth to his lord. / The Pope calleth him-self servant of the servaunts of god; but for-as-muche as the estat of holy chirche ne mighte nat han be, ne the commune profit mighte nat han be kept, ne pees and reste in erthe, but-if god hadde ordeyned that som men hadde hyer degree and som men lower: / therfore was sovereyntee ordeyned to kepe and mayntene and defenden hir underlinges or hir subgets in resoun, as farforth as it lyth in hir power; and nat to destroyen hem ne confounde. / Wherfore I seye, that thilke lordes that been lyk wolves, that devouren the possessiouns or the catel of povre folk wrongfully, with-outen mercy or mesure, they shul receyven by the same mesure that they han mesured to povre folk the mercy of Jesu Crist, but-if it be amended. / Now comth deceite bitwixe marchant and marchant. And thou shalt understonde, that marchandyse is in two maneres; that oon is bodily, and that other is goostly. That oon is honeste and leveful, and that other is deshoneste and unleveful. / Of thilke bodily marchandyse, that is leveful and honeste, is this; that, there-as god hath ordeyned that a regne or a contree is suffisaunt to him-self, thanne is it honeste and leveful, that of habundance of this contree, that men helpe another contree that is more nedy. / And therefore, ther mote been marchants to bringen fro that o contree to that other hire marchandyses. / That other marchandise, that men haunten with fraude and trecherie and deceite, with lesinges and false othes, is cursed and dampnable. / Espirituel marchandyse is properly Symonye, that is, ententif desyr to byen thing espirituel, that is, thing that aperteneth to the seintuarie of god and to cure of the soule. / This desyr, if so be that a man do his diligence to parfournen it, al-be-it that his desyr ne take noon effect, yet is it to him a deedly sinne; and if he be ordred, he is irreguler. / Certes, Symonye is cleped of Symon

Magnus, that wolde han boght, for temporal catel, the yifte that god hadde yeven, by the holy goost, to seint Peter and to the apostles. / And therefore understand, that bothe he that selleth and he that byeth thinges espirituals, been cleped Symonials; be it by catel, be it by procuringe, or by fleshly preyere of hise freendes, fleshly freendes, or  
 (710) espirituel freendes. / Fleshly, in two maneres; as by kinrede or othere freendes. Soothly, if they praye for him that is nat worthy and able, it is Symonye if he take the benefice; and if he be worthy and  
 785 able, ther nis noon. / That other manere is, whan a man or womman preyen for folk to avauncen hem, only for wikked fleshly affeccoun that they have un-to the persone; and that is foul Symonye. / But certes, in service, for which men yeven thinges espirituels un-to hir servants, it moot been understonde that the service moot been honeste, and elles nat; and eek that it be with-outen bargayninge, and that the persone be able. / For, as seith seint Damasie, 'alle the sinnes of the world, at regard of this sinne, arn as thing of noght'; for it is the gretteste sinne that may be, after the sinne of Lucifer and Antecrist. / For, by this sinne, god forleseth the chirche, and the soule that he boghte with his precious blood, by hem that yeven chirches to hem that been nat digna. / For they putten in theves, that stelen the soules of Jesu Christ and destroyen his  
 790 patrimoine. / By swiche undigne preestes and curates han lewed men the lasse reverence of the sacraments of holy chirche; and swiche yeveres of chirches putten out the children of Crist, and putten in-to the chirche the develes owene sona. / They sellen the soules that lambes sholde kepen to the wolf that strangeth hem. And therefore shul they nevere han part of the pasture of lambes, that is, the blisse of hevene. / Now comth hasardrye with hise apurtenaunces, as tables and rafes; of which comth deceite, false othes, chydinges, and alle ravines, blaspheminge and reneyinge of

god, and hate of hise neighbores, wast of godes, misspendinge of tyme, and somtyme manslaughter. / Certes, hasardours ne mowe nat been with-outen gret sinne whyles they haunte that craft. / Of  
 (720) avarice comen eek lesinges, thefte, fals witnessse, and false othes. And ye shul understonde that thise been grete sinnes, and expres agayn the comaundements of god, as I have seyde. / Fals witnessse is in word and eek in dede. In word, as for to bireve thy neighbores goode name by thy fals witnessing, or bireven him his catel or his heritage by thy fals witnessing; whan thou, for ire or for mede, or for envye, berest fals witnessse, or accusest him or excusest him by thy fals witnessse, or elles excusest thy-self falsly. / Ware yow, questmongeres and notaries! Certes, for fals witnessing was Susanna in ful gret sorwe and payne, and many another mo. / The sinne of thefte is eek expres agayns goddes heste, and that in two maneres, corporel and espirituel. / Corporel, as for to take thy neighbores catel agayn his wil, be it by force or by sleighte, be it by met or by mesure. / By steling eek of false enditements upon him, and in borwinge of thy neighbores catel, in entente nevere to payen it agayn, and semblable thinges. / Espirituel thefte is  
 800 Sacrilige, that is to seyn, hurtinge of holy thinges, or of thinges sacred to Crist, in two maneres; by reson of the holy place, as chirches or chirche-hawes, / for which every vileyns sinne that men doon in swiche places may be cleped sacrilege, or every violence in the semblable places. Also, they that withdrawen falsly the rightes that longen to holy chirche. / And pleynly and generally, sacrilege is to reven holy thing fro holy place, or unholy thing out of holy place, or holy thing out of unholy place. /

#### Relevacio contra peccatum Avaricie.

§ 68. Now shul ye understonde, that the relevinge of Avarice is misericorde, and pitee largely taken. And men mighten axe, why that misericorde and pitee is relevinge of Avarice? / Certes, 807

the avaricious man sheweth no pitee ne misericorde to the nedeful man; for he delyteth him in the keepinge of his tresor, and nat in the rescowinge ne relievinge of his evene-cristene. And therfore speke I first of misericorde. / Thanne is misericorde, as seith the philosopfre, a vertu, by which the corage of man is stired by the misese of him that is misessed. / Up-on which misericorde folweth pitee, in parfourninge of charitable werkis of misericorde. / And certes, thise thinges moeven a man to misericorde of Jesu Crist, that he yaf him-self for oure gilt, and suffred deeth for misericorde, and for gaf us oure originale sinnes; / and therby releessed us fro the peynes of helle, and amenused the peynes of purgatorie by penitence, and yeveth grace wel to do, and atte laste the blisse of hevene. / The speses of misericorde bein, as for to lene and for to yeve and to foryeven and releese, and for to han pitee in herte, and compassioun of the meschief of his evene-cristene, and eek to chastyse there as nede is. / Another manere of remedie agayns Avarice is resonable largesse; but soothly, here bihoveth the consideracioun of the grace of Jesu Crist, and of hise temporel goodes, and eek of the goodes perdurables that Crist yaf to us; / and to han remembrance of the deeth that he shal receyve, he noot whanne, where, ne how; and eek that he shal forgon al that he hath, save only that he hath despended in gode werkis. /

§ 69. But for-as-muche as som folk been unmesurable, men oghten eschue fool-largesse, that men clepen wast. / Certes, he that is fool-large ne yeveth nat his catel, but he leseth his catel. Soothly, what thing that he yeveth for veyne glorie, as to minstrals and to folk, for to beren his renoun in the world, he hath sinne ther-of and noon almesse. / Certes, he leseth foule his good, that ne seketh with the yifte of his good no-thing but sinne. / He is lyk to an hors that seketh rather to drinken drovy or trouble water than for to drinken water of the clere wellis. / And for-as-muchel as they yeven

ther as they sholde nat yeven, to hem aperteneth thilke malisoun that Crist shal yeven at the day of dome to hem that shullen been dampned. /

#### Sequitur de Gula.

§ 70. After Avarice comth Glotony, which is expres eek agayn the comendement of god. Glotony is unmesurable appetyt to ete or to drinke, or elles to doon y-nogh to the unmesurable appetyt and desordeynne covetise to eten or to drinke. / This sinne corrupted al this world, as is wel shewed in the sinne of Adam and of Eve. Loke eek, what seith saint Paul of Glotony. / 'Manye,' seith saint Paul, 'goon, of whiche I have ofte seyde to yow, and now I seye it wepinge, that they been the enemyis of the croys of Crist; of whiche the ende is deeth, and of whiche hir wombe is hir god, and hir glorie in confusioun of hem that so savenen erthely thinges.' / He that is 820 usaunt to this sinne of Glotony, he ne may no sinne withstonde. He moot been in servage of alle vyces, for it is the devalis hord ther he hydeth him and resteth. / This sinne hath manye speses. The firste is dronkenesse, that is the horrible sepulture of mannes rescoun; and therfore, whan a man is drunken, he hath lost his rescoun; and this is deedly sinne. / But soothly, whan that a man is nat wont to strong drinke, and peraventure ne knoweth nat the strengthe of the drinke, or hath feblesse in his heed, or hath travailed, thurgh which he drinketh the more, al be he sodeynly caught with drinke, it is no deedly sinne, but venial. / The seconde spece of Glotony is, that the spirit of a man wexeth al trouble; for dronkenesse bireveth him the discrecioun of his wit. / The thridd spece of (750) Glotony is, whan a man devoureth his mete, and hath no rightful manere of etinge. / The fourthe is whan, thurgh 825 the grete habundance of his mete, the humours in his body been destempered. / The fifthe is, forgettellesse by to muchel drinkinge; for which somtyme a man

forgeteth er the morwe what he dide at even or on the night biforn. /

§ 71. In other manere been distinct the spes of Glotonye, after seint Gregoria. The firste is, for to ete biforn tyme to ete. The seconde is, whan a man get him to delicat mete or drinke. / The thridde is, whan men taken to muche over mesure. The fourthe is curiositee, with greet entente to maken and apparailen his mete. The fifthe is, for to eten to greedily. / Thise been the fyve fingres of the develes hand, by whiche he draweth  
830 folk to sinne. /

#### Remedium contra peccatum Gule.

§ 72. Agayns Glotonye is the remedie Abstinence, as seith Galien; but that holde I nat meritorie, if he do it only for the hele of his body. Seint Augustin wole, that Abstinence be doon for vertu and with pacience. / Abstinence, he seith, is litel worth, but-if a man have good wil ther-to, and but it be enforced by pacience and by charitee, and that men doon it for godes sake, and in hope to have the blisse of hevene. /

§ 73. The felawes of Abstinence been Attēperaunce, that holdeth the mene in alle thinges: eek Shame, that eschueth alle deshonestee; Suffisaunce, that seketh no riche metes ne drinkee, ne dooth no fors of to outrageous apparailinge of mete. / Mesure also, that restreyneth by resoun the dealauee appetyt of etinge: Sobrenesse also, that restreyneth the  
(760) outrage of drinke: / Sparinge also, that restreyneth the delicat ese to sitte longe at his mete and softly; wherfore som folk stonden of hir owene wil, to eten at  
835 the lasse leyser. /

#### Sequitur de Luxuria.

§ 74. After Glotonye, thanne comth Lecherie; for thisse two sinnes been so ny cosins, that ofte tyme they wol nat departe. / God woot, this sinne is ful displeasaunt thing to god; for he seyde himself, 'do no lecherie.' And therefore he putte grete peynes agayns this sinne in the olde lawe. / If womman thral were

taken in this sinne, she sholde be beten with staves to the deeth. And if she were a gentil womman, she sholde be slayn with stones. And if she were a bisshoppes doghter, she sholde been brent, by goddes comandement. / Forther over, by the sinne of Lecherie, god dreynthe al the world at the diluge. And after that, he brente fyve citees with thonder-leyt, and sank hem in-to helle. /

§ 75. Now lat us speke thanne of thilke stinkinge sinne of Lecherie that men clepe Avoutrie of wedded folk, that is to seyn, if that oon of hem be wedded, or elles bothe. / Seint John seith, that  
avoutiers shullen been in helle in a stank brenninge of fyr and of brimston; in fyr. for the lecherie; in brimston, for the stink of hir ordure. / Certes, the brekinge of this sacrament is an horrible thing: it was makod of god him-self in paradys, and confermed by Jesu Crist, as witnesseth seint Mathew in the gospel: 'A man shal lete fader and moder, and taken him to his wyf, and they shullen be two in o flesh.' / This sacrament bi-tokneth the knittinge togidre of Crist and of holy chirche. / And nat only that god forbad avoutrie in dede, but eek he comanded that thou sholdest nat coveite thy neighebores wyf. / In this  
heeste, seith seint Augustin, is forboden alle manere covaitise to doon lecherie. Lo what seith seint Mathew in the gospel: that 'who-so seeth a womman to covaitise of his lust, he hath doon lecherie with hir in his herte.' / Here may ye seen that  
nat only the dede of this sinne is forboden, but eek the desyr to doon that sinne. / This cursed sinne anyeth grevousliche hem that it haunten. And first, to hir soule; for he oblygeth it to sinne and to payne of deeth that is perdurable. / Un-to the body anyeth it grevously also, for it dreyeth him, and wasteth, and shent him, and of his blood he maketh sacrificye to the feend of helle; it wasteth his catel and his substaunce. / And certes, if it be a foul thing, a man to waste his catel on wommen, yet is it a fouler thing whan that, for swich ordure,

wommen dispenden up-on men hir catel and substance. / This sinne, as seith the prophete, bireveth man and womman hir gode fame, and al hir honour; and it is ful pleasaunt to the devel; for ther-by winneth he the moste partie of this world. / And right as a marchant delyteth him most in chaffare that he hath most advantage of, right so delyteth the feend in this ordure. /

§ 76. This is that other hand of the devel, with fyve fyngres, to cacche the peple to his vileinye. / The firste finger is the fool lookinge of the fool womman and of the fool man, that sleeth, right as the basillook sleeth folk by the venim of his sighte; for the coveitise of eyen folweth the coveitise of the herte. / The seconde finger is the vileyns touchinge in wikkede manere; and ther-fore seith Salomon, that who-so toucheth and handleth a woman, he fareth lyk him that handleth the scorpioun that stingeth and sodeynly sleeth thurgh his envenyminge; as who-so toucheth warm pich, it shent his fyngres. / The thridde, is foule wordes, that fareth lyk fyr, that right anon brenneth the herte. / The fourthe finger is the kysinge; and trewely he were a greet fool that wolde kisse the mouth of a brenninge ovene or of a fourneys. / And more fooles been they that kissen in vileinye; for that mouth is the mouth of helle: and namely, thise olde dotardes holours, yet wol they kisse, though they may nat do, and smatre hem. / Certes, they been lyk to houndes; for an hound, when he comth by the roser or by othere bushes, though he may nat pisse, yet wole he heve up his leg and make a con-tenaunce to pisse. / And for that many man weneth that he may nat sinne, for no likerounesse that he doth with his wyf; certes, that opinion is fals. God woot, a man may sleen him-self with his owene knyf, and make him-selven drunken of his owene tonne. / Certes, be it wyf, be it child, or any worldly thing that he loveth biforn god, it is his maumet, and he is an ydolastre. / Man sholde loven his wyf by discrecioun, patiently and

atemprely; and thanne is she as though it were his suster. / The fifthe finger of the develes hand is the stynkinge dede of Lecherie. / Certes, the fyve fyngres of Glotonie the feend put in the wombe of a man, and with hise fyve fyngres of Lecherie he gripeth him by the reynes, for to throwen him in-to the fourneys of helle; / ther-as they shul han the fyr and the wormes that evere shul lasten and wepinge and wailinge, sharp hunger and thurst, and grimnesse of develes that shullen al to-trede hem, with-outen respit and with-outen ende. / Of Lecherie, as I seyde, sourden diverse speces; as fornicacioun, that is bitwixen man and womman that been nat married; and this is deedly sinne and agayns nature. / Al that is enemy and destrucioun to nature is agayns nature. / Parfay, the resoun of a man telleth eek him wel that it is deedly sinne, for-as-muche as god forbad Lecherie. And seint Paul yeveth hem the regne, that nis dewe to no wight but to hem that doon deedly sinne. / Another sinne of Lecherie is to bireve a mayden of hir maydenhede; for he that so dooth, certes, he casteth a mayden out of the hyste degree that is in this present lyf, / and bireveth hir thilke precious fruit that the book clepeth 'the hundred fruit.' I ne can seye it noon other weyes in Engliish, but in Latin it highte *Centesimus fructus*. Certes, he that so dooth is cause of manye damages and vileinyes, mo than any man can rekene; right as he somtyme is cause of alle damages that bestes don in the feeld, that breketh the hegge or the closure; thurgh which he destroyeth that may nat been restored. / For certes, na-more may maydenhede be restored than an arm that is smiten from the body may retourne agayn to waxe. / She may have mercy, this woot I wel, if she do penitence; but nevere shal it be so that she nas corrupt. / And al-be-it so that I have spoken somwhat of Avoutrie, it is good to shewen mo perils that longen to Avoutrie, for to eschue that foule sinne. / Avoutrie in Latin is for to seyn, approchinge of other mannes bed, thurgh

which tho that whylom weren o flesch  
 (800) abaundone hir bodyes to othere persones./  
 Of this sinne, as seith the wyse man,  
 folwen manye harmes. First, brekinge  
 of feith; and certes, in feith is the keye  
 875 of Cristendom./ And whan that feith is  
 broken and lorn, soothly Cristendom stant  
 veyn and with-outen fruit./ This sinne  
 is eek a thefte; for thefte generally is for  
 to reve a wight his thing agayns his  
 wille./ Certes, this is the fouleste thefte  
 that may be, whan a womman steleth hir  
 body from hir housbonde and yeveth it  
 to hire holour to defoulen hir; and steleth  
 hir soule fro Crist, and yeveth it to the  
 devel./ This is a fouler thefte, than for  
 to breke a chirche and stele the chalice;  
 for these avoutiers broken the temple of  
 god spiritually, and stelen the vessel of  
 grace, that is, the body and the soule, for  
 which Crist shal destroyed hem, as seith  
 seint Paul./ Soothly of this thefte  
 douted gretly Joseph, whan that his  
 lordes wyf preyed him of vileinye, whan  
 he seyde, 'lo, my lady, how my lord hath  
 take to me under my warde al that he  
 hath in this world; ne no-thing of hise  
 thinges is out of my power, but only ye  
 880 that been his wyf./ And how sholde  
 I thanne do this wikkednesse, and sinne  
 so horribly agayns god, and agayns my  
 lord? God it forbede.' Allas! al to lital  
 is swich trouthe now y-founde! / The  
 thridde harm is the filthe thurgh which  
 they breken the comandement of god, and  
 defoulen the auctour of matrimoine, that  
 is Crist./ For certes, in-so-muche as the  
 sacrament of mariage is so noble and so  
 digne, so muche is it gretter sinne for to  
 breken it; for god made mariage in  
 paradyse, in the estaat of innocence, to  
 multiplie man-kinde to the service of  
 god./ And therefore is the brekinge  
 ther-of more grevous. Of which brekinge  
 comen false heires ofte tyme, that wrong-  
 fully occupyen folkes heritages. And  
 therefore wol Crist putte hem out of the  
 regne of hevene, that is heritage to gode  
 (810) folk./ Of this brekinge comth eek ofte  
 tyme, that folk unwar wedden or sinnen  
 with hir owene kinrede; and namely

thilke harlottes that haunten bordels of  
 thise fool wommen, that mowe be lykned  
 to a commune gonge, where-as men purgen  
 hir ordure./ What seye we eek of putours  
 that liven by the horrible sinne of puterie,  
 and constreyne wommen to yelden to  
 hem a certeyn rents of hir bodily puterie,  
 ye, somtyme of his owene wyf or his  
 child; as doon this bandes? Certes,  
 thise been cursede sinnes./ Understand  
 eek, that avoutrie is set gladly in the ten  
 comandements bitwixe thefte and man-  
 slaughtre; for it is the gretteste thefte  
 that may be; for it is thefte of body and  
 of soule./ And it is lyk to homicyde;  
 for it kerveth a-two and breketh a-two  
 hem that first were made o flesch, and  
 therefore, by the olde lawe of god, they  
 sholde be slayn./ But natheles, by the  
 lawe of Jesu Crist, that is lawe of pitee,  
 whan he seyde to the womman that was  
 founden in avoutrie, and sholde han been  
 slayn with stones, after the wil of the  
 Jewes, as was hir lawe: 'Go,' quod Jesu  
 Crist, 'and have na-more wil to sinne';  
 or, 'wille na-more to do sinne.'/ Soothly,  
 the vengeance of avoutrie is awarded to  
 the peynes of helle, but-if so be that it be  
 destourbed by penitence./ Yet been ther  
 890 mo spes of this cursed sinne; as whan  
 that oon of hem is religious, or elles  
 bothe; or of folk that been entred in-to  
 ordre, as subdekne or dekne, or preest, or  
 hospitaliers. And evere the hyer that  
 he is in ordre, the gretter is the sinne./  
 The thinges that gretly agreggen hir  
 sinne is the brekinge of hir avow  
 of chastitee, whan they receyved the ordre./  
 And forther-over, sooth is, that holy  
 ordre is chief of al the tresorie of god,  
 and his especial signe and mark of chas-  
 titee; to shewe that they been joyned to  
 chastitee, which that is most precious  
 lyf that is./ And thise ordred folk been  
 specially tytled to god, and of the special  
 meynes of god; for which, whan they  
 doon dedly sinne, they been the special  
 traytours of god and of his peple; for they  
 liven of the peple, to preyre for the peple,  
 and whyle they been suche traitours, hir  
 prayers availen nat to the peple./ Preestes

been aungeles, as by the dignitee of hir misterye; but for sothe, saint Paul seith, that 'Sethanas transformeth him in an aungel of light.' / Soothly, the preest that hauntesth deedly sinne, he may be lykned to the aungel of derknesse transformed in the aungel of light; he semeth aungel of light, but for sothe he is aungel of derknesse. / Swiche preestes been the sones of Helie, as sheweth in the book of Kinges, that they weren the sones of Belial, that is, the devel. / Belial is to seyn 'with-outen juge'; and so faren they; hem thinketh they been free, and han no juge, na-more than hath a free bole that taketh which cow that him lyketh in the toun. / So faren they by women. For right as a free bole is y-nough for al a toun, right so is a wikked preest corrupcioun y-nough for al a parisshe, or for al a contree. / Thise preestes, as seith the book, ne conne nat the misterie of preesthode to the peple, ne god ne knowe they nat; they ne helde hem nat apayd, as seith the book, of soden flesh that was to hem offred, but they toke by force the flesh that is rawe. / Certes, so thise shrewes ne holden hem nat apayed of rosted flesh and sode flesh, with which the peple fedden hem in greet reverence, but they wole have raw flesh of folkes wyves and hir doghtres. / And certes, thise women that consenten to hir harlotrie doon greet wrong to Crist and to holy chirche and alle halwes, and to alle soules; for they bireven alle thise him that sholde worshiþe Crist and holy chirche, and preye for Cristene soules. / And therefore han swiche preestes, and hir lemmanes eek that consenten to hir lecherie, the malisoun of al the court Cristen, til they come to amendement. / The thridde spece of avoutrie is somtyme bitwixe a man and his wyf; and that is whan they take no reward in hir assemblinge, but only to hire fleshly delyt, as seith saint Jerome; / and ne rekken of no-thing but that they been assembled; by-cause that they been married, al is good y-nough, as thinketh to hem. / But in swich folk hath the devel power,

as seyde the aungel Raphael to Thobie; for in hir assemblinge they putten Jezu Crist out of hir herte, and yeven hem-self to alle ordure. / The fourthe spece is, the assemblee of hem that been of hire kinrede, or of hem that been of oon affinitee, or elles with hem with whiche hir fadres or hir kinrede han deled in the sinne of lecherie; this sinne maketh hem lyk to houndes, that taken no kepe to kinrede. / And certes, parentele is in two maneres, outher goostly or fleshly; goostly, as for to delen with hise god-sibbes. / For right so as he that engendreth a child is his fleshly fader, right so is his godfader his fader espirituel. For which a womman may in no lasse sinne assemblen with hir godsibbe than with hir owene fleshly brother. / The fifthe spece is thilke abhominable sinne, of which that no man unnethes oghte speke ne wryte, natheles it is openly rehersed in holy writ. / This cursednesse doon men and women in diverse entente and in diverse manere; but though that holy writ speke of horrible sinne, certes, holy writ may nat been defouled, na-more than the sonne that shyneth on themixen. / Another sinne aperteneth to lecherie, that comth in slepinge; and this sinne cometh ofte to hem that been maydenes, and eek to hem that been corrupt; and this sinne men clepen pollucioun, that comth in foure maneres. / Somtyme, of languissinge of body; for the humours been to ranke and habundaunt in the body of man. Somtyme of infermetee; for the feblesse of the vertu retentif, as phisik maketh mendicoun. Somtyme, for surfet of mete and drinke. / And somtyme of vileyns thoghtes, that been enclosed in mannes minde whan he goth to slepe; which may nat been with-oute sinne. For which men moste kepen hem wysely, or elles may men sinnen ful greuously. /

(840.)

## Remedium contra peccatum Luxurie.

§ 77. Now comth the remedie agayns Lecherie, and that is, generally, Chastitee and Contynence, that restreyneth alle the



desordeyne moevinges that comen of  
 915 fleschly talentes. / And evere the gretter  
 merite shal he han, that most restreyneth  
 the wikkede eschaufinges of the ordure  
 of this sinne. And this is in two maneres,  
 that is to seyn, chastitee in mariage, and  
 chastitee in widwehode. / Now shalwe  
 understonde, that matrimoine is leful  
 assemblinge of man and of womman, that  
 receyven by vertu of the sacrament the  
 bond, thurgh which they may nat be  
 departed in al hir lyf, that is to seyn,  
 whyl that they liven bothe. / This, as  
 seith the book, is a ful greet sacrament.  
 God maketh it, as I have soyd, in paradys,  
 and wolde him-self be born in mariage. /  
 And for to halven mariage, he was at  
 a weddinge, where-as he turned water  
 in-to wyn; which was the firste miracle  
 that he wroughte in erthe biforn hise dis-  
 ciples. / Trewe effect of mariage clenseth  
 fornicacioun and replenisseth holy chirche  
 of good linage; for that is the ende of  
 mariage; and it chaungeth deedly sinne  
 in-to venial sinne bitwixe hem that been  
 y-wedded, and maketh the hertes al oon  
 of hem that been y-wedded, as wel as the  
 920 bodie. / This is verray mariage, that  
 was establissed by god er that sinne bigan,  
 whan naturel lawe was in his right point  
 in paradys; and it was ordeyned that o  
 man sholde have but o womman, and  
 o womman but o man, as seith saint  
 Augustin, by manye resoun. /

§ 78. First, for mariage is figured bi-  
 twixe Crist and holy chirche. And that  
 other is, for a man is heved of a womman;  
 algate, by ordinaunce it sholde be so. /  
 For if a womman had mo men than oon,  
 thanne sholde she have mo hevedes than  
 oon, and that were an horrible thing  
 biforn god; and eek a womman ne mighte  
 nat plesse to many folk at ones. And also  
 ther ne sholde nevere be pees ne reste  
 amonges hem; for everich wolde axen  
 his owene thing. / And forther-over, no  
 man ne sholde knowe his owene engen-  
 drure, ne who sholde have his heritage;  
 and the womman sholde been the lasse  
 biloved, fro the time that she were con-  
 (850) joynt to many men. /

§ 79. Now comth, how that a man  
 sholde bere him with his wyf; and  
 namely, in two thinges, that is to seyn  
 in suffraunce and reverence, as shewed Crist  
 whan he made first womman. / For he  
 ne made hir nat of the heved of Adam,  
 for she sholde nat clayme to greet lord-  
 shipe. / For ther-as the womman hath  
 the maistrie, she maketh to muche  
 desray; ther neden none ensamples of  
 this. The experience of day by day oghte  
 suffyse. / Also certes, god ne made nat  
 womman of the foot of Adam, for she ne  
 sholde nat been holden to lowe; for she  
 can nat paciently suffre: but god made  
 womman of the rib of Adam, for womman  
 sholde be felawe un-to man. / Man sholde  
 bere him to his wyf in feith, in trouthe,  
 and in love, as seith saint Paul: that  
 'a man sholde loven his wyf as Crist  
 loved holy chirche, that loved it so wel  
 that he deyde for it.' So sholde a man  
 for his wyf, if it were nede. /

§ 80. Now how that a womman sholde  
 be subget to hir housbonde, that telleth  
 saint Peter. First, in obedience. / And  
 930 eek, as seith the decree, a womman that  
 is a wyf, as long as she is a wyf, she hath  
 noon auctorite to swere ne bere witness  
 with-out leve of hir housbonde, that is  
 hir lord; algate, he sholde be so by  
 resoun. / She sholde eek serve him in  
 alle honestee, and been attemptree of hir  
 array. I wot wel that they sholde setten  
 hir entente to plesen hir housbonde, but  
 nat by hir queyntise of array. / Saint  
 Jerome seith, that wyves that been ap-  
 parailed in silk and in precious purp-  
 re mowe nat clothen hem in Jesu Crist.  
 What seith saint John eek in this matere? /  
 Saint Gregorie eek seith, that no wight  
 seketh precious array but only for veyne  
 glorie, to been honoured the more biforn  
 the peple. / It is a greet folye, a womman  
 to have a fair array outward and in hir-  
 self be foul inward. / A wyf sholde eek  
 935 be mesurable in lokinge and in beringe  
 and in laughinge, and discreet in alle hir  
 wordes and hir dedes. / And aboven alle  
 worldly thinge she sholde loven hir hous-  
 bonde with al hir herte, and to him be

trewes of hir body; / so sholde an housbonde eek be to his wyf. For sith that al the body is the housbondes, so sholde hir herte been, or elles ther is bitwixe hem two, as in that, no parfit mariage. / Thanne shal men understonde that for three thinges a man and his wyf fleshly mowen assemble. The firste is in entente of engendrure of children to the service of god, for certes that is the cause fynal of matrimoine. / Another cause is, to yalden everich of hem to other the dette of hir bodies, for neither of hem hath power over his owene body. The thridde is, for to eschewe lecherie and vileinye. The ferthe is for sothe deadly sinne. / As to the firste, it is meritorie; the seconde also; for, as seith the decree, that she hath merite of chastitee that yeldeth to hir housbonde the dette of hir body, ye, though it be agayn hir lykinge and the lust of hir herte. / The thridde manere is venialsinne, and trewely scarcely may ther any of thise be with-oute venial sinne, for the corrupcion and for the delyt. / The fourthe manere is for to understonde, if they assemble only for amorous love and for noon of the forseyde causes, but for to accomplye thilke brenninge delyt, they rekke nevere how ofte, sothly it is deadly sinne; and yet, with sorwe, somme folk wol peynen hem more to doon than to hir appetyt suffyseth. /

§ 81. The seconde manere of chastitee is for to be a clene widewe, and eschue the embracings of man, and desyren the embracinge of Jesu Crist. / These been tho that han been wyves and han forgoon hir housbondes, and eek women that han doon lecherie and been releved by Penitence. / And certes, if that a wyf coude kepen hir al chaast by licence of hir housbonde, so that she yeve nevere noon occasion that he agilte, it were to hire a greet merite. / These manere women that observen chastitee moste be clene in herte as well as in body and in thought, and mesurable in clothinge and in contenance; and been abstinent in etinge and drinkinge, in spekinge, and

in dede. They been the vessel or the boyste of the blissed Magdalene, that fulfilleth holy chiroche of good odour. / The thridde manere of chastitee is virginitee, and it bihoveth that she be holy in herte and clene of body; thanne is she spouse to Jesu Crist, and she is the lyf of angeles. / She is the preisinge of this world, and she is as thise martirs in egalitee; she hath in hir that tonge may nat telle ne herte thinke. Virginitee bearoure lord Jesu Crist, and virgine was him-selve. /

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§ 82. Another remedie agayns Lecherie is, specially to withdrawn awioche thinges as yeve occasion to thilke vileinye; as ese, etinge and drinkinge; for certes, whan the pot boyleth strongly, the beste remedie is to withdrawe the fyr. / Sleeping longe in greet quiete is eek a greet norice to Lecherie. /

§ 83. Another remedie agayns Lecherie is, that a man or a womman eschue the compaignie of hem by whiche he douteth to be tempted; for al-be-it so that the dede is withstonden, yet is ther greet temptacioun. / Soothly a whyt wal, although it ne brenne noght fully by stikinge of a candeale, yet is the wal blak of the leyt. / Ful ofte tyme I rede, that no man truste in his owene perfeccioun, but he be stronger than Sampson, and holier than David, and wyser than Salomon. /

955

§ 84. Now after that I have declared yow, as I can, the sevene deadly sinnes, and somme of hir braunches and hir remedies, soothly, if I coude, I wolde telle yow the ten comandements. / But so heigh a doctrine I lete to divines. Natheles, I hope to god they been touched in this tretise, everich of hem alle. /

#### De Confessione.

§ 85. Now for-as-muche as the second partie of Penitence stant in Confessioun of mouth, as I bigan in the firste chapitre, I seye, seint Augustin seith: / sinne is every word and every dede, and al that men coveiten agayn the lawe of Jesu

Crist; and this is for to sinne in herte, in mouth, and in deda, by thy fyve wittes, that been sighte, heringe, smellinge, tastinge or savouringe, and felinge. / Now is it good to understonde that that  
 960 agregeth muchel every sinne. / Thou shalt considere what thou art that doost the sinne, whether thou be male or female, yong or old, gentil or thral, free or servant, hool or syk, wedded or sengle, ordred or unordred, wys or fool, clerk or secular; / if she be of thy kinrede, bodily or goostly, or noon; if any of thy kinrede have sinned with hir or noon, and manye mo thinges. /

§ 86. Another circumstance is this; whether it be doon in fornicacioun, or in avoutrie, or noon; incest, or noon; mayden, or noon; in manere of homicyde, or noon; horrible grete sinnes, or smale; and how longe thou hast continued in sinne. / The thridde circumstance is the placether thou hast do sinne; whether in other mannes hous or in thyn owene; in feild or in chirche, or in chirche-hawe;  
 (890) in chirche dedicat, or noon. / For if the chirche be halwed, and man or womman spille his kinde in-with that place by wey of sinne, or by wikked temptacion, the chirche is entredited til it be reconciled  
 965 by the bishop; / and the preest that dide swich a vileinye, to terme of al his lyf, he sholde na-more singe masse; and if he dide, he sholde doon deedly sinne at every tyme that he so songe masse. / The fourthe circumstance is, by whiche mediatours or by whiche messagers, as for entycement, or for consentement to bere compagne with felaweshipe; for many a wrecche, for to bere compagne, wil go to the devel of helle. / Wherfore they that eggen or consenten to the sinne been parteners of the sinne, and of the dampnacioun of the sinner. / The fifthe circumstance is, how manye tymes that he hath sinned, if it be in his minde, and how ofte that he hath falle. / For he that ofte falleth in sinne, he despiseth the mercy of god, and encreaseth his sinne, and is unkinde to Crist; and he waxeth the more feble to withstonde

sinne, and sinneth the more lightly, / 970 and the latter aryseth, and is the more eschew for shryven him, namely, to him that is his confessour. / For which that folk, whan they falle agayn in hir olde folies, outhur they forleten hir olde confessours al outrelly, or elles they departen hir shrift in diverse places; but soothly, swich departed shrift deserveth no mercy of god of hise sinnes. / The sixte circumstance is, why that a man sinneth, as by whiche temptacioun; and if him-self procure thilke temptacioun, or by the excytinge of other folk; or if he sinne with a woman by force, or by hir owene assent; / or if the woman, naugree hir heed, hath been afforced, or noon; this shal she telle; for covetise, or for poverte, and if it was hir procuringe, or noon; and swiche manere harnays. / (900) The sevenethe circumstance is, in what manere he hath doon his sinne, or how that she hath suffred that folk han doon to hir. / And the same shal the man  
 975 telle pleylnly, with alle circumstaunces; and whether he hath sinned with comune bordel-wommen, or noon; / or doon his sinne in holy tymes, or noon; in fasting-tymes, or noon; or biforn his shrifte, or after his latter shrifte; / and hath, peraventure, broken therfore his penance enjoyed; by whos help and whos conseil; by sorcerie or craft; al mooste be told. / Alle thise thinges, after that they been grete or smale, engreggen the conscience of man. And eek the preest that is thy juge, may the better be avysed of his judgement in yevinge of thy penance, and that is after thy contricioun. / For understond wel, that after tyme that a man hath defouled his baptesme by sinne, if he wole come to salvacioun, ther is noon other way but by penitence and shrifte and satisfaccioun; / and namely  
 980 by the two, if ther be a confessour to which he may shryven him; and the thridde, if he have lyf to parfournen it. /

§ 87. Thanne shal man looke and considere, that if he wole maken a trewe and a profitable confessioun, thar mooste be

four condiciouns. / First, it moot been in sorweful bitternesse of herte, as seyde the king Esekias to god: 'I wol remembre me alle the yeres of my lyf in bitternesse of myn herte.' / This condicioun of bitternesse hath fyve signes. The firste is, that confessioun mooste be shamefast, nat for to coveure ne hyden his sinne, for he hath agilt his god and defouled his soule. / And her-of seith seint Augustin: 'the herte travailleth for shame of his sinne'; and for he hath greet shamefastnesse, he is digne to have greet mercy of god. / Swich was the confession of the publican, that wolde nat heven up hise eye to hevене, for he hadde offended god of hevене; for which shamefastnesse he hadde anon the mercy of god. / And ther-of seith seint Augustin, that swich shamefast folk been next foryevēnesse and remissioun. / Another signe is humilitee in confessioun; of which seith seint Peter, 'Humbleth yow under the might of god.' The hond of god is mighty in confession, for ther-by god foryeveth thee thy sinnes; for he allone hath the power. / And this humilitee shal been in herte, and in signe outward; for right as he hath humilitee to god in his herte, right so sholde he humble his body outward to the preest that sit in goddes place. / For which in no manere, with that Crist is sovereyn and the preest meene and mediatour bitwixe Crist and the sinner, and the sinner is the laste by wey of resoun, / thanne sholde nat the sinner sitte as heighe as his confessor, but knele biforn him or at his feet, but-if maladie destourbe it. For he shal nat taken kepe who sit there, but in whos place that he sitteth. / A man that hath trespassed to a lord, and comth for to axe mercy and maken his accord, and set him down anon by the lord, men wolde holden him outrageous, and nat worthy so sone for to have remissioun ne mercy. / The thridde signe is, how that thy shrift sholde be ful of teres, if man may; and if man may nat wepe with hise bodily eyen, lat him wepe in herte. / Swich was the confession of seint Peter; for after that he hadde

forsake Jesu Crist, he wente out and weep ful bitterly. / The fourthe signe is, that he ne lette nat for shame to shewen his confessioun. / Swich was the confessioun of the Magdelene, that ne spared, for no shame of hem that weren atte feste, for to go to oure lord Jesu Crist and biknowe to him hir sinnes. / The fifthe signe is, that a man or a woman be obeisant to receyven the penaunce that him is enjoyned for hise sinnes; for certes Jesu Crist, for the giltes of a man, was obedient to the deeth. /

§ 88. The seconde condicion of verray confession is, that it be hastily doon; for certes, if a man hadde a deedly wounde, evere the longer that he taried to warishe him-self, the more wolde it corrupte and haste him to his deeth; and eek the wounde wolde be the wors for to hele. / And right so fareth sinne, that longe tyme is in a man unshewed. / Certes, a man oghte hastily shewen hise sinnes for manye causes; as for drede of deeth, that cometh ofte sodenly, and is in no certeyn what tyme it shal be, ne in what place; and eek the drechinge of synne draweth in another; / and eek the longer that he tarieth, the farther he is fro Crist. And if he abyde to his laste day, scarcely may he shryven him or remembre him of hise sinnes, or repenten him, for the grevous maladie of his deeth. / And for-as-muche as he ne hath nat in his lyf herked Jesu Crist, whanne he hath spoken, he shal crye to Jesu Crist at his laste day, and scarcely wol he herkne him. / And understond that this condicioun mooste han four things. Thy shrift mooste be purveyed bifore and avysed; for wikked haste doth no profit; and that a man conne shryve him of hise sinnes, be it of pryde, or of envye, and so forth of the speces and circumstances; / and that he have comprehended in his minde the nombre and the greetnesse of hise sinnes, and how longe that he hath leyn in sinne; / and eek that he be contrit of hise sinnes, and in stedefast purpos, by the grace of god, nevere eft to falle in sinne; and eek that he drede and countre-

waite him-self, that he flee the occasiouns  
 1005 of sinne to whiche he is enclyned. / Also  
 thou shalt shryve thee of alle thy sinnes  
 to o man, and nat a parcel to o man and  
 a parcel to another; that is to under-  
 stonde, in entente to departe thy confes-  
 sioun as for shame or drede; for it nis but  
 stranglinge of thy soule. / For certes,  
 Jesu Crist is entierly al good; in him nis  
 noon inperfeccioun; and therfore outhur  
 he foryeveth al parfitly or never a deel. /  
 I seye nat that if thou be assigned to the  
 penitauncer for certein sinne, that thou  
 art bounde to shewen him al the reme-  
 nant of thy sinnes, of whiche thou hast  
 be shriven to thy curat, but-if it lyke to  
 thee of thyn humilitee; this is no de-  
 partinge of shrifte. / Ne I seye nat,  
 ther-as I speke of divisioun of confessioun,  
 that if thou have lycence for to shryve  
 thee to a discret and an honeste preest,  
 where thee lyketh, and by lycence of thy  
 curat, that thou ne mayst wel shryve  
 thee to him of alle thy sinnes. / But lat  
 no blotte be bihinde; lat no sinne been  
 untold, as fer as thou hast remem-  
 1010 braunce. / And whan thou shalt be  
 shriven to thy curat, telle him eek alle  
 the sinnes that thou hast doon sin thou  
 were last y-shriven; this is no wikked  
 entente of divisioun of shrifte. /

§ 89. Also the verray shrifte axeth  
 certeine condicions. First, that thou  
 shryve thee by thy free wil, noght con-  
 streyned, ne for shame of folk, ne for  
 maladie, ne swiche thinges; for it is  
 resoun that he that trespasseth by his  
 free wil, that by his free wil he confesse  
 his trespas; / and that noon other man  
 telle his sinne but he him-self, ne he shal  
 nat nayte ne denye his sinne, ne wratthe  
 him agayn the preest for his amonestinge  
 to leve sinne. / The seconde condicioun  
 is, that thy shrift be laweful; that is to  
 seyn, that thou that shryvest thee, and  
 eek the preest that hereth thy confessioun,  
 (940) been verrailly in the feith of holy chirche; /  
 and that a man ne be nat despaired of the  
 1015 mercy of Jesu Crist, as Caym or Judas. /  
 And eek a man moot accusen him-self of  
 his owene trespas, and nat another; but

he shal blame and wyten him-self and  
 his owene malice of his sinne, and noon  
 other; / but natheles, if that another  
 man be occasioun or entyce of his sinne.  
 or the estaat of a persone be swich thurgh  
 which his sinne is agregged, or elles that  
 he may nat pleylnly shryven him but he  
 telle the persone with which he hath  
 sinned; thanne may he telle; / so that  
 his entente ne be nat to bakbyte the  
 persone, but only to declaren his con-  
 fessioun. /

§ 90. Thou ne shalt nat eek make no  
 lesinges in thy confessioun; for humilitee,  
 per-aventure, to seyn that thou hast doon  
 sinnes of whiche that thou were nevere  
 guilty. / For saint Augustin seith: if  
 thou, by cause of thyn humilitee, makest  
 lesinges on thy-self, though thou ne were  
 nat in sinne biforn, yet artow thanne in  
 sinne thurgh thy lesinges. / Thou most  
 eek shewe thy sinne by thyn owene propre  
 mouth, but thou be wexe doomb, and nat  
 by no lettre; for thou that hast doon the  
 sinne, thou shalt have the shame therfore. /  
 Thou shalt nat eek peynte thy confessioun  
 by faire subtille wordes, to covere the more  
 thy sinne; for thanne biglestow thy-self  
 and nat the preest; thou most tellen it  
 pleylnly, be it nevere so foul ne so horri-  
 ble. / Thou shalt eek shryve thee to a  
 preest that is discret to conseilliche thee,  
 and eek thou shalt nat shryve thee for  
 veyne glorie, ne for ypocryseye, ne for no  
 cause, but only for the doute of Jesu Crist  
 and the hele of thy soule. / Thou shalt  
 nat eek renne to the preest sodeynly, to  
 tellen him lightly thy sinne, as who-so  
 telleth a jape or a tale, but avysely and  
 with greet devocioun. / And generally, (960)  
 shryve thee ofte. If thou ofte falle, ofte  
 thou aryse by confessioun. / And thogh  
 thou shryve thee after than ones of sinne,  
 1020 of which thou hast be shriven, it is the  
 more merite. And, as seith saint Augus-  
 tin, thou shalt have the more lightly  
 releasing and grace of god, bothe of sinne  
 and of payne. / And certes, ones a yere  
 atte leeste way it is laweful for to been  
 housled; for certes ones a yere alle thinges  
 renovellen. /

**Explicit secunda pars Penitencie; et sequitur tertia pars eiusdem, de Satisfaccione.**

§ 91. Now have I told you of verray Confessioun, that is the seconde partie of Penitence. /

The thridde partie of Penitence is Satisfaccioun; and that stant most generally in almesse and in bodily peyne. / Now been ther three manere of almesses; contricion of herte, where a man offreth himself to god; another is, to han pitee of defaute of hise neighebores; and the thridde is, in yevinge of good conseil goostly and bodily, where men han nede, and namely in sustenance of mannes  
1030 fode. / And tak keep, that a man hath need of these things generally; he hath need of fode, he hath nede of clothing, and herberwe, he hath nede of charitable conseil, and visitinge in prisone and in maladie, and sepulture of his dede body. / And if thou mayst nat visite the nedeful with thy persone, visite him by thy message and by thy yiftes. / These been generally almesses or werkes of charitee of hem that han temporel riches or discrecioun in conselling. Of these werkes shaltow heren at the day of dome. /

§ 92. These almesses shaltow doon of thyne owene propre things, and hastily,  
(960) and prively if thou mayst; / but natheless, if thou mayst nat doon it prively, thou shalt nat forbere to doon almesse though men seen it; so that it be nat doon for thank of the world, but only for thank of Jesu Crist. / For as witnesseth seint Mathew, *capitulo quinto*, 'A citee may nat been hid that is set on a mountayne; ne men lighte nat a lanterne and put it under a bussel; but men sette it on a candle-stikke, to yeve light to the men in the hous. / Right so shal youre light lighten bfore men, that they may seen youre gode werkes, and glorifie youre fader that is in hevene.' /

§ 93. Now as to speken of bodily peyne, it stant in preyer, in wakinges, in fastinges, in vertuouse techinges of orisouns. / And ye shul understonde, that orisouns or

preyer is for to seyn a pitous wil of herte, that redresseth it in god and expresseth it by word outward, to remoeven harmes and to han things spiritual and durable, and somtyme temporel thinges; of whiche orisouns, certes, in the orisoun of the *Pater-noster*, hath Jesu Crist enclosed most thinges. / Certes, it is privileged of three thinges in his dignitee, for which it is more digne than any other preyer; for that Jesu Crist him-self maketh it; / and it is short, for it  
1040 sholde be coud the more lightly, and for to withholden it the more easly in herte, and helpen him-self the ofter with the orisoun; / and for a man sholde be the lasse wery to seyn it, and for a man may nat excusen him to lerne it, it is so short and so esy; and for it comprehendeth in it-self alle gode preyer. / The exposicioun of this holy preyer, that is so excellent and digne, I bitake to these maistres of theologie; save thus muchel wol I seyn: that, whan thou prayest that god sholde foryeve thee thy gilty as thou foryevest hem that agiten to thee, be ful wel war that thou be nat out of charitee. / This holy orisoun amenuseth eek venial sinne; and therefore it aperteneth specially to penitence. /

§ 94. This preyer moste be trewely seyde and in verray feith, and that men preye to god ordinatly and discreetly and devoutly; and alwey a man shal putten his wil to be subget to the wille of god. /  
1045 This orisoun moste eek been seyde with greet humblesse and ful pure; honestly, and nat to the anyoance of any man or womman. It moste eek been continued with the werkes of charitee. / It awayleth eek agayn the vyces of the soule; for, as seith seint Jerome, 'By fastinge been saved the vyces of the flesh, and by preyer the vyces of the soule.' /

§ 95. After this, thou shalt understonde, that bodily peyne stant in wakinge; for Jesu Crist seith, 'waketh, and preyeth that ye ne entre in wikked temptacioun.' / Ye shul understanden also, that fastinge stant in three thinges; in forberinge of bodily mete and drinke, and in forberinge

of worldly jolitee, and in forberinge of deedly sinne; this is to seyn, that a man shal kepen him fro deedly sinne with all his might. /

§ 96. And thou shalt understanden eek, that god ordeyned fastinge; and to fastinge  
1050 appertenen foure thinges. / Largenesse to povre folk, gladnesse of herte espirituel, nat to been angry ne anyoyed, ne grucche for he fasteth; and also resonable houre for to ete by mesure; that is for to seyn, a man shal nat ete in untyme, ne sitte the longer at his table to ete for he fasteth. /

§ 97. Thanne shaltow understonde, that bodily payne stant in disciplyne or techinge, by word or by wrytinge, or in ensample. Also in weringe of heyres or of stamin, or of haubergeons on hir naked flesh, for Cristes sake, and swiche manere penances. / But war thee wel that swiche manere penances on thy flesh ne make nat thyn herte bitter or angry or anyoyed of thy-self; for bettre is to caste away thyn heyre, than for to caste away the sikernes of Jesu Crist. / And therefore seith saint Paul: 'Clothe yow, as they that been chosen of god, in herte of misericorde, debonairetee, suffraunce, and swich manere of clothinge'; of whiche Jesu Crist is more apayed than of heyres, (980) or haubergeons, or hauberkes. /

§ 98. Thanne is disciplyne eek in knockinge of thy brest, in scourginge with  
1055 yerdes, in knellinges, in tribulacions; / in suffringe patiently wronges that been doon to thee, and eek in patientsuffraunce of maladies, or lesinge of worldly catel, or of wyf, or of child, or other freendes. /

§ 99. Thanne shaltow understonde, whiche thinges destourben penaunce; and this is in four maneres, that is, drede, shame, hope, and wanhope, that is, desperation. / And for to speke first of drede; for which he weneth that he may suffre no penaunce; / ther-agayns is remedie for to thinke, that bodily penaunce is but short and litel at regard of the payne of helle, that is so cruel and so long, that it lasteth with-outen enda. /

§ 100. Now again the shame that a man hath to shryven him, and namely, thise

ypocrites that wolden been holden so perfite that they han no nede to shryven hem; / agayns that shame, sholde a man  
1060 thinke that, by way of resoun, that he that hath nat been ashamed to doon foule thinges, certes him oghte nat been ashamed to do faire thinges, and that is confessiouns. / A man sholde eek thinke, that god seeth and woot alle hise thoghtes and alle hise werkes; to him may no thing been hid ne covered. / Men sholden eek remembren hem of the shame that is to come at the day of dome, to hem that been nat penitent and shryven in this present lyf. / For alle the creatures in erthe and in helle shullen seen apertly al that they hyden in this world. / (990)

§ 101. Now for to speken of the hope of hem that been negligent and slowe to shryven hem, that stant in two maneres. /  
1065 That oon is, that he hopeth for to live longe and for to purchacen muche richesse for his delyt, and thanne he wol shryven him; and, as he seith, him semeth thanne tymely y-nough to come to shrifte. / Another is, surquidrie that he hath in Cristes mercy. / Agayns the firste vyce, he shal thinke, that oure lyf is in no sikernes; and eek that alle the riches in this world ben in aventure, and passen as a shadwe on the wal. / And, as seith saint Gregorie, that it aperteneth to the grete rightwisnesse of god, that nevere shal the payne stinte of hem that nevere wolde withdrawn hem fro sinne, hir thanks, but ay continue in sinne; for thilke perpetual wil to do sinne shul they han perpetual payne. /

§ 102. Wanhope is in two maneres: the firste wanhope is in the mercy of Crist; that they other is that they thinke, that they ne might nat longe persevere in goodnesse. / The firste wanhope comth  
1070 of that he demeth that he hath sinned so greetly and so ofte, and so longe leyn in sinne, that he shal nat be saved. / Certes, agayns that cursed wanhope sholde he thinke, that the passion of Jesu Crist is more strong for to unbinde than sinne is strong for to binde. / Agayns the seconde wanhope, he shal thinke, that as ofte as

he falleth he may aryse agayn by penitence. And though he never so longe have layn in sinne, the mercy of Crist is alwey redy to receiven him to mercy. / Ageyns the wanhope, that he demeth that he sholde nat longe persevere in goodnesse, he shal thinke, that the feblesse of the devel may no-thing doon (1000) but-if men wol suffren him; / and eek he shal han strengthe of the help of god, and of al holy chirche, and of the pro-  
1075 teccioun of aungels, if him list. /

§ 103. Thanne shal men understonde what is the fruit of penaunce; and, after the word of Jesu Crist, it is the endelees blisse of hevene, / ther joye hath no contrariouste of wo ne grevaunce, ther alle harmes been passed of this present lyf; ther-as is the sikernes fro the peyne of helle; ther-as is the blisful compagne that rejoysen hem everemo, everich of otheres joye; / ther-as the body of man, that whylom was foul and dark, is more cleer than the sonne; ther-as the body, that whylom was syk, frele, and feble, and mortal, is immortal, and so strong and so hool that ther may no-thing apeyren it; / ther-as ne is neither hunger, thirst, ne cold, but every soule replenished with the sighte of the parfit knowinge of god. / This blisful regne may men purchase by poverte espirituel, and the glorie by lowenesse; the plente of joye by hunger and thirst, and the reste by travaille; and the lyf by deeth and  
1080 mortificacioun of sinne. /

Here taketh the makers of this book  
his leve.

§ 104. Now preye I to hem alle that herkne this litel tretis or rede, that if ther be any thing in it that lyketh hem, that ther-of they thanken oure lord Jesu

Crist, of whom procedeth al wit and al goodnesse. / And if ther be any thing that displese hem, I preye hem also that they arrette it to the defaults of myn unoonninge, and nat to my wil, that wolde ful fayn have seyde bettre if I hadde had conninge. / For oure boke seith, 'al that is writen is written for oure doctrine'; and that is myn entente. / Wherefore I biseke yow makely for the mercy of god, that ye preye for me, that Crist have mercy on me and foryeve me my giltes: / (1010) —and namely, of my translacions and endytinges of worldly vanitees, the whiche I revoke in my retracciouns: / as is the 1085 book of Troilus; The book also of Fame; The book of the nynetene Ladies; The book of the Duchesse; The book of saint Valentynes day of the Parlement of Briddes; The tales of Caunterbury, thilke that sounen in-to sinne; / The book of the Leoun; and many another book, if they were in my remembrance; and many a song and many a lecherous lay; that Crist for his grete mercy foryeve me the sinne. / But of the translacion of Boece de Consolacione, and othere bokes of Legendes of seintes, and omelies, and moralitee, and devocioun, / that thanke I oure lord Jesu Crist and his blisful moder, and alle the seintes of hevene; / bisekinge hem that they from henneth-forth, un-to my lyves ende, sende me grace to biwayle my giltes, and to studie to the salvacioun of my soule: —and graunte me grace of verray penitence, confessioun and satisfaccioun to doon in this present lyf; / thurgh the benigne 1090 grace of him that is king of kinges and preest over alle preestes, that boghte us with the precious blood of his herte; / so that I may been oon of hem at the day of dome that shulle be saved: *Qui cum patre, &c.*

1092

Here is ended the book of the Tales of Caunterbury, compiled by Geoffrey Chaucer, of whos soule Jesu Crist have mercy. Amen.





## APPENDIX.

### VARIATIONS AND EMENDATIONS.

THE text of Chaucer is, in some places, corrupt, and in others can be much improved by some emendation, usually of a slight character.

The text of the best authorities, as improved by collation with other good authorities, is here given. Variations from these are denoted by an obelus (†) in the text, which may be considered as marking a reading as to which there is some doubt. These are most numerous in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, the *Book of the Duchesse*, and the *House of Fame*. There are very few doubtful readings in the *Canterbury Tales*, for which there are better authorities than in other cases. In the following Appendix all the doubtful readings and editorial emendations are accounted for. I do not, however, notice words which are placed between square brackets, such as the word 'a' on p. 1, l. 12. It will be understood, once for all, that all such words are *supplied*, and are *missing* in the originals, though often necessary for the sense or the metre, or for both.

### ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

The authorities are G. (the Glasgow MS.); and Th. (Thynne's edition of 1532). Also, from the nature of the case, F. (the original French text, here quoted from the edition by Méon, Paris, 1813). No other authorities exist. Many lines are wholly missing in G.; and when it is not cited, this must be understood. Thus, it has lost lines 1-44.

Page 1. 3. Th. *sweuen*; *but the plural is required*. 4. Th. *that false ne bene*. 25. Th. *septe*; (*sleep is more usual*). 38. Th. *hatte*; *read hote* (be called).

Page 2. 66. G. Th. *had*; *read hath*. 102. G. Th. *buskes* (*not Chaucer's form*). 110. G. Th. *gan I*. 138. G. Th. *Enclosed was*; *see l. 1652*; F. *Tant cloe*. 149. G. Th. *mynnoresse* (!); F. *moverresse*.

Page 3. 196. G. Th. *myscoueiting* (!); F. *mesconter*. 220. G. Th. *courtpy* (*see Cant. Tales*, A 290). 248. *Both* *peynted*.

Page 4. 255. *Both* *Upon any worthy man falle*. 277. *Both* *and so breketh*. 324. *Both* *rent*.

Page 5. 382. *Both* *may neuer*. 442. *Both* *ay* (*giving no sense*); *read shal*. 444. *Both* *grace* (!), *for face*; F. *lor vis*.

Page 6. 485. G. *laddris*; Th. *ladders*; *see l. 523*. 492. G. *yeer*; Th. *yere*; *read*

yard; see l. 656. 501. *Both wolde (for nolde; by confusion)*. 505. *Both god kepe it fro care, a fales rime; clearly substituted for god it kepe and were. Were is the E. spelling of the verb in the French text, which has que Diez garisse.* 520. *Both For; read Ful; (wo is here an adjective = sad)*. 536. G. ony; Th. any; read a.

Page 7. 564. *Some lines lost here; 3 lines of F. left untranslated.* 586. *Both may; read mayden.* 602. *Both lande of Alexandryne; but Alexandryn is an adjective.* 603. G. hidre be; Th. hyther be.

Page 8. 660. *Both places.* 668. *Both That; read These.* 720. Th. reuelrye; G. reuerye; F. reverdie.

Page 9. 761. *Both made; read make.* 791. *Both bode (no sense); read Bede; Ne bede I = I would not offer.*

Page 10. 859. G. seye; Th. sey. 860. G. pleye (!); Th. play (!). 865. *Both I wot not what of hir nose I shal deseryve (eleven syllables).* 866. *Two lines lost here.* 879. *Both Love and as hym likith it be.* 923. *Both Turke bowes two ful wel deuysed had he (too long).*

Page 11. 959. *Both shoten; see l. 989.* 984. *Both on; read of.* 1007. *Both And an; read As was an F. Ainsinc cum.* 1017. *Both wyntred; but see l. 1020. 1026. Both thought; read thinketh.* 1031. *Both Sore (!); F. Sade.* 1034. *Both And hight (!).*

Page 12. 1037. *Both in werk (!).* 1058. Th. prill; G. prile; (*error for prikke, written so as to look like prille*). 1080. Th. amyled; G. enameled. 1089. *Both durst (!; error for thurste, more commonly thurte.* 1117. *Both ragounces; F. jagonces.*

Page 18. 1188. G. sarlynyshe; Th. Sarlynyshe; F. Sarrasinesche. 1201. *Both gousfauncoun (!); F. gonfanon.* 1210. *Both He caste.* 1233. Th. hempe; G. hampene (= hampene). 1256. *Both a; read oo (one).*

Page 14. 1244. *Both Bitokeneth.* 1282. *Both And she (!); read Youthe; F. Jonesce; see l. 1302.* 1303. *Both that; read thus; see l. 1310.* 1313. G. loreyes (*error for loreres*); Th. Laurelles. 1315. Th. ended; G. eended (= y-ended). 1324. *Both durst (as in l. 1089).* 1332. *Both she (for second he).* 1334. *Both hadde (for bad); and bent (for bende); both omit it.* 1335. *Both an (for on).*

Page 15. 1341. G. hadde me shette; Th. had me shete (*but shete is not a pp.*). 1343. *Both had me grened.* 1348. *Both hadde in all the gardyn be.* 1366. *Both gardin (for yerd).* 1369. *Both Parys (!); for paradys.* 1397-8. Th. knytte, sytte.

Page 16. 1440. Th. dilectable. 1447. Th. garden; read yerde in; cf. 1348, 1366. 1448. Th. efters (!); F. tout l'estre. 1453. Th. shoten; read shete. Th. goodnesse (*for good mes*); cf. 3462. 1498. G. velaynealy; Th. vilaynously. 1527. *Both musede so.*

Page 17. 1591. *Both entrees; F. Tout l'estre.* 1593. *Both ye (for he).* 1594. *Both Ye (for He).* 1608. *Both laughyng (!); read loving.*

Page 18. 1641. *Both sighed.* 1644. *Both strengthes.* 1648. G. bitrished; Th. bytreshed. 1663. *Both me; read be; F. fusse.* 1666. G. wole; Th. wol. 1674. Th. ware; G. waxe; *both have Rone.* 1698. *Both hath; omit wel?* 1700. *Both roses.* 1713. *Both For; read Ful.*

Page 19. 1721. G. botheum; Th. bothum. 1732. *Both Sithen.* 1758. *Both two (!).* 1766. *Both certis euenly; read certainly.* 1771. *Both his; read a.* 1814. *Both lafte (!); read felte.*

Page 20. 1848. *Both mighte it.* 1851. *Both sene I hadde.* 1853-4. *Both thore, more; see l. 1857.* 1860. G. Castith; Th. Casteth. 1913, 1914. *Transposed in G., Th.*

Page 21. 1924. *Both softyng; see 1925.* 1925. *Both prikkith.* 1965. *Both loue; read louera.* 2002. *Both of; read to.*

Page 22. 2038. *Both queynt.* 2044. *Both taken; read tan; cf. 2068.* 2046. *Both disteyned; F. Deceus.* 2067. *Both susprised.* 2068. *Both taken; read tan; cf. 2044.* 2076. *G. disese; Th. deesse; F. dessaisir.* 2116. *Both degree.*

Page 28. 2154. *Both bigynneth to amenda.* 2176. *G. say; Th. saye.* 2185. *Both vnto; for to.* 2195. *Both in; read a.*

Page 24. 2264. *Both on; read upon.* 2271. *Th. sumere; G. awmere; see 2087.* 2279. *Both costmeth; F. couste.* 2285. *Both Farce.* 2294. *G. Th. knowith (!); F. rit.* 2302. *Both playneth; read playeth.* 2327. *Both menen.*

Page 25. 2336. *Both londes; read lounes.* 2341. *Both this swift; read swich yift; F. si ricke don.* 2365. *Both and; read in.* 2427. *Th. sene; read sende; F. envotier.* 2432. *Th. gone and visyten.*

Page 26. 2466. *Better omit of.* 2473. *Both Thought; read That swete?* 2499. *G. yift; Th. yet; read yif.*

Page 27. 2564. *Th. forwerede; G. forweriede; see 3251.* 2369. *Both se; read seme.* 2617. *Both I wote not; read I noot.* 2619. *Both better.* 2621. *Both on hir I caste.* 2622. *Both That.* 2628. *Both ligger; read ly.*

Page 28. 2690. *Both whider (!).* 2675. *Th. whan; G. whanne; read wham or whom; F. De qui tu ne püss avoir aise.* 2676. *Corrupt. F. Au departir la porte baïee (i.e. the lover is to kiss the door).* 2709, 2710. *Both more, fore.* 2712. *Both to gon; omit to.*

Page 29. 2774. *Both aftirward.* 2796. *G. Thenkyng; Th. Thyngkyng; cf. 2804.* 2824. *Both not ben; F. tu seroies.* 2833. *Both me; read hem; cf. 2845.*

Page 30. 2917. *Both thou (for they).* 2935. *Both declared thee.*

Page 31. 2992. *Both warrans; F. Ge vous i puis bien garantir.*

Page 32. 3052. *Both Venus hath flemed.* 3115. *Both arise.* 3125. *Both And late (or lette) it growe (too long).* 3136. *Th. His eyes reed sparcling as the fyre-glowe (too long); sparcling is a gloss on reed.*

Page 33. 3150. *G. it; Th. he; read I; F. ge.* 3207. *Both For Nature; I omit For.* 3209. *Both but if the.*

Page 34. 3264. *Both seyne; feyne seems better.* 3274. *Both he be a; I omit a.* 3301. *After gets, Th. inserts the, and G. thee.* 3319. *Both thought; read taughte.* 3331. *Both Who that; I omit that.* 3337. *Both cherisaunce; F. chevisaunce.*

Page 35. 3399. *Th. forbode; G. forbede; read forbad.* 3433. *Th. suche; G. sichen; F. puis qu'il me siet.*

Page 36. 3447. *Both where that the; I omit that.* 3490. *Both That he had.* 3491. *G. Thanne; Th. Than; read That; F. Qu' Amors.* 3522. *Both ye (for he); F. Que il.* 3525. *Both it is.*

Page 37. 3548. *This (=This is); F. C'est.* 3554. *Both Vpon (for On).* 3604. *Read thar; Th. dare.* 3626. *Th. ofres.* 3643. *Th. the god of blesse; F. Dies la beneïe.*

Page 38. 3660. *Th. That so; omit so.* 3690. *Th. grapes beripe.* 3694. *Both Though.* 3697. *Both rennyng (!).* 3698. *Both come (absurdly); see l. 2700; read to me.* 3710. *G. herte is; Th. hert is; read hertis (=hertes).* 3718. *Both neithir (for nor).* 3745. *Both playne or playna.* 3751. *Both ye; read to.*

Page 39. 3755. *Th. with his heta.* 3756. *Both insert me after bad.* 3774. *G. it wille; Th. at wyl.* 3851. *Both verge; see 3234.*

Page 40. 3880. *Both lye.* 3895. *Both trechours.* 3902. *Both herte I crye.* 3907. *Both lowe; read loude.* 3928. *Both must; read mot; supply take.* 3942. *Both Do; read To.* 3943. *Both Thanne (or Than) close; F. Qui les roses clorra entor.*

Page 41. 3994. Th. vilanously; G. vilaynesly. 4021. G. an high; Th. an hye. 4026. *Both* To make.

Page 42. 4089. *Both* place it after I.

Page 48. 4181. *Both* of; read aa. 4188. *Both* Roses; F. *roseters*. 4194. *Both* who (for *whiche*).

Page 44. 4272. *Both* walketh (!). 4285. *Both* Which (for *Ther*); *giving no sense*. 4291. *Both* except. 4322. *Both* wente aboute (!); read *wende* a bought (a = have); F. *Ges cuidote avoir achetés* (I weened to have bought them). 4339. G. *tiliers*; Th. *tyllers*. 4352. *Both* wente best abouen to haue.

Page 45. 4363. *Both* but; read al. *Both* lust. 4365. *Both* is; read am. 4366. *Both* charge. 4372. G. wole; Th. wol; read wal. 4425. *Both* good.

Page 46. 4467. *Both* her (for *his*). 4476. *Both* praise. 4550. *Both* Loue; read *lorde*. 4556. Th. moche that it; G. mych that.

Page 47. 4561. *Both* yeue good wille; F. *se Dies plaist*. 4587. *Both* ne failid; I omit na. 4617. *Both* not; read nist; cf. 4626. 4657. *Both* I; read han.

Page 48. 4705. *Both* And through the; read A trouthe. 4721. Th. lyke; G. like; read sike. 4722. G. trust; Th. truste; (thrust = thirst). *Both* and (for in). 4723. *Both* And. 4725. *Both* And. 4731. *Both* Sen.

Page 49. 4755. *Both* by (for *be*). 4764. *Both* That; read But. 4793. *Both* enen; read er (i.e. before). 4796. *Both* al by partuera. 4799. *Both* greven. 4807. *Both* diffyned here. 4811. G. kned; Th. knedde. 4812. *Both* With. 4823. *Both* engendrure; see 6114. 4837. *Both* han her lust. 4846. *Both* what; for who.

Page 50. 4858. *Both* their. 4892. G. perell; Th. parel; but read tyme (see 4891). 4921. *Both* But that if. 4933. *Both* this. 4935. *Both* youthes chambre (or *chambere*); F. *Jonece sa chamberiere*. 4943. *Both* And mo of (!). 4945. *Both* remembreth. 4948. *Both* him.

Page 51. 4955. *Both* gan. 4960. *Both* neither praise. 5004. Th. stondeth; G. stondith. 5010. *Both* weped. 5021. *Both* he (for *hir*). 5028. *Both* list to loue.

Page 52. 5050. *Both* gounen. 5051. *Both* so; read sho (or *she*). 5059. *Both* loued. 5068. *Both* That; read But; cf. 4764. 5085. *Both* to; read they. 5107. G. herberest hem; Th. herboresst. 5116. *Both* the; read thy; F. *ton*. 5117. *Both* by thought; F. *ta jonesca*. 5144. G. ay; Th. aye; read alway.

Page 58. 5155. *Both* That; F. *Lora*. 5162. *Perhaps say* = *assay*. 5201 (*rubric*). *Both* Aunsete; error for *Amistie*. 5229. *Both* oo state; read oon estate; see 5400.

Page 54. 5278. *Both* bothe the. 5283. *Both* this. 5285. *Both* vynye (!). 5287. *Both* And; read A man. 5292. Th. causes; G. cause; see 5301, 5323. 5335. *Both* he; cf. 5337, 5341. 5341. *Both* hir; read the. 5345. *Both* Thurgh the; I omit the.

Page 55. 5360. *Both* greueth so groueth. 5379. *Both* him self (or *selfe*). 5389. *Both* kepen ay his; see 5367. 5393. I omit alle before his. 5401. *Both* ought to be. 5404. *Both* hath. 5408. G. it; read in; Th. omitt. 5419, 5420, 5425, 5427, 5436. *Both* hym (!); F. *les*. 5433. *Both* to (for *so*).

Page 56. 5452. Th. chere (for *there*); G. cheer (!). 5463. *Both* thus. 5476. *Both* For to shewe; read She sheweth. 5486. *Both* affect. 5491. *Both* For al that youeth here out of drede. 5493. G. late; Th. lette. 5544. *Both* fablyng; F. *cheans* (i.e. falling). 5546. *Both* caste.

Page 57. 5555. *Both* in (for *is*). 5556. *Both* depe (error for *doþe* = *doth*). 5569. Th. haue you to haue; G. ha yow to ha. 5577. *Both* perceyneth. 5590. G. mavis; Th. mauys; F. *muis* (bushels). 5598. *Both* that (for *it*). 5617. *Both* berne. 5641. *Both* take.

Page 58. 5699. *Both* where; *F. guerre*. 5701. *Both* shal thogh he hath geten (!). 5713. *Both* Thus is thurst. 5741. *G. fy*; *Th. fye*; *read sy*. (From *fy* to *sy* means from the first syllable of *fy-sy-cien* (physician) to the second.)

Page 59. 5755. *Both* shewing. 5761-2. *Supply* it in 5761; *it occurs after Himself* in 5762. 5781. *Both* The; *F. Troia*. 5788. *Both* vnto. 5821. *Both* nyl not.

Page 60. 5855. *Both* kepte; *F. qui mestrie*. 5860. *Both* that ilke. 5883. *Both* As my nede is. 5900. *Both* That such toures ben; *I omit* That and ben.

Page 61. 5942. *Both* follyly. 5959. *Both* beaute (!). 5960. *Both* That I; *I omit* That. 5976. *Both* ful dere. 6002. *Both* grede; *error for gned*. 6006. *Both* beaute (as in 5959). 6009. *Th. wol*; *G. wole*.

Page 62. 6064. *Both* hindreth.

Page 63. 6165. *Both* which; *F. tex* (such). 6169. *Both* lette. 6174. *Both* nede; *F. beoignes*. 6205. *I supply* this line; went his wyle = turns aside his craft. 6206. *Th. begylen*; *G. bygylyng*. 6237. *Th. commen*; *G. comyn*.

Page 64. 6243. *Both* ful many; *omit* ful. 6256. *Both* maketh the; *omit* the. 6292. *Both* planten most. 6296. *Both* feyne; *F. dira*. 6314. *Both* insert shal before never. 6317, 6318. Two half-lines lost; words supplied by Kaluza.

Page 65. 6341. *Both* and reyned (!); *for streyned*; *see* 7366. 6355. *Both* Ioly (!); *read* blynde. *I supply* ther. 6372. *A line* lost; supplied as in Morris's edition; *F. Si n'en sui mes at receus*. 6378. *Both* I (for me). 6407. *Both* not; *read* yit.

Page 66. 6460. *Both* it is; *F. Pourquoi*. 6466. *Both* woth (!). 6481. *Both* seruest; *F. sembles*. 6491. *Both* bettir. 6493. *Both* of a pore. 6500. *Both* me a dyne. 6515. *Both* not. 6522. *Both* Hath a soule. 6532. *G. thrittene*; *Th. thirtene* (wrongly). Page 67. 6539. *G. beggith*; *Th. beggeth*. 6542. *G. goddis*; *Th. goddes*. 6565. *G. ther*; *Th. their*. 6569. *Both* yaf. 6570. *G. folkis*; *Th. folkes*. 6572. *Both* they; *read* leye; *F. glaioint*. 6606. *Both* Ben somtyme in; *see* 6610.

Page 68. 6667. *Both* haue bidde; *I omit* haue. 6688. *Th. hondis*; *G. omits*. 6700. *Both* Yit. 6707. *Both* mendiciens (-ence).

Page 69. 6819. *Both* wrine; *both* hem; *both* at. 6823, 6824. *Both* robberyng, gilyng.

Page 70. 6880. *Th. Ne wol*; *G. Wol*; *read* Nil. 6902, 6907. *Both* burdons. 6911. *Both* burdons; *but borders are meant*. 6925, 6926. *Both* him.

Page 71. 6974. *I omit* a after tymes. 7018. *G. werrien*; *Th. werryen*. 7029. *Both* these (for thefe), and that (for or); *F. lerres ou*. 7038. *Both* them.

Page 72. 7041. *G. cheffis*; *Th. cheffes*; *F. fromages*. 7092. *Th. We had ben turmented al and some*; (*G. different line, in late hand*); *F. Tout eust este torment*. 7109. *G. has here l*. 7110, followed by a blank line; *Th. has* That they [read he] ne might the booke by, followed by a spurious line. 7110. *Th. To the cōpye, if hem*.

Page 73. 7145. *Both* no. 7159. *Both* vpon. 7173, 7174. *I supply* these lines by conjecture; *F. Par Pierre voil le Pape entendre*. 7180. *Both* That (read And); to (read that). 7221. *Both* worthy; *see* 7104. *Both* mynystres; *read* maistres.

Page 74. 7316. *Both* slayn; *F. escorchia*.

Page 75. 7368. *G. graoche*; *Th. gratche*. 7389. *Th. deuysed*. 7392. *Th. salowe*; *read* falowe. 7394. *Th. to*; *read* tho. 7409. *Th. And*. 7429. *Th. humbly*. 7432. *Th. remened*.

Page 76. 7473. *Th. hath hadde the*. 7488. *Th. doughty* (!); *F. poudreus*. 7533. *Th. she nat herselfe* (wrongly).

Page 78. 7653. *G. wole*; *Th. wol*. 7662. *Both* wot; *F. fail*. 7663. *Th. we* (for ye); *G. omits*.

## THE MINOR POEMS.

## I. AN A.B.C.

*The MSS. used to form this text are :* C. = MS. Ff. 5. 30 in the Camb. Univ. Library; Jo. = MS. G. 21, in St. John's College, Cambridge; Gl. = Glasgow MS. Q. 2. 25; L. = MS. Laud 740, in the Bodleian Library; Gg. = MS. Gg. 4. 27, in the Camb. Univ. Library; F. = Fairfax 16, in the Bodleian; B. = Bodley 638; Sion = Sion Coll. MS. *The text follows closely the first of these; but is corrected by collation with the others.*

Page 81. 163. *All the MSS. insert suffred after eek; probably caught from the line above. Or perhaps his herte was caught from the line below; in which case, read And suffred eek, that Longius him pighte. And note, that pighte should surely be prichte, i. e. pricked, as in Cant. Tales, F 418. Pighte properly means pitched. Hence read : And suffred eek, that Longius him prichte.*

## II. THE COMPLEYNT UNTO PITE.

*The MSS. are :* Tn. (Tanner 346); F. (Fairfax 16); B. (Bodley 638); Sh. (Shirley's MS., Harl. 78); Ff. (Ff. 1. 6, in the Camb. Univ. Library); T., here put for Trin. (Trin. Coll. Camb. B. 3. 19); also Ha. (Harl. 7578). *The text follows F. mainly.*

Page 82. 21. MSS. was (*for nas*), twice; wrongly. 77. MSS. is (*for nis*).

## III. THE BOOK OF THE DUCHESSE.

*The authorities are only Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532); and three MSS., viz. F. (Fairfax 16); Tn. (Tanner 346); B. (Bodley 638). I follow F. mainly. B. and F. are much alike.*

Page 88. 6. *All take no kepe. 14. All sorwful (badly); read sory. 23. All this.*

Page 84. 76. *Not in Tn. B.; Th. F. of Alcyone his wyfe. 80. Not in Tn. B.; Th. F. began to yerne; read gan to arme. 82. Not in Tn. B.; Th. F. her thought so (copied from 81); read he dwelte so. 86. Not in Tn. B.; Th. F. That she had this; I omit she, and supply alas from 87, where it occurs after him, and makes the line too long. 101. All this lady; for she. 107. All wepte; read weep. 131. All right so (but right belongs to l. 132).*

Page 85. 149. *All speke right so (but right belongs to l. 150). 158, 159. All noght (for nothing). 175. Tn. slepte; F. slept; see 177. 185. All up and axed. 204. All am. 206. I supply look. 207. All for suche; read at whiche. 212. All alas; read A.*

Page 86. 264. *All insert quene after goddesse. 294. All And; read I. 296. All insert my before slepe. 300. All ouer al; I omit ouer. 328. All and of king. 329. All repeat of king before Lamedon. 330. All insert And eke before of Medea. 331. All and of (for and). 332. (Marked by mistake; so in MSS.) 334. All And; read Of. 342. All insert to before cold.*

Page 87. 348. *All And I; omit And. 380. All and so at; omit so. 443. All insert right before wonder.*

Page 88. 454. *All but B. insert right before yong. 473. All insert ful before wel. 479. After this line, Th. inserts And thus in sorowe lefte me alone; it is spurious. [Hence there is no line 480.] 498. All for ther no; and is (for was). 517. All had ygret; read grettis; see 503. 548. Insert good; cf. 714, 721.*

Page 89. 570. *All with his; omit his. 571. All may no; omit no. 583. All so ful;*

omit ful. 584. *All That; read Thogh.* 586. *For the former hit, all have him; see* 585. 589. F. B. Thesiphus; Tn. Tesiphus; Th. Tesyphus (*miswritten for Cesiphus* = Sesiphus). 599. F. Th. sorowe (!); Tn. sorov (!); *read song.* 630. Th. Tn. flouris; F. B. flourys; *read flour is.*

Page 90. 660. *All in the; omit the.* 681. *All she my fers; read my fers she* (Koch). 693. *All For ther; omit For.* 721. *All yis parde; omit yis.* 728. *All also; read als.* 732. *All the quene; omit the.* 740. *All no man; read noon.* 745. F. Tn. Loo she that may be; Th. Howe that may be; *here she is an error for sir; and how that may be for how may that be; the edition of 1550 has Howe may that be.*

Page 91. 751. *All insert shalt after thou; omit it* (Koch). 771. *All I prayde; omit I.* 779. *All moste able; omit moste.* 785. *All ryght so; omit ryght.* 802. *All That tyme and; omit That tyme.* 805. *All on a day.* 806. *All ther that I; omit that.* 823. *All Than any other planete in heven.* 828. *All and of; omit of.* 829. *All and so; omit and.* 840. *All counseyl* (a gloss upon *reed*, the original word). 844. *All better.*

Page 92. 895. *All But which; omit But.* 905. *Was white; omit white* (*reserved for l. 948*). 924. *All swere wel; omit wel.* 930. *All never yet; omit yet.* 942. *All and pure flat; omit pure.* 943. *All or; read and.*

Page 93. 959. *All nere pure; omit pure.* 971. *All swere wel; read sweren.* 994. *All And therto; omit And.* 997. *All What harme was; but harm is monosyllabic.* 1020. *wolde not; read nolde.* 1028. *All into; read to.* 1040. *All and my goddesse (!); read and my lisse* (i.e. consolation). 1051. *All loked her; omit her.*

Page 94. 1075. *All nay trewly I; omit trewly.* 1099. *All coude tho; read tho coude.* 1147. *All hit not never; omit not.*

Page 95. 1188. *All am; read nam.* 1189. *All sey right; omit right.* 1234. *All to false; omit to.* 1239. *All ryght as; omit ryght.*

Page 96. 1264. *All thynges; read thing.* 1322. *All ther was; omit ther.*

#### IV. THE COMPLEYNT OF MARS.

*The authorities are:* F. (Fairfax 16); Tn. (Tanner 346); Ju. (Julian Notary's edition); Harl. (Harl. 7333); T. (Trin. Coll. Camb., R. 3. 20); Ar. (Arch. Selden B. 24, in the Bodleian Library); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

Page 93. 89. *All nygh dreynt; omit nygh.* 125. *All transpoe hir and don.*

Page 99. 141. *All god helpe; read helpe god; and accent sely and Venus on the latter syllable.*

Page 100. 274. *Most MSS. have to so; T. omits to.*

#### V. THE PARLEMENT OF FOULES.

*The authorities are:* F. (Fairfax 16); Gg. (Gg. 4. 27, Camb. Univ. Library); Trin. (Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 19); Cx. (Caxton's edition); Harl. (Harleian 7333); O. (St. John's Coll., Oxford); Ff. (Ff. 1. 6, Camb. Univ. Library). *I have also consulted Tn. (Tanner 346); D. (Digby 181); and others. I follow F. mainly; chiefly corrected by Gg.*

Page 101. 39. *All he; read hit; see 36, 43.*

Page 106. 396. *All have formed.*

Page 109. 613. Gg. *reufalles* (!); Pepys, *rowthfall*; *rest rewfal* (!).



## VI. A COMPLEINT TO HIS LADY.

*Only two MS. copies:* Sh. (Shirley's MS., Harl. 78); Ph. (Phillipps 9053, now Addit. 34360). Also Ed. (edition of 1561). *I follow Sh. mainly; but correct many bad spellings; and supply many words, and even lines. Lines 124-133 are in Ph. only.*

Page 111. 14. *All now doth; I omit now.* 15. *This line is supplied, to rime with* l. 17. 19. Sh. and yit my; *I put fro for yit.* 24. *This line supplied; to rime with* l. 22; cf. Compl. of Mars, 189. 25, 26. *Supplied; cf. Compl. to Pite, 22, 17; Anelida,* 307. 33. *I omit she before sleeth.* 56. *A line lost; supplied from Anelida, 181.*

Page 112. 59. *Supplied from Anelida, 182.* 68. Sh. euer do. 78. Sh. youre; *read yow.* 79. Sh. wist that were; *I omit that.* Sh. your hyennesse (*repeated from 76*); *read yow* distresse. 82. (*The dagger should precede is*); Sh. thane is; *omit thane.* 102. Sh. been euer; *read ever been.* 103. *Imperfect; I supply here.* 104. Sh. But the; *omit But* 114. Sh. nought; *read nothing.* 120. Sh. no trewer so verrayly; Ed. no trewer verely (*false rime*). 127. Ph. For wele; om. For. 129. *Not in Sh.; Ph. That yow* myght offenden. 132. *Not in Sh.; Ph. no blisse; omit no.* 133. Ph. dwelle withyn.

## VII. ANELIDA AND ARCTE.

*Authorities:* Harl. (Harl. 7333); F. (Fairfax 16); Tn. (Tanner 346); D. (Digby 181); Cx. (Caxton's edition); B. (Bodley 638); Lt. (Longleat MS.); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

Page 114. 91. Th. Tn. Harl. trusteth; *rest trusted; read trust (=trusteth).* 129. *All lenger she; omit she.*

Page 115. 174. *All speketh she.* 191. *All un-to; read to.*

Page 116. 241. *All be founde; but he was copied in from l. 240.*

## VIII. CHAUCERS WORDES UNTO ADAM.

*From T. (Trin. Coll. Camb., R. 3. 20). Also in Ed. (edition of 1561).*

Page 118. 3. T. thy long lokkes; *omit long.* 4. T. wryte more trawe; *omit more.*

## IX. THE FORMER AGE.

*Two copies:* I. (li. 3. 21, Camb. Univ. Library); Hh. (Hh. 4. 12, in the same). *Chiefly from I.*

Page 118. 3. I. paid of the; *omit the.* 11. I. gnoddid; Hh. knoddid; *correctly* gniden, pt. pl. of gniden.

Page 119. 23. *Both No batails trompes; omit batails.* 34. I. No places wildnesse; Hh. No place of wildnesse; *omit places, place of.* 56. *A line lost; I supply it.*

## X. FORTUNE.

*Authorities:* I. (li. 3. 21, Camb. Univ. Library); A. (Ashmole 59); T. (Trin. Coll. Camb.); F. (Fairfax 16); B. (Bodley 638); H. (Harl. 2251).

## XI. MERCILES BEAUTE.

*One copy:* P. (Pepys 2006). 36. P. this; *read ther.*

## XII. TO ROSEMOUNDE.

*One copy:* MS. Rawl. Poet. 163; leaf 114.

Page 121. 11. semy (*sic*); *read seemly.* fynall (*for final, a misreading of smal*).

## XIII. TRUTH.

*Authorities:* At. (Addit. 10340); Gg. (Gg. 4. 27, Camb. Univ. Library); E. (Ellesmere MS.); Ct. (Cotton, Cleop. D. 7); T. (Trin. Coll. R. 3. 20); F. (Fairfax 16); and others. *Chiefly from E. The Envoy is in At. only.*

Page 122. 19. Know thy contree; Harl. F. T. Loke vp on his. 20. Hold the hye way; Harl. F. Weyve thy lust.

## XIV. GENTILESSE.

*Authorities:* A. (Ashmole 59); T. (Trin. Coll. R. 3. 20); Harl. (Harl. 7333); Ct. (Cotton, Cleop. D. 7); Ha. (Harl. 7578); Add. (Addit. 22139); Cx. (Caxton's edition). *I follow Cx. mainly.*

Page 128. 20. Cx. makes hem eyres, that can hem queme; A. mathe his heyre him that wol him qweme; Ct. That maketh his heires hem, &c.

## XV. LAK OF STEDFASTNESSE.

*Authorities:* Harl. (Harl. 7233); T. (Trin. Coll. R. 3. 20); Ct. (Cotton, Cleop. D. 7); F. (Fairfax 16); Add. (Addit. 22139); Bann. (Bannatyne); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532); and others. *I follow Ct. mainly.*

## XVI. LENVOY A SCOGAN.

*Authorities:* Gg. (Gg. 4. 27, Camb. Univ. Library); F. (Fairfax 16); P. (Pepys 2006); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

## XVII. LENVOY A BUKTON.

*Authorities:* F. (Fairfax 16); Th. (Thynne's edition); Ju. (Julian Notary's edition). *I follow F. mainly.*

## XVIII. THE COMPLEYNT OF VENUS.

*Authorities:* T. (Trin. Coll. R. 3. 20); A. (Ashmole 59); Tn. (Tanner 346); F. (Fairfax 16); Ff. (Ff. 1. 6, Camb. Univ. Library); Ar. (Arch. Selden, P. 24); P. (Pepys 2006); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

N.B. Another authority is the set of three original French Ballades by Otes de Graunson, which Chaucer here imitates.

Page 125. 31. *All Play or Pleye; read Pleyne, translation of original French Plaindre.*

## XIX. THE COMPLEINT TO HIS PURSE.

*Authorities:* F. (Fairfax 16); Harl. (Harl. 7333); Ff. (Ff. 1. 6, Camb. Univ. Library); P. (Pepys 2006); Add. (Addit. 22139); Cx. (Caxton's edition); Th. (Thynne's ed. 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

## XX. PROVERBS.

*Authorities:* F. (Fairfax 16); Ha. (Harl. 7578); Ad. (Addit. 16165). *I follow F. mainly.*

Page 128. 1. *All insert thus after these; I omit thus.*

## XXI. AGAINST WOMEN UNCONSTANT.

*Authorities:* Ct. (Cotton, Cleop. D. 7); F. (Fairfax 16); Ha. (Harl. 3758); Ed. (Stowe's edition, 1561).

Page 127. 17. *All stondeeth read stant.*

## XXII. COMPLEINT DAMOURS.

*Authorities* : Harl. (Harl. 7333); F. (Fairfax 16); B. (Bodley 638).  
 Page 127. 4. *All right thus; omit right.* 9. *All Ne; read For.*  
 Page 128. 86. *I supply ther from Parl. Foules, 310.*

## XXIII. A BALADE OF COMPLEYNT.

*Sole copy* : MS. Addit. 16165, fol. 256, back.

## XXIV. WOMANLY NOBLESSE.

*Sole copy* : MS. Addit. 34360, fol. 21, back.  
 Page 129. 13. *This line is supplied by conjecture.* 18. MS. for to; *I omit for.*  
 25. And thynkith be raison (*too long*). 26. for til do the; *I omit the, and substitute to for til.*

## TRANSLATION OF BOETHIUS.

*Authorities* : C. (Camb. Univ. Library, II. 3. 21); A. (Addit. 10340); Ed. (Thynne's edition, 1532); Cx. (Caxton's edition); II. (II. 1. 38); &c. *I follow C. mainly.*  
 Page 181. PROSE I. 74. Cx. Th. from; MSS. omit from.  
 Page 188. PR. III. 63. Cx. Th. Soranos (*as in Latin text*); C. A. Sorans. MET. IV. 12. Cx. Th. leyte; II. leit; C. A. light.  
 Page 184. PR. IV. 97. *This Gloss is misplaced in the MSS.; it comes in before Textus in l. 87.*  
 Page 144. PR. III. 66. *I omit and before fulfuldest; it is worse than needless.*  
 Page 153. PR. VIII. 28. C. A. windinge; Cx. wyndy; Lat. *uentosam.*  
 Page 156. PR. II. 125. *I supply nat, for clearness; it is implied in the following no.*  
 Page 188. PR. VI. 300. *All the; read that.*  
 Page 190. MET. VI. 38. *Read bretheth; II. brethith; A. bredith; C. Ed. bereth; Lat. spirat.*  
 Page 196. PR. III. 192. *All of the whiche (no sense); read than whiche.*

## TROIUS AND CRISEYDE.

*Authorities* : Cl. (Campsall MS.); Cp. (Corp. Chr. Coll. Cam. 61); H. (Harl. 2280); H2. (Harl. 3943); Cm. (Gg. 4. 27, in Camb. Univ. Library); Ed. (edition by Thynne, 1532). *I follow Cl. and Cp. mainly, which are much alike.*  
 Page 247. 17. *All hem; read him; see l. 19.*  
 Page 249. 144. Cl. Cp. H. ben ay I-lyke; Ed. to ben aye ylike; H2. bene glyke; Cm. ay ben I-lik; *read been y-like ay.*  
 Page 255. 572. Cm. thourrste; Cp. H. thruste; Cl. dorste; H2. Ed. durst; *read thurite.*  
 Page 279. 391. H. truste (*rightly*); *rest trust. All to finden (or finde); omit to.*  
 Page 314. 1109. *All the est; read th'est.*  
 Page 321. 1586. *All That she; omit That.* 1618. *All Come or Com.*

## THE HOUS OF FAME.

*Authorities:* F. (Fairfax 16); B. (Bodley 638); P. (Pepys 2006); Cx. (Caxton's edition) Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

Page 826. 8. *All* why this; *omit* why. 11. why these; *omit* why. 20. *All* is more; *omit* is. 24. *All* needlessly insert the (or her) before brayn.

Page 827. 88. *All* pouerte; read povert; or *elide* the final e. 119. *All* slept, slepte; read asleep; see 438.

Page 829. 362. *All* But al; *omit* But.

Page 880. 366. *All* in-to; read in. 370. MSS. *Allas* (or *alas*!); read *Eneas*. (*How-  
ever* Th. has him, *alas*.) 399. Cx. Th. *Oenone* (which read as four syllables, O-e-no-ne,  
as in Troil. i. 654).

Page 881. 513. *All* sely; read selly (i. e. strange).

Page 882. 557. Cx. Th. P. agast so; read so agast. 603. *All* do; read done (*gerund*). 613. *All* herke; read herkne; see 725. 618. *Deficient*; *I* supply *goddesse*. 621. *All* lytel (litell); read lyte.

Page 883. 727. Cx. Th. P. a worthy; F. B. worthe a; *omit* a.

Page 884. 764. *All* herke; see 725. 827. F. And that sum place stide; B. Th. And that som styde; (not in Cx. P.); read And that the mansioun; see 754, 831. 830. *All* That; read Than.

Page 885. 896. Cx. Th. gan to; rest to; read gan. 911. *All* token (!); read toun; see 890.

Page 886. 1007. F. Cx. Th. B. *Athalantes*; P. *athlauntres* (cf. *Atlante*, Ovid, *Fasti*, v. 83).

Page 887. 1114. F. cite; P. cite (= site); rest cyte.

Page 888. 1177. Supply craft from l. 1178, where it occurs, after cast, in Cx. Th. P. 1180. B. *Babewynnes*; P. *Babewenries*; (all corrupt). 1210. F. *Saten*; B. *Sate*; Cx. Th. *Sat*; P. *Sett*; read *Seten*.

Page 889. 1259. Th. playeng; rest play. 1271. *All* the (put for thee). 1303. F. hat; B. hate; Cx. Th. hackyng; read hatte.

Page 840. 1361. F. B. Sit; Cx. P. Sat; read Sitte. 1373. *All* wonderly; see 1327. 1415. *All* And thus; *omit* And.

Page 841. 1494. F. high the (for highthe); Cx. Th. heyght; read highte; see 744. 1527. *All* into; read in.

Page 842. 1570. *All* Upon; read Up.

Page 843. 1666. *All* werkes; read werk (and so in 1701, 1720). 1686. *All* of bawme; *omit* of. 1725. F. B. Th. Al so; rest And so; read So.

Page 844. 1765. F. B. now let se; *omit* now. 1813. *All* grete, gret; read gretest.

Page 845. 1853. F. Th. be noight for; Cx. B. be for; read be but for. 1887. *All* thinge, thing; read thinges. 1897. *All* wote; read wiste; see 1901. 1902. *All* dwelled or dwellyth. 1907. B. Whithen; rest Why than; read Whiche. 1940. F. Cx. B. hattes (!); Th. hutchies; read hottes.

Page 846. 1961, 1962. *All* werres, restes; read warre, resta. 1967. *All* and eek of; *omit* and eek (cf. 1968). 1975. *All* wrongly write misgouvernement as one word. 2009. *All* these; read swiche. 2017. F. frot (for froit = fruit); B. foot; Cx. Th. swote. 2021. *All* yaf in; *omit* in. 2026. F. B. here anon (anon); Cx. Th. here; read anon heer.

Page 847. 2049. *All* he (!); *read* the other. 2053. *All* And thus (*twice*); *omit* And (*twice*). 2061. F. B. forth ryght to; Cx. forth unto; Th. streyght to; *read* forth to. 2076. F. B. Went every mouthe (!); Th. Cx. Wente euery tydyng; *read* Wente every word. 2083. *All* and wente; *read* hit wente. 2104. B. hane that oon; F. han on; Th. have one. *All omit* of.

Page 848. 2152. B. nose; F. Th. noyse (!). F. an highen (!); Th. on hyghen (!); B. and yen; *read* on hyghe (or on hye).

## THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

*Authorities: for Text A (earlier version) of the Prologue: sole copy C. (Gg. 4. 27, in Camb. Univ. Library). For Text B (later version) of the same, and all the rest: F. (Fairfax 16); Th. (Tanner 346); T. (Trin. Coll. Cam. B. 3. 19); A. (Aroh. Saldem. B. 24); B. (Bodley 638); P. (Pepys 2006); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532); also C. (as above); Add. (Addit. 9832).*

Page 858, col. 1. 135. C. *is hers corrupt; it has*—The honour and the humble obeysaunce. *I suggest* They dide honour and humble obeysaunces; *or read* Yelding honour, &c. (*as in* col. 2). Col. 1; 137, 138; *imperfect; I fill up the gaps.*

Page 870. 842. *All* renten (rente), *wrongly; read* renden.

Page 874. 1126. *All* honourable; *read* noble; *see* 1143, 1210, 1222.

Page 875. 1217. C. bestys wilde; T. A. P. wild bestys; *rest* wilde hertes; *read* hertes wilde. 1238. *All* and becom (*against metre*); *read* to been.

Page 878. 1463. *All* yle of; *omit* of.

Page 883. 1879. *All* himself or himselfe; *read* himselfe.

Page 887. 2138. *All* was performed; *read* performed was.

Page 888. 2227. *All* quyte him; *read* him quyte.

Page 898. 2592. Th. And what; C. T. That what; *read* What.

## TREATISE ON THE ASTROLABE.

*Authorities: A. (Camb. Univ. Library, Dd. 3. 53); B. (Bodley, E. Museo 54); C. (Rawlinson 1370); D. (Ashmole 391); E. (Bodley 619); F. (Corpus 424); G. (Trin. Coll. Cam. B. 15. 18); H. (Sloane 314); I. (Sloane 291); K. (Rawlinson, Misc. 3); L. (Addit. 23002); M. (St. John's Coll. Cam.); N. (Digby 72); O. (Ashmole 360); P. (Camb. Univ. Library, Dd. 12. 51); Q. (Ashmole 393); R. (Egerton 2622); S. (Addit. 29250). I follow A. mainly; collated with B. C. I. M. P. The latter part (after Part II. § 40) from L. M. N. O. P. R. S.*

Part 899. § 12. 8, 9. MSS. wrongly transpose *umbra versa*, and *umbra recta* (= *umbra extensa*).

Page 402. § 3. 51, 53. *For* 18, some MSS. have 12.

Page 408. § 3. 62, 63. Some MSS. 8 and 2; others, 9 and 10. 64. Some 23; others 10. § 4. 12. C. P. for-seide same degree; *omit* same. 25. *All* 15; *read* 25; *Lat. text, viginti quinque.*

Page 409. § 25. 45. Two sets of readings here; the second set puts the Sun in 10 degrees of Leo, with an altitude of 56, and declination, 18; difference, 38.

Page 410. § 28. 37. *All* heed (heued) *for* ende, *absurdly; cf.* 27, 31.

- Page 414. § 40. 8. *Read* for *sothe*; *miswritten* for *sonne* in A. B.; *others vary*.  
 Page 415. § 40. 75. A. *omits* of *and* *degrees*; *but retains* 3. 93. P. *supplies the last five words, which* A. B. C. E. *omit*. § 42. 24, 25. For 2, M. *has* 6; for 3, M. *has* 4.  
 Page 416. § 44. 20. N. *wreten*; *read wryte*. 36. L. N. O. *passid*; M. *omits*; *read lasse*.  
 Page 417. § 45. 10. L. I *wold* *wyttyn*; N. *Iwyton*; O. *wrytoun*.

## THE CANTERBURY TALES.

*Authorities*: E. (Ellesmere MS.); Hn. (Hengwrt MS.); Cm. (Gg. 4. 27, Camb. Univ. Library); Cp. (Corpus Chr. Coll. Oxford); Pt. (Petworth MS.); Ln. (Lansdowne 851); HL (Harl. 7334). *Also, occasionally*, Dd. (Dd. 4. 24, Camb. Univ. Library); Reg. (Reg. 17 D. XV.); Add. (Addit. 5140); Li. (Lichfield MS.); SL (Sloane, 1685).

- Page 421. 179. HL. *cloysterlees* (*see* 180); Cm. *rekeles*; *rest recchelees, recheles*.  
 Page 422. 252 b, 252 c; *from* Hn.; *rest omit*.  
 Page 435. 1290. *All* *moste, muste, most*; *read mot*.  
 Page 443. 1979. HL. *swymbul*; *rest rumbel*.  
 Page 449. 2420. *All* *insert the (or thy) before victorie*; *it clogs the line*.  
 Page 458. 3155, 3156. *From* E. Cm. HL; *rest omit*.  
 Page 462. 3451, 3457; *astromye is intentional*.  
 Page 465. 3721, 3722. *From* E. (*also in old editions*); *rest omit*.  
 Page 466. 3818. *Nowelis is an intentional error*; *see* 3834.  
 Page 476. 47. Dd. *But*; *rest That (wrongly)*.  
 Page 484. 621. *A short line*; *I insert ful*.  
 Page 486. 791. HL. *vn-to*; Pt. *to*; *rest til*; *read un-til*.  
 Page 492. 1163-1190. E. Hn. Cm. *omit*; *mainly from* Cp. 1189. *Most MSS. phislyas*; Sloane, phillyas; Ln. *faleas*; *read physices, i.e. physices liber*.  
 Page 508. 1995. *Supplied from* MS. Reg. 17 D. xv; *most MSS. omit this line*.  
 Page 509. 2252, 2253. *Not in the MSS., but necessary*; *supplied from* 2274 and 2280, *which see*.  
 Page 519. 2623, 2624. *Not in the MSS.*; *supplied by translating the French text*.  
 Page 525. 2854. *From* *namore to god is not in the MSS.*; *but is necessary*.  
 Page 536. 3564. *After this line most MSS. insert the stories from NERO to CÆSAR*. (ll. 3653-3956); *incorrectly*.  
 Page 538. 3657. MSS. *North*; *read South*.  
 Page 541. 3910. HL. *Valirien*; *rest Valerius*; ed. 1561, *Valerie* (rightly).  
 Page 546. 4266. *All MSS. insert herkneth or harken after But*.  
 Page 562. 1294. *After this line most MSS. insert ll. 1307, 1308*; *which are out of place here*. MS. HL. *is right*. 1307, 1308. *Nearly all MSS. omit these lines, having inserted them after l. 1294 above*. MS. HL. *is right*.  
 Page 625. 2240. *The MSS. omit the word stories, leaving sense and metre incomplete*.  
 Page 628. 20. *Most MSS. have pitous, which will not scan*; *but Hn. has pitous, which also occurs in Troilus*.  
 Page 636. 620. *I supply ne*.  
 Page 658. 277. For 'Valerians,' the MSS. absurdly have 'Cecilies'; *but the Latin original has 'Valeriani.'*

Page 664. 1171. E. terned; Cm. ternede; *rest* torned, *wrongly*. So also in l. 1274 below.

Page 674. 10. Chaucer has made a mistake; for *the mones* read *Saturnes*. *Libra* is the exaltation of Saturn, not of the Moon.

Page 687. 387. Hl. springers; Hn. spryng; E. Pt. Ln. spryngen. Perhaps 'springes' would be better.

Page 689. 443. *All MSS. transpose* Laban *and* Pharao.

Page 696. 616. Some needful words are here supplied; MSS. omit 'god . . . bitrayzen.'

Page 707. 858. *Read* bushes; E. Seld. Ln. beautees (!); Cm. beauteis (!); Hl. beantes (!); Pt. bewtees (!).

Page 711. 955. E. Cm. Danyel; *rest* David, *as in the French original*.

## GLOSSARIAL INDEX.



THE references in this Index are given according to the following scheme.

Poems denoted by Arabic numerals are Minor Poems. Thus, under 'Abaved,' the reference '3. 614' means Minor Poem no. 3, line 614, or l. 614 of the Book of the Duchesse. The letter 'R.' refers to the Romaunt of the Rose, Fragment A, in pp. 1-18; the rest of the Poem, not being Chaucer's, is indexed separately. Thus 'R. 163' means l. 163 of the Romaunt.

The five books of Boethius are denoted by B 1, B 2, B 3, B 4, B 5, respectively; and the 'prose' and 'metrical' sections are denoted by 'p' and 'm.' Thus, under 'Abaiszen,' the reference 'B 4. p 7. 81' means 'Boethius, bk. iv. prose 7, line 81.' The five books of Troilus are denoted by T. i., T. ii., T. iii., T. iv., and T. v. Thus 'T. iii. 1233' means 'Troilus, bk. iii., line 1233.'

The House of Fame and the Legend of Good Women are denoted by 'HF.' and 'L.' respectively. If, in the latter case, the italic letter '*a*' follows the number of the line, the reference is to the earlier (or A-text) of the Prologue to the Legend. Thus 'HF. 865' means 'House of Fame, line 865.' Again, 'L. 2075' means 'Legend of Good Women, line 2075;' and 'L. 200*a*' means 'Legend, &c., line 200 of the text in the left-hand column.'

The Prologue and the two books of the Treatise on the Astrolabe are denoted, respectively, by 'A. pr.', 'A. i.', and 'A. ii.' Thus the reference 'A. ii. 10. 8' means 'Astrolabe, bk. ii. § 10, line 8;' and 'A. pr. 10' means 'Astrolabe, prologue, line 10.'

References to the Canterbury Tales are known by the use of the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, and I, which are used to denote the various Groups into which the Tales are divided. In this case, 'A' is never followed by a full stop or by Roman numerals, as when the 'Astrolabe' is referred to; and such a reference as 'B 5,' meaning line 5 of Group B, is quite distinct from 'B 5. p 1. 1,' where 'B 5' means bk. v. of Boethius, and is invariably accompanied by the 'p' or 'm' denoting the 'prose' or 'metre.'

**Summary of the Minor Poems.** The Minor Poems are all numbered, viz. 1 (ABC); 2 (Complaynte unto Pite); 3 (Book of the Duchesse); 4 (Mars); 5 (Parlement of Foules); 6 (Complaint to his Lady); 7 (Anelida); 8 (Wordes to Adam); 9 (Former Age); 10 (Fortune); 11 (Mercilesse Beauty); 12 (To Rosemounde); 13 (Truth); 14 (Gentillesse); 15 (Lak of Stedfastnesse); 16 (Envoy to Scogan); 17 (Envoy to Bukton); 18 (Venus); 19 (To his Purse); 20 (Proverbs); 21 (Against Women Unconstant); 22 (Amorous Complaint); 23 (Balade of Complaynt); 24 (Womanly Noblesse).

Alphabetically, the references are to A (Group A of Cant. Tales); A. (Astrolabe); B (Group B of C. T.); B 1 . . . B 5 (Boethius, books 1 to 5); C, D, E, F, G, H, I (Groups C to I of C. T.); HF. (House of Fame); L. (Legend of Good Women); R. (Romaunt of the Rose); T. i. . . T. v (Troilus, books 1 to 5). The Minor Poems, numbered 1 to 24, are given above.

N.B. Words containing *ay*, *ey*, *oy*, *aw*, *ew*, *ow*, are sometimes entered as if spelt with *ai*, *ei*, *oi*, *au*, *eu*, *ow*, respectively.



Abbreviations. Besides *s.*, *adj.*, and *adv.*, for *substantive*, *adjective*, *adverb*, the following are used in a special sense:—*v.*, a verb in the infinitive mood; *ger.*, gerund; *pr. s.*, present tense, 3rd person singular; *pr. pl.*, present tense, 3rd person plural. Other persons are denoted by the figures 1 or 2.

Fragments B and C of the 'Romaunt' are glossed in a separate Index.

## A.

**A**, the first letter of the alphabet, T. i. 171; the letter A, A 161.

**A**, *indef. art. a*, A 24, &c.; *al a*, the whole of a, E 1165; one, D 1396; one and the same, 21. 5; about, some, L. 2075.

**A**, *prep.* on, on (the), in, for; A-nights, by night, B 3758; A-dayes, a-days, E 1164; A-morwe, on the morrow, A 822; A three, in three, A 2934; A goddes half, 'on God's side,' in God's name, D 50; A goddes name, in God's name, A 854.

**A**! *int.* ah! 3. 213.

**A**! *ha!* *interj.* aha! T. i. 868.

**Abaissen**, *ger.* to be dismayed, B 4. p 7. 81; *pp.* amazed, spell-bound, abashed, cast down, disconcerted, E 317, 1108.

**Abak**, *adv.* backwards, A 3736; aback, back, L. 864.

**Abakward**, *adv.* backward, B 3. m 12. 66.

**Abandonne**, *v.* devote, I 713; *pr. s.* abandons, B 2767.

**Abaashen**, *v.* fear, be abashed, R. 1552; *pp.* abashed, confused, confounded, disconcerted, 5. 447; R. 805, &c.

**Abate**, *v.* lower, put down, B 3780; depreciate, R. 286; 2 *pr. s. subj.* subtract, A. ii. 10. 8; *pp.* enfeebled, B 3. p 5. 52; put down, I 191.

**Abaved**, *pp.* confounded, disconcerted, 3. 614.

**Abayst**; see **Abaissen**.

**Abo**, alphabet, A. i. 11. 3.

**A-bedde**, in bed, T. i. 915.

**Abegge**, *v.* pay for it, A 3938. **A Kentish form**. See **Abeys**, **Abye**.

**A-begged**, a-begging, F 1580.

**Abet**, *s.* abetting, aid, T. ii. 357.

**Abeys**, *v.* pay for, C 100. See **Abye**.

**Abiden**, **Abit**; see **Abyde**.

**Abite**, *s.* habit, dress, L. 146 a.

**A-blakeberied**; see **Blakeberied**.

**Able**, *adj.* capable, 3. 786; fit, suitable, adapted, A 167; fit, L. 320; fit for, 3. 779; deemed deserving, 1. 184; fitting, R. 986.

**Ablinge**, *pr. pt.* enabling, lifting, B 3. m 9. 37; fitting, B 1. m 6. 19.

**Abodes**, *pl. qf* Abood, *s.*

**Aboghte**, **Aboght**; see **Abye**.

**Abood**, *s.* delay, A 965; tarrying, T. v.

1307; abiding, continuance, HF. 1963; *pl.* delays, T. iii. 854.

**Abood**, *pt. s. of* Abyde.

**Aboute**, *prep.* about, round, throughout, round about, near.

**Aboute**, *adv.* about, engaged in, T. v. 1645; in due order, in turn, A 890; around, here and there; *been a.*, go about, endeavour, A 1142.

**Aboven**, *prep.* above.

**Abregge**, *ger.* to abridge, shorten, T. iii. 262; A. with thy peynes, to shorten thy pains with, T. iv. 426.

**Abregginge**, *s.* abridging, B 5. p 1. 57; diminishing, I 568.

**A-breyde**, *v.* awake, T. iii. 1113; come to my senses, HF. 559; **Abrayd**, *pt. s.* (*strong form*), woke up, started up, 3. 192; **Abreyd**, 1 *pt. s.* started from sleep, HF. 110; **Abrayde**, *pt. s.* (*weak form*), started, B 4108; **Abreyde**, *awoke*, T. i. 724.

**Abroche**, *v.* broach, D 177.

**Abesnte**, 2 *pr. pl. subj.* absent yourself, 1. 43.

**Abusioun**, *s.* abuse, absurdity, T. iv. 990; deceit, B 214; a shameful thing, scandal, T. iv. 1060.

**Abyden**, *v.* abide, await, 1. 131; wait for, HF. 1086; be still, withdraw, F 1522; *pr. s.* awaits, B 2175; dwells, T. ii. 987; **Abit**, *pr. s.* waits for, T. i. 1091; **abides**, G 1175; *imp. s.* stay, wait, A 3129; *imp. pl.* B 1175; *pres. pt.* E 757; **Abood**, *pt. s.* awaited, T. iv. 156; stopped, HF. 1062; expected, 3. 247; **Abiden**, *pt. pl.* abode, T. i. 474; **Abiden**, *pp.* waited, B 3. p 9. 191.

**Abydinge**, *s.* expectation, B 2. p 3. 66.

**Abye**, *v.* pay for, A 4393; *pr. pl.* undergo, B 4. p 4. 86; **Aboutghte**, *pt. s.* paid for, T. v. 1756; suffered for, A 2303; **Aboght**, *pp.* paid for, L. 2483; purchased, 18. 37; bought dearly, L. 1387; atoned for, A 3100. See **Abegge**, **Abeys**.

**A-caterwawed**, a-caterwauling, D 354.

**Accesse**, *s.* feverish attack, T. ii. 1315.

**Accident**, *s.* that which is accidental, T. iv. 1505; incident, T. iii. 918; accidental occurrence, HF. 1976; unusual appearance, E 607; outward appearance (see note), C 539.

**Accidle**, *s.* sloth, I 388.

**Accioun**, *s.* action, i. e. accusation, 1. 20.

**Accomplice**, *v.* accomplich, A 2864.  
**Accord**, *a.* agreement, B 2988; harmony, B 4069; peace, I 992. See **Acord**.  
**Accordance**, *a.* concord, harmony, R. 496.  
**Accordaunt**, *adj.* suitable, B 4026.  
**Accorde**, *v.* agree; *pr.* *a.* besems, L. 2583. See **Acorde**.  
**Accuseth**, *pr.* *a.* reveals, R. 1591.  
**Accusment**, *a.* accusation (of her), T. iv. 556.  
**Accusour**, *a.* revealer, T. iii. 1450.  
**Achât**, *a.* buying, purchase, A 571.  
**Achâtours**, *pl.* buyers, caterers, A 568.  
**Ache**, *a.* ache, T. iv. 728.  
**A-chekked**, *pp.* checked, hindered, HF. 2093.  
**Acheve**, *v.* achieve, L. 1614.  
**Achoken**, *v.* choke, stifle; *pp.* L. 2008.  
**Acoloyeth**, *pr.* *a.* overburdens, 5. 517.  
**A-compas**, *adv.* in a circle, L. 300.  
**Accomplishe**, *pr.* *a.* *subj.* fulfil, comprehend, B 3. p 10. 179.  
**Acord**, *a.* agreement, 5. 371; concord, 5. 381, 668; accord, 3. 316; *in a.*, in tune, 5. 197; *al of oon a.*, in tune, 3. 305. See **Acord**.  
**Acordable**, *adj.* harmonious, B 2. m 8. 23.  
**Acordance**, *a.* concord, B 2. m 8. 14.  
**Acordaunt**, *adj.* suitable, A 37, 3363; *A.* to, in harmony with, 5. 203.  
**Acorde**, *v.* accord, grant, allow, agree, concern; *pt.* *a.* suited, A 244; *pt.* *pl.* agreed, L. 168; *pres. part.* agreeing, B 1737; *pp.* agreed, A 818.  
**Acorse**, *i.* *pr.* *a.* curse, T. iv. 839.  
**Accunte**, *v.* consider, B 3591; *pt.* *a.* valued, cared, 3. 1237; *2.* *pt.* *a.* didst reckon, B 2. p 5. 113.  
**Accountinge**, *a.* reckoning, calculation.  
**Acoyede**, *pt.* *a.* caressed, B 2. p 3. 73.  
**Acquittance**, *a.* release, A 4411; deed of release, A 3327.  
**Acquyte**, *v.* acquit, D 1599.  
**Acourse**, *v.* curse, T. iii. 1072.  
**Acused**, *pt.* *a.* blamed, T. ii. 1081.  
**Acustomaunce**, *a.* system of habits, habitual method of life, HF. 28; *had of a.*, was accustomed, B 3701.  
**Adamant**, *a.* adamant, A 1990; loadstone, magnet, R. 1182.  
**Adawe**, *v.* awake, recover, T. iii. 1120.  
**A-day**, in the day, T. ii. 60.  
**Adding**, *a.* (the) addition, A. ii. 41. 16.  
**Adjeccioun**, *a.* addition, B 5. p 6. 212.  
**A-down**, *adv.* downwards, down, L. 178; down below, HF. 889; below, H 105; at the bottom, G 779.

**Adrad**, *pp.* afraid, A 605; Adred, 3. 1190.  
**Adressinge**, *a.* directing, B 4. p 5. 101.  
**Adversarie**, *adj.* hostile, I 697.  
**Advertence**, *a.* attention, heed, T. iv. 698.  
**Advocacyes**, *pl.* pleas, T. ii. 1469.  
**Advocats**, *pl.* advocates (in which the *tis* mute), C 291.  
**Afer**, *adv.* afar, HF. 1215.  
**A-fère**, on fire, T. i. 229.  
**A-fèred**, *pp.* afraid, affrighted, T. i. 974; Afèrd, A 628.  
**Affectis**, *pl.* desires, T. iii. 1391.  
**Affermed**, *pp.* agreed upon, L. 790; established, A 2349.  
**Affiance**, *a.* trust, B 1330.  
**Afferced**, *pp.* forced, I 974.  
**Affray**, *a.* fray, quarrel, D 2156; terror, B 1137; fright, 4. 214; dread, 7. 334.  
**Affrayeth**, *pr.* *a.* arouses, excites, R. 91; *pp.* frightened, afraid, B 563; scared, B 4468; roused, 3. 296.  
**Affyle**, *v.* file, *i.* *a.* render smooth, A 712.  
**Afor-yeyn**, *prep.* over against, T. ii. 1188.  
**Afounde**, *v.* founder, perish, 12. 21.  
**Afrayed**, *adj.* scared, distracted, R. 154.  
**Afright**, *pp.* affrighted, B 4085.  
**Afer**, *prep.* according to; in expectation of, for, B 467; to get, A 525; according as, L. 575; after, *i.* *a.* to fetch, L. 1130; towards, A 136; in accordance with, 8. 4; by inheritance from, L. 1072; A. as, according as, 5. 216; A. oon, alike, A. 1781; A. me, according to my command; E 327; A. the year, according to the season of the year, F 47; A. that, according as, T. ii. 1347.  
**A-fyre**, on fire, D 726; 1. 94; A-fère, T. i. 229.  
**Again**, *prep.* when exposed to, L. 2426; Agayn, against, B 580; towards, A 2680; (so as) to meet, R. 785; opposite to, R. 1577; exposed to, H 110; contrary to, F 748; just before, B 4268; near, G 1279; to meet, B 391; in comparison with, L. 189; Agayn, against, A 66; compared with, R. 1011; turned towards, L. 48.  
**Agains**, *prep.* against, contrary to, in answer to, instead of, before, in presence of, to meet, near to; against, near; against, B 3754.  
**A-game**, *adv.* in play, in jest, in mockery, in sport, 4. 277.  
**Agaste**, *ger.* to terrify, T. ii. 901; *pr.* *a.* deters, frightens, B 4. p 6. 323; *pt.* *a.* frightened, L. 1221; *pt.* *a.* *refl.* was affrighted, A 2424; *pp.* scared, frightened, terrified, A 2931; aghast, B 4079; afraid, A 4267.

- Agayn-ward**, *adv.* backward, at the point of return, A. i. 17. 14; back again, B 441.
- Ages**, *pl.* times, periods, B 3177.
- Agilten**, *v.* do wrong, L. 436; *pt.* a. did offence, D 392; wrongly committed, L. 2385; *1 pt.* a. wronged, HF. 329; offended, T. iii. 840; *pr.* a. *subj.* (if he) offend, I 150; *pp.* offended, i. 122; sinned, T. v. 1684.
- Agon**, *v.* to go away; **Ago**, *pp.* gone away, T. v. 1054; gone, F 1204; passed away, A 2802; past, L. 1766; dead, L. 916; to *ben ago*, to be off, 5. 465; **Agon**, *pp.* departed, A 1276; gone away, O 810; past, C 246; *nat longe a. is*, it is not long ago, D 9; passed away, A 1782; dead, E 631; ago, B 1841.
- Agreeable**, *adj.* pleasing, HF. 1097: -es, *pl.* pleasant, B 3. m 2. 31.
- Agreeably**, *adv.* complacently, B 2. p 4. 140.
- Agreabletee**, *a.* equability, B 2. p 4. 127.
- A-grief**, in dudgeon, lit. 'in grief,' T. iii. 862; sadly, T. iv. 613; amiss, 5. 543; in dudgeon, B 4083.
- Agresse**, *v.* aggravate; *pr.* a. I 960; *pr.* *pl.* I 892; *pt.* *pl.* aggravated, B 2209.
- Agrieved**, *pp.* angry, A 2057; vexed, L. 345; aggrieved, E 500.
- Agrief**; see **Agreef**.
- Agrißen**, **Agroos**; see **Agrysen**.
- Agroted**, *pp.* surfeited, cloyed, L. 2454.
- Agrysen**, *v.* shudder, tremble, feel terror, B 1. p 3. 22; *v.* feel terror, H F. 210; 2 *pr.* a. dreadest, B 2. p 1. 71; *pr.* a. trembles, shivers, B 1. m 6. 11; **Agroos**, *pt.* a. shuddered, was terrified, became frightened, T. ii. 930; **A-grisen**, *pp.* filled with dread, B 3. p 1. 18.
- Agu**, *a.* ague, B 4150.
- Aguiler**, *a.* needle-case, R. 98.
- A-heigh**, *adv.* aloft.
- Ajuged**, *pp.*; *a.* *bi*form, prejudged, B 1. p 4. 109.
- Ake**, *v.* ache, T. ii. 549; *pr.* *pl.* B 2113.
- Aketoun**, *a.* a short sleeveless tunic, worn under the hauberk, B 2050.
- Akinge**, *a.* pain, T. i. 1088.
- Aknowe**, *pp.* conscious; *am aknowe*, I acknowledge, B 1. p 4. 169.
- Akornes**, *a.* *pl.* fruits, B 4. m 3. 28.
- Al**, *adj.* all, A 10; **Alle**, *pl.* all, A 26, 53; **Al**, every, R. 1586; *as* a. everything, T. iii. 1764; *al a.* the whole of a, A 854; *and al*, and all, 3. 116; *at al*, in every respect, wholly, C 633; at all, D 1078; *al day*, all the day, 3. 1105:—**Al**, *adv.* quite, entirely, altogether, 5. 540; all over, R. 840; *al on sighte*, quite aloud, A 1784; *al by oon assent*, quite with one accord, 15. 557:—**Al**, *conj.* although, HF. 1740; whether, G 839; *al be*, although, albeit, 4. 274; *al be that*, although, 5. 8:—**Al** and *som*, the whole matter (collectively and severally), D 91; **Al** and *somme*, each and all, all the whole, 7. 26; **Al** and *som*, 5. 690; **Alle** and *some*, one and all, A 3136; **Al** only, *adv.* merely, simply, 2. 62; **Al** so, so, E 1226; **Al** thing, everything, R. 53; **Al** thus, exactly thus, 5. 30. See **Alle**.
- Al**, *a.* awl, 13. 11. See **Oules**.
- Alambyk** (**Alamblik**), *a.* alembic, T. iv. 520; *pl.* G 794.
- Alaunts**, *pl.* dogs of a huge size, A 2148.
- Alayes**, *a.* *pl.* alloy, E 1167.
- Al-be-it**, although, L. 1363.
- Albificacioun**, *a.* albefaction, whitening, G 805.
- Alday**, **Al-day**, *adv.* continually, A 1168; always, L. 1250; everyday, at any time, 4. 237.
- Alder**, *gen.* *pl.* of all; *ours alder*, of us all, 1. 84. See **Aller**.
- Alder-best**, *adv.* best of all, 3. 87. See **Aller**.
- Alderbeste**, *adj.* best of all, 3. 246.
- Alderfaireste**, *adj. fem. def.* fairest of all, 3. 1050.
- Alderfirst**, *adv.* first of all, B 2393; in the first place, R. 1000; for the first time, B 1. p 3. 25.
- Alderfirste**, *adj.* first of all, T. iii. 97.
- Alderlast**, *adv.* lastly, R. 449.
- Alder-lest**, least of all, T. i. 604.
- Alderlevest**, dearest of all, T. iii. 239.
- Alderman**, *a.* the head of a guild, A 372.
- Aldermost**, *adv.* most of all, T. i. 152.
- Alder-next**, *adv.* nearest of all, next, 5. 244.
- Alderwysest**, *adj. pl.* the wisest of all, T. i. 247.
- Ale** and *breed*, drink and meat, B 2062.
- Alemandres**, *pl.* almond-trees, R. 1363.
- Alembyses**, *pl.* alembics, G 794.
- Alestake**, *a.* ale-stake, i. e. a horizontal stake or short pole projecting from an ale-house to support a sign or bush, A 667.
- Aley**, *a.* an alley, B 1758; *pl.* walks, E 2324.

- Aloys**, *s. pl.* service-berries, berries of the service-tree, R. 1377.
- Algate**, *adv.* always, A 571; at any rate, 3. 887; nevertheless, L. 238; in any case, T. ii. 964; all the same, D 588; at all hazards, HF. 943.
- Algate**, *adv.* in every way, 22. 43; by all means, D 1514; at any rate, in any case, 3. 1171; wholly, F 246; nevertheless, B 2222; all the same, B 520.
- Aliene**, *v.* alienate, B 1 p. 6. 60.
- Al-if**, even if, T. iii. 398.
- Alkamistre**, *s.* alchemist, G 1204.
- Alle**, *dat. s. and pl. of* Al; at *alle*, in every case, 4. 36; *in alle*, in any case, 3. 141; *Alle*, *pl.* all (of you), T. ii. 402. See **Al**, **Aller**.
- Allegeance**, *s.* alleviation, 24. 22.
- Allegged**, *pp.* allayed, B 4. p. 4. 12.
- Aller**, of all, *gen. pl. of* Al; *our aller*, of us all, A 823; *his aller*, of them all, A 586.
- Alliaunce**, *s.* kindred, 1. 58; espousal, E 357.
- Allone**, *adj.* alone, 4. 141; *lat me a*, let me alone, i. e. trust to me, T. iii. 413.
- Allow**, 1 p. 2. *pr.* (I) approve, (I) applaud, F 676.
- Allye**, *s.* relative, B 3593.
- Allyen**, *ger.* to ally myself, E 1414; *pp.* allied, 2. 65; provided with friendly aid, B 3720.
- Almesse**, *s.* alms, B 168; *pl.* almsdoings, I 1030.
- Almicanteras**, *s. pl.* small circles of declination (in the celestial sphere), A. i. 18. 2, 8.
- Almury**, *s.* the 'denticle' or tooth-like point or pointer situate on the Rete near the 'head' of Capricorn, A. i. 23. 1.
- Aloes**, *pl.* aloes, *in comp.* ligne-aloes, T. iv. 1137. (*Aloes* is a *pl.*, not a *gen. case*).
- A-lofte**, *adv.* on high, T. v. 259.
- A-londe**, *adv.* on land, ashore, L. 2166; *him were lever a-l*, he would rather be on land, L. 2413.
- Along on**, along of, owing to, T. iii. 783.
- Al-only**, *adv.* solely, T. v. 1779.
- Aloon**, *adj.* alone; *her aloon*, all by herself, E. 2478.
- Alose**, *v.* commend, T. iv. 1473.
- Al-outerly**, *adv.* entirely, absolutely, 3. 1244; All-utterly, HF. 296.
- Alpes**, *pl.* bull-finches, B. 658.
- Also**, **Al-so**, *adv. and conj.* as, R. 212, 1122; *adv.* so, A 3104; *Alsua*, also (Northern), A 4085; *A* many, as many, L. 528; *A* much as, as much as, D 2134; *Als*, also, besides, 3. 728; *as*, B 2850; frequently used in expressing a wish, 4. 267.
- Altercacioun**, *s.* altercation, dispute, B 4427.
- Alther-fairest**, *adj. superl.* fairest of all, R. 625.
- Alther-fastest**, *adv. sup.* as fast as possible, HF. 2131.
- Altherfirst**, *adv.* first of all, at first, HF. 1368.
- Alther-firste**, *adj.* first of all, 3. 1173.
- Altitude**, *s.* the elevation of a celestial object above the horizon, measured along a vertical arc, A. pr. 60.
- Al-utterly**; see **Al-outerly**.
- Alwey**, *adv.* always, ceaselessly, all the while, A 185.
- Alyne**, *adv.* in an exact line, A. ii. 38. 27. *Am*, *am*; *in phr.* it am I; it is I, B 1109.
- Amadrides**, *s. pl.* hamadryads, A 2928.
- Almalgaming**, *s.* the formation of an amalgam, G 771.
- A-mayed**, *pp.* dismayed, T. i. 648.
- Ambages**, *pl.* ambiguous words, T. v. 897.
- Ambel**, *s.* amble; *am a*, in an amble, at an ambling pace, B 2075.
- Ambes as**, double ace, B 124.
- Amblere**, *s.* an ambling nag, A 469.
- Ameled**, *pp.* enamelled, R. 1080.
- Amenden**, *v.* make amends, A 3074; to surpass in demeanour, F 97; *pr. s. subj.* may (He) amend, D 1810; *pt. s.* improved, R. 1427; did good, 3. 1102; *pp.* improved, B 4048; remedied, D 1097; surpassed, B 3444.
- Amendement**, *s.* amends, A 4185.
- Amenuse**, *ger.* to lessen, I 496; *v.* diminish, I 360; *pr. s.* diminishes, I 359; becomes less, A. i. 21. 76.
- Amerciments**, *s. pl.* fines, exactions, I 752.
- Amesureth**, *pr. s.* measures, B 2. p. 1. 95.
- Ameved**, *pt. s.* moved, changed; *nought a*, changed not, altered not, E 498; *Amoeved*, *pp.* perturbed, I 670.
- Amiable**, *adj.* kind, B 2168; courteous, I 629; kindly, R. 1226.
- A-midde**, *adv.* in the midst, R. 147.
- Amidde**, *prep.* amid, in the midst of, F 409.
- Amidde**, *adv.* in the midst, 5. 277.
- A-midde**, *prep.* in the midst of, A. i. 18. 4; in the middle, A 2009.
- Amia**, *adv.* amiss, 3. 1141; wrong, L. 1291; wrongly, B 3370; *seyde amie*, gave an unwelcome answer, 5. 446.
- Amoeve**; see **Ameve**.

- Amonesteth**, *pr. s.* admonishes, I 76; recommends, B 2484.
- Amonestinge**, *s.* admonition, I 518.
- Among**, *adv.* as well, T. iii. 1816; all the while, 3. 298.
- Amonges**, *adv.* sometimes, variously, B 2. p. 1. 119.
- Amonges**, *prep.* amongst, A 759.
- Amontcloun**, *s.* pointing out, B 1. p. 4. 10.
- Amorettes**, *pl.* love-knots, R. 892.
- Amor vincit omnia**, love conquers all, A 162.
- Amorwe**, **A-morwe**, on the morrow. A 822, 1621; in the morning, 3. 1103.
- Amounteth**, *pr. s.* means, A 2362; amounts to, F 108.
- Amorbiologyes**, *pl.* ambiguities, T. iv. 1406.
- Amy**, *s.* friend, C 318.
- An**, *a.* A 575; **An** eighte bushels, *a* quantity equal to eight bushels, C 771.
- An**, *prep.* on; **An** heigh, on high, E 2366.
- Anoille**, *s.* handmaiden, 1. 109.
- Anore**, *s.* anchor, 10. 38; Anker, L. 2501.
- And**, *conj.* if, 6. 112; L. 217.
- Anes**, *adv.* once (Northern), A 4074.
- Angle**, *s.* angle (a technical term in astrology), B 304; angular distance from the meridian, A. ii. 4. 48.
- Angle-hook**, *s.* fish-hook, 4. 238.
- Angre**, *s.* anguish, R. 320.
- Anguish**, *s.* anxiety, B 3. p. 3. 55.
- Anguisheth**, *pr. s.* wounds, pains, B 3. m. 7. 1.
- Anguissous**, *adj.* distressed, R. 520; sorry, I 304; distressful, T. iii. 816.
- Anhange**, *ger.* to hang, C 259; *pp.* B 3945.
- Antissied**, *pp.* brought to naught, B 2438.
- A-night**, in the night, A 1042; at night, D 1827.
- A-nightes**, *adv.* by night, R. 18.
- Anlas**, *s.* a short, two-edged knife or dagger, broad at the hilt and tapering to the point, formerly worn at the girdle, A 357.
- Annexed**, *pp.* tied, 2. 72; attached, C 482.
- Anni collecti**, collected years, A. ii. 44. 27. When a table contains quantities denoting the change in a planet's place during round periods of years, such as 20, 40, or 60 years, such a change is entered undered under the heading **Anni Collecti**.
- Anni expansi**, expanse years, A. ii. 44. 26. When a table contains quantities denoting the change in a planet's place during only a few years, viz. from 1 to 19 years, such changes are entered separately under the headings 1, 2, 3, &c., years, which are designated the *expanse* (or *separate*) years.
- Anni collectis et expansis**, the collected years and expanse years, A. ii. 45. 18. See above.
- Annueleer**, *s.* a priest who received annual payments, a chaplain, G 1012.
- Annunciat**, *pp.* pre-announced, i. e. whose birth was foretold, B 3205.
- Anon**, *adv.* anon, immediately, at once, A 32, 748.
- Anon-right**, *adv.* immediately, L. 115. 1503.
- Anon-rightes**, *adv.* immediately, A 3480.
- Anoy**, *s.* vexation, T. iv. 845; trouble, B 1320; torture, B 3. m. 12. 25; sadness, I 678, 680; *pl.* troubles, I 518.
- Anoye**, *v.* annoy, vex, T. iv. 1304; *pr. s.* annoys, vexes, B 2234; gives offence. 5. 518; does harm, F 875; *imper.* it vexes, G 1036; *pr. pl.* harm, B 2187; *imp. pl.* injure ye, B 494; *pp.* displeased. D 1848; wearied, I 720; peevish, I 1051.
- Anoyful**, *adj.* annoying, tiresome, B 2222.
- Anoyous**, *adj.* annoying, tedious, B 2433; disagreeable, B 2235.
- Answer**, *v.* answer, D 1077; *a. of*, answer for, be responsible for, L. 2212; be suitable for, B 4. p. 3. 69.
- Answering**, *s.* answer, E 512.
- Antartik**, *adj.* southern, A. ii. 25. 11.
- Antem**, *s.* anthem, B 1850.
- Antiphoner**, *s.* anthem-book, B 1709.
- Antony**, *fyr* of seint, erysipelas, I 427.
- Anvelt**, *s.* avil, 3. 1165.
- Any-thing**, at all, in any degree, T. i. 848.
- Aornement**, *s.* adornment, I 432.
- Apaire**; see **Apeiren**.
- Apalled**, *pp.* vapid, I 723; weakened, A 303; pale, F 365; languid, B 1292.
- Aparayles**, *s.* *pl.* ornaments, B 2. p. 4. 69. (*Lat. ornamenta*.)
- Aparalle**, *v.* apparel, D 343; prepare, L. 2473; **Apparailien**, *v.* prepare, B 2532; *pr. s.* endues, I 462; *imp. s.* prepare, B 2534.
- Aparaillements**, *s.* *pl.* ornaments, B 2. p. 5. 181.
- Aparoevve**; see **Aperoeive**.
- Apassed**, *pp.* passed away, B 2. p. 5. 35.
- Apaye**, *v.* to satisfy; *pp.* satisfied, T. v. 1249; pleased, T. iii. 421; *yeel a.*, ill pleased, L. 80. E 1052.

**Apayre**; see **Apeiren**.

**Apayse**; see **Apose**.

**Ape**, a **spe**, HF. 1212; **dupe**, A 3389; **pl. dupe**, T. i. 913.

**Apeiren**, *ger.* to injure, impair, A 3147; *v.* I 1079; grow worse, HF. 756; 1 *pr. pl.* periah, T. ii. 329; *pp.* impaired, B 1. p 5. 67; injured, T. i. 38.

**Aperceive**, *v.* perceive, E 600; **Apárcseyve**, T. iv. 656; *pr. a.* discerns, I 294.

**Aperceyvinges**, *pl.* perceptions, observations, F 286.

**Apert**, *adj.* manifest, I 649.

**Apert**, *adv.* openly, F 531.

**Apertenant**, *adj.* belonging to, such as belongs to, 2. 70; suitable, E 1010.

**Aperteneth**, *pr. a.* *impers.* appertains, B 2171; *pr. pl.* I 83; *pres. pl.* belonging, G 785.

**Apertly**, *adv.* openly; clearly, I 294.

**Apose**, **Apeise**, *v.* appease, pacify; E 433; *imp. pl.* mitigata, 4. 10; *pr. a.* *refl.* is pacified, B 3051; 2 *pr. pl.* T. iii. 22; *pl. a.* B 2290; *pp.* appeased, T. i. 250.

**Apeyre**; see **Apeire**.

**Apeyse**; see **Apose**.

**Apose**; see **Apose**.

**Apotecarie**, *a.* apothecary, B 4138; *pl.* preparers of medicines, A 425.

**Appalled**; see **Apalle**.

**Apparaunte**, *adj. pl.* apparent, manifest, R. 5.

**Apparence**, *a.* appearance, F 218; seeming, HF. 265; apparition, F 1602; false show, F 1157; *pl.* apparitions, F 1140.

**Apose**; see **Apose**.

**Appetyt**, *a.* desire, A 1680.

**Appetyteth**, *pr. a.* seeks to have, desires, L. 1582.

**Applyen**, *v.* be attached to, B 5. p 4. 14.

**Apposed**, *pl. a.* questioned, G 363; *pp.* opposed, alleged, B 1. p 5. 54.

**Apprentys**, *adj.* unskilled, as novices, R. 687.

**Approved**, *pp.* approved, E 1249.

**Appropred**, *pp.* appropriated, made the property of, 14. 18.

**Approwours**, *pl.* approvers, informers, D 1343.

**Approchen**, *v.* approach, T. v. 1.

**Apurtenance**, *a.* appurtenance; *pl.* I 793.

**Appyked**, *pp.* trimmed, adorned, A 365.

**Aqueynte me**, make myself acquainted, 3. 532; *pl. pl.* became acquainted, HF. 250; *pp.* acquainted, B 1219.

**Aquyte**, *imp. a.* requite, T. ii. 1200.

**Arace**, *v.* eradicate, uproot, T. v. 954; tear away, 6. 20; *pr. a.* *subj.* root out, eradicate, T. iii. 1015; *pp.* torn, borne along; torn away, B 3. p 11. 165.

**Araise**; see **Areise**.

**Aray**, *a.* array, dress, L. 1505; arrangement, T. iii. 536; state, dress, A 41, 73; attire, I 932; array of garments, L. 2607; order, E 262; ordinance, E 670; position, D 902; condition, A 934.

**Arayed**, *pp.* dressed, ready, T. iii. 423; clad, R. 472; adorned, T. ii. 1187; *well a.*, well situated, T. ii. 680; equipped, A 2046; dressed, F 389; ordered, B 252; appointed, F 1187.

**Arbitre**, *a.* will, choice, B 5. p 3. 18.

**Arches**; see **Ark**.

**Archangel**, *a.* titmouse, R. 915.

**Archewyves**, *a.* *pl.* archwives, ruling wives, E 1195.

**Ardaunt**, *adj.* ardent, B 3. m 12. 15; eager, B 4. p 3. 116.

**Arede**, *v.* explain, disclose, T. ii. 1505; counsel, T. iv. 1112; interpret, 3. 289; *ger.* to divine, T. ii. 132.

**Areise**, *v.* raise; **Areysen**, *ger.* to levy, I 567; *pp.* praised, L. 1525; raised, A. ii. 2. 7.

**Arest**, *a.* rest (for a spear), A 2602.

**Areste**, *a.* arrest, B 4090; detention, A 1310; responsibility, E 1282; delay, L. 806; hesitation, L. 1929; deliberation, L. 397.

**Areste**, *v.* stop (a horse), A 827; Do a., cause to be stopped, B 4210.

**Aretten**, *v.* impute, B 2. p 4. 14; A. upon, *pr. a.* accuses, I 580; *pr. pl. subj.* ascribe, I 1082; *ge n'arette is nat*, ye impute it not, consider it not, A 726; *pp.* imputed, A 2729.

**A-rewe**, *adv.* successively, lit. in a row, D 1254.

**Areyse**; see **Areise**.

**Argoile**, *a.* crude tartar, G 813.

**Arguinge**, *a.* argument, L. 475.

**Argumented**, *pl. a.* argued, T. i. 377.

**Aright**, *adv.* rightly, well, A 267; aright, G 1418; properly, F 694; wholly, A 189; exactly, T. v. 364; certainly, B 3135.

**Arisen**, **Arist**; see **Aryse**.

**Ariste**, *a.* arising, rising, A. ii. 12. 16.

**Ark**, *a.* arc, referring to the arc of the horizon extending from sunrise to sunset, B 2; daily course of the sun, E 1795; arc, the apparent angular distance passed over by the sun in a day and a night, A. ii. 7. 12; **Arches**, *pl.* arcs, A. ii. 7. 15.

**Armes**, *pl.* arms, weapons, 7. 1; coat-of-arms, A 1012.

**Arm-greet**, *adj.* thick as one's arm, A 2145.

**Arminge**, *s.* putting on of armour, B 2037.

**Armipotente**, *adj.* powerful in arms, A 1082.

**Armoniak**, *adj.* ammoniac; applied to bole, G 790, and *sal*, G 798. It is a corruption of Lat. *armeniacum*, i. e. Armenian.

**Armonye**, *s.* harmony, 3. 313.

**Armure**, *s.* defensive armour, 4. 130; B 2009.

**Armurers**, *pl.* armourers, A 2507.

**Arn**, *pr. pl.* are, HF. 1008.

**Aroos**; see **Aryse**.

**A-roume**, *adv.* at large, in an open space, HF. 540.

**A-rowe**, *adv.* in a row, HF. 1835.

**Arowe**, *s.*; see **Arwe**.

**Aracce**; see **Arace**.

**Array**, **Arraye**; see **Aray**, **Arayed**.

**Arrerage**, *s.* arrears, A 602.

**Arrette**; see **Aretten**.

**Arrivage**, *s.* coming to shore, HF. 223.

**Arrye**, *v.* arrive, come to land, 10. 38; *pr. s.* (it) arrives, L. 2309; *pt. s.* drove ashore, B 4. m 3. 1; *yvel-a*, ill-fated, R. 1068.

**Ars-metryke**, *s.* arithmetic, D 2222.

**Artelleries**, *s. pl.* engines for shooting, B 2523.

**Arten**, *ger.* to constrain, urge, T. i. 388.

**Artificial**, *adj.* A. ii. 7. *rub.* The *day artificial* is the length of the day, from the moment of sunrise to that of sunset.

**Artik**, northern, A. i. 14. 10.

**Artow**, art thou, A 1141; thou art, L. 986.

**Arwe**, *s.* arrow, T. ii. 641; **Arowe**, 7. 185; *pl.* arrows, A 107.

**Aryse**, *v.* arise, be raised, T. iv. 1480; *pr. s.* rises, I 971; **Arist**, *pr. s.* (*contr.* from *ariseth*) arises, B 265; **Arôos**, *pt. s.* arose, 5. 575; stood up, L. 831; **Arisen**, *pt. pl.* arose, T. ii. 1598; **Aryse**, *pr. s. subj.* may arise; Fro the *sonne aryse*, from the point where the sun rises.

**Arysing**, *s.* rising, rise, A. ii. 12. 1.

**Aryve**, *s.* lit. arrival; landing, disembarkation of troops, A 60.

**Aryve**; see **Aryrve**.

**As**, so (in asseverations), 3. 838, 1235; an expletive, expressing a wish, commonly used with an imperative, e. g. *as lat*,

pray let, B 859; *as lene*, pray lend, A 3777, &c.; **As**, like, B 1864; as that, F 1018; **As** after, according to, B 3555; **As** ferforth as, as far as, B 19; **As** in, i. e. for, B 3688; **As** now, at present, at this time, A 2264; on the present occasion, G 944; for the present, G 1019; **As** nouth, as at this time, at present, A 462; **As** of, with respect to, 5. 26; **As** swythe, as soon as possible, at once, 7. 226; **As** that, as soon as, F 615; as though, 3. 1200; **As** ther, there, 4. 117; **As** to, with reference to, F 107; **As** to my wit, as it seems to me, 5. 547.

**As**, *s.* an ace, B 3851; **Ambes as**, *pl.* double aces, B 124.

**Assay**; see **Assay**.

**Ascaunce**, as if, perhaps, G 838; in case that, L. 2203; **Ascaunces**, as if, D 1745; as if to say, T. i. 205, 202. Compounded of *E. as*, and *O. F. quances*, as if.

**Ascencioun**, *s.* ascension, ascending degree, B 4045; rising up, G 778.

**Ascende**, *v.* ascend, rise (a term in astrology), I 11; *pres. part.* ascending, in the ascendant, i. e. near the eastern horizon, F 264.

**Ascendent**, *s.* ascendant, A 417; *pl.* HF. 1268. The 'ascendant' is that degree of the ecliptic which is rising above the horizon at a given moment.

**Asemble**; see **Assemble**.

**Assuraunce**, *s.* assurance, T. v. 1259.

**Ash**; see **Ashe**.

**Ashamed**, *pp.* put to shame, A 2667; for *pure a*, for very shame, T. ii. 656.

**Asketh**, *pr. s.* requires, T. i. 339.

**Asking**, *s.* question, L. 313.

**Aslake**, *v.* diminish, A 3555; *pp.* assuaged, A 1760.

**Asonder**, *adv.* asunder, apart, A 491.

**Asp**, *s.* aspen tree, A 2921; *collectively*, R. 1384. A *S. ape*.

**Aspect**, *s.* an (astrological) aspect, A 1087. An 'aspect' is the angular distance between two planets. The principal aspects are *free*, viz. conjunction, sextile, quartile, trine, and opposition, corresponding to the angular distances 0°, 60°, 90°, 120°, and 180°, respectively.

**Aspen-leef**, *s.* leaf of an aspen tree, D 1667.

**Aspre**, *adj.* sharp, bitter, T. iv. 82; vexatious, B 3. p 8. 19; cruel, B 2. p 8. 39; fierce, hardy, 7. 23.

**Asprenesse**, *s.* asperity, B 4. p 4. 159.

**Aspye**, *s.* spy, C 755.

**Aspye**, *v.* spy, see, A 1420; **Aspyen**, *v.* behold, T. ii. 649.  
**Assait**, *s.* assault, A 989.  
**Assay**, *s.* trial, D 290; *doon his a.*, make his attempt, L. 1594; **A-say**, test, L. 28 a.  
**Assaye**, *v.* try, make trial of, B 3149; try, 3. 574; endeavour, F 1567; *ger.* to assail, T. i. 928; *pr.* a. experiences, B 3. m 2. 13; *pr.* pl. try, L. 487; *imp.* pl. try, E 1740; *pp.* proved, tested, tried, experienced, T. iii. 1220, 1447; A 1811.  
**Assayle**; see **Assaile**.  
**Assage**, *s.* siege, T. i. 464, ii. 107.  
**Assage**, *v.* besiege; *pl.* pl. T. i. 60; *pp.* A 881.  
**Assamble**, *v.*; come together, I 909; *ger.* to amass, B 3. p 8. 8; *pp.* A 717; united, G 50.  
**Assamblinge**, *s.* union, I 904, 917.  
**Assendent**; see **Ascendent**.  
**Assente**, *v.* agree to, A 374; assent, A 3092; consent, B 3469; agree, E 11, 88, 129.  
**Asshe** (1), *s.* ash-tree, 5. 176; *collectively*, ash-trees, R. 1384.  
**Asshe** (2), *s.* ash (of something burnt); **Asshen**, *pl.* ashes, 7. 173; A 1302.  
**Assollen**, *ger.* to discharge, pay, B 5. p. 1. 15; *v.* loosen; *pr.* a. absolve, pardon, G 913; *pp.* explained, B 5. p 6. 311.  
**Assolling**, *s.* absolution, A 661.  
**Assure**, *s.* assurance, protestation, 7. 331.  
**Assure**, *v.* feel secure, trust, T. v. 870; rely, T. v. 1624; declare (to be) sure, 7. 90.  
**Assyse**, *s.* assize, session, A 314; judgment, 1. 36; position, R. 900.  
**Asterte**, *v.* escape, L. 1802; A 1595; escape from, L. 2338; D 968; get away, withdraw, 3. 1154; release, D 1314; *pl.* a. escaped, T. iii. 97; *pp.* escaped, B 437.  
**Astonie**, *v.* astonish; *pr.* a. astonishes, HF. 1174; *pp.* astonished, T. i. 274, iii. 1089.  
**Astonyinge**, *s.* astonishment, B 4. p 5. 33.  
**Astore**, *v.* to store; *pp.* A 609.  
**Astrolable**, *s.* astrolabe, A. pr. 4.  
**Astrologien**, *s.* astrologer, astronomer, D 324.  
**Astrologye**, *s.* astrology, A 3192, 3514.  
**Astromye** (for **Astronomye**), *an ignorant form*, A 3451, 3457.  
**Asure**, *s.* azure, R. 477.  
**Asweve**, *v.*; *pp.* dased, put to sleep, HF. 549.  
**A-swown**, *adv.* (from *pp.*) in a swoon,

L. 2207; **Aswowe**, 7. 354; *hence* **Aswowne**, in a swoon, T. iii. 1092; A 3823.  
**At**, *prep.* at, A 20, &c.; of, R. 378; as to, 6. 114; by, D 2095; in the presence of, T. ii. 984; with, beside, HF. 1593; to, HF. 1603; **At me**, with respect to me, B 1975; **At erste**, first of all, HF. 512; **At his large**, free, free to speak or be silent, A 2288; **At on**, at one, agreed, A 4197; **At shorte wordes**, briefly, 5. 481; **At regard**, with regard, I 180; **At y8**, at (your) eye, with your own eyes, visibly, A 3016; *have at thee*, I attack thee, L. 1383.  
**At-after**, *prep.* after, B 1445.  
**Atake**, *v.* overtake, G 556, 585.  
**Ataste**, 2 *pr.* a. *sub.* taste, B 2. p 1. 41.  
**Ataynt**; see **Atteline**.  
**Atasir**, *s.* evil influence, B 305.  
**Atempraunce**, *s.* temperance, B 4. p 6. 214; adjustment, moderation, temperance, C 46.  
**Atempre**, *adj.* temperate, mild, L. 128, 1483; moderate, T. i. 953; mild, 5. 204; R. 131; modest, I 932.  
**Atempre**, *v.*; *pr.* a. attempers, B 1. m 2. 23; *refl.* controls himself, B 2704.  
**Atemprely**, *adv.* temperately, I 861; moderately, B 2728.  
**Atempringe**, *s.* controlling, B 5. p 4. 101.  
**Ateyne**; see **Atteline**.  
**Athamaunt**, *s.* adamant, A 1305.  
**Athinken**, *v.* displease, T. v. 878; **Athinketh**, *pr.* a. *impers.* (it) repents, T. i. 1050.  
**At-ones**, *adv.* at once, at one and the same time, B 670.  
**Atoon**, *adv.* at one, E 437.  
**At-rede**, *v.* surpass in counsel, T. iv. 1456; A 2449.  
**At-renne**, *v.* surpass in running, T. iv. 1456; A 2449.  
**Attamed**, *pp.* broached, B 4008.  
**Attayne**; see **Atteline**.  
**Atte**, *for* at the, D 404; **Atte beste**, in the best way, A 29, 749; **Atte fan**, at the fan, H 42; **Atte fulle**, at the full, completely, A 651; **Atte gate**, at the gate, B 1563; **Atte hasard**, at dice, C 608; **Atte laste**, at the last, B 506; **Atte leste**, at the least, at least, B 38; **Atte Bowe**, at Bow, A 125.  
**Attaine**, *v.* attain, R. 1495; succeed in, 4. 161; *pp.* apprehended, B 3. p 3. 25.  
**Attempre**; see **Atempre**.  
**Attry**, *adj.* venomous, I 583.  
**A-tweyn**, *adv.* in two, 3. 1193.  
**A-twinne**, *adv.* apart, T. iii. 1666.  
**Atwixe**, *prep.* betwixt, R. 854.



- A-twixen**, *prep.* between, T. v. 472.  
**A-two**, in twain, 7. 94; L. 758.  
**A-tyr**, *s.* attire, dress, T. i. 181.  
**Auctor**; see **Auctor**.  
**Auctoritee**, *s.* authority, B 235; recognised text, A 300; statements of good authors, D 1.  
**Auctour**, *s.* author, HF. 314; originator, H 359; creator, T. iii. 1765.  
**Audience**, *s.* hearing, 5. 308; audience, B 399; open assembly, D 1032.  
**Augrim**, *s.* algorism, i.e. numeration, A. i. 7. 6; Arabic numerals, A. i. 8. 6.  
**Augrim-stones**, *pl.* counters for calculating, A 320.  
**Auncessour**, *s.* ancestor; *pl.* R. 391.  
**Auncestre**, *s.* ancestor, 5. 41.  
**Auncestrye**, *s.* ancestry, A 3982.  
**Angel**, *s.* angel, R. 916.  
**Angellyk**, *adj.* angelical, T. i. 102.  
**Angellyke**, *adv.* like an angel, L. 236.  
**Auntre it**, *v.* risk it, A 4209; Auntred him, *pt.* *s.* adventured himself, A 4205.  
**Auntrous**, *adj.* adventurous, B 3099.  
**Autentyke**, *adj.* authentic, 3. 1086.  
**Autar**, *s.* altar, 5. 249.  
**Avale**, *v.* fall down, T. iii. 626; doff, take off, A 3122; Avalen, *pr.* *pl.* sink down.  
**Avantage**, *s.* advantage, F 772; *to don his a.*, *to* suit his own interests, B 729; *as adj.* advantageous, B 146.  
**Avante**; see **Avaunte**.  
**Avaunce**, *v.* promote, L. 2022; *ger.* T. i. 518; be profitable, A 246; cause to prosper, HF. 640; help, 10. 31.  
**Avaunt**, *s.* vaunt, boast, A 227, E 1457.  
**Avaunte** (her), *v.* *refl.* boast (herself), 7. 296; *ger.* to extol, HF. 1788; *v.* *refl.* boast, vaunt himself, D 1014.  
**Avaunting**, *s.* boasting, A 3884.  
**Avauntour**, *s.* boaster, 5. 430.  
**Avensaunt**, *adj.* graceful, comely, R. 1263.  
**Aventayle**, *s.* ventail, E 1204.  
**Adventure**, *s.* chance, 4. 21; peril, B 1151; misfortune, L. 657; fortune, 18. 22; luck, T. ii. 288, 291; circumstance, L. 1907; *of a.*, by chance, HF. 2090; *on a.*, in case of mishap, T. v. 298; *in a.*, in the hands of fortune, T. i. 784; *per a.*, perchance, A. ii. 12. 6; *in a. and grace*, on luck and favour, 4. 60; *good a.*, good fortune, 5. 131, 7. 324; *pl.* adventures, A 795; accidents, C 934.  
**Adventurous**, *adj.* random, B 1. p. 6. 98; adventurous (Lat. *fortuitus*), B 2. p. 4. 17.  
**Avisee**, *adj.* deliberate, L. 1521.  
**Avisioun**, *s.* vision, R. 9; HF. 7.  
**Avouterye**, *s.* adultery, 5. 361.  
**Avoutier**, *s.* adulterer; *pl.* I 841.  
**Avow**, *s.* vow, A 2414, 2237.  
**Avowe**, *v.* avow, own, proclaim, G 64; *pr.* *s.* vows, 7. 355.  
**Avoy**, *interj.* fie! B 4098.  
**Avys**, *s.* advice, consideration, opinion, A 786, B 2442.  
**Avysse**, *v.* consider, T. i. 364; contemplate, T. v. 1814; *refl.* consider, B 664; *imp.* *s.* take heed, A 4188; *imp.* *pl.* consider, deliberate, A 3185; *pp.* clearly seen, R. 475; with mind made up, T. iii. 1186; advised, careful, A 3584; deliberate, I 448; wary, A 4333; forewarned, B 2538; *well a.*, well advised, B 2514.  
**Avysely**, *adv.* advisedly, B 2488; seriously, I 1024; carefully, A ii. 29. 29.  
**Avysement**, *s.* consideration, B 2941; counsel, T. ii. 343; deliberation, B 86; determination, L. 1417.  
**Await**, *s.* watch, D 1657; surveillance, H 149; waiting, T. iii. 579; watchfulness, T. iii. 457; Have hir in awayt, watch her, B 3915; *pl.* plots, B 3. p. 8. 11.  
**Awaite**, *v.* await; *pr.* *s.* waits, 1. 111; watches, B 1776.  
**Awaiting**, *s.* attendance, 7. 250.  
**Awaitour**, *s.* liar in wait, B 4. p. 3. 122.  
**Awake**, *v.* wake, awake; Awook, 1. *pt.* *s.* aroused, 3. 124; *pl.* *s.* awoke, F 367; Awaked, *pt.* *s.* awoke, A 2523.  
**Award**, *s.* decision, I 483.  
**Awen**, own (Northern), A 4239.  
**A-wepe**, *a-*weeping, in tears, T. ii. 408.  
**A-werke**, *adv.* at work, D 215.  
**Aweye**, *adv.* out of the way, done with, T. ii. 123; gone, 7. 319; from home, B 593; astray, B 609.  
**Aweyward**, *adv.* away, backwards, H 262.  
**Awhape**, *v.* amaze; *pp.* scared, L. 132; stupefied, 7. 215; confounded, T. i. 316.  
**Awook**; see **Awake**.  
**Awreke**, *v.* avenge, 2. 11; *pr.* *s.* avenger, R. 278; *pp.* H 298; A 3752.  
**Awry**, *adv.* on one side, R. 291.  
**Axen**, *v.* ask, L. 835; Axo at, ask of, T. ii. 894; *pr.* *s.* requires, T. ii. 227.  
**Axing**, *s.* question, L. 239 a; request, A 1826.  
**Ay**, *adv.* aye, ever, A 63, 233; Ay why! that, all the while that, 4. 252.  
**Ay-dwelling**, *adj.* perpetual, ever-abiding, B 5. p. 6. 97.  
**Ayein**, *prep.* opposite to, T. ii. 920; against, T. i. 902.  
**Ayein**, *adv.* again, back, 5. 100.

**Ayein-ledinge**, *adj.* returning, reconducting, B 3. m 9. 12.

**Ayeins**, *prep.* again<sup>st</sup>, A 1787; towards, at the approach of, 5. 342.

**Ayeins**, *adv.* against, to, A 3155.

**Ayeinward**, *adv.* again, on the other hand, B 2. p 4. 126; back again, T. iii. 750, iv. 1581.

**Ayel**, *a.* grandfather, A 2477.

**Asimut**, *a.* asimuth, A. ii. 31. 22.

## B.

**Ba**, *v.* kiss, D 433; *imp.* *a.* A 3709.

**Babewinnes**, *pl.* (lit. baboons), grotesque figures in architecture, HF. 1189.

**Bachelere**, *a.* young knight, R. 918, 1469; an aspirant to knighthood, A 80.

**Bachelrye**, *a.* bachelor-hood, H 125; company of young men, E 270.

**Bad**; see *Bidde*.

**Badder**, *adj. comp.* worse, F 224.

**Bagge**, *v.*; *pr.* *a.* looks askant, 3. 623.

**Baggepype**, *a.* bagpipe, A 565.

**Baggingly**, *adv.* squintingly, R. 292.

**Baite**, *v.* bait; feed, B 466; *pp.* baited, tormented, R. 1612.

**Bak**, *a.* back, 3. 957; cloth for the back, coarse mantle, rough cloak, G 881.

**Bakbyter**, *a.* backbiter, I 495.

**Bake metes**, baked meats, meat pies, I 445.

**Bakhalf**, the back or flat side of the astrolabe, A. i. 4. 1.

**Bak-side**, *a.* the back of the astrolabe, A. i. 15. 3.

**Balaunce**, *a.* a balance, G 611; *in balaunce*, in jeopardy, G 611; in suspense, 3. 1021.

**Bale**, *a.* sorrow, 3. 535; *for bote ne bale*, for good nor for ill, 3. 227.

**Balke**, *a.* balk, beam, A 3920; *pl.* transverse beams beneath a roof, A 3626.

**Balled**, *adj.* bald, A 198, 2518.

**Bane**, *a.* death, L. 2159; destruction, HF. 408; cause of death, A 1097; slayer, T. iv. 333.

**Banes**, *pl.* bones (Northern), A 4073.

**Bar**, *Bare*; see *Bere*, *v.*

**Barbe**, *a.* barb (part of a woman's head-dress, still sometimes used by nuns, consisting of a piece of white plaited linen, passed over or under the chin, and reaching midway to the waist), T. ii. 110.

**Barbre**, *adj.* barbarian, B 281.

**Baraine**, *adj.* barren, B 68, D 372.

**Barrel ale**, barrel of ale, B 3083.

**Bark**, *a.* (of a tree), T. iii. 727.

**Barm-clooth**, *a.* apron, A 3236.

**Barme**, *a.* (*dat.*) bosom, lap, B 3256, 3630.

**Baronage**, *a.* assembly of barons, A 3096.

**Barre**, *a.* bar, A 1075; *Barres*, *pl.* stripes across a girdle, A 329.

**Barred**, *pp.* furnished with 'bars,' A 3225.

**Barringe**, *a.* adorning with (heraldic) bars, I 417.

**Basilicok**, *a.* basilisk, I 853.

**Baste**, *v.* baste; *pres. part.* basting, tacking on, R. 104.

**Bataille**, *a.* battle, fight, L. 1647; troop, B 5. m 1. 4.

**Bataillen**, *v.* fight, B 1. p 4. 251.

**Batailled**, *adj.* embattled, i. e. notched with indentations, B 4050.

**Batere**, *v.* batter; *pr.* *a.* strikes, I 556.

**Bathe**, both (Northern), A 4087.

**Baths**, *ger.* to bathe, to bask, T. ii. 849; *refl.* to bask, B 4457.

**Bauderye**, *a.* bawdry, act of a pandar, T. iii. 397; mirth, A 1926.

**Baudrik**, *a.* baldric, belt worn transversely over one shoulder, A 116.

**Baudy**, *adj.* dirty, G 635.

**Baums**, *a.* balm, HF. 1686.

**Baundon**, *a.* power, disposal, R. 1163.

**Bay**, *adj.* bay-coloured, A 2157.

**Bayard**, *a.* horse's name; a horse, A 4115.

**Be**, *prefix*; see also *Bi*.

**Beau**, *adj.* fair; *beau sir*, fair sir, HF. 643.

**Be-bled**, *pp.* bloodied, covered with blood, B 3. m 2. 14.

**Beblotte**, *imp.* *a.* blot, T. ii. 1027.

**Beechen**, *adj.* made of beech, G 1160.

**Become**, *v.* go to, L. 2214; *pp.* gone to, 7. 247.

**Bed**, *a.* L. 2211; station, B 3862; bed (of herbs), B 4411.

**Beddinge**, *a.* couch, A 1616.

**Bede**, *v.* offer, proffer, HF. 32; G 1065; 1 *pr.* *a.* proffer, 7. 304; *Bedeth*, *pr.* *a.* proffers, E 1784; *Bede*, 1 *pt. pl.* directed, told, I 65; *Boden*, *pp.* commanded, T. iii. 691; ordered, L. 266.

**Bede**, *pt. pl. and pp.* of *Bidde*.

**Bedon**, *pt. pl.* of *Bidde*.

**Bedes**, *pl.* beads, A 159.

**Bedote**, *v.* besot, L. 1547.

**Bedrede**, *adj.* bedridden, D 1769.

**Beek**, *a.* beak, F 418.

**Beem**, *a.* balk, B 4362; *Bemes*, *pl.* beams, R. 1574.

**Been**, *pl.* bees, F 204.

**Beer**, *bare*; *pt.* *a.* of *Bere*.

**Beest**, *a.* beast, F 460; *Beest roial* = royal beast, i. e. Leo, F 264; brute, G 288; beast, quarry, R. 1452.

- Beet, *pt. s. and imp. s. of* Beta.  
 Beeth, *imp. pl. of* Ben, to be.  
 Beggstere, *s. beggar*, properly a female beggar, A 242.  
 Behette; see Bihote.  
 Bekke, 1 *pr. s. (I) nod*, C 396; *pt. s. nodded* to, T. ii. 1260.  
 Bel amy, *i. a. good friend, fair friend*, C 318; *Bele, adj. fem. fair, beautiful*, HF. 1796; *Bele chere, excellent fare*, B 1599; *Bele chose, beautiful part*, D 447.  
 Belle, *a. bell*, T. ii. 1615; (of a clock), 3. 1322; (sign of an inn), A 719; *bere the d.*, be the first, T. iii. 198.  
 Belweth, *pr. s. roars*, HF. 1803.  
 Bely, *a. belly*, B 2167.  
 Bely, *s. a pair of bellows*, I 351.  
 Bely-naked, *adj. entirely naked*, E 1326.  
 Bema, *a. trumpet*, HF. 1240; *pl. B 4588*.  
 Bēn, Been, *v. be*, 1. 182; 1 *pr. pl. are*, 3. 582; *Ben*, 2 *pr. pl. B 122*; *consist*, I 82; *Beth, pr. pl. are*, F 648; *Be, pr. s. subj. exists*, it should be, 4. 49; *Be*, 1 *pr. s. subj. be*, am, D 1245; *Beth, imp. pl. be*, C 683; *Been*, pp. 3. 530; A 199; *Be*, pp. *been*, R. 322; *I had be*, I should have been, 3. 222; *Be as be may, be it as it may*, however it be, L. 1852; *Be what she be, be she who she may*, T. i. 679; *Let be, let alone*, D 1289.  
 Bench, *s. bench*, T. ii. 91; *table*, B 1548; *bench (law court)*, 1. 159.  
 Bend, *s. band*, R. 1079.  
 Bende, *v. bend*, R. 1334; *turn*, T. ii. 1250;  
 Bente, *pt. s. bent*, H 264; *Bent*, pp. 1. 29; *arched*, A 3246.  
 Bendinge, *s. adorning with (heraldic) bends*, I 417. A *bend*, in heraldry, is a broad diagonal band upon a shield.  
 Bēne, *s. bean*, 11. 29.  
 Benedicite, *bless ye (the Lord)*, A 1785; (pronounced *ben'cite*), T. i. 780, &c.  
 Benisoun, *s. benison, blessing*, B 2288.  
 Bent, *s. grassy slope*; *Bente, dat.* A 1981.  
 Berafte; see Bireve.  
 Berd, *s. beard*, A 270, 2173; *in the berd*, face to face, T. iv. 41; *make a berd*, deceive, A 4096; *make his berd*, delude him, D 361.  
 Bēre, *s. bear*, L. 1214; *the constellations Ursa Major and Ursa Minor*, HF. 1004.  
 Bēre, *s. beer*, 2. 105; 19. 5.  
 Bere, *v. bear, carry*, B 3564; *transport*, F 119; *confer on*, L. 2135; *Bere yow*, conduct yourself, D 1108; *Beren on honde*, accuse, D 393; *Beren him on hond*, assure him, D 232 (of. 226); *Bereth him*, conducts himself, behaves, A 796;  
 Bereth hir, comports herself, T. ii. 401;  
 Berth hir on hond, bears false witness against her, B 620; *Bereth him on hond*, accuses him, I 505; *Sickly berth*, take ill, dialika, E 625; *Bere, pr. pl. s. 894*; *Bere*, 2 *pt. s. barest*, T. iv. 763; *Bar, pt. s. bare*, carried, A 105; *possessed*, D 997; *pt. s. ref.* conducted himself, T. iii. 490; *Bar on honde*, made him believe, D 575; *Bar her on honde*, brought against her a charge which he feigned to believe, 7. 158; *Baren us*, 1 *pt. pl. conducted ourselves*, A 721; *Baren me on hond*, bore false witness against me, B. 1. p. 4. 180; *pr. s. subj. may pierce*, A 2256; *Ber, imp. s. carry*, D 1139; *Bar ayen*, take back, T. ii. 1141; *Boren*, pp. *born*, D 1153; *Bore*, pp. *born*.  
 Bere, *a. head-sheet, pillow-case*, 3. 254.  
 Berle, *s. berry*, A 4368.  
 Berie, *v. bury*, C 884.  
 Beringe, *s. behaviour*, B 2022; *carriage*, E 1604.  
 Berke, *v. bark*; *Borken*, pp. *shrieked* (lit. barked), B 1. p. 5. 1.  
 Berm, *s. barm*, *i. a. yeast*, G 813.  
 Bern, *s. barn*, B 3759.  
 Beryle, *s. beryl*, HF. 1184.  
 Besaunt-wight, *a. weight of a besant*, R. 1106. (*Besant*, a gold coin of Byzantium.)  
 Bespreynt; see Bisprenge.  
 Bestialitee, *s. animal condition*, T. i. 735.  
 Bet, *adj. comp. better*, 10. 47; HF. 108.  
 Bet, *adv. better*, A 242; *go bet*, go faster, go as quickly as possible, 3. 136; *the bet*, the better, HF. 559; *bet and bet*, better and better, T. iii. 714.  
 Bête, *v. remedy, heal*, T. i. 665; *amend, mend, assist*, I 421; *kindle*, A 2253.  
 Bête, *ger. to beat, flap*, B 4512; *to hammer out*, C 17; *Beet, pt. s. adjoined* (lit. beat), R. 129; *Beten*, pp. *beaten*, B 1732; *as adj. beaten, ornamented with the hammer*, R. 837.  
 Beth, *pr. pl. are*, B 2350; *imp. pl. be*, 1. 134.  
 Betraising, *s. betrayal*, L. 2460.  
 Better, *adj. better*, A 256; *b. arm*, right arm, T. ii. 1650.  
 Bever, *adj. made of beaver*, A 272.  
 Beve, *ger. to buy*, T. v. 1843; *v. B 1462*. See Bye.  
 Bibbe, *v.*; *pp. imbibed*, A 4162.  
 Bible, *s. bible*, A 438; *book*, HF. 1334.  
 Bi-blodde, *pp. pl. covered with blood*, A 2002.

- Bloched bones**, *a. pl.* dice, C 656.  
**Bl-clappe**, *ger.* to catol- (as in a trap), G 9.  
**Bicome**, *ger.* to become, D 1644; **Bicomth**, *pr. a.* goes, T. ii. 795.  
**Bidaffed**, *pp.* befooled, E 1191.  
**Bidde**, *v.* ask (*confused with Bede*, *v.* command, bid); *ger.* to request, L. 838; *1 pr. a.* pray, T. i. 1027; **Bid**, *pr. a.* bida, A 187; **Bad**, *pt. a.* prayed, begged, T. iii. 1249; **besought**, T. i. 112; **requested**, E 373; *1 pt. a.* bade, F 1212; *pt. a.* bade, commanded, D 108; **Beden**, *pt. pl.* bade, B 2233; **Bidde**, *pp.* commanded, B 440 (where *han bidden* = have bidden); **Bede**, *pp.* bidden (*as if from Bede*), 3. 194; *1 pt. a. subj.* would seek, R. 791; **Bid**, *imp. a.* pray, T. iii. 342; **bid**, 3. 144; **Bid-deth**, *imp. pl.* pray, T. i. 36.  
**Bidding**, *a.* request, L. 837.  
**Bidelve**, *v.*; **Bidolven**, *pp.* buried, B 5. p. 1. 51.  
**Biden**, *pp.* of Byda.  
**Bifallinge**, *a.* coming to pass, T. iv. 1018.  
**Biforen**, *prep.* before, B 3553; in front of, G 680.  
**Biforen**, *adv.* in the front part (of his head), A 1376; beforehand, A 1148; in front, A 590; in a good position, A 572; of old time, F 551; first, E 446.  
**Biforn**, *prep.* before.  
**Bigete**, *v.* beget; **Begat**, *pt. a.* L. 1562; **Bigeten**, *pp.* B 3138.  
**Biginne**, *v.* begin, A 42; **Bigonne**, *2 pt. a.* G 442; **Began**, *2 pt. a.* (*falses form for Bigunne*), L. 2230; **Bigan**, *pt. a.* A 44; **Bigonne**, *pt. pl.* F 1015; **Bigonne**, *pp.* T. ii. 779.  
**Bigoon**, *pp.* ornamented, R. 943; *wel b.*, well contented, joyous, merry, 5. 171; fortunate, T. ii. 294; *wel bigo*, well contented, R. 693; *wel b.*, distressed, L. 1487, 2497; *sorowfully b.*, distressed, T. i. 114; *wers b.*, more wretched, T. v. 1328.  
**Bigyleres**, *pl.* beguilers, I 299.  
**Bihalve**, *a. dat.* behalf, T. ii. 1458.  
**Bihate**, *v.* hate; *pp.* B 3. m. 4. 6.  
**Bihaste**, *a.* promise, B 37; command, T. ii. 359; *pl.* promises, i. e. all that they profess to prove, A. pr. 26.  
**Bihete**, *1 pr. a.* promise, G 707; *2 pr. a.* dost promise, B 4. p. 2. 1; *pr. a.* promises, I 379. See **Bihote**.  
**Bihetinge**, *a.* promising, B 2. p. 8. 16.  
**Bihewe**, *v.*; **Behewe**, *pp.* carved, HF. 1306.  
**Bihighte**, *pt. a.* promised, T. v. 1204;  
**Bihighte**, *pt. pl.* T. iii. 319; **Bihight**, *pp.* T. v. 354. See **Bihote**.  
**Biholde**, *v.* behold, A 2293; **Behelde**, *v.* behold, 7. 80; **Behelde**, *pt. a. subj.* should see, T. ii. 378; **Biholde**, *pp.* beheld, G 179.  
**Bihote**, *1 pr. a.* promise, A 1854; **Behette**, *pt. a.* 5. 436.  
**Bihove**, *a. dat.* profit (lit. behoof), R. 1092.  
**Bihove**, *v.* suit, 13. 5; *pr. a.* (it) behoves, T. iv. 1004; *pr. pl.* are necessary, I 83.  
**Bihovely**, *adj.* helpful, T. ii. 261; needful, I 107.  
**Bi-jape**, *v.*; *pp.* jested at, tricked, T. i. 531.  
**Biker**, *a.* quarrel, L. 2661.  
**Biknowe**, *v.* acknowledge, B 886; **Biknoweth**, *pr. a.* I 481; **Beknew**, *pt. a.* confessed, L. 1058; I am bi-knownen = I acknowledge, B 3. p. 10. 88.  
**Bilde**, *ger.* to build, HF. 1133; **Bilt**, *pr. a.* HF. 1135; **Bilt**, *pp.* 1. 183. See **Bulde**.  
**Bilder**, *a. as adj.* builder, used for building, 5. 176.  
**Bilve**, *a.* faith, L. 2109; creed, A 3456.  
**Bilve** (1), *v.* believe; *imp. pl.* G 1047.  
**Bilve** (2), *v.* to remain, stay behind, F 583.  
**Bilinne**, *v.* cease, T. iii. 1365.  
**Bille**, *a.* bill, petition, 1. 59, 110; letter, E 1937; writ, D 1586.  
**Binde**, *v.* bind, enthrall, 4. 249; **Bynt** (*for Bint*), *pr. a.* binds, 4. 47, 48; **Bond**, *pt. a.* bound, fastened, R. 241; **Bounden**, *pp.* bound, B 270; bound up, D 681.  
**Binding**, *a.* constraint, A 1304.  
**Binime**, *v.* take away, B 4. p. 3. 36;  
**Binemen**, *pr. pl.* B 3. p. 3. 65; **Bi-nomen**, *pp.* taken away, B 3. p. 3. 69.  
**Binne**, *a.* bin, chest, A 593.  
**Biquethe**, *v.* bequeath, D 1121.  
**Birafte**, *-e*; see **Bireve**.  
**Bireine**, *v.*; **Bireyned**, *pp.* rained upon, T. iv. 1172.  
**Bireve**, *v.* bereave, B 3359; restrain, T. i. 685; take away, G 482; *me to bereve*, rob me of woe, 6. 12; **Bireved**, *pt. a.* bereft, D 2071; **Birafte**, *pt. a.* B 83; **Birafte**, *pp.* bereft, T. iv. 225; A 1361.  
**Birthe**, *a.* birth, B 192.  
**Biscorned**, *pp.* scorned, I 278.  
**Bisege**, *v.* besiege; *pr. a.* L. 1902; **Bisegede**, *pt. pl.* T. i. 149.  
**Biseken**, *v.* beseech, pray, B 2306, 2910; **By-sake**, *v.* beseech, T. iv. 131; **Biseken**, *1 pr. pl.* implore, A 918; **Bisoughtest**, *2 pt. a.* didst beseech, T. v. 1734; **Bisoghte**, *pt. a.* B 2164.

- Bisemare**, *a.* contemptuous conduct, A 3965.
- Bisette**, *v.*; **Besette**, *v.* employ, L 1069; bestow, 3. 772; **Besette**, disposed of, L 2558; used up, D 1952; bestowed, A 3715; established, A 3012; fixed, I 366; **Beset**, *pp.* bestowed, T. i. 521.
- Biseye**, *pp.* beseen; *wel* *b.*, fair to see, good-looking, R. 821; well provided, 3. 829; *goodly* *b.*, fair to see, good in appearance, T. ii. 1262; *yuel* *b.*, ill-looking, E 965; *richely* *b.*, rich-looking, splendid, E 984.
- Biahende**, *v.*; **Beshende**, *v.* bring to ruin, L 2696.
- Bishitte**, *v.*; **Bishet**, *pp.* shut up, T. iii. 602.
- Biahrewe**, 1 *pr.* *a.* beahrew, D 844.
- Bisie**, *v.* *refl.* take pains, B 3034; **Bisie** *me*, employ myself, G 758; *pl.* *pl.* occupied themselves, 5. 192.
- Bisilly**, *adv.* diligently, A. ii. 38. 8; completely, T. iii. 1153; eagerly, F 1051; well, 2. 33.
- Bisinesse**, *a.* business, B 1415; busy endeavour, A 1007, G 24; diligence, 3. 1156; C 56; industry, G 5; labour, 5. 86; work, activity, T. i. 795; trouble, *ado*, 7. 99; careful attention, B 2979; attentiveness, 7. 250; care, A 520.
- Bi-smokede**, *adj.* *pl.* dirtied with smoke, B 1. p. 1. 31.
- Bismotered**, *pp.* besmuttered, marked with spots of rust, &c., A 76.
- Bispet**, *pp.* spit upon, I 276.
- Bisprenge**, *v.*; **Bespreynt**, *pp.* sprinkled, bedewed, 2. 10.
- Bistad**, *pp.* bestead, in trouble, R. 1227; *hard* *b.*, greatly imperilled, B 649.
- Bistryden**, *v.*; **Bistrood**, *pt.* *a.* bestrode, B 2093.
- Bisy**, **Besy**, *adj.* busy, industrious, R. 1052; active, L. 103; useful, I 474; attentive, F 509; anxious, 2. 2.
- Bisyde**, *prep.* beside; *ther* *b.*, beside that place, 3. 1316; *of* *b.*, from the neighbourhood of, A 445; *b.* *his* *leve*, without his leave, HF. 2105.
- Bisydes**, *prep.*; *him* *b.*, near him, A 402.
- Bisydes**, **Besydes**, *adv.* on one side, G 1416.
- Bit**, *pr.* *a.* *of* Bidde.
- Bitake**, 1 *pr.* *a.* commend, I 1043; commit, E 161; resign, A 3750; 1 *pr.* *a.* deliver, entrust, L. 2207; **Bitook**, *pt.* *a.* entrusted, G 541; **Bitaken**, *pp.* B 3. m. 2. 47.
- Bitoehe**, 1 *pr.* *a.* commit(to), consign(to), B 2114.
- Bitinke**, *v.* imagine, think of, T. iii. 1694; **Bethinke**, *v.* 2. 107; *ger.* to reflect, HF. 1176; **Bitoughte**, 1 *pt.* *a.* *refl.* be-thought myself, R. 521; I am bithought, I have thought (of), A 767; **Bithought**, *pp.* T. ii. 225.
- Bitid**, **Bitit**; see **Bityde**.
- Bitook**; see **Bitake**.
- Bitore**, *a.* bittern, D 972.
- Bitraise**, **Bitraisehe**, *v.* betray; **Bitray**-**seth**, *pr.* *a.* C 92; *pp.* betrayed, T. iv. 1648; I 269; **Bitraished**, R. 1648; **Bitrashed**, R. 1520.
- Bitrenden**, *v.*; **Bit-trent**, *pr.* *a.* encircles, goes round, T. iv. 870; twines round, T. iii. 1231.
- Bitwixen**, *prep.* between, A 880; **Betwixen**, 5. 148; **Bitwixe**, A 277; **Bitwix**, L. 729.
- Bityde**, **Bityden**, *v.* happen, T. ii. 623; arrive, B 3730; *pr.* *a.* *subj.* E 306; **Bityde** what *b.*, happen what may, T. v. 750.
- Bitit**, *pr.* *a.* betides, happens, T. ii. 48, v. 345; **Bitidde**, *pt.* *a.* befell, T. v. 1641; **Bitid**, *pp.* T. iii. 288; **Betid**, HF. 384.
- Bitydinge**, *a.* an event, B 5. p. 1. 37.
- Bitymes**, *adv.* betimes, soon, G 1008.
- Biware**, *v.*; **Biwarded**, *pp.* spent, expended, laid out (as on wares), T. i. 636.
- Biwepe**, *ger.* to bemoan, T. i. 763; **Biwopen**, *pp.* bathed in tears, T. iv. 916.
- Biwreye**, *v.* make manifest, reveal, T. iii. 377; **Biwreyst**, 1 *pr.* *a.* reveallest, B 773; **Biwreyd**, *pp.* betrayed (via. by having your words revealed), H 352.
- Biwreying**, *a.* betraying, B 2330.
- Bi-wryen**, *v.* disclose, reveal, T. ii. 537; **Bewrye**, betray, 5. 348. (Wrongly used for **Biwreye**.)
- Blak**, *adj.* black, A 294; **Blake**, *pl.* A 557; **Blakke**, *def.* HF. 1801.
- Blak**, *a.* black clothing, 3. 445.
- Blake**, *a.* black writing, ink, T. ii. 1320.
- Blakeberied**, *a.* a-blackberrying, i. e. a-wandering at will, astray, C 406.
- Blaked**, *pp.* blackened, rendered black, B 3321.
- Blandishe**, *pr.* *a.* *subj.* fawn, I 376.
- Blankmanger**, *a.* a compound of minced capon, with cream, sugar, and flour, A 387. Named from its white colour.
- Blasen**, *ger.* to blow, HF. 1802.
- Blaspheme**, *a.* blaspheming, 16. 15.
- Blásphemour**, *a.* blasphemmer, C 898.
- Blast**, *a.* puff, T. ii. 1387.
- Blaste**, *ger.* to blow a trumpet, HF. 1866.
- Blaunche**, *adj.* *fem.* white (see **Fevere**), T. i. 916.
- Blaundishinge**, *pret.* *pt.* *as* *adj.* be-

- witching, B 3. m 12. 23; Blaundissinge, flattering, B 2. p 1. 31.  
**Bleache**, *v.*; *pp.* bleached, 9. 45.  
**Blede**, *v.* bleed, L. 2696; **Bledde**, *pt. a.* bled, T. ii. 950.  
**Blemished**, *pp.* injured, B 1. p 4. 312.  
**Blende**, *v.* blind, T. iv. 648; *ger.* to deceive, T. iii. 207; to blind (*or read to blende*, *v.* blind utterly), T. ii. 1496; **Blent**, *pr. a.* blinds, 5. 600; **Blente**, *pt. a.* blinded, T. v. 1194; **Blent**, *pp.* 15. 18; deceived, E 2113.  
**Blere**, *v.* blear, bedim; **Blere hir y8**, dim their eye, cajole them, A 4049; *pp.* deceived, G 730.  
**Blering**, *a.* dimming; **bl. of an y8**, cajoling, A 3865.  
**Blesse**, *v.* bless; **Blesseth hir**, *pr. a.* crosses herself, B 449.  
**Bleve**, *v.* remain, T. iv. 1484; remain (at home), T. iii. 623; *ger.* to dwell, T. iv. 1357.  
**Blew**, *pt. a.* of **Blowe**.  
**Blew**, *adj.* blue, A 564; 3. 340; *as a.* blue clothing, 21. 7.  
**Bleyne**, *s.* blain, blemish, R. 553.  
**Bleynte**, *pt. a.* blanched, started back, A 1078; turned aside, T. iii. 1346. *Pt. a.* of **Blenche**, *v.*  
**Blinde**, *v.*; **Blynde with**, *ger.* to blind (the priest) with, G 1151.  
**Blinne**, *v.* leave off, cease, G 1171.  
**Blisful**, *adj.* happy, 9. 1; conferring bliss, 1. 24; blessed, 3. 854; merry, R. 80; sainted, A 17.  
**Blisful**, *adv.* joyously, 5. 689.  
**Blisfully**, *adv.* happily, A 1236.  
**Blisfulness**, *s.* happiness, B 2. p 4. 75.  
**Blisse**, *v.* bless, E 553. Perhaps read **blesse**, *kesse*. See **Blesse**.  
**Blissed**, *pp.* happy, 9. 43.  
**blo**, *adj.* blue, smoke-coloured, HF. 1647.  
**Blody**, *adj.* causing bloodshed, A 2512.  
**Blondren**; see **Blundre**.  
**Blood**, *s.* lineage, 7. 65; offspring, E 632; kinswoman, T. ii. 594.  
**Blosme**, *s.* blossom, A 3324.  
**Blosme**, *v.* blossom; *pr. a.* E 1462; *pp.* covered with blossoms, R. 108.  
**Blosmy**, *adj.* blossoming, T. ii. 821; full of buds, 5. 183.  
**Blowe**, *v.* blow, A 565; **Blew**, *pt. a.* 3. 182; (it) blew, T. iii. 678; **Blowen**, *pp.* proclaimed by trumpets, A 2241.  
**Blundre**, *v.*; *pr. a.* runs heedlessly, G 1414; 1. p. *pl.* **pr. **Blondren**, we become mased, G 670.  
**Blythly**, *adv.* gladly, 3. 749, 755.  
**Byve**, *adv.* quickly, soon, L. 60; *as bl.*, very soon, as soon as possible, T. i. 965; forthwith, R. 706, 992; *also bl.*, as soon as possible, T. iv. 174.  
**Bobance**, *s.* presumption, boast, D 569.  
**Boce**, *s.* protuberance (boss), I 423.  
**Boch**, *s.* botch, pustule, B 3. p 4. 14.  
**Bocher**, *s.* butcher, A 2025.  
**Bocler**, *s.* buckler, A 3266.  
**Bode** (1), *s.* foreboding, omen, 5. 343.  
**Bode** (2), *s.* abiding, delay, 7. 119.  
**Bode**, *v.* proclaim; *pr. a.* heralds, B 4. m 6. 17.  
**Boden**, *pp.* of **Beda**.  
**Body**, *a.* person, F 1005; principal subject, E 42; corpse, 3. 142; B 1872; *my* b., myself, B 1185; *pl.* metallic bodies (metals), answering to celestial bodies (planets), G 820, 825.  
**Boef**, *s.* beef, E 1420.  
**Boës**, *pr. a.* (it) behoves, A 4026. (Northern.)  
**Boght**, **Boghte**; see **Bye**.  
**Boist**, *s.* box, C 307; *pl.* HF. 2129.  
**Boistous**, *adj.* rude, plain, H 211.  
**Boistously**, *adv.* loudly, E 791.  
**Bokel**, *s.* buckle, R. 1086.  
**Bokeler**, *s.* buckler, A 112. A small round shield usually carried by a handle at the back. See **Booler**.  
**Bokelinge**, *pres. pt.* buckling, A 2503.  
**Bokes**, *pl.* books, A 294.  
**Boket**, *s.* bucket, A 1533.  
**Bolas**, *pl.* bullace-plums, bullaces, R. 1377.  
**Bolde**, *v.* grow bold, 5. 144.  
**Bôle**, *s.* bull, T. iii. 723, iv. 239.  
**Bôle armoniak**, Armenian clay, G 790.  
**Bolle**, *s.* a bowl, G 1210.  
**Bolt**, *s.* crossbow-bolt, A 3264.  
**Bolt-upright**, on (her) back, A 4266, B 1506.  
**Bomble**, *v.*; *pr. a.* booms (as a bittern), D 972.  
**Bon**, *adj.* good, HF. 1022.  
**Bond**, *s.* bond, obligation, A 1604; band, fetter, T. iii. 1766; obligation (compelling the service of spirits), F 131.  
**Bonde**, *s.* bondman, D 1660, I 149.  
**Bonde-folk**, *s.* *pl.* bondmen, I 754.  
**Bonde-men**, *s.* *pl.* bondmen, I 752.  
**Bône**, *s.* petition, boon, prayer, request, 3. 129, 835.  
**Bood**, *pt. a.* of **Byde**.  
**Bôon**, *s.* bone, R. 1059; ivory, T. ii. 926; **Bônes**, *pl.* bones, A 546.  
**Bôor**, *s.* a boar, A 2070; **Bôres**, *gen. sing.* boars, B 2060; **Bôres**, *pl.* A 1658.  
**Bôst**, *s.* loud talk, A 4001; boast, L. 267; pride, B 3289; boasting, C 764; swelling, G 441.**

- Bòot**, *s.* boat, T. i. 416, ii. 3.  
**Bóót**, *s.* help, remedy, T. iii. 1208.  
**Boot**, *pt. s.* of Byta.  
**Boras**, *s.* borax, A 630, G 790.  
**Bord**, *s.* table, A 52, B 430; plank, 3. 74;  
 board, i. e. meals, G 1017; *to b.*, to  
 board, A 3188, D 528; *into shippes bord*,  
 on board the ship, A 3585; *over-bord*,  
 overboard, B 922.  
**Bordels**, *s.* *pl.* brothels, I 885.  
**Bordel-women**, *pl.* women of the brothel,  
 I 976.  
**Bordure**, *s.* border, raised rim on the  
 front of an astrolabe, A. i. 4. 4.  
**Bore**, *s.* bore, hole, T. iii. 1453.  
**Bore**, **Boren**, *pp.* of Bere.  
**Borel**, *s.* coarse woollen clothes, D 356;  
 Borel men, laymen, B 3145. See Burel.  
**Bores**; see Boor.  
**Borken**, *pp.* of Berke.  
**Borne**, *v.*; **Borneth**, *pr. s.* burnishes,  
 smoothes, T. i. 327.  
**Borwe**, *s.* pledge, A 1622; *to b.*, in pledge,  
 as a pledge, T. v. 1664; *leyd to b.*, laid  
 in pledge, pawned, T. ii. 963; *to b.*, for  
 surety, 4. 205; *Venus here to b.*, Venus  
 being your pledge, T. ii. 1524.  
**Borwe**, *v.* borrow, B 105.  
**Boa**, *s.* boes, A 3266. See Boos.  
**Boat**, *s.*; see Boost.  
**Bòste**, *v.* boast; *pr. s.* D 1672.  
**Bóte**, *s.* good, benefit, D 472; remedy,  
 profit, 3. 38; advantage, T. i. 352; heal-  
 ing, T. i. 763; help, T. ii. 345; healer,  
 22. 45; relief, G 1481; salvation, B 1656;  
*doth b.*, gives the remedy for, 5. 276;  
*for b. ne bale*, for good nor for ill, 3.  
 227.  
**Botel**, *s.* bottle (of hay), H 14.  
**Botelees**, *adj.* without remedy, T. i. 782.  
**Boteler**, *s.* butler, HF. 592.  
**Boterflye**, *s.* butterfly, B 3980.  
**Botes**, *pl.* boots, A 203, 273.  
**Bothe**, both, A 540; *your bothes*, of both  
 of you, i. 83; *your bother*, of you both,  
 T. iv. 168.  
**Botmelees**, *adj.* bottomless, unreal, T. v.  
 1431.  
**Bough**, *s.* bough, R. 1403; **Bowes**, *pl.* R.  
 108.  
**Bought**, **Boughte**; see Bye.  
**Bouk**, *s.* trunk of the body, A 2746.  
**Boun**, *adj.* prepared, F 1503.  
**Bounde**, *s.* bound; *pl.* bounds, limits,  
 L. 546, 1673.  
**Bountee**, *s.* goodness, kindness, i. 9;  
 good deed, I 393; delightfulness, R.  
 1444.  
**Bounteous**, *adj.* bountiful, bounteous,  
 T. i. 883; C 110.  
**Bour**, *s.* bed-chamber, HF. 1186; B 1922;  
 lady's chamber, R. 1014; inner room,  
 B 4022.  
**Bourde**, *s.* jest, H 81; *pl.* D 680.  
**Bourde**, *1 pr. s.* jest, C 778; *pp.* 5. 589.  
**Box** (1), *s.* box-tree, A 2922; boxwood, L.  
 866; money-box, A 4390; box, C 869.  
**Box** (2), *s.* blow, L. 1388.  
**Boydekin**, *s.* dagger, A 3960.  
**Bracer**, *s.* bracer, a guard for the arm  
 in archery, A 111.  
**Bragot**, *s.* a beverage made of honey and  
 ale, A 3261.  
**Braid**, *s.* quick movement; *at a b.*, in a  
 moment, R. 1336; **Brayd**, a start, L.  
 1166.  
**Brak**, *pt. s.* of Breke.  
**Brasil**, *s.* dye made from a certain dye-  
 wood, B 4649.  
**Brast**, **Braste**; see Breste.  
**Braun**, *s.* muscle, A 546; brawn (of the  
 bear), F 1254.  
**Braunche**, *s.* branch, T. v. 844.  
**Brayd**, **Brayde**; see Breyde.  
**Brede** (1), *s.* breadth, R. 825, 1124; space,  
 T. i. 179; *on brede*, abroad, T. i.  
 530.  
**Brede** (2), *s.* roast meat, HF. 1222.  
**Brede**, *ger.* to breed, T. iii. 1546; grow,  
 T. v. 1027; **Breden**, *ger.* to breed, arise,  
 L. 1156 (cf. Vergil, *Ann.* iv. 2); **Bred**, *pp.*  
 bred up, F 499.  
**Breech**, *s.* breeches, B 2049, C 948.  
**Breem**, *s.* bream, a fish, A 350.  
**Breke**, *v.* break, A 551, C 936; *br. his*  
*day*, fail to pay on the day, G 1040;  
*ger.* to interrupt, B 2233; **Brak**, *pt. s.*  
 3. 71; **Breke**, *pr. s.* *subj.* 4. 242; **Breke**,  
*2 pr. pl. subj.* break off, T. v. 1032; **Breke**,  
*pt. s.* *subj.* would break, B 4578; **Breke**,  
*pp.* broken, A 3571; **Broken**, *pp.* ship-  
 wrecked, L. 1487.  
**Brekke**, *s.* break, flaw, defect, 3. 940.  
**Bremble-flour**, *s.* a flower of the bramble,  
 B 1936.  
**Breme**, *adj.* furious, T. iv. 184.  
**Breme**, *adv.* furiously, A 1699.  
**Bren**, *s.* bran, A 4053.  
**Brenne**, *v.* burn, 17. 18; *to be burnt*,  
 T. i. 91; **Brinne**, *ger.* to burn, D 52;  
**Brendest**, *2 pt. s.* didst burn, A 2384;  
**Brende**, *pt. s.* 1. 90; *was burnt*, HF.  
 163; *was set on fire*, HF. 537; **Branned**,  
*pt. s.* was inflamed with anger, R. 297;  
**Brende**, *pt. pl.* caught fire, HF. 954;  
**Brente**, *pt. pl.* L. 731; **Brant**, *pp.* 7. 115;

- Brend, *pp.* B 4555; *as adj.* bright, R. 1109.
- Brenning, a burning, 4. 133; greed of gold, R. 188.
- Brenningly, *adv.* ardently, T. i. 607; fervently, A 1564.
- Brere, a briar, R. 858; Breres, *pl.* underwood, A 1532.
- Brest, a breast, A 115, 131.
- Brest-boon, a. breast-bone, A 2710.
- Breste, *v.* burst, T. v. 1008; afflict, T. iii. 1434; break, D 1103; Brest, *pr.* a bursts, A 2610; breaks, T. i. 258; Brast, *pt.* a burst out, T. v. 1078; burst, L. 1033; broke, 3. 1193; Brast, *pt.* a burst (*or read* braste = would burst), T. v. 180; Braste, *pt. pl.* burst, T. ii. 326; Broste, *pt. pl.* B 671, C 234; Brosten, *pt. pl.* 4. 96; Braste, *pt.* a *subj.* would burst, T. ii. 1108; Brosten, *pp.* burst, T. ii. 976; broken, L. 1300.
- Brestring, a. bursting, F 973.
- Bretful, *adj.* brimful, A 687, 2164.
- Bretherhed, a. brotherhood, religious order, A 511.
- Brew, *pt.* a. contrived, B 3575.
- Breyde, *ger.* to start, T. iv. 230, 348; *v.* awake, F 477; Breyde, 1 *pr.* a start, T. v. 1262; Breyde, 1 *pt.* a. awoke, D 799; Breyde, *pt.* a. started, T. v. 1243; went (out of his wits), B 3728; drew, B 837; Brayde, *pt.* a. took hastily, HF. 1678; Brayd, *pp.* started, gone suddenly, 7. 124.
- Brid, a. bird, HF. 1003; young of birds, 5. 192.
- Brige, a. contention, B 2873. F. *brigue*.
- Brigge, a. bridge, A 3922.
- Bright, *adj.* fair, R. 1009.
- Brighte, *adj.* as a. brightness (after *for*), T. ii. 864.
- Brike, a. a trap, snare, 'fix' dilemma, B 3580.
- Bringe, *v.* bring; Bringes, 2 *pr.* a. bringest, HF. 1908 (a Northern form); Broghten, *pt. pl.* B 2590; made broght, caused to be brought, HF. 155.
- Brinne, *ger.* to burn, D 52. See Brenne.
- Brocege, a. mediation, A 3375.
- Broche, a. brooch, R. 1193; small ornament, bracelet, 4. 245.
- Brode, *adv.* broadly, plainly, A 739; far and wide, HF. 1683; wide awake, G 1420.
- Brodere, *adj.* larger, A. ii. 38. 1.
- Brok, i.e. Badger, a horse's name, D 1543.
- Broken; see Harm. And see Breke.
- Brokkings, *pres. pt.* using a quavering voice, A 3377.
- Bromes, *pl.* broom (bushes so called), HF. 1226.
- Brond, a. torch, L. 2252; firebrand, B 3224; Bronde, *dat.* piece of burning wood, B 2095.
- Brood, *adj.* broad, A 155, 471; thick, large, F 82; Brode, *pl.* R. 939; expanded, R. 1681.
- Broste, -en; see Breste.
- Brotel, *adj.* brittle, frail, T. iii. 820; fickle, L. 1885; unsafe, insecure, E 1279; transitory, E 2061; Brutel, B 2. p. 5. 6.
- Brotelnesse, a. frailty, T. v. 1832; insecurity, E 1279; fickleness, 10. 63.
- Brotherhede, a. brotherhood, D 1399.
- Brouded, *pp.* embroidered, A 3238, B 3659.
- Brouke, *v.* enjoy, use, B 4490; keep, E 2308; 1 *pr.* a *subj.* (*optative*), may have the use of, HF. 273; Brouken, *pr. pl. subj.* (*opt.*), may (they) profit by, L. 194.
- Browning, a. embroidery, A 2498.
- Broyded, *pp.* braided, A 1049.
- Brutel; see Brotel.
- Brybe, *v.* steal, flich, A 4417; rob, D 1378.
- Bryberyes, *pl.* ways of robbing, D 1367.
- Brydale, a. wedding, A 4375.
- Brydel, a. bride, 7. 184.
- Brydeleth, *pr.* a. controls, 4. 41.
- Buffet, a. blow; Buffettes, *pl.* I 258.
- Bugle-horn, a. drinking-horn made from the 'bugle' or ox, F 1253.
- Buk, a. buck, 5. 195; Bukke, B 1946; Bukkes, *gen.* buck's, A 3387.
- Bulde, *v.* build; Bulte, *pt.* a. built, A 1548.
- Bulle, a. papal bull, C 909.
- Bulte, *pt.* a. of Bulde.
- Bulte, *v.* bould, sift, B 4430.
- Burdoun, a. burden of a song, bass-accompaniment, A 673.
- Burel, *adj.* rough, unlettered, F 716; lay (people), D 1872, 1874. The idea is that of a man dressed in *burel*, or coarse woollen cloth. See Borel.
- Buriels, a. *pl.* burial-places, i.e. the catacombs, G 186.
- Burne, *v.* burnish; *pp.* A 1983; polished, HF. 1387; lustrous, C 38. See Borne.
- Burnet, *adj.* made of coarse brown cloth, R. 226.
- Busk, a. bush, R. 54; *pl.* A 1579.
- But, *conj.* except, unless, 2. 82; 3. 117.
- But, *as a* exception, a 'but,' I 494.
- But and, but if, L. 1790.



But-if, *conj.* unless, R. 250.  
 Buxom, *adj.* yielding, G. 125; obedient, B. 1287.  
 Buxomly, *adv.* obediently, E. 186.  
 Buxumnesse, *a.* submission, 13. 15.  
 By, *prep.* by, A. 25, &c.; as regards, with respect to, concerning, G. 126; with reference to, 5. 4; for, on account of, R. 844; *by proces*, in process, B. 2665; *by me*, beside me (*with accent on by*), T. ii. 991; *by the morrow*, in the morning, L. 49.  
 By, *adv.* beside; *fasts by*, close at hand, R. 1274.  
 By and by, *adv.* one after another, in due order, in due place, L. 304, A. 1011.  
 Byde, *v.* wait, T. i. 1067; A. 1576; Bood, *pt. s.* waited, T. v. 29; Biden, *pp.* stayed, E. 1888.  
 Bye, *v.* buy, pay for (it), D. 167; *go by*, let us go to buy, G. 1294; Bye, *pr. pl. subj.* 18. 26; Boghte, *pt. s.* bought, A. 2088; Redeemed, E. 2153; *b. agayn*, redeemed, C. 776.  
 Byhight, *pp.* promised, T. v. 1104.  
 Bying, *a.* buying, A. 569.  
 By-japed, *pp.* tricked, made a jest of, T. v. 1119.  
 Bynt him, binds himself, 4. 47; Bynt her, 4. 48.  
 By-path, *a.* by-way, T. iii. 1705.  
 Byrde, *a.* maiden, lady, R. 1014.  
 By-seke, *v.* beseech, T. iv. 131.  
 Byte, *v.* bite, T. iii. 737; cut deeply, F. 158; burn, A. 631; Bôot, *pt. s.* bit, B. 3791; Bîten, *pp.* bitten, L. 2318.  
 Bytinge, *a.* wound, B. 3. m. 7. 7.  
 By-word, *a.* proverb, T. iv. 769.  
 By-wreye, *v.* reveal, T. iii. 367.

## C.

Caas, *a.* circumstance, I. 105; *settle caas* = suppose, A. ii. 42. 24; Caas, *pl.* cases of law, A. 323.  
 Cacche, *v.* catch, G. 11; lay hold of, 3. 969; come by, HF. 404; Caughte, *pt. s.* took, conceived, E. 619; took, A. 498; pulled, L. 1854; Caught, *pp.* obtained, E. 1110; taken, F. 740.  
 Caitif, *adj.* captive, miserable, wretched, A. 1552.  
 Caitif, *a.* wretch, R. 340; *pl.* captives, A. 924.  
 Oake, *a.* a round and rather flat loaf of bread (in the shape of a large bun), A. 668, 4094, C. 322.  
 Calceing, *a.* calcination, G. 771.

Calcinacioun, *a.* calcination, G. 804.  
 Calcule, *v.* calculate; Calculed, *pt. s.* F. 1284.  
 Calouler, *a.* the calculator or pointer, A. i. 23. 2. See Almury.  
 Calculings, *a.* calculation, T. i. 71.  
 Calendes, *pl.* kalends, introduction to a new time, T. ii. 7.  
 Calle, *a.* caul, a net used to confine women's hair, A. i. 19. 4; headdress, D. 1018; to 'make a hood above a caul' = to befool, T. iii. 775.  
 Camaille, *a.* a camel, E. 1196.  
 Camuse, *adj.* low and concave, A. 3934, 3974.  
 Can, *i. pr. s.* know, L. 1987; know how, am able, E. 304, F. 4; can, B. 42; understand, F. 1266; am able to say, 5. 14; *pr. s.* knows, 3. 673; has, E. 2245; knows (of), A. 1780; has skill, T. ii. 1197; *can on*, has knowledge of, F. 786; *can hir good*, knows her own advantage, D. 231; *can thank*, owes (them) thanks, A. 1818; *2 pr. pl.* know, B. 1169.  
 Canel-boon, *a.* collar-bone (lit. channel-bone, with reference to the depression in the neck behind the collar-bone), 3. 943.  
 Canelle, *a.* cinnamon, R. 1370.  
 Cankedort, *a.* state of suspense, critical position, T. ii. 1752.  
 Canon, *a.* the 'Canon,' the title of a book by Avicenna, C. 890; rule, explanation, A. pr. 105.  
 Canstow, *2 p. s. pr.* knowest thou, A. pr. 20; canst thou, T. iv. 460.  
 Cantel, *a.* portion, A. 3008.  
 Cape, *ger.* gape after, T. v. 1133. See Gape.  
 Capel, *a.* horse, nag, H. 64; cart-horse, D. 2150.  
 Cappe, *a.* cap, A. 586; *set the wrightes cappe*, i. e. made a fool of him, A. 3143.  
 Carbounle, *a.* carbuncle-stone, R. 1120.  
 Cardiaque, *a.* pain about the heart, C. 313.  
 Care, *s.* anxiety, sorrow, grief, trouble, 7. 63; T. i. 505, 587; ill-luck, 5. 363; *pl.* miseries, T. i. 264.  
 Care, *v.* feel anxiety, E. 1212; Care thee, *imp. s.* be anxious, A. 3298.  
 Careful, *adj.* full of trouble, G. 44, 133; sorrowful, A. 1565.  
 Careyne, *a.* corpse, carcass, 5. 177.  
 Carf, cut; see Kerve.  
 Carriage, *a.* a carrying away; upon c., in the way of carrying anything away, i. e. that I can carry away, D. 1570.  
 Carriages, *a. pl.* tolls due from the tenant

- to his feudal lord imposed by authority, I 752.
- Carl, *a. man*, A 3469; rustic, countryman, A 545.
- Carole, *a. a dance accompanied with singing*, R. 744, 781, 793.
- Carole, *v. dance round singing*, 3. 849; *pp. danced*, R. 810.
- Carpe, *v. talk, discourse*, A 474.
- Carrik, *a. barge*, D 1688.
- Cart, *a. chariot*, HF. 943.
- Cartere, *a. charioteer*, B 5. p. 4. 100.
- Cart-hors, *pl. chariot-horses*, HF. 944.
- Cas, *a. accident, chance*, HF. 254, 1052; *affair*, L. 409; *occasion*, B 36; *adventure*, L. 1630; *mischance*, L. 1056; *in cas that*, in case, A. ii. 3. 2; *upon cas*, by chance, A 3661; *in cas if that*, in case that, T. ii. 758; *in no maner cas*, in no way, D 1831; *set a cas*, suppose that, T. ii. 729; *to deyen in the cas*, though death were the result, E 859.
- Cast, *a. occasion, turn*, B 3477; *contrivance, plan*, HF. 1178.
- Caste, *v. cast (accounts)*, B 1406; *Casten, v. throw*, T. ii. 513; *c. with a spere*, throw with a spear, HF. 1048; *fling*, A 3330; *contrive*, HF. 1170; *Caste, i. pr. a. conjecture*, A 2172; *Casteth, pr. a. casts about*, I 692; *considers*, G 1414; *applies*, B 2781; *refl. devotes himself*, G 738; *Cast, pr. a. casts*, R. 1574; *Caste, i. pt. a. threw*, 5. 172; *Casten, pp. thrown*, B 1796; *Cast, pp. overthrown*, T. ii. 1389; *contrived*, B 3891; *c. biform*, premeditated, I 543.
- Castelled, *adj. castellated*, I 445.
- Castel-yate, *castle-gate*, HF. 1294.
- Catapuce, *a. caper-spurge (Euphorbia Lathyris)*, B 4155.
- Catel, *a. property, wealth, possessions, goods*, A 373, 540.
- Cause, *a. cause*, 1. 26; A 419; *reason*, T. v. 527; *plea*, 2. 46; *Cause causinge*, first cause, T. iv. 829; *by the c. that*, because, A 2488; *by that c.*, because, T. iv. 99; *Cause why*, the reason why, T. iii. 795; *the reason for it (was)*, A 4144.
- Causeles, *adv. without cause*, F 825.
- Cave, *a. cave*, HF. 70; *used to translate the astrological term 'puteus'*, 4. 119.
- Cavillacioun, *a. cavilling*, D 2136.
- Celebrable, *adj. celebrated*, B 4. m 7. 30.
- Celerer, *a. keeper of a cellar*, B 3126.
- Celle, *a. cell*, A 172, 1376.
- Centaure, *a. centaur, Centaurea nigra*, B 4153.
- Centre, *a. a point on a rete representing a star*, A i. 21. 12.
- Ceptre, *a. sceptre*, B 3334, 3563.
- Cerole, *a. HF. 791; sphere*, 16. 9.
- Cerolen, *ger. to encircle*, T. iii. 1767; *pr. a. R. 1619*.
- Cered, *pp. as adj. waxed*, G 808.
- Cerial, *adj. belonging to a species of oak, the Quercus cerris*, A 2290.
- Ceriously, *adv. minutely, with full details*, B 185. Duange has '*Seriose*, fuse, minutatim, articulatum.' From Lat. *series*, order.
- Certain, *adj. sure*; *Certeins, pl. certain*, B 5. p. 5. 115; *c. gold*, a stated sum of money, B 242; *c. tresor*, a quantity of treasure, B 442; *c. yerre*, a certain number of years, B 3367; *Certeyn*, a certain sum, a fixed quantity, G. 776.
- Certain, *adv. certainly, indeed, assuredly*, A 375.
- Certes, *adv. certainly*, R. 374, 439.
- Ceruce, *a. white lead*, A 630.
- Cese, *v. cause to cease*, T. i. 445; *put an end to*, 4. 11. See Cesse.
- Cesse, *v. cease*, B 1066; *c. cause*, when the cause ceases, T. ii. 483; *c. wind*, when the wind ceases, T. ii. 1388.
- Cetewale, *a. setwall, i.e. sedoary*, A 3207, B 1951. O. F. *ctoal*. A medicinal substance obtained in the East Indies, having a fragrant smell, and a warm, bitter, aromatic taste, used in medicine as a stimulant. (The name *actwall* was also given to valerian.)
- Ceynt, *a. cincture, girdle*, A 3235.
- Chaffare, *a. bargaining*, I 851; *traffic*, G 1421; *trade*, A 4389; *merchandise, ware*, B 1475, D 521; *matter, subject*, E 2438.
- Chaffare, *ger. to trade, barter, deal, traffic*, B 139.
- Chaires, *a. pl. thrones*, B 4. m 2. 6.
- Chalänge, *v.*; *pr. a. i. p. claim*, F 1324; *Chalauinged, pt. a. arrogated*, B 2. p 6. 36.
- Chalanging, *a. false claim, accusation*, C 264.
- Chalaundre, *a. a species of lark (Alauda calandra)*, R. 914; *pl. R. 663*.
- Chalice, *a. cup*, I 879.
- Chalk-stoon, *a. a piece of chalk*, G 1207.
- Chalons, *pl. blankets or coverlets for a bed*, A 4140. Cf. E. *shallow*.
- Chamberere, *a. maidservant, lady's maid*, D 300.
- Chambre-roof, *roof of my room*, 3. 299.
- Champartye, *a. equality, participation in power*, A 1949. F. *champ parti*.

- Chanon**, *a. canon*, G 573.  
**Chapeleine**, *a. chaplain*, A 164.  
**Chapelet**, *a. fillet, circlet for the head*, chaplet, R. 563, 845, 908.  
**Chapitre**, *a. chapter*, D 1945.  
**Chapman**, *a. trader, merchant*, A 397;  
*Chapmen*, *pl.* B 135.  
**Chapmanhede**, *a. bargaining*, B 1428;  
*trade*, B 143.  
**Char**, *a. chariot*, 7. 24, 39, 40.  
**Charboole**, *a. carbuncle (a precious stone)*, B 2061.  
**Charge**, *a. load, burden*, R. 1352; *responsibility*, 5. 507; *consideration*, A 1284; *importance*, 3. 894; *care*, A 733; *particular note*, D 321; *a heavy thing*, HF. 746; *weight*, L. 620; *consequence*, L. 2383; *of that no ch.*, for that no matter, it is of no importance, G 749.  
**Charge**, *v. load*, L. 2151; *command*, L. 493; *pp.* *burdened*, I 92; *hidden*, L. 940.  
**Chargeant**, *adj.* *burdensome*, B 2433.  
**Char-hors**, *pl.* *chariot-horses*, T. v. 1018.  
**Charitable**, *adj.* *loving*, L. 444; *kind*, A 143.  
**Charitee**, *a. charity, love*, T. i. 49; for *seinte ch.*, i. e. *either* (1) for holy charity; or (2) for the sake of St. Charity, A 1721, B 4510, D 2119.  
**Charmereuses**, *fem. pl.* *workers with charms*, HF. 1261.  
**Chaste**, *v.* *to chasten*; *pp.* *taught*, F 491. O. F. *chaetier*. See *Chastyse*.  
**Chasteyn**, *a. chestnut*, A 2922. See *Chesteynes*.  
**Chastisinge**, *a. chastening*, i. 129.  
**Chastyse**, *v.* *to rebuke, restrain*, B 3695; *chasten*, i. 39. See *Chaste*.  
**Chance**, *a. chance*, A 1752; *incident*, 3. 1285; *destiny*, 3. 1113; *luck*, G 593; 'chance,' a technical term in the game of hazard, C 653.  
**Chaunging**, *a. change*, 21. 17.  
**Chaunteth**, *pr.* *a. sings*, A 3367, E 1850.  
**Chaunte-pleure**, *title of a song upon grief following joy*, 7. 320.  
**Chaunterie**, *a. an endowment for the payment of a priest to sing mass, agreeably to the appointment of the founder*, A 510.  
**Chayer**, *a. chair*, B 3803; *throne*, B i. m. 5. 3.  
**Cheef**, *adj.* *chief*, 3. 910, 911.  
**Cheef**, *a. chief, head*, L. 2109.  
**Cheek**, *a. cheek*, i. e. *cheekbone*, B 3228.  
**Cheep**, *a. market, price; to greet cheap*, too cheap, D 523; *as good chep*, as cheaply, T. iii. 641; *a time of cheapness*, HF. 1974.  
**Chees**; see *Cheese*.  
**Cheeste**, *a. wrangling*, I 556. A. S. *cēast*.  
**Chek**, *a. as int. cheek (at chess)*, 3. 659.  
**Chekkere**, *a. chess-board*, 3. 660.  
**Chekmat**, *checkmate*, T. ii. 754.  
**Chelaundre**, R. 81; see *Chalaundre*.  
**Chep**, -e; see *Cheep*.  
**Chepe**, *ger.* *to bargain (with her)*, D 268.  
**Chere**, *a. face, countenance*, T. i. 14; *look*, mien, R. 1014; *entertainment*, A 747; *favour*, 7. 108; *appearance*, 19. 4; *behaviour*, A 139; *look, glance, sign*, T. i. 312; *good cheer, mirth*, A 4363; *kindly greeting*, 4. 146; *show*, B 2377; *kindly expression*, E 1112; *doth him chere*, makes him good cheer, L. 2452; *be of good ch.*, be of good cheer, T. i. 879; *sory ch.*, mournful look, D 588; *Cheres*, *pl.* *faces*, R. 813; *looks*, T. ii. 1507.  
**Cheri**, *a. churl, boor, fellow*, 5. 596; L. 136; *slave*, I 463; *man (in the moon)*, T. i. 1024; *pl.* *violent men, fierce men*, R. 880.  
**Chertée**, *a. affection*, B 1526.  
**Cherubinne**, *fem. cherub's*, A 624.  
**Cheryse**, *pl.* *cherries*, R. 1376.  
**Ches**, *a. chess*, 3. 619, 652, 664.  
**Chese**, *v. choose*, 5. 399, 400; *Cheest*, *pr.* *a. chooseth*, 5. 623; *Chese*, *i. pt.* *a. chose*, 3. 791; *Chese*, *pt.* *a. chose*, B 3706; *Chese*, *imp.* *a. choose*, L. 1449; *Cheseth*, *imp.* *pt.* *D 1232*; *Chose*, *pp.* *chosen*, 3. 1004.  
**Chesinge**, *a. choosing, choice*, B 2305, E 162.  
**Cheste**, *a. chest, casket*, T. v. 1368; *box, trunk*, L. 510; *coffin*, D 502.  
**Chestyne**, *pl.* *chestnuts*, R. 1375.  
**Chеваучее**; see *Chivachee*.  
**Cheve**, *v.*; in *phr.* *yvel mote he cheve* = *ill may he end, or ill may he thrive*, G 1225.  
**Chevesaille**, *a. (ornamented) collar or neckband of a gown*, R. 1082.  
**Chewisauce**, *a. borrowing*, L. 2434; *agreement to borrow*, B 1519; *dealing for profit*, A 282.  
**Chevisse**, *v. ref.* *accomplish (her) desire*, 4. 289. O. F. *chevtr*.  
**Chideresse**, *a. a scold*, R. 150.  
**Chieftayn**, *a. captain*, A 2555.  
**Chiertee**, *a. fondness*, D 396; *love*, F 881.  
**Chike**, *a. chicken*, R. 541.  
**Chiknes**, *pl.* *chickens*, A 380.  
**Child**, *a. young man*, A 3325; *Childes*

- play, child's play, E 1530; Childs, with, with child, L 1323.  
 Childhede, *a.* childhood, R. 399.  
 Childly, *adj.* childlike, 3. 1095.  
 Chindre, *a.* cylinder, portable sun-dial, B 1396.  
 Chimbe, *a.* rim of the barrel, A 3895.  
 Chimbe, *v.* chime (as a bell), A 3896.  
 Chimenee, *a.* fireplace, A 3776.  
 Chinoche, *a.* niggard, miser, B 2793, 2809.  
 Chinocherye, *a.* niggardliness, miserliness, B 2790.  
 Chircha, *a.* church, A 708, 2760.  
 Chirche-hawe, *a.* churchyard, I 964; *pl.* I 801.  
 Chirche-reves, *pl.* church-officers, churchwardens, D 1306.  
 Chirketh, *pr.* *a.* chirps, D 1804; *pres. pl.* rustling, B 1. m 6. 10.  
 Chirking, *a.* creaking, grating noises, A 2004, I 605; Chirkinges, *pl.* shriekings, cries, HF. 1943.  
 Chisels, *a.* scissors, I 418.  
 Chit, chides; *pr.* *a.* of Chyde.  
 Chiteren, *v.* chatter, prattle, G 1397.  
 Chiteringe, *a.* chattering, chirping, T. ii. 68.  
 Chivachee, *a.* feat of horsemanship, H 50; Chevanchee, swift course (lit. ride), 4. 144. O.F. *chevauchee*, an expedition on horseback.  
 Chivachye, *a.* a military expedition, A 85.  
 Chivalrye, *a.* knighthood, the accomplishments of a knight, A 45; knightly conduct, valour, R. 1207; L 608; troops of horse, cavalry, company of knights, A 878.  
 Chogh, *a.* chough, 5. 345.  
 Choppen, *v.* strike downwards, knock, HF. 1824.  
 Chose, *pp.* of Chese.  
 Chuk, *a.* cluck, 'chucking' noise, B 4364.  
 Chukketh, *pr.* *a.* clucks, B 4372.  
 Chyde, *v.* chide, T. iii. 1433; complain, F 650; reproach, T. v. 1093; Chit, *pr.* *a.* chides, scolds, G 921; Chidde, 1 *pt.* *a.* chid, D 223.  
 Chydester, *a.* (female) scold, E 1535.  
 Chydinges, *pl.* scoldings, HF. 1028.  
 Chyning, *adj.* gaping, yawning, B 1. p 6. 41. A.S. *ciacan*, to gape open.  
 Ciclatoun, *a.* a costly kind of thin cloth, B 1924.  
 Cinamome, *a.* cinnamon, as a term of endearment, sweet one, A 3699.  
 Cink, *num.* cinque, five, C 653.  
 Cipres, *a.* cypress, 5. 179; (*collectively*), cypresses, R. 1381.  
 Circumsurye, *v.* enclose, comprehend, T. v. 1865.  
 Citole, *a.* kind of harp, a stringed instrument, A 1959.  
 Citrinadoun, *a.* citronising, the turning to the colour of citron, a process in alchemy, G 816.  
 Citryn, *adj.* citron-coloured, A 2167.  
 Clamb, *pt.* *a.* of Climbén.  
 Clamour, *a.* A 995; outcry, D 889.  
 Claperes, *pl.* burrows (for rabbits), R. 1405.  
 Clappe, *a.* thunderclap, HF. 1040.  
 Clappe, *a.* prating, foolish talk, A 3144.  
 Clappe, *v.* clap; hence, chatter, prattle, G 965; *pr.* *a.* knocks, D 1581, 1584; *pr.* *pl.* talk unceasingly, I 406; Clappeth, *imp. pl.* E 1200; Clapte, *pt.* *a.* shut quickly, A 3740.  
 Clapping, *a.* chatter, idle talk, E 990.  
 Clarioning, *a.* the music of the clarion, HF. 1242.  
 Clarioun, *a.* clarion, trumpet, HF. 1240, 1573, 1579.  
 Clarree, *a.* clarified wine, wine mixed with honey and spices, and afterwards strained till clear, A 1471, E 1807.  
 Claped, *pp.* fastened, A 273.  
 Clatereth, *pr.* *a.* says noisily, B 2259; *pt. pl.* rattled, A 2423.  
 Clateringe, *a.* clanking, A 2492; clashing, D 1865.  
 Clause, *a.* sentence; also, agreement, stipulation, T. ii. 728; *in a clause*, in a short sentence, briefly, 22. 38.  
 Clawe, *v.* rub, D 940; *ger.* to scratch, T. iv. 728; *pt.* *a.* stroked, A 4326; Clew, 1 *pt.* *a.* rubbed, HF. 1702.  
 Cleerly, *adv.* entirely, B 1566.  
 Cleerness, *a.* glory, G 403.  
 Clefte, *pt.* *a.* of Cleve (1).  
 Clène, *adj.* clean, A 504; unmixed, B 1183.  
 Clène, *adv.* clean, entirely, wholly, R. 1380.  
 Clennesse, *a.* purity, A 506.  
 Clense, *v.* cleanse, A 631.  
 Clepen, *v.* call, name, A 643, 2730; call out, A 3577; *pr.* *a.* D 102; F 382; *men cl.*, people call, E 115; Clepe . . . ayein (*or again*), *v.* recall, T. ii. 521; *pt.* *a.* called, F 374; Clepte, *pt.* *a.* called, R. 1331; summoned, B 2432; Clept, *pp.* named, G 863.  
 Clere, *adj.* clear, R. 681; bright, 3. 340; well-sounding, 3. 347; noble, pure, HF. 1575.

**Clare**, *adv.* clearly, A 170; L. 139.  
**Clere**, *v.* grow clear, T. ii. 2, 806; *ger.* to grow bright, T. v. 519; to shine clearly, L. 773.  
**Clerer**, *adj. comp.* brighter, 3. 822.  
**Clergeon**, *a.* a chorister-boy, B 1693.  
**Clergial**, *adj.* clerkiy, learned, G 752.  
**Clergye**, *a.* learning, D 1277.  
**Clerk**, *a.* clerk, scholar, student, A 285; writer, D 689.  
**Clernesne**, *a.* brightness, L. 84.  
**Cleve** (1), *v.* cleave, cut, split, R. 859; L. 758; **Clefte**, *pt. a.* split, 3. 72; **Cloven**, *pp.* A 2934; **Clove**, *pp.* cleft, dimpled, R. 550.  
**Cleve** (2), *v.* adhere; *pr. pt.* B 3. p. 11. 112.  
**Clew**, *a.* clew, L. 2140.  
**Clew**, *pt. a.* of Claws.  
**Cley**, *a.* clay, G 807.  
**Clifte**, *a.* cleft, L. 740; chink, B 4. p. 4. 206.  
**Cliket**, *a.* latch-key, E 2046, 2117, 2121, 2123.  
**Climben**, *v.* climb, F 106; **Clamb**, *pt. a.* B 1987; **Clomb**, *i. pt. a.* climbed, HF. 1118; **Clomben**, *pt. pt.* climbed, A 3636; **Clamben**, *pt. pt.* climbed, HF. 2151; **Cloumben**, B 2590; **Clomben**, *pp.* T. i. 215; **ascended**, B 4388; **Clombe**, *pp.* risen, B 12; *were clombe*, *hadst climbed*, B 3592.  
**Clinking**, *a.* tinkling, B 3984.  
**Clippe** (1), *i. pr. a.* embrace, T. iii. 1344.  
**Clippe** (2), *v.* cut hair, A 3326.  
**Clipping**, *a.* embracing, R. 342.  
**Clobbered**, *adj.* clubbed, B 3088.  
**Cloisterer**, *a.* resident in a cloister, A 259, 3661.  
**Cloisterless**, *adj.* outside of a cloister, A 179.  
**Cloke**, *a.* cloak, T. iii. 738.  
**Clokke**, *a.* clock, B 4044; *of the cl.*, *by the clock*, B 14.  
**Clom**, *interf.* be silent, mum! A 3638.  
**Clombe**, *-n*; see **Climben**.  
**Clòds**, *adj.* close, secret, T. ii. 1534; **closed**, B 4522; **Clos**, *closed*, R. 1675.  
**Clòðth**, *a.* piece of clothing, D 1633; **infants' clothing**, T. iii. 733.  
**Clos**, *a.* enclosure, B 4550.  
**Closet**, *a.* small room, T. ii. 599, 1215.  
**Closing**, *a.* enclosure, boundary, R. 527.  
**Closure**, *a.* enclosure, I 870.  
**Clote-leef**, *a.* a leaf of the burdock or clote-bur, G 577. A.S. *clāta*, *a.* burdock.  
**Clòth**, *a.* cloth, garment, D 238; **clothes**, D 1881.

**Clothen**, *a.* clothe, T. v. 1418; **Cladde**, *pt. a.* clad, T. iv. 1690; *vgt.* clothed himself, 7. 145; **Cleddde**, *pt. a.* T. iii. 1521; **Clad**, *pp.* R. 409; **covered**, A 294; **furnished**, 3. 352.  
**Clothared**, *pp.* clotted, coagulated, A 2745. (Other MSS. *clotared*, *clotred*.)  
**Clothless**, *adj.* naked, I 343.  
**Cloud**, *a.* sky, T. iii. 433.  
**Cloumben**; see **Climben**.  
**Clout**, *a.* bit of cloth, C 736; **patch**, R. 458; *pt.* fragments, E 1953; **rag**, C 348.  
**Clouted**, *pp.* patched up, R. 223.  
**Cloven**, *pp.* of **Cleve** (1).  
**Clowes**, *pt.* claws, HF. 1785.  
**Clow-gelofre**, *pp.* clove, the spice so called, R. 1368; **Clowe-gilofre**, B 1952. Fr. *clou de girofle*.  
**Clustred**, *pp.* covered with clouds, B 1. m. 3. 6. (Lat. *glomeraster*.)  
**Clymat**, *a.* a belt or zone of the earth included between two given lines of latitude, A. ii. 39. 28; *pt.* zones of latitude, A. i. 3. 4; **Clymates**, *s.* of almanacantes calculated for various terrestrial latitudes, A. i. 14. 4.  
**Clyven**, *pr. pt.* cleave, keep, B 3. p. 11. 115.  
**Clyves**, *pt.* cliffs, L. 1470.  
**Coagulat**, *pp.* clotted, G 811.  
**Cod**, *a.* bag; *use* of the receptacle of the stomach, C 534.  
**Coempecloun**, *a.* an imposition so called, lit. joint purchase, the buying up of the whole of any commodity in the market, B 1. p. 4. 90.  
**Cofre**, *a.* coffer, chest, L. 380; **monsey-box**, F 1571; **coffin**, 5. 177.  
**Cogge**, *a.* cock-boat, L. 1481.  
**Coghe**, *ger.* to cough, T. ii. 254.  
**Coillona**, *pt.* testicles, C 952.  
**Cok**, *a.* cock, 5. 350; *thridde c.*, *third cock*, A 4233.  
**Cok!** *ook!* the noise made by a cock, B 4467.  
**Cokenay**, *a.* cockney, effeminate creature, A 4208.  
**Cokewold**, *a.* cuckold, A 3152.  
**Cokkel**, *a.* cockle, i. e. the oorm-cockle. *Agrostemma githago*, B 1183.  
**Cokkes**, *corruption* of *Goddas*, H 9, I 29.  
**Cokkow**, *a.* cuckoo, HF. 243.  
**Còl**, *a.* coal, T. ii. 1332; **Cola**, A 2692.  
**Col-blak**, *adj.* coal-black, A 2142.  
**Cold**, *adj.* cold, A 420; **chilling** (often in phr. *cares colde*), T. iii. 1260; **disastrous**, B 4446.  
**Colde**, *v.* grow cold, B 879, F 1083.  
**Coler**, *a.* collar, T. v. 811; **Colers**, *pt.*

- collars, A 2152 (or read *colerd*, provided with collars).  
*Colera* (Lat.), cholera, B 4118.  
*Colere*, *s.* cholera, B 4136.  
*Colerik*, *adj.* choleric, A 587, B 4145.  
*Col-fox*, *s.* coal-fox, fox with black marks, B 4405.  
*Collacioun*, *s.* conference, E 325.  
*Collateral*, *adj.* adventitious, subordinate, T. i. 262.  
*Collect*, *pp.* collected in groups, F 1275.  
*Colour*, *s.* colour, 7. 173; complexion, hue, R. 213; outward appearance, 2. 66; pretence, 10. 21; excuse, D 399; *pl.* fine phrases, HF. 859; hues, pretences (a pun), F 511.  
*Colpons*, *pl.* shreds, bundles, A 679; billets, A 2867.  
*Coltish*, *adj.* like a colt, E 1847.  
*Columbyn*, *adj.* dove-like, E 2141.  
*Colver*, *s.* dove, L. 2319. A. S. *culfra*.  
*Combred*, *pp.* encumbered, B 3. m 10. 9.  
*Combre-world*, *s.* one who encumbers the world, who lives too long, T. iv. 279.  
*Combust*, *pp.* burnt, G 811; quenched (as being too near the sun), T. iii. 717.  
*Come*, *v.* come; *come thereby*, come by it, acquire it, G 1395; *Come*, *ger.* to come, future, 3. 708; *Comestow*, comest thou, L. 1887; *Cometh*, *pr. s.* as *fut.* shall come, 4. 11; *Comth*, *pr. s.* comes, B 407; *Cam*, *pt. s.* came, F 81; *Cöm*, *pt. s.* 3. 134; *Cömen*, *pt. pl.* L. 1241; *Cömen*, *pp.* come, 4. 81; *ben comen*, are come, B 1130; *Com of*, i. e. seize the opportunity, be quick, T. ii. 1738; D 1602; *Cometh*, *imp. pl.* A 839.  
*Cöme*, *s.* coming, G 343. A. S. *cyma*.  
*Comédie*, *s.* comedy, pleasant tale, one that ends happily, T. v. 1788.  
*Comeveden*, *s. pr. pl.* as *2 pr. s.*, didst instigate, T. iii. 17. See *Commeveth*.  
*Comlily*, *adv.* in a comely way, 3. 848.  
*Commeveth*, *pr. s.* moves, induces, T. v. 1783; *Commeve*, *pr. s. subj.* move, T. v. 1386. See *Commoëve*, *Comeveden*.  
*Commoëve*, *ger.* to move, influence, B 4. p. 4. 275.  
*Commoëvinge*, *s.* moving, disturbing, B r. m 4. 6.  
*Commune*, *adj.* general, common, B 155; *in c.*, commonly, A 1261.  
*Commune*, *s.* the commons, E 70; *pl.* commoners, A 2509.  
*Compaighable*, *adj.* companionable, B 1194.  
*Companye*, *s.* company, A 24; *companionship*, 4. 219.  
*Comparisoned*, *pp.* compared, B 2. p. 7. 118.  
*Compas*, *s.* circuit, 4. 137; circle, wreath, R. 900; circle, A. 1889; a very large circle, HF. 798; circumference, 20. 5; enclosure, orb, world, as in *tryne compas*, the threefold world (earth, sea, and heaven), G 45; pair of compasses, A. ii. 40. 13; craft, contriving, HF. 462; *pl.* circles (or, perhaps, pairs of compasses), HF. 1302.  
*Compasment*, *s.* plotting, contrivance, L. 1416.  
*Compassse*, *v.* contrive, R. 194; planned, L. 1414; *Compassed*, *pp.* drawn with compasses, fashioned circularly, A. i. 18. 1; planned, L. 1543.  
*Compassing*, *s.* dimension, R. 1350; contrivance, A 1996.  
*Compeer*, *s.* gossip, close friend, A 670; comrade, A 4419.  
*Compilatour*, *s.* compiler, A. pr. 70.  
*Compleynt*, *s.* a 'complaint' or ballad, 2. 43; 3. 464.  
*Complexioun*, *s.* complexion, A 333; temperament, I 585; the (four) temperaments, HF. 21.  
*Compline*, *s.* evening service, A 4171.  
*Complisshen*, *v.* accomplish, B 4. p. 4. 24.  
*Comporte*, *v.* bear, endure, T. v. 1397.  
*Composicioun*, *s.* agreement, A 848, 2651.  
*Compotent*, *adj.* all-powerful, B 5. p. 6. 53.  
*Compounded*, *pp.* composed, HF. 1029; tempered, L. 2585; mingled, HF. 2108; constructed, drawn, A. pr. 11.  
*Comprehende*, *v.* take (it) in, T. iv. 891; take in (in the mind), F 223; *pr. s.* comprises, I 1043.  
*Comprende*, *v.* comprehend, contain, T. iii. 1687.  
*Comunalitee*, *s.* empire, B 4. p. 6. 402.  
*Comune*, *adj.* general, common to all, T. iii. 1415; accustomed to, 3. 812; *Commun profit*, the good of the country, 5. 47, 75.  
*Comune*, *s.* a common share in a thing, E 1313.  
*Comyn*, *s.* cummin, B 2045. 'A dwarf umbelliferous plant, somewhat resembling fennel, cultivated for its seeds.'—Webster.  
*Con*, *imp. s.* grant; *Con me thank*, grant me thanks, thank me, A. pr. 62.  
*Conceite*, *s.* conception, thought, L. 1764; idea, G 1214; notion, T. i. 996.  
*Conclude*, *v.* draw a conclusion, B 14; include, put together, G 429; attain to

- success, *G* 773; *ger.* to summarize, *A* 1358; Concluded, *pp.* come to a conclusion, *E* 1607.
- Conclusioun**, *a.* decision, judgement, *A* 1845; result, successful end of an experiment, *G* 672; purpose, *D* 115; moral, *L* 2723; reason, *F* 492; performance, *F* 1263; result, summary, *A* 1743; end (of life), *HF* 103; fate, 22. 23; *as in c.*, after all, 4. 257; 15. 4; Conclusions, *pl.* mathematical propositions, theorems, *A* 3193.
- Condys**, *pl.* conduits, *R* 1414.
- Confedred**, *pp.* rendered confederates, conjoined, 2. 42, 52.
- Conferme**, *v.* confirm, *T.* ii. 1526.
- Confirme**, *ger.* *B* 4. p. 7. 90 (but an error for *conforme*; *Lat.* 'conformandae').
- Confiteor**, 'I confess,' *I* 386.
- Confiture**, *a.* composition, *C* 862. *Fr.* *confiture*, *a.* mixture, preserve.
- Conforten**, *v.* comfort, *E* 1918; *pr.* *a.* encourages, *A* 2716; *pr. pl.* strengthen, *I* 652.
- Confounde**, *v.* destroy, 1. 40; 12. 10; *pp.* put to confusion, 1. 5; overwhelmed, *B* 100; destroyed in soul, *G* 137.
- Cónfus**, *pp.* *as adj.* confused, *T.* iv. 356; convicted of folly, *G* 463; confounded, *A* 2230.
- Congeyen**, *v.* give us our congée, tell us to depart, *T.* v. 479.
- Conjectest**, 2 *pr.* *a.* supposeth, *T.* iv. 1026.
- Conjectinges**, *pl.* conjectures, *B* 2598.
- Conjoininge**, *a.* conjunction, *G* 95.
- Conjuracioun**, *a.* conjuring, *I* 603.
- Conne**, *v.* be able, *L* 2044; know, *T.* iii. 83; have experience, *T.* i. 647; know how, *T.* iii. 377; con, learn, *B* 1730; Conne, 1 *pr.* *a.* can, *T.* ii. 49; 2 *pr.* *s.* *subj.* canst, knowest how, *T.* ii. 1497; *pr.* *a.* *subj.* may, *A* 4306; 1 *pr. pl.* can, are able, *B* 483; know, *HF* 335; Conne, 2 *pr. pl.* can, *A* 4123; can (do), *T.* i. 776; owe (me thanks), *T.* ii. 1466; Connen, *pr. pl.* know how to, *E* 2438; *al conne he*, whether he may know, *G* 846.
- Conning**, *a.* skill, knowledge, *L* 68, 412; *T.* i. 83; experience, *B* 1671; learning, *B* 2929.
- Conning**, *adj.* skilful, *B* 3690.
- Conningest**, most skilful, *T.* i. 331.
- Conningly**, *adv.* skilfully, *E* 1017.
- Consecrat**, consecrated, *B* 3207.
- Conseil**, *a.* council, *B* 204; counsel, *B* 425; secret counsel, *A* 1141; secret, *A* 3504; advice, *B* 2211; counsellor, *A* 1147.
- Conseille**, *v.* counsel; *pt. pl.* *B* 2554.
- Consentant**, *adj.* consentient, consenting (to), *C* 276.
- Consentrik**, *adj.* having the same centre. *A.* i. 17. 5; tending to the same centre. *A.* i. 16. 9; at the same altitude, *A.* ii. 356.
- Consequent**, *a.* sequel, result, *B* 2577.
- Conservatif**, *adj.* preserving; *c.* the sound, preserving the sound, *HF* 847.
- Conserve**, *v.* keep, preserve, *T.* iv. 1664.
- Consistorie**, *a.* council, *T.* iv. 65; court of justice, *C* 162.
- Conspiracye**, *a.* plot, *B* 3889, *C* 149.
- Constable**, *a.* governor, *B* 512.
- Constablesse**, *a.* constable's wife, *B* 539.
- Constaunce**, *a.* constancy, *I* 737.
- Constellacioun**, *a.* influence of the stars. *F* 781.
- Constreyneth**, *pr.* *a.* constrains, *E* 800; *pt. s.* *L* 105; *pt. s. refl.* contracted herself, *B* 1. p. 1. 15; *pp.* constrained, compelled, *E* 527, *F* 764, 769.
- Constreynte**, *a.* distress, *T.* iv. 741.
- Construe**, *v.* divine, make out, *T.* iii. 31; *ger.* to translate, *B* 1718; *imp. pl.* interpret, *L* 152.
- Consulere**, *a.* *pl.* consuls, *B* 2. p. 6. 13.
- Consumpte**, *pp.* *pl.* consumed, *B* 2. m. 27.
- Contagious**, *adj.* contiguous, *B* 3. p. 12. 5.
- Contek**, *a.* strife, contest, *T.* v. 1479; *A* 2003.
- Contemplauce**, *a.* contemplation, *D* 1893.
- Contenance**, *a.* appearance, *F* 1485; *show.* *B* 2378; gesture, *B* 2227; demeanour, *E* 924; self-possession, *E* 1110; pretence. *I* 858; *fond his c.*, i. e. disposed himself. *T.* iii. 979; *pl.* modes of behaviour, *R* 1001.
- Contene**, *v.* contain, *T.* iii. 502; *pt. s.* held together, *B* 3. p. 12. 40.
- Continued**, *pp.* accompanied, eked out. *I* 1046.
- Contract**, *pp.* contracted, incurred, *I* 114.
- Contraire**, *adj.* contrary, *R* 348; *T.* i. 212.
- Contraire**, *a.* the contrary, *HF* 1540; adversary, 2. 64.
- Contrárie**, *adj.* contrary, *B* 3964; *in c.* in contradiction, *G* 1477.
- Contraire**, *a.* contrary, *A* 3057; contrary thing, *HF* 808; opponent, *A* 1850; opposition, *T.* i. 418.
- Contrárien**, *v.* oppose, *F* 705; *pt. s.* gain-said, *D* 1044.
- Contrarious**, *adj.* contrary, adverse. *B* 2249; *pl.* *B* 2311.

- Contrariouste**, *s.* contrary state, I 1077.  
**Contree**, country, R. 768; fatherland, home, B 2. p 4. 120.  
**Contree-folk**, people of his country, L. 2161.  
**Contree-houses**, *pl.* houses of his country, homes, 7. 25. *Lat.* *domos patrias*.  
**Contree-ward**, to his, towards his country, L. 2176.  
**Contubernial**, *adj.* familiar, at home with (*lit.* sharing the same tent with), I 760.  
**Contumax**, *adj.* contumacious, I 402.  
**Convenient**, *adj.* fitting, suitable, I 421; *pl.* suitable, F 1278.  
**Convers**; *in convers*, on the reverse side, T. v. 1810.  
**Conversacioun**, *s.* conversation, i. e. manner of life, B 2501.  
**Converte**, *v.* change, T. i. 308; swerve, C 212; *ger.* to change his ways, T. iv. 1412; to change her mind, T. ii. 903.  
**Convertible**, *adj.* equivalent, A 4395.  
**Conveyen**, *v.* introduce, E 55; *pr.* *s.* accompany, L. 2305; *pt.* *pl.* conducted on their way, A 2737.  
**Convict**, *pp.* overcome, i. 86.  
**Cony**, *a.* rabbit; **Conies**, *pl.* R. 1404; *Conyes*, *pl.* 5. 193.  
**Cook**, *a.* cook, A 351; *Cokes*, *pl.* C 538.  
**Coomen**, *pt.* *pl.* came, B 1805.  
**Cop**, *a.* top, A 554; summit, B 2. m. 4. 6; hill-top, HF. 1166.  
**Cope**, *a.* cope, A 260; cape, R. 408; cloak, T. iii. 724; vault, L. 1527.  
**Coper**, *a.* copper, HF. 1487.  
**Copie**, *a.* copy, T. ii. 1697.  
**Coppe**, *a.* cup, A 134, F 942.  
**Corage**, **Corage**, *s.* heart, spirit, mind, disposition, mood, inclination, R. 257, 423, 849, 1302, 1614; A 22; courage, B 1970; will, desire, B 2713; impetuosity, I 655; attention, H 164; spite, R. 151; encouragement, R. 22; *of his c.*, in his disposition, F 22; **Corages**, *pl.* dispositions, natures, A 11.  
**Corbets**, *pl.* corbels, HF. 1304.  
**Cordeth**, *pr.* *a.* agrees, T. ii. 1043.  
**Cordewane**, *a.* Cordovan leather, B 1922.  
**Corfew-tyme**, *a.* curfew-time, about 8 p.m., A 3645.  
**Corrige**, *v.* correct; *pr.* *s.* B 4. p 7. 39.  
**Cormeraunt**, *a.* cormorant, 5. 362.  
**Cor meum eructavit**, D 1934. See *Ps.* xlv. 1.  
**Corn**, *a.* grain, A 562; chief portion, B 3144; **Cornes**, *pl.* crops of corn, B 3225; grains of corn, HF. 698.  
**Cornemuse**, *a.* bagpipe, HF. 1218. *Fr.* *cornemuse*.  
**Cornioulere**, *a.* registrar, secretary, G 369. *Lat.* *cornicularius*, a registrar, clerk to a magistrate.  
**Corny**, *adj.* applied to ale, strong of the corn or malt, C 315, 456.  
**Corone**, *s.* crown, garland, E 381; **Coroune**, crown, garland, 2. 58; **Córoun**, crown, L. 216; the constellation called 'the Northern Crown,' L. 2224.  
**Corosif**, *adj.* corrosive, G 853.  
**Coroumpinge**, *a.* corruption, B 3. p 12. 82.  
**Coróuned**, *pp.* crowned, B 3555.  
**Corpus**, *a.* body, A 3743; **Corpus**, the body (e. g. of Christ), B 3096; **Corpus Domini**, false Latin for **corpus Domini**, the body of the Lord, B 1625; **Corpus Madrian**, the body of St. Mathurin, B 3082; **Corpus bones**, an intentionally nonsensical oath, composed of 'corpus domini,' the Lord's body, and 'bones,' C 314.  
**Correccioun**, *s.* fine, D 1617.  
**Corrumpable**, *adj.* corruptible, A 3010.  
**Corrumpeth**, *pr.* *s.* becomes corrupt, L. 2237; *pt.* *a.* corrupted, I 819.  
**Corrupcioun**, *s.* destroyer, 5. 614.  
**Cors**, *a.* body, L. 676, 876; corpse, T. v. 742.  
**Corse**, *pr.* *s.* subj. curse, E 1308.  
**Corseidnesse**, *s.* abomination, T. iv. 994.  
**Corseynt**, *a.* a saint (*lit.* holy body); esp. a shrine, HF. 117. *O.F.* *cors seint*.  
**Corumpe**, *v.* become corrupt, B 3. p 11. 58. See **Corrumpe**.  
**Corve**, -n; see **Kerve**.  
**Cosin**, *a.* cousin, A 1131; *as adj.* akin, suitable to, A 742, H 210; **Cosins** germanys, cousins-german, first cousins, B 2558.  
**Cosinage**, *a.* kinship, B 1226, 1329.  
**Cost** (1), *s.* expense, A 192, 213.  
**Cost** (2), *a.* choice, condition; **Nedes cost**, of necessity (*lit.* by condition of necessity), L. 2697. *Isel.* *kostr*, choice, condition, state.  
**Costage**, *a.* cost, expense, B 1235, 1562.  
**Cooste**, *a.* coast, B 1626; region, D 922; **Costes**, *pl.* parts of the sky, A. i. 19. 10.  
**Coosteyng**, *pres. part.* coasting, R. 134.  
**Costlewe**, *adj.* costly, I 415. *Cl.* *Isel.* *kostligr*.  
**Coastrel**, *a.* flask, kind of bottle, L. 2666.  
**Cote**, *a.* cot, E 398; dungeon, A 2457.  
**Cote**, *s.* coat, jacket (for a man), A 103, 328; skirt, petticoat, or gown (for



- a woman), R. 226; *pl.* coats, surcoats, or coats-of-arms (see below), HF. 1332.
- Cote-armure**, coat-armour, coat shewing the arms, coat-of-arms, T. v. 1651.
- Couche**, *v.* lay down, place; cower, E 1206; *pt. s.* laid in order, placed, 5. 216; G 1157; *pp.* set, placed, laid, A 2933, 3211; beset, begemmed, A 2161.
- Couching**, *s.* laying down, letting the astrolabe lie flat on the ground, A. ii. 29. 29.
- Coude**, 1 *pt. s.* could, was able, L. 116; knew how, 3. 517; *pt. s.* knew, 3. 667, 1012; understood, R. 179; *as aux.* could, R. 175; Coude her good, knew what was for Dido's advantage, L. 1182; Coude no good, knew no good, was untrained, 3. 390; Coude, *pp.* known, 3. 787; learnt, I 1041. See *Can. Conne.*
- Counsell**, *s.* advice, A 784; secrets, A 665; Counseyl, secret, 5. 348.
- Counts**, 1 *pr. s.* account, 11. 29; *pt. s.* 3. 718.
- Countenance**, *s.* appearance, show, A 1926; looks, appearance, G 1264; shewing favour, 3. 1022; demeanour, R. 814; pretext, A 4421; *pl.* looks, R. 1309.
- Counting-board**, *s.* counting-house table, B 1273.
- Countour** (1), *s.* arithmetician, 3. 435; auditor, A 359.
- Countour** (2), *s.* abacus, counting-board, 3. 436; counting-house, B 1403.
- Countour-hous**, *s.* counting-house, B 1267.
- Countrepeise**, *v.* render equivalent, HF. 1750; countervail, T. iii. 1407.
- Countrepleted**, *pp.* made the subject of pleadings and counter-pleadings, argued against, L. 476.
- Countretaille**, *s.* lit. countertally, i. e. correspondence (of sound); *at the c.*, in reply, E 1190.
- Countrewaite**, *pr. s.* subj. keep watch over, I 1005; watch against, B 2509.
- Coupable**, *adj.* culpable, blameworthy, B 2731, I 414.
- Coupe**, *s.* cup, L. 1122.
- Coured**, *pt. s.* covered, R. 465.
- Cours**, *s.* course, T. ii. 970; life on earth, G 387; orbit, A 2454.
- Courser**, *s.* horse, T. ii. 1011; *pl.* steeds, A 2501.
- Court**, *s.* court, A 140; manor-house, D 2162.
- Courtepy**, an upper short coat of a coarse material, R. 220; A 290, D 1382.
- Court-man**, *s.* courtier, E 1492.
- Couth**, 1 *pt. s.* could, R. 513; knew, 3. 800; knew how, A 390; Couth, *pp.* known, T. iv. 61; Couth, *pp.* *pl.* wall-known, A 14.
- Couth**, *adv.* in a known way, manifestly. HF. 757.
- Coveitise**, *s.* covetousness, A 3884, C 424; bodily craving, I 819; lust, I 336.
- Covenable**, *adj.* fit, proper, fitting, suitable, 18. 25; agreeable, B 4. p. 6. 224; congruous, B 3. p. 12. 179.
- Covenably**, *adv.* suitably, fitly, B 2423.
- Covent**, *s.* convent, conventual body, B 1827, D 1863.
- Coverchief**, *s.* kerchief worn on the head, D 590; *pl.* A 453.
- Coverole**, *s.* pot-lid, HF. 792.
- Covered**, *pp.* covered, A 354; recovered from, healed of, L. 762.
- Covertly**, *adv.* secretly, R. 19.
- Coverture**, *s.* disguise, R. 1588; Covertures, *pl.* coverings, I 198.
- Covetour**, *s.* one who covets, 4. 262.
- Covyne**, *s.* deceitfulness, A 604. 'Covine, a deceitful agreement between two or more to the prejudice of another;' Cowel, Law Dictionary.
- Cow**, *s.* a cough, D 232. See *Chogh.*
- Coward**, *adj.* cowardly, 5. 349.
- Cowardise**, *s.* cowardice, A 2730.
- Cowardyse**, *s.* cowardice, T. iv. 602, v. 412.
- Coy**, *adj.* quiet, A 119; shy, L. 1548.
- Coye**, *v.* quiet, calm, cajole, T. ii. 801.
- Coyne**, *pl.* quince, R. 1374. O. F. *cois*, quince.
- Crabbed**, *adj.* shrewish, cross, bitter, E 1203.
- Cracching**, *s.* scratching, A 2834.
- Craft**, *s.* cunning, C 84; skill, T. i. 665; art, R. 687; trade, occupation, 3. 791; A 692; secret, mystery, R. 1634; might, B 3258; contrivance, F 249.
- Craftily**, *adv.* artfully, in a studied manner, T. ii. 1026; skilfully, B 48.
- Crafty**, *adj.* skilful, clever, A 1897; sensible, 3. 439.
- Craketh**, *pr. s.* utters boldly, A 4001; sings in a grating tone (like a corn-crake), E 1850.
- Crampisatheth**, *pr. s.* draws convulsively together, contracts, 7. 171. Cf. 'Deth crampisatheth into their hert gan crepe;' Lydgate, Falls of Princes, bk. i. c. 6. Cf. O. F. *crampir*, 'être tordu;' Godefroy.
- Crased**, *pp.* cracked, G 934.
- Creant**, *adj.* *s.* with creant, acknowledges himself beaten, I 698. Probably short for *recreant*.

- Crest**, *pp.* created, 16. 2; B 2293.  
**Creaunce**, *a.* credence, belief, creed, B 915; object of faith, B 340.  
**Creaunce**, *v.* borrow on credit, B 1479; *pr.* *a.* borrows, B 1493; *pp.* B 1556.  
**Creep**, *pt.* *a.* of Crepe.  
**Crekes**, *pl.* crooked devices, wiles, A 4051.  
 See **Creek**, *a.* (1), § 7, in the New E. Dict.  
**Crepe**, *v.* creep, 3. 144; **Creep**, *pt.* *s.* crept, A 4226; **Crepten**, *pt.* *pl.* D 1698; **Croopen**, *pp.* crept, T. iii. 1011.  
**Crepul**, *a.* cripple, T. iv. 1459.  
**Crepusculis**, *a.* *pl.* twilights, durations of twilight, A. ii. 6. *rubric*.  
**Crevice**, *a.* crevice, crack, HF. 2086.  
**Crinkled**, *pp.* full of turns or cranks, L. 2012.  
**Crips**, *adj.* crisp, curly, HF. 1386; **Crisp**, R. 824.  
**Cristen**, *adj.* Christian, B 222, 1679.  
**Cristendom**, *a.* the Christian religion, B 351; Christianity, G 447.  
**Cristenly**, *adv.* in a Christian manner, B 1122.  
**Cristianitee**, *a.* company of Christians, B 544.  
**Croce**, *a.* staff, stick, D 484. See **Cross**, § 2, in the New E. Dict.  
**Crois**, *a.* cross, 1. 60.  
**Croked**, *adj.* crooked, R. 926; crooked (things), 13. 8; 'tortuous', A. ii. 28. 32.  
**Crokes**, *pl.* crooks, hooks, L. 640.  
**Crokke**, *a.* earthenware pot, 13. 12.  
**Crommes**, *a.* *pl.* crumbs, G 60.  
**Crone**, *a.* crone, hag, B 432.  
**Cronique**, *a.* chronicle, B 4398.  
**Croos-lyne**, *a.* cross-line, the line from right to left through the centre, A. i. 12. 7.  
**Crop**, *a.* top, sprout, new twig, T. ii. 348; *crop* and *rote*, top and root, everything, T. v. 1245; **Croppes**, *pl.* tree-tops, ends of branches, R. 1396; new shoots, A 7.  
**Croopen**, *pp.* of Crepe.  
**Croper**, *a.* crupper, G 566.  
**Cros**, *a.* cross, 1. 82; **Crois**, 1. 60.  
**Croslet**, *a.* crucible, G 1147.  
**Crouche**, 1 *pr.* *a.* mark with the cross (to defend from elves), A 3479; E 1707.  
**Croude**, *v.* push, HF. 2095; *pr.* *a.* 2 *p.* dost press, dost push, B 296.  
**Crouke**, *a.* pitcher, jug, A 4158.  
**Crown**, *a.* crown (of the head), A 4041; (referring to the tonsure), B 1499.  
**Crowned**, *pp.* crowned, R. 1266; supreme, F 526.  
**Croupe**, *a.* crupper, D 1559.  
**Crouperes**, *pl.* cruppers, I 433.  
**Crowding**, *a.* pressure, motive power, B 299.  
**Croya**, *a.* cross, A 699, 4286.  
**Crul**, *adj.* curly, A 3314; *pl.* A 81. Friesic *kruł*, curly.  
**Crydestow**, didst thou cry out, A 1083; *pp.* proclaimed, HF. 2107.  
**Cryinge**, *a.* outcry, A 906.  
**Cryke**, *a.* creek, A 409.  
**Cucúrbitēs**, *a.* *pl.* cucurbitēs, G 794.  
 'Cucurbita, a chemical vessel, originally made in the shape of a gourd, but sometimes shallow, with a wide mouth, and used in distillation;' Webster.  
**Culpa mea**, i. e. I acknowledge my fault, T. ii. 525.  
**Culpe**, *a.* guilt, blame, I 335.  
**Culter**, *a.* coulter (of a plough), A 3763.  
**Cunning**, *adj.* skilful, 2. 97.  
**Cunning**, *a.* skill, 5. 167, 487.  
**Cuppe**, *a.* a cup, F 616.  
**Curacioun**, *a.* cure, healing, B 2463; mode of cure, T. i. 791.  
**Curat**, *a.* parish-priest, vicar, A 219 (the words *vicar* and *curate* have now, practically, changed places).  
**Cure**, *a.* cure, remedy, T. i. 469; charge, B 2. p 3. 32; diligence, A 1007; attention, A 303; heed, care, 2. 82; endeavour, B 188; careful purpose, HF. 1298; supervision, D 1333; *I do no cure*, I care not, L. 152; *lyth in his cure*, depends on his care for me, L. 1176; *did his besy cure*, was busily employed, 5. 369; *his lyves cure*, the object of his thoughts always, 4. 131; *honest cure*, care for honourable things, C 557; *in cure*, in her power, B 230.  
**Curiositee**, *a.* curious workmanship, HF. 1178; intricacy, 18. 81.  
**Curious**, *adj.* careful, attentive, B 1433; eager, R. 1052; skilful, A 577; delicately made, A 196; magical, F 1120.  
**Curroures**, *a.* *pl.* runners, couriers, HF. 2128.  
**Curseddnesse**, *a.* abominable sin, wickedness, C 276, 400; shrewishness, E 1239; malice, B 1821.  
**Curteis**, *adj.* courteous, hence, compassionate, I 246; courteous, R. 538.  
**Curteisye**, *a.* courtesy, A 46, 132.  
**Customo**, *a.* custom, D 682; *pl.* payments, I 752; imports, I 567.  
**Cut**, *a.* lot, A 835, 845, 854.  
**Cutte**, *v.* cut, C 954; **Cutted**, *pp.* cut short, L. 973.

## D.

**Daf**, *s.* foolish person, A 4208.  
**Dagged**, *adj.* tagged, cut into hanging peaks at the lower edge, I 421.  
**Dagginge**, *s.* a cutting into tags, I 418.  
**Dagon**, *s.* small piece, D 1731.  
**Dalf**, *pt. s.* of Delve.  
**Dallaunce**, *s.* gossip, A 211; playful demeanour, favour, 12. 8; *pl.* dalliance, toying, C 66.  
**Damageous**, *adj.* injurious, I 438.  
**Dame**, *s.* mother, O 684; dam, A 3260; madam, A 3956; goodwife, D 1797.  
**Damiselle**, *s.* damsel, R 1240; *pl.* R 1622.  
**Dampnacoun**, *s.* condemnation, C 500; curse, D 1067.  
**Dampne**, *ger.* to condemn, L 401; *pp.* A 1175, 1342; damned, I 191.  
**Dan**, *s.* (for Dominus), lord, sir, a title of respect, HF. 161; B 3982; Daun, HF. 137.  
**Dappel-gray**, *adj.* dapple-gray, B 2074.  
**Dar**, 1 *pr. s.* dare, A 1151; Darst, 2 *pr. s.* darest, T. i. 768; B 860; Darstow, darest thou, L 1450; Dorste, 1 *pt. s.* durst, might venture (to), L 2054; *pt. s.* A 227; Dorstestow, wouldst thou dare, T. i. 767; 1 *pt. s.* subj. might dare, 2. 60. See Durre.  
**Dare**, *pr. pl.* doze, B 1293.  
**Darketh**, *pr. s.* lies hid, L 816.  
**Darreyne**, *ger.* to decide one's right to, A 1853; to decide, A 1631; to decide your claims (to), A 1609. O.F. *deraisier*.  
**Dart**, *s.* dart, 6. 40; (given as a prize in an athletic contest), D 75.  
**Daswen**, *pt. pl.* dase, are daseled, H 31; *pp.* confused, HF. 658. O.F. *daser* (Godefroy).  
**Date-tree**, *s.* date-tree, R 1364.  
**Daun**; see **Dan**.  
**Daunce**, *s.* dance, R 808; play, T. iv. 1431; set, company, HF. 639; *the newe d.*, the new dance, T. ii. 553; *the olde d.*, the old game, the old way of love, A 476, C 79.  
**Dauncen**, *v.* dance, A 2202.  
**Daunger**, *s.* disdain, R 1524; imperiousness, 7. 186; liability, A 1849; sparing, stint, R 1147; power, control, R 1470; Power to harm (personified), L 160; *in d.*, within his jurisdiction, under his control, A 663; *in htr d.*, at her disposal, R 1049; *with d.*, sparingly, charily, D 521.  
**Daungerous**, *adj.* forbidding, sparing, A 517; niggardly, D 1427; grudging, hard

to please, R 1482, 1492; reluctant, D 514; inhospitable, R 490.  
**Daunten**, *v.* tame, subdue, R 880; *pr. s.* T. ii. 399, iv. 1589; *pp.* frightened, D 463.  
**Dawe**, *v.* dawn, B 3872, E 1832.  
**Daweninge**, *s.* dawn, A 4234, B 4072.  
**Dawes**, *s. pl.* days, F 1180.  
**Dawing**, *s.* the Dawn (Aurora), T. iii. 1466.  
**Dawning**, *s.* dawn, 3. 292.  
**Day**, *s.* day, A 19; time, B 3374; appointed time for repaying money, G 1040; *on a day*, one day, some day, R 1493; **Dayes**, *pl.* appointed days for payment. F 1568, 1573; lifetime, B 1118; *now a dayes*, at this time, E 1164.  
**Dayerye**, *s.* dairy, A 597; *pl.* D 871.  
**Dayesye**, *s.* daisy, L 182, 184, 218.  
**Debaat**, *s.* strife, A 3230, B 2867; war, B 130; mental conflict, 3. 1192; quarrelling T. ii. 753.  
**Debate**, *v.* fight, war, B 2058; quarrel, C 412.  
**Debonair**, *adj.* calm, benign, gentle, I 658; Debonaire, *fem.* well-mannered, B 4061; gracious, courteous, R 797; *as s.* kind person, 3. 624.  
**Debonairely**, *adv.* meekly, I 660; graciously, 3. 851, 1284; with a good grace, HF. 2013; courteously, 3. 518; T. ii. 1259.  
**Debonairetee**, *s.* gentleness, I 467; graciousness, 6. 108.  
**Deceivable**, *adj.* deceitful, 15. 3; E 2058.  
**Declamed**, *pt. pl.* discussed, T. ii. 1247.  
**Declinacioun**, *s.* declination, angular distance N. or S. of the equator, E 222, F 1033.  
**Deolyneth**, *pr. s.* turns aside, B 4. p 6. 195; *pr. s.* possesses declination, A. ii. 19. 12.  
**Deolyninge**, *adj.* sloping, B 5. m 2. 19.  
**Decoped**, *pp.* lit. 'cut down'; hence, pierced, cut in openwork patterns, R 843.  
**Dede**, dead; see **Dèd**.  
**Dède**, *ger.* to grow dead, becomes stupefied, HF. 552.  
**Deden**, *pt. pl.* did, T. i. 82. See **Doon**.  
**Dedicat**, *pp.* dedicated, I 964.  
**Deduyt**, *s.* pleasure, A 2177.  
**Deed**, *s.* deed, act; **Deda**, *dat.* 1. 45; B 1909; *in dede*, indeed, A 659, B 3511; *with the dede*, with the act thereof, D 70; **Dede**, *pl.* (A. S. *dæda*), 5. 82.  
**Dèd**, *adj.* dead, R 215; dead, livid (of hue), R 441; *for d.*, as dead, T. iv. 733;

- Dede, *daf*, L. 876; *d. slepe*, heavy sleep, 3. 127; Dede, *pl.* sluggish, 5. 187; *woundes dede*, deadly wounds, 3. 1211.
- Deedly, *adj.* mortal, I 99; dying, L. 885; deathlike, 3. 162.
- Deedly, *adv.* mortally, G 476.
- Dæf, *adj.* deaf, T. i. 753; Deve, *pl.* G 286.
- Deel, a part, R. 1074; never a *deel*, not at all, I 1007; not a bit, HF. 331; *every deel*, every whit, wholly, T. ii. 590; Deel, *pl.* times, 6. 35; Del, part, R. 28; share, 3. 1001; *every d.*, every whit, A 1825; *eches a d.*, every whit, T. iii. 694; a *greet del*, to a large extent, A 415; very often, 3. 1159; no *del*, no whit, T. i. 1089; never a *d.*, not a whit, 3. 543.
- Deer, a *pl.* animals, B 1926.
- Dees, *pl.* dice, T. ii. 1347, iv. 1098.
- Dees, a *dais*, HF. 1360, 1658.
- Deeth, a death, B 3567; pestilence, plague, T. i. 483; *the death*, the pestilence (with special references to the pestilences of 1349, 1361, and 1369), A 605.
- Defame, a dishonour, B 3788, C 612.
- Defaute, a fault, 22. 56; fault (as a hunting term), 3. 384 (*were on a defaute y-falle*, had a check); lack, defect, want, 3. 5, 25, 223; sin, B 3718, C 370.
- Defence, a resistance, L. 1931; hindrance, R. 1142; covering, 5. 273; prohibition, T. iii. 138; denial, D 467.
- Defendaunt, a; *in his d.*, in defending himself, in self-defence, I 572.
- Defende, *ger.* to defend, B. 2631; to forbid, G 1470.
- Defet, *pp.* exhausted, (lit. defeated), T. v. 618; cast down, T. v. 1219.
- Defendeth, *pr. s.* forbids, I 651; *pp.* I 600.
- Defoulen, v. trample down, hence, *dafle*, F 1418; *pp.* trampled down, I 191; defiled, T. v. 1339; disgraced, B 4. m 7. 47 (*Lat. turpatus*).
- Defyne, i *pr. s.* pronounce, declare, T. iv. 390.
- Degree, a rank, 5. 453; condition, position, A 1841; step, R. 485; footstep, B 4. m 1. 42; horizontal stripes, B 1. p 1. 38; of the zodiac, F 386; at *lowe degree*, R. 883; at *alle degrees*, in every way, A 3724.
- Degysd, *adj.* elaborate, I 417.
- Degysnesse, a. elaborate style, I 414.
- Degysinge, a. elaborate ornamentation, I 425.
- Dekne, a. deacon, I 891.
- Del; see Deel.
- Delen, *ger.* to have dealing with, A 247; Dale, *ger.* to have dealings, T. iii. 322; to deal, L. 1158; v. argue, T. ii. 1749; Deled, *pt. pl.* had intercourse, L. 1517; Deled, *pp.* apportioned, D 2249.
- Deliberen, v. deliberate, consider, T. iv. 169; *pt. s.* deliberated, B 2916.
- Delicacye, a. amusement, B 3669; wantonness, 9. 58.
- Delicat, *adj.* delicious, E 1646; delicate, E 682; dainty, I 432.
- Delices, a. *pl.* delights, B 2602; tender feelings, B 2. p 4. 78; sinful pleasures, B 3. p 7. 1.
- Delicious, *adj.* giving delight, T. v. 443.
- Deliciously, *adv.* luxuriously, E 2025.
- Delitable, *adj.* delightful, R. 1440; delicious, R. 1371; *pl.* delightful, F 899.
- Delitably, *adv.* pleasingly, B 4. p 1. 2.
- Delitous, *adj.* delicious, R. 489.
- Deliver, *adj.* quick, active, A 84.
- Delivere, v. set free, 13. 7; do away with, T. iii. 1012; *ger.* to set free (after a legal decision), 5. 508.
- Deliverly, *adv.* nimbly, B 4606; quickly, T. ii. 1088.
- Delivernesse, a. activity, B 2355.
- Delphyn, a. the constellation Dolphin, HF. 1006.
- Delte, *pt. s.* of Delen.
- Delve, v. dig, A 536; Dalf, i *pt. s.* dug, B 5. p 1. 99; Dolve, *pt. s.* subj. had digged, B 5. p 1. 87; Dolven, *pp.* buried, 3. 222. A. S. *delfan*.
- Delyces, a. *pl.* delights, pleasures, C 547, G 3; favourites (*Lat. delicias*), B 2. p 3. 74.
- Delye, *adj.* delicate, fine, B 1. p 1. 23. O. F. *delié*.
- Delyt, a. delight, joy, 3. 606; pleasing ornamentation, L. 1199.
- Delytable, *adj.* delightful, L. 321.
- Delyte, v. delight, please, 5. 27; *refl.* take pleasure, 5. 66; Delyte me, i *pr. s.* delight, L. 30.
- Delytous, *adj.* delicious, R. 90.
- Demaunde, a. question, T. iv. 1694, v. 859.
- Deme, v. judge, 14. 6; decide, conclude, T. ii. 371; suppose, 4. 158; give a verdict, G 595; Demen, v. deem, judge, A 3161; decide, B 3045; i *pr. s.* condemn, D 2024; decree, O 199; suppose, E 753; Demeth, *imp. pl.* judge, decide, L. 453; suppose, A 3172.
- Demeine, v. manage, HF. 959.
- Demeyne, a. dominion, B 3855.
- Demoniak, a. madman, D 2240.
- Demonstracioun, a. proof, HF. 727.

- Demonstratif**, *adj.* demonstrable, D 2272.
- Denticle**, *s.* pointer, A. i. 23. 1. See **Al-mury**.
- Denye**, *v.* refuse, T. ii. 1489; **Deneyed**, *pp.* denied, B 3. p. 10. 16.
- Depardieux**, *interj.* on the part of God, by God's help, T. ii. 1058, 1212.
- Departe**, *v.* separate, part, 7. 285; **sever**, T. ii. 531; **divide**, I 1006; *imp.* *s.* distinguish, T. iii. 404.
- Departinge**, *s.* dividing, I 425, 1008; **departure**, 5. 675; **separation**, 4. 25.
- Depe**, *adv.* deeply, 3. 165; 7. 8.
- Depeynted**, *pp.* depicted, L. 1025; **painted**, R. 478; **stained**, T. v. 1599.
- Depper**, *adv. comp.* deeper, T. ii. 485; B 630.
- Depraven**, *pr. pl.* calumniate, 4. 207.
- Depressioun**, *s.* the angular distance of the southern pole from the horizon, A. ii. 25. 10.
- Dere**, *adj.* dear, 1. 99; 4. 147.
- Dere**, *adv.* dearly, 1. 86; 18. 26.
- Dere**, *s. dat.* deer, R. 1453.
- Dere**, *v.* injure, harm, T. i. 651. A. S. *derian*.
- Dereling**, *s.* darling, A 3793.
- Derk**, *adj.* dark, R. 1009; **inauspicious**, 4. 120; *as s.* inauspicious position, 4. 122.
- Derke**, *s.* darkness, gloom, 3. 609.
- Derkest**, *adj. superl.* darkest, B 304.
- Derkly**, *adv.* darkly, HF. 51.
- Derknesse**, *s.* darkness, B 1451.
- Derne**, *adj.* secret, A 3200, 3278.
- Derre**, *adv. comp.* more dearly, T. i. 136, 174; A 1448.
- Derth**, *s.* dearth, HF. 1974.
- Deryveth**, *pr. s.* is derived, A 3006.
- Desceivaunce**, *s.* deception, B 3. p. 8. 53.
- Descencioun**, *s.* descension, A. ii. 4. 55. The technical signification seems to be—the 'house' or portion of the sky just above the western horizon, so that a planet in his descension is about to set.
- Descensories**, *s. pl.* G 792. '*Descensories*, vessels used in chemistry for extracting oils *per descensum*;' Tyrwhitt.
- Descerne**, *v.* discern, T. iv. 200.
- Descharge**, *pr. s. subj.* disburden, I 360.
- Desclaundred**, *pp.* slandered, B 674.
- Desoryve**, *v.* describe, R. 705; HF. 1105.
- Desdeyn**, *s.* disdain, contempt, A 789.
- Desert**, *s.* merit, 4. 31; *pl.* merits, T. iii. 1267.
- Deserte**, *adj.* lonely, HF. 417.
- Deservedest**, *s. pt. s.* didst deserve, C 216.
- Desespaiied**, *pp.* in despair, 6. 7.
- Desespeir**, *s.* despair, T. i. 605, ii. 6.
- Desesperaunce**, *s.* hopelessness, T. ii. 530, 1307.
- Desherite**, *ger.* to disinherit, B 3025.
- Deshoneste**, *s.* unseemliness, I 833.
- Désirous**, *adj.* ambitious, 9. 59; **ardent**, F 23.
- Deslavee**, *adj.* foul, I 629; **inordinate**, unrestrained, I 834. '*Deslavé*, *pp.* non lavé, crasseux, sale;' Godefroy.
- Desordeynne**, *adj.* unregulated, inordinate, I 818, 915.
- Desordinat**, *adj.* inordinate, I 415.
- Despeired**, *pp.* sunk in despair, 2. 91; T. v. 713.
- Despence**, *s.* expense, D 1874; **expenditure**, money for expenses, B 105.
- Depende**, *v.* spend, T. iv. 921; *s. pr. s.* wasteest, B 2121; *pp.* spent, A 3983.
- Despendours**, *pl.* spenders, B 2843.
- Despenses**, *pl.* expenditure, B 2842.
- Desperacioun**, *s.* despair, 1. 21.
- Déspitous**, *adj.* spiteful, R. 173; **angry**, **jealous**, D 761; **merciless**, A 516; **scornful**, A 1777, I 395.
- Despitously**, *adv.* scornfully, B 3785; **angrily**, A 4274; **maliciously**, B 605; **cruelly**, E 535.
- Desplayeth**, *pr. s.* spreads open, A 966.
- Desponeth**, *pr. s.* disposes, T. iv. 964.
- Desport**, *s.* diversion, merriment, amusement, T. i. 592; B 2158.
- Desporte**, *v.* rejoice, T. v. 1398.
- Despoyled**, *pp.* robbed, I 665.
- Despyt**, *s.* malice, spite, T. i. 207; **contempt**, **disdain**, D 1876; **scorn**, L. 372; **malice**, L. 1771; **ill-humour**, I 507; *s.* deed expressing contempt, B 3738: *in d. of*, in contempt of, 5. 281; *in your d.* in contempt of you, B 1753; *in his d.* in scorn of him, L. 134.
- Desray**, *s.* confusion, I 927.
- Desseveraunce**, *s.* separation, T. iii. 1424.
- Destemperaunce**, *s.* inclemency, B 3. p. 11. 130.
- Destempred**, *pp.* distempered, I 826.
- Destinal**, *adj.* fatal, B 4. p. 6. 172; **predestined**, B 4. p. 6. 110.
- Destourbe**, *ger.* to disturb; *d. of*, to disturb in, C 340; *pr. s.* hinders, I 576. interrupts, B 2167.
- Destourbing**, *s.* trouble, 18. 44.
- Destrat**, *pp.* distracted, B 3. p. 8. 19.
- Destreyne**, *v.* distress, T. iii. 1528; *ger.* constrain, force, H 161.
- Destroubled**, *pp.* disturbed, 3. 524.
- Desyringe**, *adj.* desirous, B 2767.

- Determinat**, *adj.* determinate, exact, fixed, D 1459; properly placed (on the astrolabe), A. ii. 18 (rubric).
- Détermynne**, *v.* come to an end, T. iii. 379; **Determined**, *pp.* settled, B 5. p 4. 9.
- Dette**, *s.* debt, L. 541; A 280.
- Detteless**, *adj.* free from debt, A 582.
- Dettour**, *s.* debtor, B 1587, D 155.
- Deus hic**, God (he) here, D 1770.
- Deve**, *pl. qf* Deaf, deaf.
- Devil**, *s.* L. 2493; *what d.*, what the devil, L. 2694; *how d.*, how the devil, T. i. 623; *a d. meys*, in the way to the devil, in the devil's name, A 3134; *a twenty devil way*, in the way of twenty devils, i. e. to utter destruction, L. 2177; *an exclamation of petulance*, A 3713, 4257.
- Devoir**, *s.* duty, T. iii. 1045; A 2598.
- Devyn**, *s.* astrologer, T. i. 66.
- Devyne**, *v.* guess, T. v. 288; *ger.* T. iii. 765; to prophesy (by), 5. 182; **Devyne**, *pr. pl.* suspect, T. ii. 1745; **Devyne**, *pr. s. subj.* let (him) guess, HF. 14.
- Devyneresse**, *s.* female diviner, T. v. 1522.
- Devys**, *s.* contrivance, R. 1413; *supposition*, R. 651; *direction*, A 816; *at his d.*, according to his own wish, R. 1326; *at point d.*, with great exactness or exactitude, R. 830; **Devyses**, *pl.* heraldic devices, badges, L. 1272.
- Devyse**, *v.* to relate, tell, describe, T. iii. 41; A 34; *recommend*, T. ii. 388; *devise*, suggest, ordain, L. 437; *plan*, L. 1453; *ger.* to tell, describe, 5. 398; to relate, A 994; to frame, E 739; to tell of, T. i. 277; *pr. s.* narrates, describes, 5. 317; *pr. pl.* imagine, discourse, F 261; *pp.* described to, told, R. 476.
- Devysing**, *s.* arrangement, A 2496.
- Dewe**, *adj.* due, I 867.
- Dextrer**, *s.* a courser, war-horse, B 2103. *Fr. destrier*, a war-horse, Low Lat. *dextrarius*. The squire rode his own horse, and led his master's horse beside him, on his right hand.
- Deye**, *s.* dairywoman, B 4036. *Iscl. deigga*.
- Deye**, *v.* die, 5. 469, 651; **Deys**, *pt. s.* A 2846; **Deyed**, *pp. R.* 456; **Deys**, *pt. s. subj.* should die, A 3427.
- Deyen**, *ger.* to dye, to dip, B 4. m 6. 14.
- Deyinge**, *s.* death, B 1850; *lay on deyng*, lay a-dying, B 3906.
- Deyne**, *v.* deign, 7. 231; **Deyneth** him, *pr. s.* he deigns, 7. 181; L. 395; *him deynd*, he deigned, B 3324, 4371; *hir deynd*, she deigned, 4. 39.
- Deynous**, *adj.* scornful, A 3941.
- Deyntee**, *s.* worth, value, D 208; *took less* *d. for*, set less value on, 7. 143; *a peculiar pleasure*, B 139; *pleasure*, F 681, 1003; **Deyntees**, *pl.* dainties, A 346.
- Deyntee**, *s.* as *adj.* dainty, pleasant, rare, T. v. 438; good, A 168.
- Deyntevous**, *adj.* dainty, E 265.
- Deys**, *s.* dais, platform, the high table in a dining-hall, A 370, 2200.
- Diademe**, *s.* diadem, crown of an emperor, 14. 7.
- Diápred**, *pp. as adj.* variegated, diversified with figures, A 2158.
- Dich**, *s.* ditch, A 3964.
- Diohen**, *v.* make a dyke round, L. 708; *pp.* provided with a moat, A 1888.
- Dide**, **Didest**; see **Doon**.
- Diete**, *s.* diet, daily food, A 435.
- Diffamacioun**, *s.* defamation, D 1304.
- Diffame**, *s.* ill report, E 540, 730.
- Diffame**, *ger.* to dishonour, HF. 1581; *v.* cry down, D 2212.
- Diffiniçioun**, *s.* clear exposition, D 25.
- Diffinishe**, *pr. s. subj.* define, B 5. p 1. 36.
- Diffinitif**, *adj.* definite, final, C 172.
- Diffusioun**, *s.* prolixity, T. iii. 296.
- Diffye**, 1 *pr. s.* defy, spurn, D 1928.
- Diffyne**, *ger.* define, state clearly, 5. 529; 2 *pr. pl.* conclude, HF. 344.
- Digestible**, *adj.* easy to be digested, A 437.
- Dighte**, *v.* prepare, L. 1288; *prepare* (himself), L. 1000; **Dighte** me, *prepare* myself to go, B 3104; *ordain*, place, T. iv. 1188; *lie with*, D 767; *pt. s. refl.* hastened, betook himself, T. ii. 948; *lay with*, D 398; **Dight**, *pp.* arrayed, equipped, T. iii. 1773; *served*, H 312; *prepared*, R. 941; *prepared* him to go, B 3719; **Dighte**, *pp. pl.* prepared, L. 2611. A. S. *dihthan*; from Lat. *dictare*.
- Digne**, *adj.* worthy, T. i. 429; *honourable*, noble, B 1175, C 695; *suitable*, B 778; *proud*, *disdainful*, A 517; *scornful*, repellent, A 3964.
- Dignely**, *adv.* scornfully, T. ii. 1024.
- Dignitee**, *s.* worth, dignity, C 701, 782; *rank*, E 470. **Dignity**, in astrology, signifies the advantages which a planet has when in a particular position in the zodiac, or in a particular position with regard to other planets (Bailey).
- Dilatacioun**, *s.* diffuseness, B 232.
- Diluge**, *s.* deluge, I 839.
- Dint**, *s.* stroke, HF. 534.
- Direct**, *adj.* directed, addressed, 18. 75;

- in directe*, in a line with, A. ii. 44. 26. A planet's motion is direct when it moves in the same direction as the sun in the zodiac.
- Directe**, *i pr.* s. address, T. v. 1856.
- Disavaunce**, *v.* defeat, T. ii. 511.
- Disaventure**, *s.* misfortune, T. ii. 415.
- Disblameth**, *imp. pl.* free (me) from blame, T. ii. 17.
- Disceyving**, *s.* deception, R. 1590.
- Dischevele**, *adj.* with (his) hair hanging loosely down, A 683; with hair in disorder, L. 1315.
- Disciplyne**, *s.* bodily mortification, I 1052.
- Disclaundre**, *s.* reproach, T. iv. 564; slander, I 623.
- Disconfiture**, *s.* defeat, A 1008; grief, 7. 326.
- Disconfort**, *s.* discouragement, discomfort, A 2010; grief, woe, T. iv. 311.
- Disconforten**, *v.* discourage, A 2704.
- Discordable**, discordant, T. iii. 1753.
- Discordances**, *s. pl.* discords, I 275.
- Discorden**, *pr. pl.* disagree, B 4. p 6. 208.
- Discordinge**, *adj.* different, B 3. p 2. 140. (*Lat. dissidentes.*)
- Discovered**, *pp.* revealed, G 1468.
- Discovert**, *pp.* uncovered; *at d.*, when unprotected, I 714.
- Discryve**, *v.* describe, T. v. 267; Discreven, *v.* T. iv. 802.
- Discre**, *v.* reveal, discover, 3. 549.
- Discussed**, *pp.* discussed, 5. 624; driven away, B 1. m 3. 1.
- Disdeyn**, *s.* disdain, R. 296.
- Disencreseth**, *pr. s.* decreases, B 5. p 6. 85.
- Disease**, *s.* discomfort, grief, misery, 4. 216, 277; T. ii. 987; sorrow, 7. 226; displeasure, T. ii. 147; disease, ill, HF. 89; inconvenience, I 609; distress, B 616; unrest, F 1314.
- Disesen**, *ger.* to trouble, T. iii. 1468; *v.* vex, T. iv. 1304; distress, T. i. 573.
- Disesperat**, *adj.* without hope, HF. 2015.
- Disfigurat**, *adj.* disguised, 5. 222.
- Disfigure**, *s.* disfigurement, D 960.
- Disfigure**, *v.* disguise, L. 2046; *pp.* changed, A 1403.
- Disgressioun**, digression, T. i. 143.
- Disgyse**, *ger.* to disguise, T. v. 1577.
- Disherited**, *pp.* disinherited, deprived, L. 1065.
- Dish-metes**, *pl.* spoon-meat, broth, I 455.
- Dishonest**, *adj.* unfaithful, H 214; Dishoneste, shameful, E 876.
- Disjoynt**, *s.* failure, A 2962; difficult position, B 1601; *dat.* peril, T. iii. 406, v. 1618.
- Dismal**, *s.* unlucky day, 3. 1206.
- Dismembred**, *pt. pl.* dismembered, I 591.
- Dismembringe**, *s.* dismembering, I 591.
- Disobeyssant**, *adj.* disobedient, 5. 429.
- Disordenaunce**, *s.* violation of rules, HF. 27.
- Disparage**, *s.* disgrace, E 908.
- Disparage**, *v.* dishonour, A 4271; *pp.* misallied, D 1069.
- Dispeire yow**, *imp. pl.* despair, E 1669.
- Dispence**, *s.* expenditure, expense, A 441; what I spend, D 1432; cost, B 1195; lavish help, HF. 260; Dispences, *pl.* expenses, R. 1144.
- Dispende**, *v.* spend, B 3500; *pp.* spent, shared, B 2560.
- Dispeyred**, *adj.* despairing, F 1084.
- Dispitous**, *adj.* spiteful, R. 156; T. iii. 1458; grievous, sad, T. v. 199; Dispitousse, *voc.* pitiless, T. ii. 435; *def. fem.* cruel, 3. 624.
- Disputiounly**, *adv.* angrily, A 1124; spitefully, T. v. 1806; cruelly, HF. 161.
- Displeasant**, *adj.* displeasing, I 544, 697.
- Displeasaunce**, *s.* displeasure, T. iii. 480; offence, C 74; Displeasaunces, *pl.* annoyances, C 420.
- Dispone**, *imp. s.* dispose, T. v. 300; *pr. s.* disposes, orders, regulates, B 4. p 6. 60.
- Disport**, *s.* sport, pleasntry, A 137, 775; amusement, diversion, D 839; pleasure, B 143; sport, 4. 177.
- Disporte**, *ger.* to amuse, HF. 571; to exhilarate, T. ii. 1673; *v.* cheer, T. iii. 1133; *pr. pl.* sport, play, E 2040.
- Disposed**, *pt. s.* purposed, E 244; *pp.* disposed, T. ii. 682; ready, T. iv. 230; *vel d.*, in good health (the reverse of *indisposed*), H 33.
- Disposicioun**, *s.* disposal, T. ii. 526, v. 2; position, A 1087; frame of mind, B 2326.
- Dispoylinge**, *s.* spoil, B 4. m 7. 32.
- Dispreisen**, *ger.* to disparage, R. 1053; *v.* blame, B 2261; *pres. pt.* depreciating, B 2741.
- Dispreisinge**, *s.* blame, I 497; contempt, B 2876.
- Disputisioun**, *s.* argument, E 1474; dispute, B 4428, F 890.
- Dispyt**, *s.* despite, scorn, L. 1822; disdain, HF. 1716; vexation, R. 1487; *in d. of*, in spite of, HF. 1668.
- Disserveth**, *pr. s.* deserves, I 756.
- Dissever**, *v.* part, 2. 115; 17. 15; *ger.* to

- part, G 875; *pp.* separated, B 4. p 3. 19.
- Disseverance**, *a.* severing, B 3. p 11. 64.
- Dissevele**, *adj.* with hair flowing down, 5. 235. See **Dischevele**.
- Dissimulen**, *v.* dissimulate, T. i. 322, iii. 434.
- Dissimulinge**, *a.* dissimulation, dissembling, T. v. 1613, G 1073.
- Dissimulour**, *a.* dissembler, B 4418.
- Dissalaundred**, *pp.* defamed, L. 1031.
- Dissolveth**, *pr.* *a.* puts an end to, B 2. p 3. 92.
- Distanta**, *adj.* *pl.* distant; *evens* *distanta*, equidistant, A. i. 17. 52.
- Distemperance**, *a.* inclemency, I 421.
- Distempre**, *adj.* distempered, furious, B 4. p 3. 125.
- Distempre**, *v.* vex, B 2426; *imp.* *a.* be out of temper, D 2105.
- Disteyne**, *v.* stain, bedim, dull, L. 255.
- Distingwed**, *pp.* distinguished, B 2. p 5. 75.
- Distourbe**, *v.* disturb, T. iv. 563; (to) interfere with, T. iv. 934; prevent, T. iv. 1105. See **Destourbe**.
- Distreyn**, *v.* constrain, A 1816; get into his grasp, clutch, 20. 8; *imp.* *a.* constrain, T. v. 596; **Distreyneth**, *pr.* *a.* secures, clutches, grasps, 5. 337; afflicts, F 820; *pp.* misled, T. ii. 840; assessed, taxed, I 752.
- Disturbed**, *pp.* altered, T. ii. 622.
- Disturne**, *v.* turn aside, T. iii. 718.
- Ditce**, *a.* ditty, song, B 3. p 1. 2; *pl.* HF. 622. See **Dyte**.
- Diurne**, *adj.* diurnal, E 1795.
- Divers**, *adj.* diverse, various, 3. 653; *dat.* different, 2. 17.
- Diversely**, *adv.* in different ways, R. 1629.
- Diversitee**, *a.* variety, T. v. 1793.
- Divinistre**, *a.* theologian, A 2811.
- Divisioun**, *a.* distinction, A 1781; difference, 10. 33; *of my d.*, under my influence, 4. 273.
- Divynalles**, *pl.* divinations, I 605.
- Divynen**, *v.* guess, T. iii. 458; 1 *pr.* *a.* declare, 12. 19; *pres. pl.* guessing, A 2515.
- Divyninge**, *a.* opinion, A 2521.
- Divynis**, *pl.* theologians, A 1323.
- Divynour**, *a.* seer, soothsayer, B 5. p 3. 149.
- Do**; see **Doon**.
- Doctour**, *a.* doctor, A 411; (i.e. St. Augustine), C 117; theologian, I 85; *pl.* teachers, D 1648.
- Dogrel**, *adj.* doggrel, B 2115.
- Dogge**, *a.* dog, D 1369, E 2014.
- Doghter**, *a.* daughter, L. 114; B 151; **Doghtren**, *pl.* L. 1963; **Doughtren**, *pl.* T. iv. 22.
- Doinges**, *pl.* deeds, L. 1681.
- Doke**, *a.* duck, 5. 498, 589; A 3576.
- Dokke**, *a.* dock (plant), T. iv. 461.
- Dokked**, *pp.* cut short, A 590.
- Dolve**, **Dolven**; see **Delve**.
- Domb**, *adj.* dumb, HF. 656.
- Domesday**, *a.* doom's day, HF. 1284.
- Domesman**, *a.* judge, B 3680, I 594.
- Dominacioun**, *a.* power, A 2758; dominion, C 560; chief influence, F 352; supremacy, H 181.
- Dominus**; see **Corpus**.
- Domus Dedalt**, the labyrinth of Daedalus, HF. 1920.
- Don**, *imp.* *a.* don, put on, T. ii. 954.
- Don**, **Done**; see **Doon**.
- Dong-carte**, *a.* dung-cart, B 4226.
- Dongecoun**, *a.* keep-tower, A 1057.
- Donne**, *adj.* *pl.* dun, dusky, T. ii. 908; dun-coloured, 5. 334.
- Doom**, *a.* judgement, F 928; opinion, B 3127; sentence, decision: *hir d.*, the decision passed on them, 5. 308; **Dome**, *dat.* opinion, T. i. 100; judgement, HF. 1905; C 637; *to my d.*, in my opinion, R. 901; *stonde to the d.*, abide by the decision, 5. 546; **Domes**, *pl.* judgements, A 323.
- Doon**, *v.* do, execute, A 960; do, 3. 194; act, B 90; cause, B 3618; *doon us hongre*, cause us to be hung, C 790; *don her compagne*, accompany her, 4. 125; *lest don cryen*, caused to be cried, F 46; **Do**, *v.* cause, T. iv. 1683; use, B 2204; fulfil, B 1653; make, 3. 145; *do werche*, cause to be built, G 545; **Dona**, *ger.* to do, T. i. 1026; *what to done*, what is to be done, 3. 689; *for to done*, a fit thing to do, I 62; to be done, L. 1597; **Doon**, *ger.* to do, A 78, 768; to commit, I 90; to cause, R. 1178; to force, 5. 221; *to don*, from doing, B 4. p 6. 323; **Do**, *ger.* to make, 3. 1260; to cause, T. ii. 1022; to commit, I 129; **Doost**, 2 *pr.* *a.* makest, C 312; **Doothrow**, doest thou, L. 315; **Dooth**, *pr.* *a.* causes, A 2396; **Doth**, *pr.* *a.* makes, 2. 7; causes, 6. 21; **Doth** forth, continues, E 1015; **Doon**, *pr.* *pl.* do, A 268; **Do**, *imp.* *a.* make, H 12; bring (it) about, A 2405; cause, G 32; *do hange*, cause me to be hung, G 1029; *do fecche*, cause to be fetched, B 662; *do wey*, put away, lay aside, G 487; take away, A 3287; *do stryken hir out*, cause her to be struck out, D 1364; *do come*, cause to come, B 2035; **Dooth**, *imp.* *pl.* do



- ye, C 745; I 105; *as dooth*, pray do, F 458; Didest, 2 *pt. a.* didst, T. iii. 363; Dide, *pt. a.* did, 3. 373; caused, R. 607; put on, B 2047; *dide hem drawe*, caused to be drawn, B 1823; *dide don sleen*, caused to be slain, caused (men) to have them slain (*sleen*, like *don*, is in the infin. mood), D 2042; *dide of*, took off, 3. 516; Dide, *pt. a. subj.* should do, F 1404; Diden, *pt. pl. made*, 22. 28; *pt. pl. subj.* should do, L. 723; Doon, *pp.* done, 1. 54; past, ended, 3. 40; *doon to dethe*, done to death, L. 889; *doon make*, caused to be made, E 253; *hath doon you kept*, has caused you to be preserved, E 1098; *doon ther write*, caused to be written (or described there), R. 413; *don to dye*, done to death, murdered, R. 1063; Do, *pp.* done, L. 957; ended, E 2440.
- Dore, 2. a door, R. 537, A 550; *out at d.*, out of doors, D 1757, H 306.
- Dormant; *table dormant*, a permanent side-table, A 353.
- Dorre, Dorring; see Durre, Durring.
- Dorste; see Dar.
- Dortour, 2. a dormitory, D 1855.
- Doseyn, 2. a dozen, A 578.
- Dossers, *pl.* baskets to carry on the back, HF. 1940.
- Dostow, doest thou, D 239.
- Dotard, *adj.* foolish, D 291.
- Dote, 2. dote, grow foolish, L. 261 a; Doten, act foolishly, G 983.
- Doth, *pr. a.* causes, R. 389; Doth . . . carie, causes to be carried, A 3410; makes, F 1257; *imp. pl.* do ye, B 2785. See Doon.
- Double, *adj.* twofold, 4. 109; deceitful, HF. 285.
- Doubleness, 2. duplicity, 7. 159; 9. 63.
- Doucet, *adj.* dulcet, i. e. dulcet (pipe), sweet-sounding (pipe), HF. 1221.
- Doughter, 2. daughter, T. iii. 3; Dough-tren, *pl.* T. iv. 22.
- Dumb, *adj.* dumb, A 774.
- Doun, 2. down, soft feathers, 9. 45.
- Doun, *adv.* down, F 323; *up and doun*, in all directions, in all ways, B 53.
- Doune, *dat.* down, hill, B 1986.
- Dounere, *adv.* more downward, A. ii. 12. 22.
- Doun-right, *adv.* at once, H 228.
- Dounward, *adv.* outward, southward, A. ii. 40. 63.
- Doutance, 2. doubt, T. iv. 963; *pl.* perplexities, T. i. 200.
- Doute, 2. doubt, 1. 25; fear, F 1096, I 91; peril, L. 1613; suspense, E 1721; lack, T. ii. 366; *out of doute*, doubtless, A 487; *sans d.*, without doubt, D 1838; *with-outen d.*, certainly, L. 383.
- Douteless, *adv.* without doubt, certainly. T. ii. 494; A 1831.
- Douten, 2. fear, I 648; *pr. a.* fears, I 953; Douthet, *imp. pl.* fear, T. i. 683.
- Doutous, *adj.* doubtful, T. iv. 992.
- D'outremere, *adj.* from beyond the seas.
- foreign, imported, 3. 253.
- Douve, 2. dove, 5. 341; pigeon, C 397.
- Dowaire, 2. dower, E 848.
- Dowe, 1 *pr. a.* grant, give, T. v. 230.
- Dowve; see Douve.
- Dradde; see Drede.
- Draf, 2. draff, refuse (of corn), chaff, I 35; L. 312 a.
- Draf-sek, 2. sack full of 'draff', A 4206.
- Draggas, *pl.* digestive sweetmeats, A 426 (in MS. Harl. only; other MSS. have *drogges*).
- Dragoun, 2. dragon, L. 1430, 1581; *tail of the dr.*, the Dragon's tail, A. ii. 4. 36; the point where a planet (esp. the moon) passed from the northern to the southern side of the ecliptic. (The opposite node was called the Dragon's Head.)
- Drasty, *adj.* filthy, worthless, B 2113, 2120. Cf. A. S. *dresten*, *dragan*.
- Drat, *pr. a.* of Drede.
- Draught (of drink), L. 2667; move at chess, 3. 682.
- Drawe, 2. draw, incline, E 314; *dr. him*, withdraw himself, F 355; bring forward, R. 6; 2. attract, R. 1183; recall, A 2074; *ger.* to draw, to carry, A 1416; to bring back, I 239; Draweth along, *pr. a.* prolongs, B i. m. 1. 32 (Lat. *protrahit*); *pr. pl. ref.* withdraw themselves, F 252; Drough, *pt. a.* drew, A 4304; drew along, T. v. 1558; *ref.* drew himself, approached, B 1710; Drow, *pt. a.* drew, B 3292; drew near, D 993; moved (as the sun), 5. 490; hoisted, L. 1563; Drew, *pt. a.* attracted, 3. 864; *droue* to record, didst bring to witness, 16. 22; Drowe, *pt. pl.* drew, R. 1678; Drawe, *pp.* drawn, T. iii. 674; *pres. part.* resorting, B 1217.
- Drecoche, 2. be tedious, T. ii. 1264; *ger.* to vex, T. ii. 1471; 2 *pr. pl.* tarry, T. iv. 1446; *pp.* vexed, troubled, B 4077.
- Drecoching, 2. prolonging, I 1000; Drecching, delay, T. iii. 853.
- Drede, 2. dread, fear, A 1998; uncertainty, 17. 28; doubt, 5. 52; *it is no drede*, without doubt, B 869, E 1155; *out of drede*, without doubt, E 634; *pl.* fears, T. i. 463.

- Drede**, *v.* dread, fear, 1. 76; *refl.* dread, A 660; *ger.* to be dreaded, to be feared, B 4253; *Drat*, *pr.* s. dreads, dreads, T. iii. 328; *Dredda*, 1 *pt.* s. was afraid, T. ii. 482; *Dradde*, *pt.* s. feared, B 3402; *Dradde* him, was afraid, B 3918; *Dradden*, *pt.* pl. G 15; *Drad*, *pp.* E 69.
- Dredeles**, *adj.* fearless, B 3. m. 12. 11.
- Dredeles**, *adv.* without doubt, certainly, 3. 764.
- Dredful**, *adj.* terrible, B 3558; fearful, timid, L. 109; cautious, A 1479.
- Dredfully**, *adv.* timidly, T. ii. 1128.
- Dreint**, -e; see *Drenchen*.
- Dremed me**, *pt.* s. I dreamt, R. 51.
- Dreminges**, *pl.* dreams, B 4280.
- Drenchen**, (1) *ger.* to drown, A 3617; *Drenche*, *v.* drown, HF. 205; *do me drenche*, make (men) drown me, cause me to be drowned, E 2201; *Drenchen* (2) *v.* be drowned, A 3521; be overwhelmed, L. 2919; *pr.* s. swamps, I 363; *Dreinte*, *pt.* s. (1) drowned, 3. 72; *Dreynte*, *pt.* s. drowned, I 839; *Dreynte*, *pt.* s. (2) was drowned, B 923; *Dreynte*, 2 *pt.* pl. were drowned, T. iv. 930; *pt.* pl. drowned, F 1378; *Drenched*, *pp.* drowned, L. 2178; *Dreynt*, *pp.* 3. 148; *Dreynte*, *pp.* as *def.* *adj.* drowned, B 69; *pp.* pl. HF. 233.
- Drenching**, s. drowning, A 2456, B 485.
- Drariness**, s. sadness, T. i. 701.
- Drery**, *adj.* sad, E 514; terrified, L. 810.
- Dresse**, *v.* direct, 14. 3; dispose, get ready, T. ii. 71; prepare, E 1049; set in order, A 106; *v.* *refl.* address oneself, E 1007; direct himself, go, A 3468; direct myself, R. 110; address himself, direct himself (or perhaps, mount), T. v. 37; *Dresse* her, settle herself, L. 804; *Dresse*, *ger.* to direct, B 2308; *ger.* *refl.* prepare himself, T. v. 279; prepare, 5. 88; *pt.* s. *refl.* raised himself, T. iii. 71; took up his station, A 3358; *pp.* arrayed, E 2361; prepared, 5. 665.
- Dreys**, *adj.* dry, A 3024; as *s.*, 5. 380.
- Dreyeth**, *pr.* s. dries up, drains, I 848.
- Dreynt**, -e; see *Drenche*.
- Drogges**, *pl.* drugs, A 426.
- Drogh**; see *Drawe*.
- Droghte**, s. drought, A 2, 595.
- Dronkelewe**, *adj.* addicted to drink, B 2383, C 495, D 2043.
- Drough**, *pt.* s. of *Drawe*.
- Droughte**, s. thirst (*sitt*), B 2. p. 7. 44.
- Drouped**, *pt.* s. were draggled, A 107.
- Drovy**, *adj.* dirty, muddy, I 816.
- Drow**, -e; see *Drawe*.
- Druerye**, s. affection, R. 844.
- Drugge**, *ger.* to drudge, A 1416.
- Drunken**, *adj.* causing drunkenness, 5. 181.
- Drye**, *ger.* to endure, T. v. 42; *v.* suffer, endure, 4. 251.
- Dryve**, *v.* drive, F 183; hasten, D 1694; whirl round, 10. 46; pass away, T. v. 394; *dryve away*, pass away, C 628; *Dryveth* forth, *pr.* s. continues, goes on with, T. i. 1092; *Dryfth*, *pr.* s. impels, T. v. 1332; *Dryven* (the day), *pr.* pl. pass (the day), L. 2620; *Drödf*, *pt.* s. drove, brought, T. v. 475; incited, T. iii. 994; *Drive*, *pp.* driven, passed away, T. v. 389; completed, F 1230.
- Duete**, s. duty, A 3060; debt, D 1391; sum due, D 1352.
- Dulcarnon**, s. an inexplicable dilemma, one's wit's end, T. iii. 931.
- Dulle**, *ger.* to feel dull, T. ii. 1035; makes dull, stupefies, G 1073, 1172; *Dulled*, *pp.* made of none effect, I 233.
- Dun**, *adj.* swarthy, R. 1213; *Donne*, *pl.* dusky, T. ii. 908; dun-coloured, 5. 334.
- Dun**, s. the dun horse, H 5. 'Dun is in the mire' is the name of an old rustic game.
- Dungeoun**, s. keep-tower, chief castle, L. 937.
- Dure**, *v.* last, endure, A 2770; remain, A 1236; live, T. iv. 765; continue, F 836.
- Duresse**, s. hardship, T. v. 399.
- Durre**, *ger.* to dare (to do), T. v. 840. See *Durren* in *Stratmann*; and see *Dar*.
- Durring**, s. daring, bravery; *d. don*, daring to do, courage to execute, T. v. 837.
- Durste**; see *Dar*.
- Dusked**, *pt.* pl. grew dim, A 2806.
- Dwale**, s. soporific drink, A 4161.
- Dwelle**, *v.* remain, A 1661; tarry, stay, 3. 712; *ger.* to delay, HF. 252; *Dwelld*, *pp.* dwelt, A 1228; *imp.* s. remain, T. iv. 1449.
- Dwellinges**, s. pl. delays, B 1. m. 1. 33 (*Lat. moras*).
- Dwyned**, *pp.* as *adj.* dwindled, R. 360.
- Dy**, say; *Je vous dy*, I tell you, D 1832, 1838.
- Dye**, *v.* die, 2. 7; *ger.* to die, B 114; *Dyde*, *pt.* s. died, HF. 106, 380; *pt.* s. *subj.* would die, D 665. See *Deye*.
- Dyen**, *ger.* to dye, B 4648.
- Dyers**, s. dyer, A 362.
- Dynges**, s. death, B 3073.
- Dyke**, *v.* to make dikes or ditches, A 536.
- Dys**, *pl.* dice, A 1238. See *Dees*.
- Dyte**, s. ditty, 23. 16. See *Dites*.
- Dyverseth**, *pr.* s. varies, T. iii. 1752.

## E.

**Ebbe**, *a. low water*, F 259.  
**Ebben**, *v. ebb*, T. iv. 1145.  
**Ecclesiaste**, *s. minister*, A 708.  
**Ech**, *adj. each*, A 39, 369.  
**Eche**, *v. increase, augment*, T. i. 887, iii. 1509; *ger. enlarge, add to*, HF. 2065.  
**Echines**, *s. pl. sea-urchins*, B 3. m 8. 20 (Lat. *echinis*).  
**Echoon**, *each one*, L. 290; A 2655;  
**Echone**, *pl. (?)*, all, every one, C 113.  
**Edified**, *pp. built up*, B 4. p 6. 284.  
**Eek**, *adv. also, eke, moreover*, A 5, 41.  
**Eem**, *s. uncle*, T. i. 1022. A. S. *æam*.  
**Eest**, *adv. eastward*, 3. 88.  
**Eet**, *-e*; see *Ete*.  
**Effect**, *s. deed, reality*, T. i. 748; *result*, HF. 5; *Theffect (for the effect)*, the sequel, L. 622; *in effect*, in fact, in reality, in practice, A 319.  
**Eft**, *adv. again*, A 1669; *another time*, 3. 41.  
**Eft-sone**, *adv. soon after*, G 1288; *immediately afterwards*, I 89; *soon after this*, H 65; *hereafter*, G 933; *again*, B 909; *Eftsones*, *adv. very soon*, L. 2322.  
**Egal**, *adj. equal*, T. iii. 137.  
**Egal**, *adv. equally*, T. iv. 660.  
**Egalitee**, *s. equality*, I 949.  
**Egaly**, *adv. equably*, B 2. p 4. 141; *impartially*, B 5. p 3. 142.  
**Edge**, *s. edge, sharp side*, T. iv. 927; *sword*, 9. 19.  
**Eggeth**, *pr. s. incites*, R. 182.  
**Eggement**, *s. instigation, incitement*, B 842.  
**Egging**, *s. instigation*, E 2135.  
**Egle**, *s. eagle*, HF. 499.  
**Egre**, *adj. sharp, sour*, R. 217; *bitter*, B 2367; *keen*, I 117.  
**Egreinoine**, *s. agrimony*, G 800.  
**Egren**, *v. incite (lit. make eager)*, B 4. p 6. 335.  
**Eighte**, *eight*, F 1280.  
**Eightetene**, *eighteen*, A 3223.  
**Eightetethe**, *ord. adj. eighteenth*, B 5.  
**Eir**, *s. air*, A 1246, 3473.  
**Eisel**, *s. vinegar*, R. 217.  
**Ekko**, *s. echo*, E 1189.  
**Elde**, *s. old age, age*, T. ii. 393, 399; *long lapse of time*, 7. 12.  
**Elde**, *v. grow old*, R. 396; *pr. s. ages, makes old*, R. 391.  
**Elder**, *adj. older*, B 1720, 3450.  
**Elder-fader**, *s. grandfather*, B 2. p 4. 50.  
**Eldres**, *pl. ancestors*, B 3388.

**Eleccionun**, *s. choice*, 5. 409, 621; *election (in astrology)*, B 312.  
**Elenge**, *adj. miserable*, B 1412, D 1199.  
**Elevat**, *pp. elevated*, A. ii. 23. 29.  
**Elf-queen**, *s. fairy-queen*, B 1978, D 860.  
**Ellebor**, *s. hellebore*, *Helleborus niger*, B 4154.  
**Elles**, *adv. else, otherwise*, 3. 997; *ella god forbode*, God forbid it should be otherwise, G 1046.  
**Elongacioun**, *s. angular distance*, A. ii. 25. 66.  
**Elvish**, *adj. elvish, i. e. absent in demeanour*, B 1893; *foolish*, G 751, 842.  
**Embassadrye**, *s. embassy, negotiation*, B 233.  
**Embaume**, *v. embalm*, L. 676; *pp. covered with balm*, R. 1663.  
**Embelif**, *adj. oblique*, A. i. 20. 3; *(as applied to angles) acute*, A. ii. 26. 39. See the New E. Dict.  
**Embelised**, *pp. beautified*, B 2. p 5. 75.  
**Emboosed**, *pp. plunged deeply into the thicket, quite hidden*, 3. 353.  
**Embracinge**, *s. embrace*, I 944.  
**Embrouded**, *pp. embroidered, adorned*, A 89.  
**Embroudinge**, *s. embroidery*, I 417.  
**Embushements**, *pl. ambuscades*, B 2509.  
**Emeraude**, *s. emerald*, B 1799.  
**Emes**, *gen. uncle's*, T. ii. 466. See *Eem*.  
**Emforth**, *prep. as far as extends, to the extent of*, A 2235. *Em-* is from A. S. *ema*, for *æma*, even.  
**Emisperies**, *s. pl. hemispheres*, A. i. 18. 9.  
**Empeireden**, *pl. pl. made worse*, B 2209.  
**Emplastre**, *2 pr. pl. plaster over, bandage*, E 2207.  
**Empoisoned**, *pp. poisoned*, B 2519, 3890.  
**Empoisoning**, *s. poisoning*, C 891.  
**Empoysoner**, *s. poisoner*, C 894.  
**Emprenting**, *s. impression*, F 834.  
**Emprinteth**, *imp. pl. impress*, E 1193; *Emprented*, *pp. imprinted*, F 831; *taken an impression of*, E 2117.  
**Emprise**, *s. enterprise, undertaking*, L. 617, 1452.  
**Empte**, *v. empty, make empty*, G 741; *pp. as adj. exhausted*, B 1. p 1. 10; *worn out, shrunken (Lat. effeto)*, B 1. m 1. 20.  
**Enbasshinge**, *s. bewilderment, amazement*, B 4. p 1. 43.  
**Enbattiled**, *adj. embattled*, R. 130.  
**Enbibing**, *s. absorption*, G 814.  
**Enbrace**, *v. embrace, hold firmly*, 21. 11; *Enbraced*, *pp. surrounded*, T. v. 1816.  
**Enbrouden**, *v. embroider*, L. 2351; *pp. L. 119, 227.*

- Incens**, *s.* incense, A 259.  
**Incense**, *v.* to offer incense, G 395, 413.  
**Enchantours**, *pl.* wizards, I 603.  
**Enchaufeth**, *pr.* s. burns, B 5. m 3. 19.  
**Enchaunten**, *v.* enchant, T. iv. 1395.  
**Enchesoun**, *s.* occasion, reason, B 2783; cause, T. i. 681.  
**Enclos**, *pp.* enclosed, R. 138, 1652.  
**Enclynyng**, *s.* inclination, HF. 734.  
**Encomberous**, *adj.* cumbersome, oppressive, burdensome, 18. 42; HF. 862.  
**Encombraunce**, *s.* encumbrance, E 1960.  
**Encombre**, *v.* encumber, L. 2006; *pp.* endangered, stuck fast, A 508; hampered, R. 889; hindered, I 687; embarrassed, weary, A 718.  
**Encoorporing**, *s.* incorporation, G 815.  
**Encrees**, *s.* increase, A 2184.  
**Encrese**, *v.* increase, 2. 103; **Encreased**, *pp.* E 408; enriched, B 1271.  
**Endamagen**, *v.* harm, B. i. p 4. 91; *pp.* compromised, B 1. p 1. 73.  
**Ende**, *s.* end, A 15; purpose, B 481; point, R. 973.  
**Ended**, *pp.* finite, B 2. p 7. 113.  
**Endelees**, *adj.* infinite, H 322.  
**Endelong**, *adv.* all along, A 2678; lengthways, A 1991.  
**Endelong**, *prep.* all along, F 992; along, L. 1498; down along, F 416.  
**Endenting**, *s.* indentation, I 417. *Endented* or *Indented* is an heraldic term, signifying notched with regular and equal indentations.  
**Endere**, *s.* cause of the end, A 2776; i. e. who dost end, C 218.  
**Endetted**, *pp.* indebted, G 734.  
**Ending-day**, *s.* death-day, 18. 55.  
**Enditements**, *s.* *pl.* indictments, I 800.  
**Endlang**, *adv.* along, lengthways. See **Endelong**.  
**Endouted**, *pp.* feared (with me), R. 1664.  
**Endyte**, *v.* write, dictate, A 95, 325; *endite*, compose, write, L. 414, 2356; relate, G 80; tell, L. 1678; indict, B 3858; *pp.* related, B 3170.  
**Endyting**, *s.* composing, 18. 77; *pl.* compositions, I 1085.  
**Enfamyned**, *pp.* starved, L. 2429.  
**Infeceth**, *pr.* s. infects, L. 2242.  
**Enforcen**, *ger.* to enforce, B 2233; strengthen (your position), D 340; 1 *pr.* s. *refl.* insist, T. iv. 1016; **Enforcen**, *pr.* *pl.* gain strength, B 2355; *imp.* s. endeavour, B 2237.  
**Enformed**, *pp.* informed, E 738, F 335; instructed, I 658.  
**Enfortuned**, *pt.* s. endowed with powers, 4. 259.  
**Engendre**, *v.* procreate, B 3148; produce, B 2582; *v.* beget, E 1272; *pr.* *pl.* are produced, B 4113.  
**Engendringe**, *s.* product, B 2580.  
**Engendrure**, *s.* procreation, B 3137; begetting, 5. 306; generation, D 128, 134; progeny, offspring, I 621; fraternity, I 375.  
**English**, *s.* power of expression in English, L. 66.  
**Engreggen**, *pr.* *pl.* burden, I 979.  
**Engyn**, *s.* contrivance, T. iii. 274; device, R. 511; machine, F 184; skill, HF. 528.  
**Engyned**, *pp.* tortured, racked, B 4250.  
**Enhabit**, *pp.* devoted, T. iv. 443.  
**Enhauncen**, *v.* raise, A 1434; *ger.* to exalt, I 614; **Enhaunceth**, *pr.* s. elevates, I 730; *pt.* s. raised, B 2291; *pp.* promoted, L. 1411.  
**Enhaused**, *pp.* elevated, lifted above (the horizon), A. ii. 26. 37.  
**Enhausing**, *s.* elevation, A. ii. 39. 26.  
**Enhorre**, *ger.* to exhort, A 2851.  
**Enlaceth**, *pr.* s. entangles, B 1. m 4. 23; *pp.* involved, made intricate, B 3. p 8. 6.  
**Enlumine**, *v.* illumine, I 244; *pt.* s. E 33.  
**Enluting**, *s.* securing with 'lute,' daubing with clay, &c., to exclude air, G 766.  
**Enoynt**, *pp.* anointed, A 2961.  
**Enpeiren**, *v.* injure, B 4. p 3. 56.  
**Enpoysoninge**, *s.* poisoning, B 1. p 3. 59.  
**Enprented**, *pp.* imprinted, E 2178.  
**Enpresse**, *v.* make an impression on, 21. 8.  
**Enquere**, *v.* enquire, A 3166; search into, B 629.  
**Enqueringe**, *s.* inquiry, B 888.  
**Ensample**, *s.* example, A 496, 505; pattern, 3. 911; warning, R. 1539; instance, R. 1584; *in* e., to signify, A. i. 21. 41; *pl.* examples, F 1419; cases, A 2842.  
**Ensaumpler**, *s.* prototype, B 3. m 9. 17.  
**Enseigne**, *s.* ensign, standard, R. 1200.  
**Enseled**, *pp.* sealed up, T. v. 151; fully granted, T. iv. 559.  
**Entaille**, *s.* cutting, intaglio-work, R. 1081; Entayle, shape, description, R. 162.  
**Entalle**, *v.* carve, R. 609; *pp.* R. 140.  
**Entalenten**, *pr.* *pl.* stimulate, B 5. p 5. 6.  
**Entame**, *v.* re-open (lit. cut into), 1. 79. O.F. *entamer*.  
**Enteccheth**, *pr.* s. infects, B 4. p 3. 83; *pp.* endowed with (good) qualities, T. v. 832. O.F. *entechier*, *entachier*.

- Entencioun**, *s.* intent, C 408; attention, T. i. 52; design, T. i. 211.
- Entende**, *v.* attend, T. iii. 414; give attention to, D 1478; dispose oneself, F 689; *ger.* to apply oneself, B 3498; to aim (after), incline (to), T. ii. 853; **Entende**, *1 pr.* *s.* perceive, T. iv. 1649; attend, R. 597; *pres. part.* looking intently, B. i. p. 2. 3.
- Entehdement**, *s.* perception, HF. 983.
- Entente**, *s.* intention, intent, A 958, 1000; design, B 3835; wish, 18. 68; meaning, F 400, 959; attention, D 1374; endeavour, G 6; feeling, 5. 532, 580; mind, B 1740; plan, B 147, 206; *do thym* *e.*, give heed, 3. 752; *as to comen* *e.*, in plain language, F 107.
- Enteteden**, *pl. pt.* gave their attention, L. 1155.
- Ententif**, **Ententyf**, *adj.* attentive, HF. 1120; B 2205; eager, R. 685; diligent, R. 436; devoted, R. 339; careful, E 1288.
- Ententify**, *adv.* attentively, HF. 616.
- Entermedled**, *pp.* intermixed, R. 906.
- Entraille**, *s.* entrails, B 1763; inside, E 1188.
- Entre**, *ger.* to enter, 5. 147, 153. In A. ii. 44. 4, *entere hit* = set down in writing.
- Entrechaungeden**, *pt. pl.* interchanged, exchanged, T. iii. 1369; *pp.* interchanged, T. iv. 1043.
- Entrechaunginges**, *s. pl.* mutations, B. i. m. 5. 38; vicissitudes (*Lat. vices*), B. 2. m. 3. 20.
- Entrecomunen**, *v.* intercommunicate, T. iv. 1354.
- Entrecomuninges**, *s.* interchange, B. 2. p. 7. 63.
- Entredited**, *pp.* interdicted, I 965.
- Entree**, entry, entrance, R. 517, 530, 538; *pl.* entrances, HF. 1945.
- Entrelaced**, *pp.* intricate, B. 3. p. 12. 166.
- Entremedled**, *pp.* intermingled, HF. 2124.
- Entremes**, *s.* intervening course, 5. 665. '*Entremets*, certain choice dishes served in between the courses of a feast;' Cotgrave.
- Entremette**, *v. refl.* interfere, D 834; **Entremeten** (him), meddle with, 5. 515; *imp. s.* take part (in), meddle (with), T. i. 1026.
- Entreparten**, *ger.* to share, T. i. 592.
- Entreteden**, *pt. pl.* treated of, discussed, B 2466.
- Entryketh**, *pr. s.* holds fast in its subtle grasp, ensnares, 5. 403; **Entryked**, *pp.* entrapped, R. 1642; '*Intriquer*, to intricate, involve;' Cotgrave.
- Entune**, *v.* intone, tune, T. iv. 4.
- Entunes**, *s. pl.* tunes, 3. 309.
- Entysinge**, *s.* allurement, I 353.
- Enveniminge**, *s.* poisonous effect, E 2060; poison, I 854.
- Envenyme**, *v.* infect, D 474; *pp.* B 3314.
- Environinge**, *s.* surface, B. 5. m. 4. 172; circumference, B. 4. p. 6. 85.
- Enviroun**, *adv.* roundabout, L. 300.
- Envirouns**, *v.* encompass, B. 3. m. 9. 45; *pres. part.* skirting, going round, R. 520.
- Envoluped**, *pp.* enveloped, involved, C 942.
- Envye**, *s.* envy, B 3524; longing, R. 1663; to *e.*, in rivalry, 3. 173.
- Envye**, *v.* vie, strive, 3. 406; vie (with), HF. 1231.
- Envyned**, *pp.* stored with wine, A 342.
- Episciole**, *s.* epicycle, A. ii. 35. 29. A small circle, the centre of which moves along the circumference of a larger one.
- Equacion**, *s.* equal partition, A. ii. 5. 24; **Equacions**, *pl.* equations, F 1279; **Equaciouns**, A. ii. 36 (rubric); calculations, A. i. 23. 5. By 'equations of houses' is meant the division of the sphere into twelve equal portions (or 'houses'), for astrological purposes.
- Equales**, *adj. pl.* of equal length; *hours equales*, hours each containing sixty minutes, A. ii. 8. 3.
- Equinoxial**, *s.* equinoxial circle, B 4040.
- Er**, *adv.* before, formerly, A 3789.
- Er**, *conj.* before, A 1040, 1155; *er that*, before, A 36.
- Er**, *prep.* before, C 892; *er tho*, before then, L. 1062; *er now*, ere now, F 460.
- Erbe**, *s.* herb, L. 109 a.
- Erbe yve**, *s.* herb ivy, ground ivy, *Ajuga Chamaepitys*, B 4156.
- Erber**, *s.* arbour, L. 97 a. See **Herber**.
- Erchedeken**, *s.* archdeacon, D 1300.
- Ere** (sere), *s.* ear, D 636; *at ere*, in (her) ear, T. i. 106.
- Ere**, *s.* ear (of corn), L. 76.
- Ere** (ere), *ger.* to plough, A 886; *pp.* HF 485. A. S. *erian*.
- Erl**, *s.* earl, B 3597, 3646.
- Erme**, *v.* feel sad, grieve, 3. 80; C 312. A. S. *earnian*, *german*.
- Ernestful**, *adj.* serious, T. ii. 1727; E 1175.
- Erratik**, *adj.* wandering, T. v. 1812.
- Erraunt**, *adj.* errant, H 224; errant, stray (because near the middle of the chess-board), 3. 661.

- Errest**, 2 *pr.* *s.* wanderest, T. iv. 302.  
**Ers**, *s.* buttocks, A 3734. A. S. *cars*.  
**Erst**, *adv.* first, at first, HF. 2075; A 776; before, 16. 21; *afortetime*, R. 692; *at e.*, first, for the first time, B 1884, G 151; at last, T. i. 842; *a. than*, before, A 1566; *long e. er*, long first before, C 662.  
**Erthes**, *s.* *pl.* lands, countries, B 1. 2n. 5. 61.  
**Eschaufen**, *ger.* to burn; *pr.* *s.* chafes, I 657; *pp.* heated, I 546.  
**Eschaufinge**, *s.* heating, I 537; *pl.* enkindlings, I 916.  
**Eschaunge**, *s.* exchange, A 278; *pl.* interchangings, HF. 697.  
**Eschew**, *adj.*averse, I 971; *Eschu*, E 1812.  
**Eschewe**, *v.* escape; *Eschue*, *v.* avoid, T. ii. 606; A 3043; *shun*, G 4; 2 *pr.* *pl.*eschew, avoid, T. i. 344; *Eschewed*, *pp.* B 4528; *imp.* *s.* T. ii. 1018.  
**Ese**, *s.* ease, E 217, 434; amusement, delight, A 768, G 746; *do you e.*, give you pleasure, 6. 78; *wel at e.*, fully at ease, T. ii. 750.  
**Ese**, *v.* ease, 3. 556; relieve, L. 1704; give ease (to), R. 316; *Esen*, *ger.* to entertain, A 2194; *pp.* entertained, A 29.  
**Esement**, *s.* benefit, A 4179, 4186.  
**Espace**, *s.* space of time, B 2119.  
**Especies**, *s.* *pl.* kinds, varieties (of sin), I 448.  
**Esaille**, *s.* sets of spies, B 2509, D 1323.  
**Espeye**, *s.* spy, T. ii. 1112.  
**Espeye**, *ger.* to observe, R. 795; *v.* perceive, HF. 706; enquire about, B 180; look about, L. 858.  
**Excuseyne**, *s.* excuse, I 164. Mod. E. *excuse*.  
**Est**, *s.* east, B 297, 493, 3657.  
**Estableth**, *pr.* *s.* settles, causes, B 4. p 4. 51.  
**Estat**, *s.* state, condition, L. 125; rank, T. v. 1025; position, E 1969; *Estat*, state, condition, rank, B 973, 3592, 3647; way, E 610; term of office, D 2018.  
**Estatlich**, *adj.* stately, dignified, A 140; suitable to one's estate, B 3902.  
**Estatuts**, *s.* ordinances, B 2. p 1. 48.  
**Estraunge**, *adj.* strange, T. i. 1084.  
**Estres**, *pl.* inward parts, recesses (of a building), L. 1715; A 1971; recesses, R. 1448; interior, A 4295.  
**Esy**, *adj.* easy, A 223; moderate, A 441; gentle, 5. 382.  
**Eto**, *v.* eat, A 947; *Et*, *pr.* *s.* eats, L. 1389; *Eet*, *pt.* *s.* ate, T. v. 1439; A 2048, 3421; *Eete*, *pt.* *pl.* ate, 9. 11; *Ete*, *pt.* *pl.* 3. 432; *Eten*, *pp.* eaten, A 4351.  
**Eterne**, *adj.* eternal, A 1109, 1990; *s.* eternity, T. iv. 978.  
**Ethe**, *adj.* easy, T. v. 850.  
**Etik**, the Ethics of Aristotle, L. 166.  
**Evangyle**, *s.* gospel, R. 445; *pl.* B 666.  
**Even**, *adj.* even, equal, same, HF. 10; exact, R. 1350.  
**Even**, *adv.* exactly, 3. 441; evenly, D 2249; regularly, R. 526; *Evene joynant*, closely adjoining, A 1060; *Jai even*, actually, 3. 1329.  
**Evene-oristene**, *s.* fellow-Christian, I 395, 805.  
**Even-lyk**, *adj.* similar, B 5. p 2. 25.  
**Ever**, *adv.* ever, always, A 50, &c.; *Ever in oon*, always alike, continually, T. v. 451; incessantly, A 1771.  
**Everich**, each, A 1186; every, A 241; each one, A 371; every one, E 1017; *e. of hem*, either of the two, B 1004; *Everich other*, each other, 7. 53.  
**Everichoon**, every one, A 31, 747; each one, L. 2567; *Everichone*, *pl.* each one (of us), HF. 337; each of them all, all of them, T. iii. 412.  
**Ever-mo**, *adv.* for ever, always, continually, L. 1239, 2035, 2634.  
**Everydeel**, *adv.* every whit, A 368, D 162; altogether, A 3303.  
**Evident**, *adv.* by observation, A. ii. 23. *rubric*.  
**Ew**, *s.* yew-tree, A 2923; (*collectively*) yew-trees, R. 1385.  
**Exaltacioun**, *s.* (astrological) exaltation, D 702, E 2224.  
**Exaltat**, *as pp.* exalted, D 704.  
**Exametron**, *s.* a hexameter, B 3169.  
**Excusacioun**, *s.* false excuse, I 680; plea, I 164.  
**Excuse**, *s.*; *for myn e.*, in my excuse, 7. 305.  
**Executeth**, *pr.* *s.* performs, A 1664; *Execut*, *pp.* executed, T. iii. 622.  
**Executour**, *s.* executant, D 2010.  
**Exeoutrice**, *s.* causer, T. iii. 617.  
**Exercoitiacioun**, *s.* exercise, B 4. p 6. 298.  
**Existence**, *s.* reality, HF. 266.  
**Exorsisaciouns**, *pl.* exorcisms, spells to raise spirits, HF. 1263.  
**Expans**, *adj.* (calculated) separately, F 1275. See *Anni expans*.  
**Expounse**, *v.* explain, B 3398, G 86; *Expounded*, *pt.* *s.* B 3346, 3399.  
**Expres**, *adj.* expressed, made clear, D 1169.  
**Expres**, *adv.* expressly, C 182, D 719.  
**Expresse**, *ger.* to declare, 17. 5; *v.* relate, C 105.

**Expulsif**, *adj.* expellent, A 2749.  
**Extenden**, *pr. pl.* are extended, B 461.  
**Extree**, *s.* axle-tree, A. i. 14. 2.  
**Ey**, *s.* egg, B 4035, G 806.  
**Ey**, *interj.* eh! T. ii. 128; alas! T. iv. 1087; what! C 782.  
**Eye**, *a.* eye; *at eye*, evidently, L. 100; *Eyen*, *pl.* eyes, i. 105; *Eyen sight*, eyesight, D 2060. See Y<sup>e</sup>.  
**Eyed**, *adj.* endowed with eyes, T. iv. 1459.  
**Eyle**, *v.* ail, A 3424.  
**Eyr**, *s.* air, HF. 954; L. 1483; *Eir*, A 1246, 3473; *Eyre*, *dat.* air, gas, G 767.  
**Eyr**, *s.* heir, L. 1598, 1819.  
**Eyriah**, *adj.* of the air, aerial, HF. 932, 965.  
**Eyse**, *a.* case, D 2101. See *Elee*.

## F.

**Face**, *s.* face, A 199, 458; a technical term in astrology, signifying the third part of a sign (of the zodiac), ten degrees in extent, F 50, 1288.  
**Facound**, *adj.* eloquent, 5. 521.  
**Facounde**, *s.* eloquence, fluency, 3. 926; C 50.  
**Facultee**, *s.* capacity, authority, or disposition, A 244; branch of study. HF. 248.  
**Fade**, *adj.* faded, R. 311.  
**Fader**, *s.* father, A 100; *Fader*, *gen.* A 781; *fader day*, father's time, B 3374; *fader kin*, father's race, ancestry, G 829; *pl.* ancestors, E 61; originators, B 129.  
**Fadme**, *pl.* fathoms, A 2916.  
**Fadres-in-lawe**, *pl.* parents-in-law, B 2. p 3. 42.  
**Faile**, *s.* failure; *withouten f.*, without fail, 2. 48; *sans faille*, B 501.  
**Fallen**, *v.* fail, grow dim, 5. 85; *pres. part.* failing, remote, A. ii. 4. 30.  
**Fair**, *adj.* fine, D 2253; good, excellent, A 154; *a fair*, a good one, A 165; *as s.*, a fair thing, excellent thing (sarcastically), T. iii. 850; *voc.* O fair one! HF. 518; *pl.* A 234; clean, R. 571; specious, R. 437.  
**Faire**, *adv.* fairly, R. 774, 798; honestly, A 539; courteously, R. 592; clearly, D 1142; prosperously, L. 186, 277.  
**Faire**, *s.* fair, market, B 1515.  
**Faire Rewthelees**, Fair Unpyting One, *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, 6. 31.  
**Fairnesse**, *s.* beauty, A 1098; honesty of life, A 519.  
**Fair-Semblaunt**, Fair-show, R. 963.  
**Falding**, *s.* a sort of coarse cloth, A 391, 3212.

**Fallen**, *v.* happen, T. iv. 976; light, E 126; suit, E 259; prosper, L. 186; *pr. s.* *subj.* may befall, R. 758; *impera.* may it befall, L. 277; *pr. s.* comes as by accident, 6. 4; comes, 3. 706; suffers depression (an astrological term), D 702, 705; *Falles*, *pr. s.* (Northern form), falls, A 4042; belongs, 3. 257; *Fallen*, *pr. pl.* happen, come to pass, R. 20; *Fel*, *1 pt. s.* fell, 2. 15; *Fil*, *pt. s.* fell, A 845; happened, L. 589, 1162; was fitting, L. 2474; *fil on slepe*, fell asleep, HF. 1114; *fil of his accord*, agreed with him, F 741; *as fer as reson fil*, as far as reason extended, F 570; *fill*, *1 pt. pl.* fell, became, D 812; *Fillen*, *pt. pl.* fell, B 3183, 3620; *Fille*, *pt. pl.* HF. 1659; *fills in speche* = fell to talking, F 964; *Falle*, *pp.* fallen, L. 1726, 1826; happened, A 324; accidentally placed, F 684; *Falling*, *pres. pt.* falling, causing to fall, T. ii. 1382.  
**Fals**, *adj.* false, 3. 618; *false get*, cheating contrivance, G 1277; *voc.* B 4416.  
**Falsen**, *v.* falsify, A 3175; deceive, L. 1640; betray, T. v. 1845; *False*, *v.* be untrue to, 3. 1234; *pp.* falsified, broken (faith), F 627.  
**Falwe**, *adj.* fallow, yellowish, HF. 1936; A 1364.  
**Falwes**, *pl.* fallow-ground, D 656.  
**Fame**, *s.* notoriety, A 3148; rumour, L. 1242; good report, E 418; *Fames*, *pl.* rumours, HF. 1292.  
**Familer**, *s.* familiar friend, B 4 p 6. 25c.  
**Famulier**, *adj.* familiar, at home, A 215; B 1221; of one's own household, E 1784; *Famulere*, affable, L. 1606.  
**Fan**, *s.* vane, quintain, H 42.  
**Fanne**, *s.* fan, A 3315.  
**Fantasyk**, *adj.* belonging to the fancy, A 1376. Used with reference to the portion of the brain in the front of the head.  
**Fantasye**, *s.* fancy, HF. 593; delight, A 3191; imagining, HF. 992; fancy, pleasure, D 190; imagination, A 3835, 3840; imaginary object, 9. 51; desire, will, B 3475; *Fantasyes*, *pl.* fancies, F 205; wishes, B 3465.  
**Fantoms**, *s.* phantasm, delusion, B 105.  
**Faroed**, *pp.* stuffed, L. 1373.  
**Fare**, *s.* behaviour, conduct, A 1809, B 1453; condition, 2. 62; good speed, HF. 682; business, goings-on, T. iii. 1106; bustle, *adv.* HF. 1095; company, T. iii. 605; *evil fare*, ill hap, 2. 62.  
**Faren**, *v.* behave, T. iv. 1087; *doth fare*, causes to behave or feel, T. i. 626; *Fare*,

- ger.* to go, travel, T. v. 21, 279; to proceed, A 2435; Fare, 1 *pr.* a go, G 733; it is with me (thus), 7. 320; am, B 1676; Fareast, 2 *pr.* a. actest, 5. 599; art, HF. 887; Fareth, *pr.* a. acts, D 1088; is, 3. 113; happens, HF. 271; 1 *pr.* pl. live, G 662; 2 *pr.* pl. behave, D 852; *pr.* pl. seem, I 414; Fare, *pr.* a. subj. may fare, F 1579; Ferde, 1 *pt.* a. fared, T. ii. 1006; felt, 3. 99, 785; was placed, 5. 152; *pt.* a. behaved, A 1372; happened, T. i. 225; was, R. 876; seemed, R. 249; went on, HF. 1522; Ferden, *pt.* pl. behaved, A 1647; Ferda, *pr.* a. subj. should fare, R. 271; Faren, *pp.* fared, T. v. 466; D 1773; gone, B 4069; Fare, *pp.* fared, D 1782, gone, A 2436; walked, L. 2209; Ferd, *pp.* fared, T. iv. 1094; Faringe, *pres. pt.* as *adj.*; best *f.*, best looking, fairest of behaviour, F 932; *f.* aright, prosper, T. i. 878; *far wel*, farewell, B 116; Fareth, *imp. pl.* fare, E 1688; *f. wel*, farewell, T. v. 1412.
- Fare-cart**, *s.* travelling cart, T. v. 1162.
- Fare-wel**, *interj.* it is all over! F 1204, G 907; *go farewel*, be lost sight of, A. ii. 23. 12.
- Fared**, *pp.* stuffed, A 233.
- Fasoun**, *s.* fashion, appearance, R. 708; shape, R. 551.
- Fast**, *s.* fasting, T. v. 370.
- Fast**, *adj.* firm, 7. 313.
- Faste**, *adv.* closely, R. 1346; close, near, A 1478; tight, R. 431; fast, quickly, T. i. 748; as *f.*, very quickly, G 1235; hard, soundly, 5. 94; intently, eagerly, R. 793; *faste by*, near to, A 1476; *faste by*, close at hand, 3. 369.
- Faster**, *adv.* closer, B 3722.
- Fatte**, *v.* fatten, D 1880.
- Faucon**, *s.* falcon, F 411, 424.
- Fauconers**, *a. pl.* falconers, F 1196.
- Fauned**, *pt.* a. fawned on, 3. 389.
- Faunes**, *pl.* Fauns, A 2926.
- Fawe**, *adj.* fain, glad, D 220.
- Fawe**, *adv.* fain, anxiously, T. iv. 887.
- Fay**, *s.*; see Fey.
- Fayerye**, *s.* troop of fairies, E 2039; troops of fairies, D 859; enchantment, E 1743; Fairye, fairy-land, F 96; enchantment, F 201; *pl.* fairies, D 872.
- Fayn**, *adj.* glad, L. 130, 1137; fond, R. 1376.
- Fayn**, *adv.* gladly, A 766; *wolde f.*, would be glad to, E 666.
- Feblesse**, *s.* weakness, T. ii. 863; I 1074.
- Fecches**, *pl.* vetches, T. iii. 936.
- Fecchen**, *ger.* to fetch, T. v. 485; *ger.* to fetch, to be brought (i.e. absent), T. iii. 609; Fette, 2 *pt.* a. didst fetch, T. iii. 723; *pt.* a. fetched, L. 676; brought, T. v. 852; *pt.* pl. B 2041; Fet, *pp.* fetched, A 2527; brought, A 819; brought home, D 217.
- Fecching**, *s.* fetching, rape, T. v. 890.
- Fedde**, *pt.* a. fed, A 146.
- Fee**, *s.* reward, pay, 7. 193; Fee simple, an absolute fee or fief, not clogged with conditions, A 319.
- Feeld**, *s.* field, A 886, 3032; (in an heraldic sense), B 3573.
- Feendly**, *adj.* fiendlike, devilish, B 751, 783.
- Feet**, *s.* performance, E 429. E. *feat*.
- Feffe**, *v.* enfeoff, endow, present, T. iii. 901; *ger.* to present, T. v. 1689; *pp.* enfeoffed, put in possession, endowed, E 1698.
- Fel**, *s.* skin, T. i. 91.
- Fel**, *adj.* dreadful, T. v. 50; cruel, A 2630; deadly, D 2002; terrible, B 2019; Felle, *voc.* cruel, A 1559; destructive, T. iv. 44.
- Felawe**, *s.* companion, comrade, A 395, 648.
- Felaweshipe**, *s.* partnership, A 1626; companionship, B 2749; company, A 26.
- Felawshipeth**, *pr.* a. accompanies, B 4. m. 1. 12.
- Feld**, *pp.* of Felle.
- Feldefare**, *s.* field-fare, 5. 364; T. iii. 861; *farwel f.*, i.e. farewell, and a good ridance; because fieldfares depart when the warm weather comes.
- Felden**, *pt.* pl. of Felle.
- Fele**, *adj.* many, R. 189; E 917.
- Fele-folde**, *adj.* manifold, B 2. p. 1. 16.
- Felen**, *v.* feel, experience, L. 692; Fele, understand by experiment, HF. 826; try to find out, T. ii. 387; Felte, 1 *pt.* a. 4. 217; Felede, *pt.* a. G 521; Feled, *pp.* perceived, T. iv. 984.
- Feling**, *s.* affection, 3. 1172.
- Felle**, *pl.* and *voc.* a. of Fel, *adj.*
- Felle**, *v.* fall, A 1702; Felden, *pt.* pl. caused to fall, R. 911; Feld, *pp.* cut down, A 2924.
- Fellen**, *pt.* pl. happened, T. i. 134. See **Fallen**.
- Felliche**, *adj.* bitingly, severely, B 2. m. 3. 13.
- Felnesse**, *s.* fierceness, B 1. m. 6. 11.
- Felon**, *adj.* angry, T. v. 199.
- Felonous**, *adj.* fierce, wicked, B 1. m. 4. 15; mischievous, I 438.
- Felonye**, *s.* injustice, B 4. p. 6. 278; crime, A 1906; treachery, R. 165, 978; *pl.* iniquities, I 281.



**Femele**, *adj.* female, D 122, I 961.  
**Femininitée**, *a.* feminine form, B 360.  
**Fen**, *a.* chapter or subdivision of Avicenna's book called the Canon, C 890.  
**Fenel**, *a.* fennel, R. 731.  
**Fenix**, *a.* phoenix, 3. 982.  
**Fer**, *adj.* far, A 388, 491; **Ferre**, *def.* A 3393.  
**Fer**, *adv.* far, B 1781; **Fer ne ner**, neither later nor sooner, A 1850; *how f. so*, however far, 5. 440.  
**Ferd**, *a.* *dat.* fear, T. iv. 607. (Always in *phr. for ferd*, or *for ferde*.)  
**Ferd**, *pp.* of **Fere**, *v.*  
**Ferd**, *-e*; see **Faren**, *v.*  
**Fere**, *a.* *dat.* fear, B 3369; panic, HF. 174.  
**Fere**, *a.* companion, L. 969; mate, 5. 410, 416; wife, T. iv. 791; *pl.* companions, T. i. 224.  
**Fere**, *a.* *dat.* fire, T. iii. 976.  
**Fere**, *v.* frighten, T. iv. 1483; **Fered**, *pp.* afraid, G 924; **Ferd**, *pp.* afraid, T. ii. 124.  
**Ferforth**, *adv.* far; *as f. as*, as far as, T. iv. 891; as long as, T. i. 121; *so f.*, to such a degree, i. 170; *thus f.*, thus far, T. ii. 960.  
**Ferforthly**, *adv.* thoroughly; *so f.*, to such an extent, A 960; so far, L. 682; *as f.*, as completely, D 1545.  
**Ferfulleste**, most timid, T. ii. 430.  
**Ferly**, *adj.* strange, A 4173.  
**Fermacies**, *pl.* remedies, A 2713.  
**Ferne**, *adj.* firm, E 663.  
**Ferne**, *imp.* *a.* make firm, B i. m 5. 61 (*Lat. firma*).  
**Ferne**, *a.* rent, A 252 b.  
**Fermely**, *adv.* firmly, T. iii. 1488.  
**Fermerere**, *a.* friar in charge of an infirmary, D 1859.  
**Fermour**, *a.* farmer of taxes, L. 378.  
**Fern**, *adv.* long ago; *so fern* = so long ago, F 256.  
**Fern-aashen**, *a.* *pl.* ashes produced by burning ferns, F 254.  
**Ferne**, *pl.* of **Farren**, distant, remote, A 14.  
**Ferne**; *f. yere*, last year, T. v. 1176.  
**Ferre**, *adj.* *def.* distant, A 3393.  
**Ferre**, *comp.* *adv.* farther, HF. 600; **Ferrer**, A 835.  
**Ferreeste**, *superl.* *pl.* farthest, A 494.  
**Fers**, *a.* queen (at chess), 3. 654, 655;  
**Ferses**, *pl.* the pieces at chess, 3. 723.  
**Fers**, *adj.* fierce, T. i. 225; *voc.* 7. 1.  
**Fersly**, *adv.* fiercely, T. iii. 1760.  
**Ferthe**, fourth, T. iv. 26, v. 476.  
**Ferther**, *adj.* farther, B 1686, E. 2226.  
**Ferther**, *adv.* further, i. 148, 3. 1254.

**Ferther-over**, *conj.* moreover, A. ii. 26. 13.  
**Ferthing**, *a.* farthing, D 1967; a very small portion, A 134.  
**Fery**, *adj.* fiery, T. iii. 1600.  
**Fest**, *a.* *fiat*, A 4275, C 802.  
**Feste**, *a.* feast, festival, A 883, B 418; *to f.*, to the feast, B 380; encouragement, T. ii. 361; merriment, T. ii. 421; **Maketh feste**, flatters, 3. 638; *pl.* tokens of pleasure, T. v. 1429.  
**Festeth**, *pr.* *a.* feasts, A 2193.  
**Festeyinge**, *pres. part.* feasting, entertaining, F 345.  
**Festeyinge**, *a.* festivity, T. v. 455.  
**Festlich**, *adj.* fond of feasts, F 281.  
**Festne**, *ger.* to fasten, A 195.  
**Fet**; see **Fecchen**.  
**Fete**, *dat.* *pl.* fest, 3. 199, 400, 502.  
**Fether**, *a.* wing, A 2144.  
**Fetis**, *adj.* neat, well-made, handsome, A 157; R. 776; splendid, R. 1133; graceful, C 478.  
**Fetisly**, *adv.* elegantly, A 124, 273; neatly, trimly, A 3205, 3319; exquisitely, R. 837.  
**Fette**; see **Fecchen**.  
**Fetys**, *adj.* well-made, R. 532; handsome, R. 821; splendid, R. 1133; graceful, C 478.  
**Fetyaly**, *adv.* exquisitely, neatly, R. 1236.  
**Fey**, *a.* faith, A 1126, 3284; fidelity, L. 778.  
**Feyn**, *adj.* glad, 7. 315.  
**Feyne**, *v.* feign, pretend, A 736; speak falsely, 2. 4; *feyne we*, feign, pretend, B 351; Feigna, who-so f. may, let him, who can, pretend, B 3. p 10. 93.  
**Feynest**, *adv.* most gladly, 5. 480.  
**Feyning**, *a.* pretending, cajolery, F 536; pretence, feigning, L. 1556.  
**Feynt**, *adj.* feigned, R. 433.  
**Feyntest**, 2 *pr.* *a.* enfeebled, B 926.  
**Flochen**, *ger.* to fix, B 5. m 4. 18.  
**Fiera**, *adj.* fierce, A 1598; proud, R. 1482.  
**Fifte**, fifth, R. 962, 982; 16. 9.  
**Figes**, *pl.* fig-trees, R. 1364.  
**Fighten**, *v.* fight, L. 1996; **Fight**, *pr.* *a.* fights, 5. 103; **Faught**, *pt.* *a.* fought, A 399; **Foughten**, *pp.* A 62.  
**Figure**, *a.* shape, 16. 27; form (as a man), B 3412; figure, i. 94; figure (of speech), A 499; Figure, type, i. 169; *pl.* figures (of speech), E 16; markings, A. pr. 75.  
**Figuringe**, *a.* form, L. 298; figure, G 96.  
**Fil**, *pt.* *a.* of **Fallen**.  
**Fild**, *pp.* filled, 5. 610.  
**Finch**, *a.* finch (bird), R. 915; *pulls a sack*, pluck a dupe, A 652.

- Finde**, *v.* find, 1. 72; A 648; invent, A 736; *ger.* to provide for, C 537; **Fint**, *pr.* a finds, G 218; **Fynt**, *pr.* a. L 1499; **Fond**, *pt.* a. discovered, A 2445; found out, T. i. 659; provided for, B 4019; **Fonde**, *pt.* a. *subj.* could find, 5. 374; *pp.* found, E 146; **Founden**, *pp.* found, B 612; provided, B 243.
- Finning**, *s.* provision, A 3220.
- Fint**, *pr.* a. finds, G 218.
- Firre**, *s.* fir-tree, A 2921.
- Firste**, *adj.* *def.* first, 3. 1166; *my firste*, my first narration, F 75; *with the firste*, very soon, T. iv. 63.
- Fish**, *s.* the sign Pisces, F 273.
- Fit**, *s.* a 'fyt' or 'passus,' a portion of a song, B 2078; bout, turn, A 4184.
- Fithels**, *s.* fiddle, A 296.
- Fixe**, *pp.* as *adj.* fixed, T. i. 298; solidified, G 779.
- Flambe**, *s.* flame, I 353.
- Flatour**, *s.* flatterer, B 4515.
- Flaumbe**, *s.* flame, HF. 769.
- Flayn**, *pp.* flayed, I 425.
- Fledde**, *pt.* s. fled, avoided, B 3445, 3874; **Fledde** herself, took refuge, L 1225.
- Flee** (1), *v.* fly, F 503; *lest flee*, let fly, A 3806; **Fleigh**, *pt.* a. flew, HF. 921, 2087; **Fley**, *pt.* s. B 4362; **Flowen**, *pt.* *pl.* flew, B 4581; *pp.* flown, HF. 905.
- Fleen** (2), *v.* escape, A 1170; flee, L 1307, 2020; **Fleeth**, *imp.* *pl.* 4. 6; **Fleigh**, *pt.* a. fled, B 3879.
- Fleen**, *s.* *pl.* fleas, H 17.
- Flees**, *s.* fleece, L 1428, 1647.
- Fleet**, *pr.* s. floats, B 463.
- Flekke**, *pp.* spotted, E 1848, G 565.
- Flemen**, *ger.* to banish, T. ii. 852; *pr.* s. H 182; *pp.* banished, G 58.
- Flemer**, *s.* banisher, driver away, B 460.
- Fleminge**, *s.* banishment, flight, T. iii. 933.
- Flen**, *pr.* *pl.* fly, T. iv. 1356.
- Fleshly**, *adv.* carnally, B 1775.
- Flete**, *v.* float, bathe, T. iii. 1971; 1 *pr.* a. *subj.* may float, A 2397; **Fleteth**, *pr.* a. floats, B 901; flows, abounds (Lat. *in-fuat*), B 1. m. 2. 28; **Fleet**, *pr.* a. floats, B 463; *pres.* *pt.* floating, A 1956; **Flet-inge**, *pres.* *pt.* flowing, B 1. p. 3. 78 (Lat. *limphante*). \*
- Flex**, *s.* flax, A 676.
- Fley**, *pt.* s. flew, B 4362.
- Flikered**, *pt.* a. fluttered, T. iv. 1221; *pres.* *pt.* *pl.* fluttering, A 1962.
- Flitte**, *v.* pass away, I 368; *pp.* removed, T. v. 1544; *pres.* *pt.* unimportant, 3. 801.
- Flo**, *s.* arrow, H 264.
- Flokmele**, *adv.* in a flock, in a great number, E 86.
- Flood**, *s.* flood-tide, F 259; on a *fl.*, in a state of flood, T. iii. 640.
- Florissahinges**, *pl.* florid ornaments, HF. 1301.
- Florouns**, *s.* *pl.* florets, L. 217, 220.
- Floteren**, *pr.* *pl.* fluctuate, waver, B 3. p. 11. 227.
- Flotery**, *adj.* fluttering, wavy, A 2883.
- Flough**, 2 *pt.* a. didst fly, B 4421.
- Flour**, *s.* (1) flower, L. 48; *of alle floures* flour, flower of all flowers, 1. 4; flower, i. e. choice, A 4174; choice part, A 982; time of flourishing, A 3048; (2) flour, B. 356.
- Flour-de-lys**, *s.* fleur-de-lis, lily, A 238.
- Floureth**, *pr.* s. flourishes, T. iv. 1577; blooms, 7. 306.
- Flourettes**, *s.* *pl.* flowerets, buds, B. 891.
- Floury**, *adj.* flowery, 3. 398.
- Floute**, *s.* flute, HF. 1223.
- Floutours**, *pl.* flute-players, R. 763.
- Flowen**, *pt.* *pl.* and *pp.* of **Flee** (1).
- Floytinge**, *pres.* *pt.* playing on the flute, A 91.
- Fneseth**, *pr.* s. breathes heavily, puffs, snorts, H 62.
- Fo**, *s.* foe, enemy, B 1748; **Foo**, A 63; **Foon**, *pl.* B 3896; **Foos**, *pl.* B 2160.
- Fode**, *s.* food, D 1881, I 137.
- Foisoun**, *s.* plenty, abundance, R. 1359.
- Folde**, *s.* fold, sheepfold, A 512.
- Folden**, *pp.* folded, T. iv. 359, 1247.
- Foled**, *pp.* foaled, born, D 1545.
- Folily**, *adv.* foolishly, B 2639.
- Folk**, *s.* folk, people, A 12, 25; sort, company, 5. 524; *pl.* companies, 5. 278.
- Folowed** wel, followed as a matter of course, 3. 1012; **Folweth**, *imp.* *pl.* imitate, E 1189. \*
- Foly**, *adv.* foolishly, 3. 874.
- Folye**, *s.* folly, foolishness, A 3045.
- Folyen**, *pr.* *pl.* act foolishly, B 3. p. 2. 100.
- Fomen**, *pl.* foe-men, T. iv. 42.
- Fomy**, *adj.* foaming, covered with foam, A 2506.
- Fond**; *pt.* s. of **Finde**.
- Fonde**, *v.* endeavour, R. 1584; *v.* attempt, try, E 283; try to persuade, B 347.
- Fonde**, *pt.* s. *subj.* could find, 5. 374.
- Fonge**, *v.* receive, B 377.
- Fonne**, *s.* fool (Northern), A 4089.
- Font-ful** water, fontful of water, B 357.
- Fontstoon**, *s.* font, B 723.
- Foo**; see **Fo**.
- Foo**, *s.* foo', for foot, A 3781.

**Fool**, *adj.* foolish, silly, B. 1253.  
**Fool**, *s.* fool, A 3005; jester, B 3271; *pl.* wicked persons, E 2278.  
**Fool-large**, *adj.* foolishly liberal, B 2789, 2810.  
**Fool-largesse**, *s.* foolish liberality, I 813.  
**Foom**, *s.* foam, A 1659, G 564.  
**Foo-men**, *s. pl.* foes, B 3255, 3507.  
**Foon**, *s.* Foes; see **Fo**.  
**Foot**, *as pl.* feet, A 4124.  
**Foot-brede**, *s.* foot-breadth, HF. 2042.  
**Foot-hot**, *adv.* instantly, on the spot, B 438.  
**Foot-mantel**, *s.* foot-cloth, 'safeguard' to cover the skirt, A 472.  
**For**, *prep.* for, A 486, &c.; in respect of, s. 336; by reason of, R. 1564; for the sake of, B 4. p. 6. 190; *for me*, by my means, T. ii. 134; *for which*, wherefore, F 1525; against, to prevent, in order to avoid, L. 231; *for fuyling*, to prevent failure, T. i. 928; in spite of, C 129; *for al*, notwithstanding, A 2020; *for my dehta*, were I to die for it, 4. 186; *to have for excused*, to excuse, A. pr. 31.  
**For**, *conj.* for, A 126, &c.; because, 3. 735, 789; in order that, B 478, F 102.  
**For to**, *with infin.* in order to, to, A 13, 78, &c.  
**Forage**, *s.* provision of fodder, E 1422; food, B 1973; winter-food, as hay, &c., A 3868.  
**For-bede**, *v.* forbid, T. iii. 467; **For-bedeth**, *pr. s.* B 2774; **Forbet**, *for* **For-bedeth**, *pr. s.* forbids, T. ii. 717; *in phr.* god f., or Crist f. = God forbid, Christ forbid, T. ii. 113, 716; **Forbad**, *pt. s.* E 570; **Forbode**, *pp.* forbidden, E 2206.  
**Forbere**, *v.* forbear (to mention), A 885; leave (him) alone, D 665; spare, A 3168; little consider, T. M. 1660; **Forbar**, *pt. s.* forbare, T. i. 437; *imp. pl.* forgive, L. 80.  
**For-blak**, *adj.* extremely black, A 2144.  
**Forbode**, *s.* prohibition; *goddess forbode*, it is God's prohibition (i. e. God forbid), L. 102.  
**Forbrak**, *1 pt. s.* broke off, interrupted, B 4. p. 1. 7.  
**For-brused**, *pp.* badly bruised, B 3804.  
**Forby**, *adv.* by, past, L. 2539.  
**Forbyse**, *ger.* to instruct by examples, T. ii. 1390. (A false form; *for forbisme(n)*, the former *s* being dropped by confusion with that in the suffix.)  
**Force**; see **Fora**.  
**Forracohen**, *ger.* to scratch excessively, R. 323.

**Forcutteth**, *pr. s.* cuts to pieces, H 340.  
**For-do**, *v.* destroy, 'do for,' T. i. 238, iv. 1681; **For-dide**, *pt. s.* slew, L. 2557; **For-doon**, *pp.* overcome, vanquished, T. i. 525; ruined, T. v. 1687; destroyed, H 290; slain, L. 939.  
**Fordriven**, *pp.* driven about, B 1. p. 3. 71.  
**For-dronken**, *pp.* extremely drunk, A 3120, 4150.  
**Fordrye**, *adj.* very dry, withered up, F 409.  
**Fordwyned**, *adj.* shrunken, R. 366.  
**Fore**, *s.* path, trace of steps, D 110; course, track, D 1935. A. S. *for*.  
**Foreyne**, *adj.* extraneous, B 3. p. 3. 73.  
**Foreyne**, *s.* outer chamber (or courtyard?), L. 1962.  
**Forfered**, *pp.* exceedingly afraid; *forfered of* = very afraid for, F 527.  
**Forfeted**, *pt. s.* did wrong, I 273.  
**Forgaf**, *pt. s.* of **Foryeve**.  
**Forgat**, *pt. s.* of **Foryete**.  
**Forgift**, *s.* forgiveness, L. 1853.  
**For-go**, *pp.* overwalked, exhausted with walking, HF. 115.  
**Forgon**, *ger.* to give up, forego, (better forgo), T. iv. 195; lose, R. 1473; **Forgoon**, *pp.* lost, B 2183.  
**Forheed**, *s.* forehead, R. 860; **Forheved**, B 1. p. 4. 139.  
**For-hoor**, *adj.* very hoary, R. 356.  
**Forkerveth**, *pr. s.* hews in pieces, H 340.  
**Forlast**, *pp.* abandoned, C 83.  
**Forleseth**, *pr. s.* loses, I 789. See **For-lorn**.  
**For-leten**, *v.* abandon, give up, C 864; yield up, B 1848; **Forleta**, *pr. pl.* forsake, I 93; **Forleten**, *pp.* abandoned, given up, HF. 694.  
**Forliven**, *v.* degenerate, B 3. p. 6. 56; **Forlived**, *pp. as adj.* degenerate, ignoble, B 3. m. 6. 13.  
**Forlorn**, *pp.* utterly lost, L. 2663. See **Forlese**.  
**Forlost**, *pp.* utterly lost, T. iii. 280.  
**Forloyn**, *s.* note on a horn for recall, 3. 386.  
**Forme**, *s.* form, A 305; form, lair (of a hare), B 1294.  
**Forme-fader**, *s.* fore-father, first father, B 2293.  
**Formel**, *s.* companion (said of birds, 5. 371, 373).  
**Formely**, *adv.* formally, T. iv. 497.  
**Former**, *s.* Creator, C 19.  
**Former age**, the Golden Age of old, 9. 2.  
**Formest**, *adj. sup.* foremost, 3. 890.  
**Forn-cast**, *pp.* premeditated, B 4407.

- Forneya**, *s.* furnace, A 202, 559.  
**For-old**, *adj.* extremely old, A 2124.  
**Forpampred**, *pp.* exceedingly pampered, spoilt by pampering, 9. 5.  
**For-pyned**, *pp.* wasted away (by torment or pain), A 205.  
**Fors**, *s.* force, A 2723; *no fors*, no matter, no consequence, A 2723, B 285; *no force*, no matter, 18. 33; *no fors is*, it is no matter, T. iv. 322; *no force of*, no matter for, 10. 13; *no fors of me*, no matter about me, 4. 197; *thereof no fors*, never mind that, 3. 1170; *make no fors*, pay no heed, H 68; *I do no fors*, I care not, D 1254; *I do no fors thereof*, it is nothing to me, 3. 542; *doth no fors*, takes no account, I 711; *what fors*, what matter, T. ii. 378.  
**Forsake**, *v.* deny, B 1. p. 4. 164; leave, B 3431; **Forsook**, *pt. s.* forsook, R. 1538; **Forsaken**, *pp.* R. 1498; *imp. pl.* give up, C 286.  
**Forseid**, *pp. as adj.* aforesaid, 5. 120.  
**Forseinge**, *s.* prevision, T. iv. 989.  
**Forshapen**, *pp.* metamorphosed, T. ii. 66.  
**For-shright**, *pp.* exhausted with shrieking, T. iv. 1147.  
**For-eight**, *s.* foresight, T. iv. 961.  
**For-sleuthen**, *v.* waste in sloth, B 4286.  
**Foraleweth**, *pr. s.* wastes idly, I 685.  
**Forsluggeth**, *pr. s.* spoils, allows (goods) to spoil, I 685.  
**Forsongen**, *pp.* tired out with singing, R. 664.  
**Forster**, *s.* forester, A 117.  
**Forstraught**, *pp.* distracted, B 1295.  
**Forswor him**, *pt. s.* was forsworn, HF. 389; **Forswore**, *pp.* falsely sworn by, L. 2522; **Forsworn**, *forsworn*, L. 927.  
**Forth**, *adv.* forth, on, further, onward, 5. 27; D 1569, F 604, 605, 964; *forward*, HF. 2061; *out*, 5. 352; *continually*, F 1081; *away*, T. i. 118; *still*, 4. 148; *tho f.*, thenceforth, T. i. 1076; *forth to love*, i. e. they proceed to love, T. ii. 788.  
**Forth**, *adv.* more forward, A 4222; **Further**, (go) further, A 4117.  
**Fortheren**, *ger.* to further, T. v. 1707.  
**Forthering**, *s.* furtherance, aid, L. 69 a.  
**Forth**-moor, *adv.* further on, A 2069; **Furthermore**, moreover, C 357.  
**Forth**-over, *adv.* moreover, C 648.  
**Forthest**, *adj. and adv.* furthest, B 4. p. 6. 136.  
**For-thinke**, *v.* seem amiss, (or here) seem serious, T. ii. 1414; *pr. s. imper.* seems a pity (to me), E 1906; **Forthoughts**, *pt. s. subj.* should displease, R. 1671.  
**Forthren**, *ger.* to further, help, assist, L. 71, 472, 1618; *ger.* to further, T. v. 1707.  
**Forth-right**, *adv.* straightforwardly, straightforward, R. 295; F 1503.  
**Forthward**, *adv.* forwards, B 263, F 1169.  
**For-thy**, *adv.* therefore, on that account, A 1841, 4031.  
**Fortroden**, *pp.* trodden under foot, I 190.  
**Fortuit**, *adj.* fortuitous, B 5. p. 1. 91.  
**Fortuna maior**, a name for the auspicious planet Jupiter, T. iii. 1420. (Or else, a cluster of stars near the beginning of Pisces; cf. Dante, *Purg.* xix. 4).  
**Fortunel**, *adj.* accidental, B 5. m. 1. 16.  
**Fortunen**, *v.* to give (good or bad) fortune to, A 417; **Fortunest**, 2 *pr. s.* renderest lucky or unlucky, A 2377; *pt. pl.* happened, chanced, 3. 288; *pp.* endowed by fortune, 4. 180.  
**Fortunous**, *adj.* fortuitous, accidental, B 1. p. 6. 9.  
**For-waked**, *pp.* tired out with watching, 3. 126; B 596.  
**Forward**, *adv.* foremost; *first and f.*, first of all, B 2431.  
**Forward**, *s.* agreement, covenant, A 33, 829.  
**Forwelked**, *adj.* withered, wrinkled, deeply lined, R. 361.  
**Forweped**, *pp.* weary, exhausted through weeping, 3. 126.  
**Forwered**, *pp.* worn out, R. 235.  
**For-wery**, *adj.* very tired, 5. 93.  
**Forwes**, *pl.* furrows, 9. 12.  
**For-why**, *conj.* for what reason, T. iii. 1009; *wherefore*, why, HF. 20; *because*, 3. 461, 793.  
**For-witer**, *s.* foreknower, B 5. p. 6. 329.  
**Forwiting**, *s.* foreknowledge, B 4433.  
**For-wot**, *pr. s.* foreknows, foresees, HF. 45.  
**Forwrapped**, *pp.* wrapped up, C 718; *concealed*, I 320.  
**For-yede**, *pt. s.* gave up, T. ii. 1330.  
**Foryelde**, *v.* yield in return, requite, E 831.  
**Foryetelnesse**, *s.* forgetfulness, I 827.  
**Foryeten**, *v.* forget, T. iii. 55; *pr. s.* forgets, T. ii. 375; **Forget**, *for* Forgeteth, *pr. s.* forgets, R. 61; **Forgat**, 1 *pt. s.* forgot, C 919; **For-yat**, *pt. s.* T. v. 1535; **For-yeten**, *pp.* forgotten, A 2021; **Forgeten**, *pp.* B 2602.  
**Foryetful**, *adj.* forgetful, E 472.  
**Foryetinge**, *s.* forgetfulness, B 2. p. 7. 98.  
**Foryeve**, *v.* forgive, B 994; **Foryaf**, *pt. s.*

- forgave, T. iii. 1129, 1577; *Forgaf*, pt. a. L. 162; *Foryeve*, pt. pl. L. 1848; *Foryeven*, pp. forgive, T. ii. 595.
- Foryifnesse*, s. forgiveness, B 2963.
- Fostreth*, pr. s. cherishes, E 1387; *Fostred*, pt. s. nourished, fed, kept, E 222, H 131; pp. nurtured, nourished, C 219.
- Fostring*, s. nourishment, D 1845.
- Fote*, s. foot, short distance, F 1177; *dat.* L. 2711; *him to f.*, at his foot, L. 1314; *on f.*, on foot, F 390.
- Fother*, s. load, properly a cart-load, A 530; great quantity, A 1908.
- Fot-hoot*, adv. hastily, immediately, 3. 375.
- Foudre*, s. thunderbolt, HF. 535.
- Foughten*, pp. fought, A 62.
- Foul*, s. bird, F 149; pl. birds, L. 37, 130.
- Foule*, adv. vilely, D 1069; foully, 3. 623; 5. 517; evilly, A 4220; shamefully, L. 1307; hideously, D 1082; meanly, R. 1061.
- Fouler*, adj. comp. uglier, D 999.
- Fouler*, s. fowler, L. 132.
- Founde* (1), ger. to found, T. i. 1065.
- Founde* (2), v. seek after, 7. 241; 1 pr. s. try, endeavour, 7. 47.
- Foundement*, s. foundation, HF. 1132.
- Foundred*, pt. s. foundered, stumbled, A 2687.
- Founes*, s. pl. fawns, 3. 429; *Fownes* (metaphorically), young desires, T. i. 465.
- Fournays*, s. furnace, B 3353.
- Fourtenight*, fourteen nights, a fortnight, T. iv. 1327.
- Fowel*, s. bird, A 190, 2437.
- Foyne*, pr. s. imp. let him thrust, A 2550; pr. s. A 2615; pr. pl. A 1654.
- Foyson*, s. abundance, plenty, A 3165.
- Fraknes*, pl. freckles, A 2169.
- Frane*, ger. to put together, build, T. iii. 530.
- Franchyse*, s. liberality, E 1987; nobleness, F 1524; privilege, I 452.
- Frankleyn*, s. franklin, freeholder, A 331.
- Frankes*, pl. franks, B 1371, 1377.
- Frape*, s. company, pack, T. iii. 410. O.F. *fraps*, troop.
- Fraught*, pp. freighted, B 171; *han doon fr.*, have caused to be freighted.
- Frayneth*, pr. s. prays, beseeches, B 1790.
- Free*, adj. liberal, generous, B 1366, 1854; bounteous, liberal, 3. 484; noble, beautiful, C 35; profuse, lavish, A 4387; as s. noble one, 6. 104.
- Freedom*, s. liberality, L. 1127.
- Freele*, adj. frail, fragile, I 1078.
- Freend*, s. friend, A 670.
- Freendlich*, adj. friendly, A 2680.
- Freletee*, s. frailty, C 78, D 92.
- Fremede*, adj. foreign; *Fremed* (before a vowel), strange, wild; *fremed and tame*, wild and tame, every one, T. iii. 529; *Fremde*, foreign, F 429. A.S. *fremede*.
- Frenesye*, s. madness, D 2209.
- Frenetyk*, adj. frantic, T. v. 206.
- Frenges*, pl. fringes, D 1383; borderings, HF. 1318.
- Frere*, s. friar, A 208, D 829.
- Fresshe*, adv. newly, L. 204.
- Fresshe*, v. refresh, R. 1513.
- Fret*, s. ornament, L. 215, 225, 228.
- Freten*, v. eat (governed by *sough*), A 2019; pr. s. devours, R. 387; pt. pl. consumed, D 561; *Freten*, pp. eaten, devoured, A 2068; *Frete*, pp. B 475.
- Fretted*, pp. adorned, set, L. 1117.
- Freyne*, v. ask, question, T. v. 1227; pt. a. B 3022; pp. G 433.
- Fro*, prep. from, A 44; out of, 4. 254; *to and fro*, L. 2358, 2471.
- Frogges*, pl. frogs, R. 1410.
- From*, prep. from, A 128; apart from, T. iv. 766; from the time that, R. 890.
- Frosty*, adj. frosty, cold, A 268; which comes in the winter, 5. 364.
- Frote*, ger. to rub, T. iii. 1115; pr. a. A 3747.
- Frothen*, pr. pl. become covered with foam, A 1669.
- Fro-this-forth*, henceforward, T. iv. 314.
- Frowned*, adj. wrinkled, R. 365.
- Frounceles*, adj. unwrinkled, R. 860.
- Frount*, a true countenance, B 2. p. 8. 7.
- Fructuous*, adj. fruitful, I 73.
- Fruit*, s. fruit, 1. 38; result, F 74.
- Fruytsteres*, s. pl. *sem.* fruit-sellers, C 478.
- Frye*, v. fry, A 383, D 487.
- Fugitif*, adj. fleeing from (Lat. *pro-fugus*), HF. 146.
- Ful*, adj. satiated, T. iii. 1661; *atts full*, at the full, completely, A 651.
- Ful*, adv. fully, F 1230; very, quite, B 3506, F 52; *f. many*, very many, F 128.
- Fulfile*, v. fulfil, 6. 17; *Fulfelle* (Kentish form), ger. T. iii. 510; *Fulfuldest*, 2 pt. a. didst satisfy, B 2. p. 3. 66; *Fulfilled*, pp. quite full, L. 54.
- Fulsomnesse*, s. copiousness, excess, F 405.
- Fume*, s. vapour, B 4114.
- Fumetero*, s. fumitory, *Fumaria officinalis*, B 4153.

**Fumosities**, *s.* fumes arising from drunkenness, C 567, F 358.  
**Fundement** (1), *s.* foundation, D 2103; (2) fundaments, C 950.  
**Funeral**, *adj.* T. v. 302; funereal, A 2864, 2912.  
**Furial**, *adj.* tormenting, furious, F 448.  
**Furie**, *s.* monster, A 2684; rage, T. v. 212.  
**Furlongs**, *pl.* furlongs, A 4166; Furlongway, a short distance, B 557; Forlongway, a brief time (lit. time of walking a furlong,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  minutes), T. iv. 1237.  
**Furre**, *s.* fur, R. 228.  
**Furred**, *pp.* furred, trimmed with fur, R. 227, 408.  
**Furring**, *s.* fur-trimming, I 418.  
**Further-over**, moreover, 2. 85.  
**Furthre**, *ger.* to help, HF. 2023; *pp.* advanced, 7. 273.  
**Fusible**, *adj.* capable of being fused, G 856.  
**Fustian**, *s.* fustian, A 75.  
**Futur**, *adj.* future, T. v. 748.  
**Fyle**, *v.* file, smoothe by filing, 5. 212; *Fyled*, *pp.* A 2152.  
**Fyn**, *s.* end, R. 1558; death, T. ii. 527; result, B 3248, 3884; aim, E 2106; object, T. ii. 425, iii. 553; *for fyn*, finally, T. iv. 477.  
**Fyn**, *adj.* fine, strong, A 1472; *of fyne force*, of very need, T. v. 421.  
**Fyne**, *v.* finish, T. iv. 26; cease, end, T. ii. 1460.  
**Fynt**, *pr. s.* finds, A 4071; Fint, G 218.  
**Fyr**, *s.* fire, B 3734; Fyr of Saint Antony, erysipelas, I 427.  
**Fyr-makinge**, *s.* making of the fire, A 2914.  
**Fysicien**, *s.* physician, B 1. p 3. 4.

## G.

**Gabbe**, *ger.* to boast, prate, A 3510; 1 *pr. s.* lie, speak idly, 3. 1075; Gabbestow, liest thou, T. iv. 481.  
**Gabber**, *s.* liar, idle talker, I 89.  
**Gable**, *s.* gable-end, A 3571.  
**Gadeling**, *s.* idle vagabond, gad-about, R. 938.  
**Gadereth**, *pr. s.* gathers, A 1053.  
**Gaderinge**, *s.* gathering, B 2765.  
**Gaillard**, *adj.* joyous, merry, lively, A 4367.  
**Galantyne**, *s.* a kind of sauce, galantine, 9. 16; 12. 17.  
**Galaxye**, *s.* the Galaxy, Milky Way, 5. 56; HF. 936.

**Gale**, *v.* sing, cry out, D 852; *pr. s.* subj. exclaim, D 1336.  
**Galianes**, *s.* *pl.* medicines, C 306. So named after Galen.  
**Galingale**, *s.* sweet cyperus, A 381. (A spice was prepared from the root of the plant.)  
**Galle**, *s.* a sore place, D 940.  
**Galles**, *pl.* feelings of envy, 9. 47.  
**Galoeche**, *s.* a shoe, F 555.  
**Galoun**, *s.* gallon, H 24.  
**Galping**, *pres. pl.* gaping, F 350.  
**Galwes**, *s.* *pl.* gallows, B 3924.  
**Gamed**, *pt. s.* *impers.* it pleased, A 534.  
**Gamen**, *s.* game, sport, T. ii. 38, iii. 250; joke, jest, E 733; amusement, fun, merriment, A 2286, 4354.  
**Gan**, *pt. s.* of Ginne.  
**Ganeth**, *pr. s.* yawneth, H 35.  
**Gape**, *v.* gape, gasp, B 3924; *Gapeth*, *pr. s.* opens his mouth, L. 2004; *Gape* (*also Cape*), *pr. pl.* gape, stare, A 3841.  
**Gapinges**, *s.* *pl.* greedy wishes, B 2. m. 2. 17 (Lat. *hiatus*).  
**Gappe**, *s.* gap, A 1639, 1645.  
**Gardin-wal**, *s.* garden-wall, A 1060.  
**Gardinward**, *adv.* gardenward; *to the g.*, towards the garden, F 1505.  
**Gargat**, *s.* throat, B 4524.  
**Garleek**, *s.* garlick, A 634.  
**Garnement**, *s.* garment, R. 806.  
**Garnere**, *s.* garner, granary, R. 1148.  
**Garnisoun**, *s.* garrison, B 2217.  
**Gas**, *pr. s.* goes (Northern), A 4037.  
**Gastly**, *adv.* terrible, A 1984.  
**Gastnesse**, *s.* terror, B 3. p 5. 29.  
**Gat**, *pt. s.* of Gaten.  
**Gat-tothed**, *adj.* having the teeth far apart, A 468, D 603.  
**Gaude**, *s.* gaud, toy, pretence, T. ii. 351; trick, C 389; *pl.* pranks, I 651.  
**Gaudè**, *adj.* dyed with weld, A 2079. *Fr. gauder*, to dye with weld.  
**Gauded**, *pp.* furnished with beads called *gaude*, A 159. (The bead or *gaud* was formerly called *gaudee*, from Lat. imp. *pl. gaudete*.)  
**Gaure**, *v.* stare, T. ii. 1157; *ger.* to stare, gaze, A 3827.  
**Gay**, *adj.* finely dressed, A 74, 111; joyous, R. 435; wanton, A 3769.  
**Gaylard**, *adj.* lively, A 3336.  
**Gayler**, *s.* gaoler, A 1064.  
**Gayneth**, *pr. s.* avails, A 1176; *pt. s.* profited, T. i. 352.  
**Gaytres beryies**, berries of the gay-tree or gait-tree (goat-tree), berries of the *Rhamnus catharticus*, or buckthorn, B

4155. Called *gelbärs-trä*, goat-berry-tree. in Swedish dialects (Riets).
- Geaunt**, *s.* giant, B 1097, 3298.
- Gebet**, *s.* gibbet, gallows, HF. 106.
- Geen**, *pp.* gone (Northern), A 4078.
- Geeth**, *pr. s.* goes, L. 2145.
- Generally**, *adv.* everywhere, T. i. 86.
- Gent**, *adj.* refined, exquisite, noble, B 1905; slim, A 3254; *fem.* graceful, R. 1032.
- Genterye**, *s.* nobility, magnanimity, L. 394; gentility, D 1146; gentle birth, I 452; rank, I 461; sign of good birth, I 601.
- Gentil**, *adj.* gentle, refined, A 72; gentle, worthy, B 1627; excellent, A 718; mild in manner, compassionate, A 647; well-bred, D 111; beautiful, R. 1081; charming, R. 1016.
- Gentillesse**, *s.* gentleness, noble kindness, courtesy, good breeding, L. 610, 1010, 1080; A 920; nobility, B 3854; gentility, D 1109; worth, E 96; kindness, G 1054; condescension, B 853; high birth, I 585; slenderness, symmetry, F 426; delicate nurture, E 593.
- Gentilleste**, *adj. sup.* noblest, E 72, 131.
- Gentilly**, *adv.* gently, honourably, A 3104; courteously, B 1093; frankly, F 674.
- Gentils**, *s. pl.* gentlefolk, A 3113.
- Geomancie**, *s.* divination by figures made on the earth, I 605.
- Geometriens**, *s. pl.* geometricians, B 3. p 10. 143.
- Gere**, *s.* gear, armour, A 2180; equipment, A 4016; property, B 800; utensils, A 352; apparel, A 365; *pl.* contrivances, F 1276.
- Gere**, *s.* changeful manner, A 1372; *pl.* changeful ways, A 1531.
- Gerful**, *adj.* changeable, T. iv. 286; A 1538. Cf. *Gery*.
- Gerland**, *s.* garland, R. 566.
- Gerner**, *s.* garner, A 593.
- Gery**, *adj.* changeable, A 1536.
- Gease**, *v.* suppose, imagine, R. 1115; 1 *pr. s.* suppose, A 82, 117, B 3435, 3960.
- Gessinge**, *s.* opinion, B i. p 4. 315.
- Gest**, *HF.* 288.
- Geste**, *s.* romance, tale, story, T. ii. 83, iii. 450; *in geste*, in romance-form, like the common stock-stories, B 2123; *pl.* stories, D 642; occurrences, T. i. 145; exploits, affairs, T. ii. 1349; histories, history, B 1126; deeds, HF. 1434.
- Gestours**, *s. pl.* story-tellers, B 2036; *Gestiours*, HF. 1198.
- Get (jet)**, *s.* contrivance, G 1277.
- Geten**, *v.* obtain, get, L. 2370; beget, E 1437; *get*, *pr. s.* procure, I 828; *Gete*, 2 *pr. pl. as fut.* (ye) will get, 5. 651; *Get*, *pt. s.* beget, B 715; *got*, 7. 206; *procured for*, A 703; *Geten*, *pp.* gotten, obtained. A 291; won, L. 1753; *begotten*, L. 1402; *han geten hem*, to have acquired for themselves, F 56.
- Gif**, *conj.* if (Northern), A 4181, 4190.
- Gigges**, *pl.* rapid movements, HF. 1942.
- Gigginge**, *pres. pt. pl.* fitting with straps. A 2504. From O.F. *guigue*, a handle of a shield.
- Gilden**, *adj.* golden, 3. 338.
- Gilt**, *s.* guilt, offence, F 757, 1099; *pl. sins*. B 3015.
- Giltelesse**, *adj.* guiltless, innocent, A 1311.
- Giltif**, *adj.* guilty, T. iii. 1019.
- Gin**, *s.* contrivance, snare, G 1165; *pl.* traps, snares, R. 1620.
- Gingebreed**, *s.* gingerbread, B 2044.
- Gingere**, *s.* ginger, R. 1369.
- Ginglen**, *v.* jingle, A 170.
- Ginne**, *v.* begin, attempt, HF. 2004; *Gan*, 1 *pt. s.* began, T. i. 266; (*as auxiliary verb*), did, R. 734, 1129; *Gonne*, *pl. did*, E 1103; HF. 944, 1002; *began*, C 321; *Gonnen*, *pt. pl.* began, 5. 531; *Ganne*, *pt. pl.* began, HF. 1658; did, HF. 1384; *Gunnan*, *pt. pl. did*, T. ii. 150.
- Ginninge**, *s.* beginning, T. i. 377.
- Gipoun**, *s.* a short cask or doublet, A 75, 2120.
- Gipeer**, *s.* pouch, purse, A 357.
- Girdel**, *s.* girdle, A 358, 3250; central line, or great circle, A. i. 17. 49.
- Girden**, *ger. to* strike, B 3736. Properly to switch.
- Girdilstele**, *s.* waist, R. 826.
- Girles**, *pl.* young people, whether male or female, A 664.
- Girt**, *pr. s.* girds, L. 1775; *pp.* girded, A 32.
- Gisar**, *s.* gizzard, liver, B 3. m 12. 47.
- Giterne**, *s.* kind of guitar, cittern, A 3311.
- Giterninge**, *s.* playing on the gittern or cittern, A 3363.
- Glade**, *ger. to* gladden, cheer, E 1171. *ger. to* console, A 2837; to rejoice, 5. 08; *Gladed*, *pt. s.* cheered, T. i. 116; *imp. s.* 3 p. may he comfort, E 822; *Gladeth imp. pl.* rejoice, 4. 1.
- Glader**, *s.* one that cheers, A 2223.
- Gladly**, *adv.* fitly, 887; willingly, F 221. by preference, L. 770; *that been gl. wpm.* that would be thought wise, F 372.
- Gladsom**, *adj.* pleasant, B 3908.
- Glareth**, *pr. s.* glistens, shines, HF. 272.

**Glaſe**, *ger.* to glaſe, furniſh with glaſs, T. v. 469. To *glaze one's hood* = to provide with a uſeleſs defence.

**Glaſing**, a glaſs-work, 3. 327.

**Glede**, a burning coal, glowing coal or aſhes, B 111; *coloured as the glede*, of a bright red, gulae, B 3574; *pl.* glowing coals, L. 235. See **Gleed**.

**Gledy**, *adj.* glowing (as a coal), burning, L. 105.

**Glee**, a muſic, T. ii. 1036; entertainment, B 2030; *pl.* muſical inſtruments, HF. 1209.

**Gleed**, a glowing coal, L. 735.

**Glente**, *pt. pl.* glanced, T. iv. 1223.

**Glewe**, *v.* faſten, glue, HF. 1761.

**Gleyre**, a white (of an egg), G 806.

**Gliden**, *pp.* of **Glyde**.

**Glimſing**, a imperfect ſight, E 2383.

**Gliteren**, *pr. pl.* glitter, A 977.

**Glood**, *pt. s.* of **Glyde**.

**Gloſe**, *s.* gloſing, comment, L. 328; F 166; explanation, D 1792; commentary, hence margin, 3. 333.

**Gloſe**, *ger.* to interpret, explain, T. iv. 1410; to flatter, B 3330; ſpeak with circumlocution, E 2351; perſuade cunningly, T. iv. 1471; cajole, D 509; comment on, B 1180.

**Gloſinge**, *s.* explaining, D 1793.

**Glyde**, *v.* glide, A 1575; aſcend, G 402; ſlip, T. iv. 1215; *up gl.*, riſe up gradually, F 373; **Gllood**, *pt. s.* went quickly, B 2004; **Gliden**, *pp.* glided, paſſed, E 1887.

**Gniden**, *pt. pl.* rubbed, 9. 11. From A.S. *gnidan*.

**Gnof**, *s.* churl (lit. thief), A 3188. Mod.E. *gnoph*.

**Gnow**, *pt. s.* gnawed, B 3638.

**Gobet**, a piece, morſel, fragment, A 606.

**God**, *s.* A 769; God be with you, farewel, C 748; **Goddas**, God's, Chriſt's, B 1166; (*pronounced god's*), D 1096; **Goddas**, *pl.* gods, falſe gods, 3. 1328.

**Godhede**, *s.* divinity, A 2381.

**Godlihede**, *s.* beauty, T. iii. 1730.

**Godſib**, *s.* ſponſor, I 909.

**Gold**, *s.* made of gold, R. 1193.

**Gold-bete**, adorned with beaten gold, gilt, 7. 24. Cf. *Y-bete*.

**Goldes**, *pl.* marigolda, A 1299.

**Gold-hewen**, *pp.* hewn of gold, out out of or made of gold, A 2500.

**Goldlees**, *adj.* moneyleſs, B 1480.

**Goldſmithrie**, *s.* goldſmiths' work, A 2498.

**Golee**, *s.* a gabble (lit. mouthful), 5. 566. O.F. *goles*.

**Golet**, *s.* throat, gullet, C 543.

**Goliardeys**, *s.* buffoon, ſcurriouſ talker, A 560.

**Gomme**, *s.* gum, L. 121.

**Gon**, *v.* go, proceed, F 200; walk, L. 1399; move, A 2510; *lete it goon*, let it go, G 1475; to walk, I 105; move, F 921; roam, L. 2066; **Goost**, *2 pr. s.* goeſt, G 56; **Goth**, *pr. s.* goes, 1. 68; **Gooth** about, ſeeks for, T. i. 1091; **Gooth**, goes, B 385; **Geeth**, L. 2145; **Gas** (Northern), A 4037; **Goon**, *pr. pl.* proceed, go along, E 898; **Goon**, *pp.* gone, L. 792; B 17; **Go**, *pp.* gone, G 907; **Geen** (Northern), A 4078; **Go**, *pr. s.* *subj.* may walk, L. 2069; **Go we**, let us go, T. ii. 615; **Goth**, *imp. pl.* go, B 3384.

**Gonfanoun**, *s.* gonfanon, gonfalon, a ſacred banner, R. 1201.

**Gonge**, *s.* privy, I 885.

**Gonne**, *s.* miſſile, L. 637; gun, cannon, HF. 1643.

**Gonne**, -n; ſee **Ginne**, *v.*

**Good**, *s.* property, goods, 5. 462; **Gode**, *dat.* benefit, HF. 1. 58; property, wealth, L. 2638; **Godes**, *pl.* goods, B 2605.

**Goodlioh**, *adj.* kind, bountiful, G 1053.

**Goodliheed**, *s.* ſeamlineſs, T. ii. 842; goodly ſeeming, HF. 330; a goodly outſide, HF. 274.

**Goodly**, *adj.* kindly, B 2921; excellent, L. 77; pleaſing, right, B 3969; portly, B 4010.

**Goodly**, *adv.* patiently, T. iii. 1035; well, B 2420; kindly, HF. 565; reaſonably, T. iii. 990; favourably, T. iii. 654; rightly, B 2860.

**Good-man**, *s.* maſter of the houſe, C 361; houſholder, L. 1391.

**Goos**, *s.* goole, 5. 358; **Gees**, *pl.* E 2275.

**Goosiah**, *adj.* goole-like, fooliſh, T. iii. 584.

**Goost**, *2 pr. s.* goeſt, B 2501.

**Goot**, *s.* goſt, A 682, G 886.

**Gore**, *s.* 'gore' or guſſet of a garment, B 1979; a triangular piece cut out, A 3237.

**Goshawk**, *s.* goſhawk, B 1028.

**Gosſib**, *s.* female companion, D 529; male (*ſpiritual*) relation, D 243; **Godſib**, ſponſor, I 909.

**Gossomer**, *s.* goſſamer, F 259.

**Gōst**, *s.* ſpirit, ghōst, HF. 185; ſoul, 1. 56; mind, L. 103; ghōst (ironically), H 55; the Holy Spirit, 1. 93; G 328; *yeldeth up the goſt*, gives up the ghōst, L. 886.

**Goſtly**, **Goostly**, *adj.* ſpiritual, I 392.

**Goſtly**, *adv.* ſpiritually, myſtically, G 109; devoutly, truly, T. v. 1030.



- Goter, *a.* gutter, channel for water, L. 2705.
- Goune-clooth, *a.* cloth to make a gown, D 2247, 2252.
- Governaille, *a.* mastery, E 1192; *pl.* rules, B 1. p 6. 32.
- Governaunce, *a.* management, control, rule, HF. 945, 958; providence, T. ii. 467; dominion, B 3541; manner of action, F 311; self-control, T. ii. 1020; charge, care, O 73; demeanour, T. ii. 219.
- Gouverne, *v.* control, T. iii. 475; *imp.* *pl.* arrange, regulate, B 1451, E 322.
- Governeresse, *a.* *fem.* governor, ruler, mistress, 1. 141; 2. 80.
- Governour, *a.* ruler, umpire, A 813; leader, L. 1060.
- Grace, *a.* favour, 1. 46; mercy, F 999; pardon, B 647; good opinion, R. 1169; virtue, R. 1099; *hir* grace, her favour (i.e. that of the Virgin), B 980; *of* grace, out of favour, in kindness, F 161; *sory* grace, an ill favour, HF. 1790; *dis*-favour, D 746; *harde* grace, displeasure, 5. 65; displeasure, disgust, D 2228; severity, HF. 1586; *dis*favour, misfortune, T. i. 713; ill luck (i.e. a curse upon him), G 665; Graces, *pl.* thanks, B 2994.
- Gracelees, *adj.* unfavoured by God, G 1078; out of favour, T. i. 781.
- Grame, *a.* anger, grief, harm, 7. 276.
- Grange, *a.* barn, granary, A 3668.
- Grant mercy, best thanks, G 1380.
- Grapnel, *a.* grapnel, L. 640.
- Gras (1), *a.* grass, R. 1419.
- Gras (2), *a.* grace, B 2021.
- Graspe, *v.* grope, T. v. 223.
- Gras-tyme, *a.* time of eating grass, time of youth, A 3868.
- Graunges, *pl.* granges, barns, granaries, HF. 698.
- Graunt, *a.* grant, R. 851.
- Graunt mercy, best thanks, G 1156.
- Grauten, *v.* grant, R. 1483; *flx.* name, E 179; *pt.* *a.* assented to, L. 2665; *pt.* *pl.* consented to, A 786.
- Grave, *a.* A 2778; *pit*, L. 680.
- Graven, *v.* engrave, F 830; Grave, *v.* dig; *doth she gr.*, she causes to be dug, L. 678; bury, E 681; to engrave, C 17; Graven, *pp.* engraved, graven, HF. 193; buried, L. 785; Grave, *pp.* graven, HF. 157.
- Grayn, *a.* dye; *in* grayn, in dye, i.e. dyed of a fast colour, B 1917.
- Graythe, *ger.* to clothe, dress, R. 584.
- Grece, *a.* grease, A 135.
- Gredy, *adj.* greedy, ready, T. iii. 1758.
- Gree (1), *a.* favour, good part, R. 42; good will, 18. 73; *in* gree, favourably, T. ii. 520.
- Gree (2), *a.* degree, rank, L. 1313; superiority, A 2733.
- Greef, *a.* grievance, D 2174.
- Greet, *adj.* great, 3. 954; principal, B 1181; *voc.* B 1797; *pl.* L. 929; luxuriant, C 57; *a.* greet, a great one, A 339; Grete, *def.* *adj.* *as* *a.*, the chief part, L. 574.
- Grehoundes, *a.* *pl.* greyhounds, A 190.
- Greitha, *v.* prepare, B 3784.
- Gréne, *adj.* *as* *a.*, green colour, R. 573; A 103; green clothing (the colour of inconstancy), 21. 7; green place, green space, F 862.
- Grenehede, *v.* greenness, wantonness, B 163.
- Grenning, *pres. part.* grinning, R. 156.
- Gres, *a.* grass, T. ii. 515; *pl.* grasses, HF. 1353.
- Grete, *v.* greet; *imp.* *a.* L. 2299; Grette, 1 *pt.* *s.* L. 116.
- Gretter, *adj. comp.* greater, A 197.
- Grevaunce, *a.* grievance, trouble, hardship, B 2676; complaint (against us. 1. 63; discomfort, 5. 205; affliction, 10. 47; *pl.* distresses, T. i. 647).
- Greve, *a.* grove, T. v. 1144; *pl.* A 1495; boughs, sprays, L. 227.
- Greve, *ger.* to harm, R. 1042; feel vexed, grumble, T. i. 343; *pr.* *a.* grieves, harms, A 917; *imper.* it vexes, E 647.
- Grevous, *adj.* grievous, painful, T. v. 1604.
- Greyn, *a.* grain, corn, A 596; grain (dye), B 4649; *in* greyn, of a fast colour, F 511; Greyn de Paradys, grains of paradise, R. 1369; Greyn, grain (of paradise, cardamom, A 3690).
- Greythen, *pr.* *pl.* prepare (themselves), get ready, A 4309; *ger.* to adorn, clothe, dress, R. 584. *locl.* *gredða*.
- Griffon, *a.* griffin, A 2133.
- Grille, *adj.* *pl.* horrible, R. 73.
- Grim, *adj.* angry, A 2042; fierce, A 2519.
- Grimnesse, *a.* horror, I 864.
- Grinte, *pt.* *a.* grinned, D 2161.
- Grintinge, *a.* gnashing (of teeth), I 208.
- Grisel, *a.* name given to an old man, whose hair is gray (lit. old horse), 16. 35.
- Grialy, *adj.* horrible, terrible, awful, A 1363, 1971; very serious, T. ii. 1700.
- Grobbe, *v.* dig, grub (up), 9. 39.
- Grome, *a.* man; *gr.* and *wemke*, man and woman, HF. 206; *pl.* men, R. 200.
- Gronte, *pt.* *a.* groaned, B 3899.
- Grope, *v.* try, test, examine, A 644; *ger.* to search out, D 1817.

**Grôt**, *a.* particle, atom, D 1292.  
**Grôte**, *a.* goat, (Dutch) coin, C 945.  
**Grounded**, *pp.* well instructed, A 414; founded, T. iv. 1672.  
**Groyn** (1), *a.* (a swine's) snout, I 156.  
**Groyn** (2), *a.* murmur, T. i. 349.  
**Groyning**, *a.* murmuring, A 2460.  
**Gruche**, *v.* murmur, T. iii. 643; *ger.* to grumble, D 443.  
**Grucching**, *a.* grumbling, complaining, murmuring, D 406, I 499.  
**Gruf**, *adv.* on their faces, grovellingly, in a grovelling posture, A 949, B 1865. Cf. *Ical. a. grāfu*, face downwards.  
**Grypen**, *ger.* to grasp, R. 304.  
**Grya**, *adj.* gray, G 559; *pomely grye*, i.e. dapple-gray.  
**Grys**, *a.* a gray fur, A 194. The fur of the gray squirrel.  
**Guerdon**, *a.* recompense, meed, reward, R. 1526; *him to g.*, as a reward for him, L. 2052.  
**Guerdone**, *v.* reward, I 283; *pp.* B 2462.  
**Guerdoning**, *a.* reward, 5. 455.  
**Gyde**, *a.* guide, A 804; ruler, G 45; guide, wielder, 5. 136.  
**Gyde**, *ger.* to direct, lead, T. i. 183; to guide, T. iii. 1811; *pr. pl.* conduct, T. ii. 1104.  
**Gyderesse**, *a.* conductress, B 4. p. 1. 9.  
**Gyding**, *a.* guidance, T. v. 643.  
**Gye**, *v.* guide, A 1950, E 1429; conduct (myself), L. 2045; govern, A 3046; rule, B 3587; instruct, control, B 1286; *ger.* to guide, T. v. 546; to regulate, I 13; *as wistly he gye*, so verily may he guide, 25. 8.  
**Gyle**, *a.* deceit, A 2596; trick, T. iii. 777.  
**Gylour**, *a.* beguiler, trickster, A 4321.  
**Gyse**, *a.* guise, way, A 663; manner, R. 789, A 1208, 1789; custom, A 993; way, plan, T. iv. 1370.  
**Gyte**, *a.* dress, *perhaps* skirt or mantle, A 3954; *pl.* D 559. Cf. *gyde* in Jamieson's Dict., where the sense is dress, skirt, or mantle. Gascoigne uses *gite* in the sense of dress in his Philomena, l. 117: 'A stately Nymph, a dame of heavenly kinde, Whose glittering *gits* so glimmed in mine eyes.'

## H.

**Ha! ha!** *interj.* B 4571.  
**Haberdassher**, *a.* seller of hats, A 361.  
**Habergeoun**, *a.* hauberk or coat of mail, A 76, 2119.  
**Habitaale**, *a.* habitable space, B 2. p. 7. 59; *Habitacles*, *pl.* niches, HF. 1194.

**Haboundsunt**, *pres. pl.* abounding, B 3. p. 2. 32.  
**Habounde**, *v.* abound, B 3928, E 1286.  
**Habundant**, *adj.* abundant, E 59.  
**Habundaunce**, *a.* plenty, B 2322.  
**Habyten**, *pr. pl.* inhabit, R. 660.  
**Hacches**, *pl.* hatches, L. 638.  
**Halles**, *pl.* hail-storms, HF. 967.  
**Hainselins**, *a. pl.* short jackets, I 422. O.F. *haincelin*, *hamcellin*, a sort of robe; cf. G. *Hemd*, shirt.  
**Haire**, *s.* hair-shirt, R. 438.  
**Hakeney**, *a.* old horse, R. 1137; G 559.  
**Halde**, *pp.* held, esteemed (Northern), A 4208.  
**Hale**, *v.* draw, attract, 5. 151; *pr. s.* draws back, 1. 68.  
**Half**, *s.* side, HF. 1136; behalf, T. ii. 1734; *Halfe*, *dat.* 5. 125; *on my halfe*, from me, 3. 139; *a. goddess halfe*, on God's side, in God's name, D 50; *Halve*, *dat.* side, part, T. iv. 945; *pl.* sides, A 3481.  
**Half-goddes**, *pl.* demi-gods, L. 387.  
**Half-yeer age**, of the age of half a year, A 3971.  
**Haliday**, *s.* holiday, A 3309, 3340.  
**Halke**, *a.* corner, R. 464; hiding-place, L. 1780; nook, F 1121; *pl.* G 311.  
**Halle**, *a.* hall, A 353; dining-room, T. ii. 1170; parlour, B 4022.  
**Halp**, *pl. s.* of *Helpe*.  
**Hala**, *s.* neck, HF. 394; B 73; *cut the hals*, cut in the throat, L. 292 a.  
**Halse**, *i. pr. s.* I conjure, B 1835. The proper meaning of A.S. *halsian* is to clasp round the neck (A.S. *heals*), and thence to beseech, supplicate.  
**Halt**, *pr. s.* of *Holde* and *Halten*.  
**Halten**, *ger.* to limp, T. iv. 1457; *Halt*, *pr. s.* goes lame, 3. 622.  
**Halve** goddes, *pl.* demigods, T. iv. 1545.  
**Halvendel**, *s.* the half part (of), T. v. 335.  
**Halwen**, *ger.* to hallow, I 919.  
**Halwes**, *pl.* saints, B 1060; apostles, 3. 831; shrines of saints, A 14.  
**Haly-dayes**, *pl.* holy-days, festivals, A 3952, I 667.  
**Ham**, *s.* home (Northern), A 4032.  
**Hameled**, *pp.* cut off, T. ii. 964. (It refers to the mutilation of dogs that were found to be pursuing game secretly. They were mutilated by cutting off a foot.) A.S. *hamelian*, to mutilate.  
**Hamer**, *s.* hammer, A 2508.

Hampred, *pp.* hampered, burdened, R. 1493.

Hand, *s.* hand, A 108; *in his hands*, leading by his hand, L. 213.

Handebrede, *s.* hand's breadth, A 3811.

Handwerk, *s.* creatures, things created, D 1562.

Hamgeth, *pr. s. as fut.* will hang, R. 193; Heeng, *pt. s.* hung, A 3250; Heng, *pt. s.* hung, R. 224, 240; (which) hung, E 1883; hung down, T. ii. 689; Hanged, *pp.* hung round, A 2568; hung, T. ii. 353.

Hap, *s.* chance, E 2057; luck, success, B 3928, G 1209; good fortune, *s.* 1039; *h.* other grace, *s.* a mere chance or a special favour, *s.* 810; *pl.* occurrences, *s.* 1279.

Happe, *v.* happen, befall, A 585; *h.* how *h.* may, happen what may, T. v. 796.

Happen, *pr. s. subj.* (it) may happen, L. 78.

Happy, *adj.* lucky, T. ii. 621.

Hard, *adj.* hard, A 229; *of hard*, with difficulty, T. ii. 1236; *def.* cruel, *s.* 106; F 499; *with h. grace*, with displeasure, severity (see Grace).

Harde, *adv.* tightly, A 3279.

Hardely, *adv.* boldly, R. 270; unhesitatingly, *s.* 118; scarcely, R. 4; certainly, HF. 359.

Hardiment, *s.* boldness, T. iv. 533.

Hardinesse, *s.* boldness, A 1948, B 3210; fool-hardiness, B 2508; insolence, I 438.

Harding, *s.* hardening, tempering, F 243.

Hardnesse, *s.* cruelty, *s.* 232; hardship, I 688.

Hardy, *adj.* bold, A 405; sturdy, F 19; rash, R. 1038.

Harie, *ger.* to drag, I 171; Haried, *pp.* pulled forcibly, A 2726.

Harlot, *s.* a person of low birth, servant-lad, D 1754; ribald, A 647; rogue, rascal, A 4268; Harlotes, *pl.* thieves, pick-pockets, R. 191. (Used of both sexes.)

Harlotrye, *s.* ribaldry, A 3145; wickedness, D 1328; evil conduct, E 2262; *pl.* ribald jests, A 561.

Harm, *s.* harm, *s.* 492; A 385; broken harm, occasional injury, petty annoyance, E 1425.

Harnaised, *pp.* equipped (lit. harnessed), A 114.

Harneya, *s.* armour, A 1006; gear, arrangement, I 974; fittings, A 2896; harness, I 433; provision, D 136.

Harpe-strings, *pl.* harp-strings, HF. 777.

Harping, *s.* playing on the harp, A 266.

Harpour, *s.* harper, T. ii. 1030.

Harre, *s.* hinge, A 550. A. S. *hæorra*.

Harrow! *interj.* help! A 3286. O.F. *harro*.

Harwed, *pt. s.* harried, despoiled, A 3512, D 2107. (Alluding to the harrying or harrowing of hell by Christ.) A. S. *herylan*.

Hasard, *s.* dice-play, C 465, 591.

Hasardour, *s.* gamester, C 596.

Hasardrye, *s.* gaming, playing at hasard, C 590.

Hasel-wode, *s.* hazel-wood, i.e. no news (see below), T. v. 505, 1174; *pl.* hazel-bushes, T. iii. 890. (Hazel-woods shake, i.e. that is no news, it is of no use to tell me that.)

Haspe, *s.* hasp, A 3470.

Hast, hast thou (so)? A 4268.

Hast, *s.* haste, T. iii. 1438.

Hasteth, *imp. pl.* make haste, I 72.

Hastif, *adj.* hasty, A 3545.

Hastifnesse, *s.* hastiness, B 2312.

Hastow, *2 pr. s.* hast thou, A 3533.

Hateful, *adj.* hateful, D 366; odious (Lat. *odibile*), D 1195.

Hateredes, *s. pl.* hatreds, B 4. m. 4. 2.

Haubergeons, *s. pl.* hauberks, I 1052, 1054.

Hauberk, *s.* coat of mail, A 2431, B 2053.

Haunche-bon, *s.* thigh-bone, A 3803; *pl.* haunch-bones, A 3279.

Haunt, *s.* abode, B 2001; 'limit,' usual resort, A 252 c; use, practice, skill, 447.

Haunteth, *pr. s.* habitually uses, T. v. 1556; is used to, A 4392; practises, C 547; *pr. pl.* resort to, I 885; practise, I 780, 847.

Hauteyn, *adj.* proud, stately, *s.* 262; loud, C 330; Hautain, haughty, I 614.

Haven, *v.* have, T. iii. 1463; Han, *v.* F. 50; keep, retain, C 725; take away, C 727;

obtain, G 234; possess (cf. 'to have and to hold'), B 208; Hast, *2 pr. s.* hast thou so? A 4268; Hath, *pr. s.* has,

L. 2700; Han, *1 pr. pl.* have, L. 28; *2 pr. pl.* A 849; Han, *pr. pl.* E 188, 381;

possess, A. pr. 24; Hadde, *1 pt. s.* possessed, *s.* 34; Hadde, *pt. s.* had, L. 1859;

had, possessed, E 438; took, E 303; Hade (used for the rime), *pt. s.* A 554,

617; Hadden, *pt. pl.* had, kept, E 201; Hadde, *pt. pl.* L. 1841; *I hadde lever*, I

would rather, B 3083; Have, *imp. s.* take, F 759; Have doon, make an end,

*s.* 492.

Havinge, *s.* possession (*habendi*), B 2. m. 5. 33.

**Hawe**, (1), *a. haw*, yard, enclosure, C 855.  
**Hawe**, (2), *a. haw* (fruit of dog-rose), D 659; *with hawe baks*, with baked haws, i.e. with coarse fare, B 95.  
**Hay**, *a. hedge*, R 54.  
**Hayl**, *interj. hail!* A 3579.  
**Hayt**, *interj. come up!* D 1543.  
**He**, *pron. he*, A 44, &c.; *used for it*, G 867, 868; *that he*, that man, HF. 2069; **He**... **he**, this one... that one, 5. 166; **He** and **he**, one man and another, T. ii. 1748; **Him**, *dat. and acc. himself*, A 87; **Him** or **here**, **him** or **her**, HF. 1003; **him seemed**, it seemed to him, he appeared, B 3361; **Hem**, *pl. dat. and acc. them*, A 11; **hem seemed**, it seemed to them, they supposed, F 56.  
**Hed**, *pp. hidden*, L 208.  
**Hede**, *a. heed*, A 303; *tak h.*, take care, 1. 47.  
**Hede**, *v. provide with a head*, T. ii. 1042.  
**Heed**, *a. head*, A 198, 293, 455; *source*, 16. 43; *beginning*, F 1282; *on his h.*, at the risk of his head, A 1725; *malgre hir hede*, in spite of all they can do, 4. 220; *maugree hir heed*, in spite of all she could do, D 887; *maugre thyn heed*, in spite of all thou canst do, B 104; **Hedes**, *pl. heads*, or first points of signs, A. i. 17. 20; **Hevedes**, *heads*, B 2032.  
**Heef**, *pt. s. of Heve*.  
**Heeld**, *pt. s. of Holde*.  
**Heelp**, *pt. s. of Helpe*.  
**Heeng**, *pt. s. of Hange*.  
**Heep**, *a. heap*, i.e. crowd, host, A 575; *great number*, crowd, T. iv. 1281.  
**Heer**, *a. hair*, R 549; **Hères**, *pl. HF.* 1390.  
**Heer**, *adv. here*, B 1177; **Heer** and **ther**, never long in one place, G 1174; *her* and *ther*, hither and thither, B 5. p 5. 33.  
**Heer-agayns**, *prep. against this*, I 668.  
**Heer-biforn**, *adv. here-before, before this*, F 1535.  
**Heer-forth**, *adv. in this direction*, D 1001.  
**Heer-mele**, *a. the thickness of a hair, a hair's breadth*, A. ii. 38. 17.  
**Heeste**, *a. commandment*, I 845.  
**Heet**, *pt. s. of Hote*.  
**Hegge**, *a. hedge*, T. v. 1144; *pl. B* 4408.  
**Heigh**, *adj. high*, A 316, 522; *great*, A 1798; *lofty*, B 3192; *learned*, E 18; *severe*, B 795; **Heighe**, *def. O* 633; *in h. and love*, in both high and low things, i.e. wholly, A 817, B 993.  
**Heighe**, *adv. high up*, T. iv. 996; *high*, B 4607; *an heigh*, on high, F 849.

**Heighly**, *adv. strongly*, T. ii. 1733.  
**Helde**, *v. hold, retain*, D 272. See **Holde** (the usual form).  
**Helde**, *pt. pl. poured out*, HF. 1686 (Better than 'held.') See **Hield**.  
**Hele**, *a. health*, L 1159; *recovery, well-being*, 1. 80; *prosperity*, L 296. A. S. *hæla*.  
**Héle**, *dat. heel*, T. iv. 728.  
**Hels**, *v. conceal*, B 2279; *pp. hidden*, B 4245. A. S. *helan*.  
**Heleless**, *adj. out of health*, T. v. 1593.  
**Helen**, *v. heal*, 11. 4; *pp. A* 2706.  
**Helle**, *a. hell*, 4. 120; L 2. 6.  
**Helpe**, *a. helper, assistant*, L 1616.  
**Helpe**, *v. help*, A 258; *H. of, cure of*, A 632; **Heelp**, 1 *pt. s. helped*, A 4246; **Heelp**, *pt. s. B* 920; **Halp**, *pt. s. A* 1651; **Helpeth**, *imp. pl. L* 68; **Holpe**, *pt. s. subj. helped*, R. 1230; **Holpen**, *pp. helped, aided*, F 666; *healed*, A 18.  
**Helply**, *adj. helpful*, T. v. 128.  
**Hem**, *them*; see **He**.  
**Hemi-spere**, *hemisphere*, T. iii. 1439.  
**Hem-self**, *pron. pl. themselves*, B 145; **Hem-selven**, F 1420.  
**Hen**, *a. hen*, A 177; (as a thing of small value), D 1112.  
**Hende**, *adj. courteous, polite, gentle*, A 3199, 3272, 3462.  
**Henne**, *adv. hence*, T. i. 572.  
**Hennes**, *adv. hence*, T. v. 402; *now*, HF. 1284.  
**Hennes-forth**, *adv. henceforth*, R. 701.  
**Hente**, *v. catch*, I 355; *seize*, A 3347; *acquire, get*, A 299; *circumvent*, T. iv. 1371; *did her for to hente*, caused her to be seized, L 2715; **Hent**, *pr. s. seizes, catches*, T. iv. 5; **Hente**, *pr. s. subj. may seize*, G 7; **Hente**, *pt. s. caught, took*, A 957; *caught away*, B 1144; *seized, caught hold of*, T. ii. 924; *grasped*, C 255; *took forcibly*, E 534; *took in hunting*, B 3449; *lifted*, G 205; *pt. pl. seized*, A 904; *caught*, R. 773; *pp. caught*, A 1581.  
**Henteres**, *a. pl. flichers*, B 1. p 3. 89.  
**Hépe**, *a. hip, the fruit of the dog-rose*, B 1937.  
**Hepen**, *pr. pl. augment*, B 5. p 2. 46; *pp. accumulated*, T. iv. 236.  
**Her**, **Hir**, *pron. poss. their*, B 136. A. S. *heora*, *thirs*, of them; *gen. pl. of hē*, he.  
**Heraud**, *a. herald*, A 2533.  
**Heraude**, *ger. to proclaim as a herald does*, HF. 1576.  
**Herber**, *a. garden*, T. ii. 1705; *arbour*, L. 203.

- Herbergage, *a.* a lodging, abode, A 4329; B 4179.
- Herbergeours, *a. pl.* harbingers, providers of lodgings, B 997.
- Herberwe, or Herberw, *a.* harbour, A 403; inn, A 765; lodging, shelter, A 4119; dwelling, position, F 1035.
- Herberwe, *ger.* to shelter, R. 491; Herberweden, *pt. pl.* lodged, B 2. p 6. 75.
- Herberwing, *a.* lodging, sheltering, A 4332.
- Her-biforn, *adj.* before this time, L. 73; a while ago, 3. 1136.
- Her-by, *adv.* with respect to this matter, D 2204; hence, HF. 263.
- Herde, *a.* shepherd, C 192; keeper of cattle, A 603.
- Herde-gromes, *pl.* herdsmen, HF. 1225.
- Herdes, *pl.* coarse flax, 'hards', R. 1233.
- Herdesse, *a.* shepherdess, T. i. 653.
- Here, *pron.* her, R. 1260; &c.
- Here, *poss. pron.* her, T. i. 285; &c.
- Here, *adv.* here, in this place, on this spot, T. v. 478. (Dissyllabic.) See Heer.
- Here, *v.* hear, A 169; Heren, *v.* HF. 879; Herestow, *2 pr. s.* hearest thou, A 3366; Herth, *pr. s.* hears, L. 327 a; Herde, *pt. s.* heard, A 221; Herdestow, hearest thou, A 4170; Herd, *pp.* heard, 3. 129.
- Here-agayns, against this, A 3039; Here-ayeins, in reply to that, T. ii. 1380.
- Here and howne, T. iv. 210; *perhaps* gentle and savage, i.e. one and all (doubtful). Cf. *here*, gentle, in Stratmann; and A. S. *Huna*, a Hun.
- Herie, *v.* praise, T. iii. 1672; Heriest, *2 pr. s.* worshippest, B 3419; *pr. s.* B 1155; *pt. pl.* worshipped, L. 786; *pp.* B 872. A. S. *herian*.
- Herke, *imp. s.* hearken, E 1323; Herketh, *imp. pl.* D 1656.
- Herknen, *v.* hearken, listen, I 81; *ger.* to listen to, 3. 752; Herkne, *v.* G 1006; *ger.* B 3159; *pt. s.* listened to, A 4173; Herkned, *pp.* listened, R. 630; *A. after*, expected, F 403.
- Herne, *a.* corner, F 1121; *pl.* G 658.
- Herneys, *a.* armour, A 2496; *pl. sets* of armour, A 1630.
- Heroner, *a.* falcon for herons, T. iv. 413.
- Heronere, *adj.* used for flying at herons, L. 1120. Said of a falcon.
- Heronsewes, *a. pl.* hernshawes, young herons, F 68. *Heronsew* is derived, regularly, from A. F. *herouncel*, later *herouñceau*; a diminutive from *heroun*, like *lioncel* from *lion*.
- Herse, *a.* hearse, 2. 15, 36.
- Hert, *a.* hart, 3. 351; 5. 195.
- Herte, *a.* heart, A 150, 229; dear one, T. ii. 1096; courage, 3. 1222; Hertes, *gen.* heart's, 1. 164; Herte, *gen.* T. ii. 445; Herte rote, root (bottom) of the heart, R. 1026; *my heart*, of my heart, 4. 57.
- Herte, *pt. s.* hurt, 3. 883.
- Herte-blood, heart's blood, A 2006, C 902.
- Hertelees, *adj.* heartless, without heart, T. v. 1594; deficient in courage, B 4098.
- Hertely, *adv.* heartily, A 762; thoroughly, L. 33; earnestly, 3. 1226; truly, 3. 85.
- Herte-rote, *a.* root of the heart, depth of the heart, L. 1993.
- Herte-spoon, *a.* 'the concave part of the breast, where the ribs unite to form the *cartilago ensiformis*' (Tyrrwhitt), A 2606.
- Hert-hunting, *a.* hunting of the hart, 3. 1313.
- Herth, *pr. s.* hearth, L. 327 a.
- Hertly, *adj.* heartfelt, honest, L. 2124; hearty, E 176, 502, F 5.
- Heryinge, *a.* praising, I 682; praise, B 1649; glory, T. iii. 48.
- Heste, *a.* command, commandment, behest, B 382; promise, F 1064; Heeste, commandment, F 845.
- Hète, *a.* heat, R. 1508; passion, 4. 127; heat, *but put for* surge, B 1. m 7. 4.
- Hete, *v.* promise, vow, 6. 77; *pr. s.* *subj.* promise, A 2398; *1 pr. s.* B 334; Hette, *pt. s.* 4. 185. See Hote.
- Heterly, *adv.* fiercely, L. 638.
- Hèthen, *adv.* hence (Northern), A 4033.
- Hethenesse, *a.* heathen lands, A 49, B 1112.
- Hèthing, *a.* contempt, A 4110 Icel. *hæting*.
- Hette, *pt. s.* heated, inflamed, 5. 145.
- Hette, *pt. s.* promised, 4. 185. See Hote.
- Heve, *v.* heave, lift, A 550; *ger.* to use exertion, labour, T. ii. 1289; *pr. s.* lifts up, B 5. m 5. 18; Haf, *pt. s.* heaved, A 3470; Heef, *pt. s.* lifted, B 1. p 1. 19.
- Heved, *a.* head, HF. 550; beginning, A. ii. 16. 3; Hevedes, *pl.* B 2032.
- Heven, *a.* heaven, A 519; the celestial sphere, B 3300; supreme delight, F 558; beautiful sight, T. ii. 637; Hevene, *gen.* heaven's, D 1181, G 542.
- Hevenish, *adj.* heavenly, HF. 1395; of the spheres, 4. 30.
- Hevieth, *pr. pl.* weigh down, B 5. m 5. 16.
- Hevy, *adj.* heavy, R. 229; sad, 4. 12.
- Hewe, (1) *s.* hue, colour, complexion, A 394, 1364; outward appearance, mien, D 1622; pretence, C 421.

**Hewe**, (s), *a.* (household)-servant, domestic, E 1785. A. S. *hæwa*.

**Hewed**, *adj.* coloured, R. 213.

**Hey**, *a.* hay, A 3262; grass, B 3407.

**Hey!** *interj.* hey! L. 1213.

**Heye**, *adj. def.* high, A. i. 16. 11.

**Heyghte**, *a.* height, A. ii. 22. 8.

**Heyne**, *a.* wretch, G 1319.

**Heynous**, *adj.* heinous, odious, T. ii. 1617.

**Heyre**, *adj.* hair, made of hair, C 736.

**Heyre**, *a.* hair-shirt, G 133.

**Heyssugge**, *a.* hedge-sparrow, 5. 612.

**Heyt**, *interj.* come up, D 1561.

**Hider**, *adv.* hither, 4. 165.

**Hidious**, *adj.* hideous, A 3520; terrible, horrible, dreadful, A 1978, B 4583; ugly, B. 158.

**Hidously**, *adv.* terribly, A 1701.

**Hielde**, *pr. s. subj.* pour out, shed, B 2. m 2. 2 (Lat. *Amdat*).

**Hierdes**, female guardian, protectress, T. iii. 619. See *Herdessie*.

**Hight**, *Highte*; see *Hote*.

**Highteth**, *pr. s.* adorns, gladdens, B 1. m 2. 25.

**Hild**, *pt. s.* bent, inclined, 3. 393.

**Hinde**, *a.* hind, 3. 427.

**Hindre**, *v.* hinder, E. 1039.

**Hindreste**, *superl.* hindmost, A 622.

**Hipes**, *pl.* hips, A 472.

**Hir**, (1), *pers. pron. dat. and acc.*, to her, her, A 126, B 162, &c.

**Hir**, (2), *poss. pron.* her, A 120, B 164, &c.

**Hir**, (3), *gen. pl.* of them; *Hir* aller, of them all, A 586; *Hir* bothe, of both of them, B 221.

**Hir**, (4), *poss. pron.* their, A 11, B 140, &c.; *Her*, B 3536, &c.

**Hir thankes**, with their good will, willingly, A 2114.

**Hirre**, *herz*, 5. 482, 588.

**Hirnia**, *a.* hernia, I 423.

**His**, *gen. masc.* his, A 47, 50, &c.; *neut.* its, 1. 178; T. iii. 1088, v. 1379; *in phr.* Mars his = of Mars, L. 2593.

**Histhanke**, with his good will, willingly, A 2107.

**Historial**, *adj.* historical, C 156.

**Hit**, *pron. it*, 2. 117; *Hit* am I, it is I, 3. 186, L. 314; *Hit* weren, they were, HF. 1323.

**Hit**, *pr. s.* hides, F 512. *Hit* is a contracted form, equivalent to *hideth*.

**Ho**, *interj.* hold! stop! B 3957.

**Ho**, *a.* exclamation commanding silence, A 2533; stop, cessation, T. ii. 1083.

**Hocheopot**, *a.* hotch-potch, mixture, B 2447.

**Hoke**, *dat. of* Hook.

**Hoker**, *a.* scorn, frowardness, A 3965. A. S. *hōcor*.

**Hokerly**, *adv.* scornfully, I 584.

**Hold**, *a.* possession, B 4064; grasp, F 167; keeping, D 599; fort, castle, B 507.

**Holde**, *v.* keep, preserve, D 1144; hold, keep, B 41; continue, go on with, T. ii. 965; restrain, 7. 309, 310; keep to (see *Proces*), F 653; *Holden*, *v.* hold, keep, F 763; keep, F 1163; think, consider, L. 857; *do than holde herto*, keep to it then, 3. 754; *Holde up*, hold up, 2. 24; *Holde his pees*, hold his peace, B 4625; *Holde*, 1 *pr. s.* consider, deem, G 739; *Holdest*, 2 *pr. s.* accountant, L. 326; *Halt*, 2 *pr. s.* holds, 11. 16; T. v. 348; *keeps*, T. ii. 37; *holds fast*, T. iii. 1636; *considers*, G 921; *esteems*, D 1185; *performs*, 3. 621; *remains firm*, 10. 38; *Holt*, *pr. s.* holds, T. iii. 1374; *Holden*, 2 *pr. pl.* keep, L. 2500; *Holde*, 2 *pr. pl.* esteem, deem, T. v. 1339; *Heeld*, 1 *pt. s.* considered, E 818; *Heeld*, *pt. s.* held, A 175; *took part*, A 3847; *esteemed*, C 625; *ruled*, B 3518; *Holden*, *pp.* esteemed, held, A 141; *considered*, E 205; *observed*, F 1587; *esteemed*, L. 1709; *bound*, T. ii. 241; *made to be*, C 958; *Holde*, *pp.* esteemed, A 1307; *bet for thee have holde*, better for thee to have held, 5. 572; *Hold up*, *imp. pl.* hold up, A 783; *Holdeth*, *imp. pl.* keep, B 37; *consider*, A 1868.

**Holdinge in hondes**, cajolery, HF. 692.

**Holly**, *adv.* wholly, T. iii. 145.

**Holm**, *a.* evergreen oak, A 2921.

**Holour**, *a.* lecher, adulterer, D 254.

**Holpe**, -n; see *Helpe*.

**Holsom**, *adj.* wholesome, T. i. 947; *healing*, 5. 206.

**Holt**, *a.* plantation, A 6.

**Holt**, *pr. s.* holds, T. iii. 1374.

**Holwe**, *adj.* hollow, G 1265.

**Holwe**, *adv.* hollow, A 289.

**Hom**, *adv.* homewards, F 635.

**Homicyde** (1), *a.* man-slayer, E 1994.

**Homicyde** (2), manslaughter, murder, C 644.

**Hond**, *a.* hand, A 193, 399; *Beren him on h.*, make him believe, T. iv. 1404; *Bere on h.*, accuse (of), D 226; *Bar on h.*, made (them) believe, D 380; *Bar him on h.*, assured him, T. iii. 1154; *Holden in h.*, retain, cajole, T. ii. 477; *Holde in h.*, T. iii. 773; *delude with false hopes*, 3. 1019.

**Honest**, *adj.* creditable, A 246; honour-

able, worthy, B 1751; seemly, decent, C 328; luxurious, E 2028.  
**Honestee**, *s.* honour, L 1673; goodness, B 3157; honourableness, 2. 40; womanly virtue, C 77.  
**Honestetee**, *s.* honour, E 422; modesty, I 429; neatness, I 431.  
**Honestly**, *adv.* honourably, B 1434; richly, E 2026.  
**Honge**, *v.* hang, A 2410; be hung, C 790; *do me h.*, cause me to be hanged, T. i. 833; 2 *pr. pl. subj.* hesitate, T. ii. 1242.  
**Hony**, *s.* honey, A 2908; beloved one, A 3617.  
**Hony-comb**, *a term of endearment*, sweet one, A 3698.  
**Hony-swete**, sweet as honey, E 1396.  
**Hoodless**, *adj.* without a hood, 3. 1028.  
**Hóók**, *s.* hook, T. v. 777; sickle, B 3. m. 1. 3; crosier, D 1317.  
**Hóol**, *adj.* whole, T. i. 961; sound, D 1370; unwounded, F 1111; perfect, G 111, 117; restored to health, L 2468; entire, 554.  
**Hóol**, *adv. as adv.* wholly, T. i. 1053; *al hóol*, entirely, T. iii. 1013.  
**Hoolly**, *adv.* wholly, B. 1163.  
**Hoolnesse**, *s.* integrity, B 4. p. 6. 202.  
**Hoolsome**, *adj.* wholesome, B 2285.  
**Hoolsomnesse**, *s.* health, B 2303.  
**Hóòm**, *s. as adv.* home, homewards, L. 1619.  
**Hoomlinesse**, *s.* domesticity, E 429; familiarity, B 2876.  
**Hoomly**, *adj.* belonging to one's household, E 1785.  
**Hoomward**, *adv.* homeward, T. iii. 621; Homward, A 2956.  
**Hóór**, *adj.* hoary, white-haired, grey-headed, A 3878.  
**Hoors**, *adj.*; see **Hors**.  
**Hoost**, *s.* army, A 874.  
**Hóót**, *adj.* hot, L. 914; fervent, I 117; *as s.* 380; *Hote*, *def.* hot, 5. 266; voracious, 5. 362; (as epithet of Aries, which induced heat of blood), F 51.  
**Hope**, *s.* expectation, G 870.  
**Hope**, 1 *pr. s.* fear, A 4029.  
**Hoper**, *s.* hopper, A 4036, 4039.  
**Hoppe**, *v.* dance, A 4375.  
**Hoppeteres**, *pl.* dancers; *used as adj.*, dancing, A 2017.  
**Hord**, *s.* hoard, treasure, C 775; store (of apples), A 3262; treasure-house, I 821; avarice, 13. 3.  
**Hore**, *pl. of Hoor*, *adj.*  
**Horn**, *s.* horn, T. ii. 642; (musical instrument, used metaphorically), H 90; *pl.*

drinking-horns, A 2279; horns (of the moon), T. v. 652.  
**Horoscopo**; *in horoscopo*, within that part of the sky considered as the ascendant, A. ii. 4. 14.  
**Horowe**, *adj. pl.* foul, scandalous, 4. 206. Cf. A. S. *horig*, filthy.  
**Hors**, *s.* hors, A 168; the 'horse,' a name for the little wedge that passes through a hole in the end of the 'pyn,' A. i. 14. 7 (Arabic *alpheraz*, the horse); **Hors**, *pl.* A 74, 598.  
**Hors**, *adj.* hoarse, 3. 347; **Hoors**, T. iv. 1147. A. S. *hds*.  
**Horsly**, *adj.* like all that a horse should be, F 194.  
**Hose**, *a.* hose, covering for the feet and legs, A 3933, G 726; **Hosm**, *pl.* A 456; **Hoses**, *pl.* A 3319.  
**Hospitaliers**, *s. pl.* knights hospitallers, I 891.  
**Hoste**, *s.* host (of an inn), keeper of a lodging, A 747. Often spelt *ost*.  
**Hostel**, *a.* hostelry, HF. 1022.  
**Hostelrye**, *a.* hostel, inn, A 23.  
**Hostiler**, *a.* innkeeper, A 241; *pl.* servants at an inn, I 440.  
**Hote**, *adj.*; see **Hoot**.  
**Hote**, *adv.* hotly, A 97, 1737.  
**Hote**, *v.* command, promise; *also*, be called, R. 38; **Hoten**, *v.* be called, D 144; **Hote**, 1 *pr. s.* command, HF. 1719; **Hight**, *pt. s. as pr. s.* is called, L. 417; **Highten**, *pt. pl. as pr. pl.* are called, L. 423; **Hight**, *pt. s.* was named, L. 725; **Highte**, *pt. s.* was called, was named, R. 588, 745; 1 *pt. s.* was called, A 4336; 1 *pt. s.* promised, 17. 5; **Highte**, *pt. s.* promised, T. v. 1636; 2 *pt. pl.* promised, E 496; **Hatte**, *pt. s. as pr. s.* is called, is named, T. iii. 797; **Hatte**, *pt. pl.* were called, were named, HF. 1303; **Hette**, 1 *pt. s.* promised, 4. 185; **Heet**, *pt. s.* was named, HF. 1604; (who) was called, F 1388; **Het8** (*for* Heet), 3. 200; **Hoten**, *pp.* called, A 3941; **Hight**, *pp.* promised, T. ii. 492; named, HF. 226. A. S. *hdtan*. The parts of the verb show great confusion.  
**Hottes**, *pl.* baskets carried on the back, HF. 1940. O. F. *hotta*.  
**Hound**, *s.* dog, T. iii. 764.  
**Houndfish**, *s.* dogfish, E 1825.  
**Houped**, *pt. pl.* whooped, B 4590.  
**Hous**, *s.* house, A 252, 343; *to hous*, to a reception by, L. 1546; **Hous** and **hoom**, house and home, H 229; **Hous** by **hous**, to each house in order, D 1765; *s.* house-

- hold, F 24; a 'mansion' of a planet (in astrology), F 672; a 'house' or portion of the sky (in astrology), B 304. The whole celestial sphere was divided into twelve equal portions, called *houses*, by six great circles passing through the north and south points of the horizon; two of these circles being the meridian and the horizon. A *house*, when used for a 'mansion,' is a sign of the zodiac; thus Aries was the mansion of Mars.
- Housbonde, *s.* husband, B 2241.
- Housbondrye, *s.* economy, A 4077; household goods, D 288.
- Housled, *pp.* made a recipient of holy communion, I 1027.
- Hove, *v.* hover, dwell, T. iii. 1427; *pr. pl.* wait in readiness, hover, L. 1196; *pt. s.* waited about, T. v. 33.
- How, *interj.* ho! A 3437, 3577.
- Howne, savage (?), T. iv. 210. See Here.
- Howve, *s.* hood, T. iii. 775; Sette his howve, set (awry) his hood, make game of him, A 3911.
- Humanitee, *s.* kindness, E 92.
- Humbely, *adv.* humbly, T. v. 1354.
- Humblely, *adv.* humbly, T. ii. 1719; L. 156.
- Humblese, *s.* meekness, A 1781, B 165.
- Humbling, *s.* low growl (lit. humming), HF. 1039.
- Humme, *ger.* to hum, T. ii. 1199.
- Hunte, *s.* huntsman, A 2018, 2628.
- Hunter, *s.* huntsman, A 1638.
- Hunteresse, *s. fem.* female hunter, A 2347.
- Hurlest, *2 pr. s.* dost hurl, dost whirl round, B 297.
- Hurt, *pr. s.* hurteth, hurts, T. v. 350.
- Hurtleth, *pr. s.* pushes, A 2616; *pr. pl.* dash together, L. 638.
- Husht, *pp.* hushed, silent, L. 2682; Hust, *as imp. s.* be silent, A 3722.
- Hy, *adj.* high, A 306; Hye, *dat.* HF. 1133; great, E 135; Hye weye, *dat.* (the) high way, main road, A 897.
- Hyde, *v.* hide, A 1477, 1481; lie concealed, F 141; Hydestow, hidest thou, D 308; Hit, *pr. s.* hides, F 512; Hidda, *1 pt. s.* hid, F 595; Hed, *pp.* hidden, L. 208; Hid, *pp.* hidden, R. 1598.
- Hye, *adv.* high, aloft, HF. 905; L. 1300; loudly, 3. 305; proudly, T. ii. 401.
- Hye, *v.* hasten, hie, A 2274, G 1151; *h. me,* make haste, G 1084; *ger.* to bring hastily, F 291; to hasten, HF. 1658; Hy thee, *imp. s. refl.* G 1295.
- Hye, *s.* haste; only in phr. in hye, in haste, T. ii. 88, 1712.
- Hyene, *s.* hyena, 10. 35.
- Hyër, *adj.* higher, upper, HF. 1117.
- Hyne, *s.* hind, servant, peasant, A 603, C 688. A. S. *hina*.
- Hyre, *s.* hire, A 507; reward, 1. 103; payment, D 1008; ransom, T. *fr.* 506.

## I.

- I-, *common prefix of past participles*; see Y-.
- Ioched, *pp.* itched, A 3682.
- Ioh, *pron.* I, T. i. 678, iii. 1818.
- I-omen, *pp.* come, T. iii. 1668.
- Idus, *s. pl.* ides, F 47.
- Ignotum, *s.* an unknown thing, G 1457. Lat. *ignotum*, an unknown thing; comp. *ignotius*, a less known thing.
- I-graunted, *pp.* granted, T. iv. 665.
- I-halowed, *pp.* view-hallooed (of the hart), 3. 379.
- Ik, I, A 3867, 3888.
- Il, *adj.* evil, A 4174. (A Northern word.)
- Il-hayl, bad luck (to you), A 4089. (A Northern form.)
- Ilke, *adj.* same, very, A 64, 175; *that ilke*, that same, B 3663; *ilke same*, very same, L. 779.
- Imaginatyf, *adj.*; No-thing list him to be an imaginatyf = it did not at all please him to imagine, he did not care to think, F 1094.
- Imagining, *s.* plotting, A 1995; fancy, 18. 36.
- Imperie, *s.* government, rank, B 2 p. 6. 13.
- Impertinent, *adj.* irrelevant, E 54.
- Impes, *pl.* grafts, scions, B 3146. A. S. *imp*.
- Impetren, *pr. pl.* impetrate, ask for, B 5 p. 3. 225.
- Importable, *adj.* insufferable, B 3792, E 1144.
- Impossible, *adj.* impossible, T. i. 783; *as s.*, thing impossible, D 688.
- Impressen, *v.* imprint, T. iii. 1543; imprint (themselves), find an impression, E 1578; *pr. pl.* make an impression (upon), G 1071.
- Impressioun, *s.* remembrance, F 371; *pl.* notions, HF. 39.
- In, *s.* dwelling, house, A 3547, 3622; inn, B 4216; lodging, B 1097.
- In, *prep.* in, A 3, &c.; into, B 119; = come within, 20. 6; on, I 105; against, I 695.
- In manus tuas, into Thy hands (I commend my spirit), A 4287.
- In principio, in the beginning, A 254, B 4353. Part of St. John, i. 1.



**Inde**, *adj.* indigo, dark blue, R. 67.  
**Indeterminat**, *adj.* not marked upon the Astrolabe, A. ii. 17. *rubric*.  
**Indifferently**, *adv.* impartially, B 5. p 3. 142.  
**Induracioun**, *s.* hardening, G 855.  
**Inequal**, *adj.* unequal, A 2271; *Ineuales*, *pl.* of varying length; *houres ineuales*, hours formed by dividing the *duration of daylight* by twelve, A. ii. 8. 1.  
**Infect**, *adj.* of no effect, A 320; dimmed, B 4. m 5. 12.  
**In-fere**, *adv.* together, B 328, D 924. *Orig. in fere*, in company.  
**Infortunat**, *adj.* unfortunate, unlucky, inauspicious, B 302.  
**Infortune**, *s.* misfortune, ill fortune, T. iii. 1626, iv. 185.  
**Infortuné**, *pp.* ill-starred, T. iv. 744.  
**Infortunning**, *s.* unlucky condition, A. ii. 4. 43.  
**Ingot**, *s.* a mould for pouring metal into, G 1206, 1209.  
**Inhelde**, *imp.* *s.* pour in, infuse, T. iii. 44.  
**Injure**, *s.* injury, T. iii. 1018.  
**In-knette**, *pt.* *s.* knit up, drew in, T. iii. 1088.  
**Inly**, *adv.* inwardly, intimately, extremely, greatly, T. i. 140; exquisitely, 3. 276.  
**In-mid**, *prep.* amid, HF. 923.  
**Immortal**, *adj.* immortal, T. i. 103.  
**Inne**, *dat. of In*, *s.*  
**Inne**, *adv.* in, within, T. i. 387, 821.  
**Inned**, *pp.* housed, lodged, A 2192.  
**Inobedience**, *s.* disobedience, F 391.  
**Inobedient**, *adj.* disobedient, I 392.  
**Inordinate**, *adj.* unusual, I 414.  
**Inpacience**, *s.* impatience, B 2734.  
**Inpatient**, *adj.* impatient, B 2730.  
**Inparfit**, *adj.* imperfect, B 3. p. 10. 18.  
**Inplitable**, *adj.* intricate, impracticable, B 1. p 4. 90.  
**Impossible**, *s.* impossible thing, F 1009.  
**Inset**, *pp.* implanted, B 2. p 3. 19.  
**Inspired**, *pp.* quickened, A 6.  
**Instable**, *adj.* unstable, E 2057.  
**Instance**, *s.* suggestion, T. ii. 1441; urgent request, E 1611.  
**Intendestow**, dost thou intend, T. v. 478.  
**Intervalle**, *s.* interval, B 2724.  
**In-til**, *prep.* unto, as far as, R. 624.  
**Into**, *prep.* unto, B 2423.  
**Intresse**, *s.* interest, 10. 71.  
**In-with**, *prep.* within, in, B 1794, 2159, E 870, 1394, 1586, 1944.  
**Ipcoras**, *s.* kind of cordial drink, E 1807. Named after Hippocrates.

**Ipoocrite**, *s.* hypocrite, R. 414.  
**Ire**, *s.* irritability, R. 314; quickness of temper, I 665; anger, A 1997.  
**Irous**, *adj.* angry, B 2315, D 2014.  
**Irregular**, *adj.* a sinner against his orders, I 782.  
**Is**, 1 *pr.* *s.* am (Northern), A 4031, 4045, 4202; 2 *pr.* *s.* art (Northern), A 4089.  
**Issest**, 2 *pr.* *s.* issuest, B 3. p 12. 168.  
**Issue**, *s.* outlet, vent, T. v. 205.  
**It am I, it is I**, A 1736.  
**I-wis**, *adv.* certainly, truly, verily, 6. 48.

## J.

**Jade**, *s.* a jade, i. e. miserable hack, B 4002.  
**Jagouncees**, *pl.* garnets (or rubies), R. 1117.  
**Jalous**, *adj.* jealous, A 1329.  
**Jalousye**, *s.* jealousy, A 3294.  
**Jambeux**, *s.* *pl.* leggings, leg-armour, B 2065. From *F. jambe*, the leg.  
**Jane**, *s.* a small coin of Genoa, B 1925, E 999.  
**Jangle**, *v.* chatter, prate, T. ii. 666.  
**Jangler**, *s.* story-teller, jester, babbler, A 560; talkative person, H 343.  
**Jangleresse**, *s.* (female) chatterbox, prattler, D 638.  
**Janglyrie**, *s.* gossip, T. v. 755; talkativeness, B 2252.  
**Jangles**, *s.* *pl.* idle pratings, HF. 1960; disputes, arguments, D 1407.  
**Jangling**, *s.* chattering, idle talking, I 649.  
**Jape**, *s.* jest, trick, A 3390, 3799, 4201; jest, foolish conduct, D 1961; laughing-stock, HF. 414.  
**Jape**, *v.* jest, T. i. 929; *ger.* to jest, L. 1699; H 4; *Japedest*, 2 *pt.* *s.* didst jest, T. i. 508, 924; *pp.* tricked, A 1729.  
**Japere**, *s.* jester, T. ii. 340; mocker, I 89.  
**Japerie**, *s.* buffoonery, I 651; jesting mood, E 1656.  
**Jape-worthy**, *adj.* ridiculous, B 5. p 3. 148.  
**Jargon**, *s.* talk, E 1848.  
**Jargoning**, *s.* jargoning, chattering, R. 716.  
**Jaunyoe**, *s.* jaundice, R. 305.  
**Jeet**, *s.* jet, B 4051.  
**Jelous**, *adj.* jealous, suspicious, 4. 140.  
**Jet**, *s.* fashion, mode, A 682.  
**Jeupardyes**, *s.* *pl.* problems (at chess), 3. 666.  
**Jewerye**, *s.* Jewry, Jews' quarter, B 1679.  
**Jo**, *v.* take effect, come about, T. iii. 33. *O.F. joer (F. jouter).*

Jogelour, *s.* juggler, D 1467; *pl.* R. 764.  
 Jogelrye, *s.* jugglery, F 1265.  
 Jolif, *adj.* joyful, merry, R. 109, A 3355;  
 in good spirits, B 4264; jovial, R. 435;  
 frisky, A 4154; pretty, R. 610.  
 Jolly, *adv.* merrily, A 4370.  
 Jolitee, *s.* sport, amusement, merriment,  
 A 1807; joviality, jollity, mirth, R. 616;  
 enjoyment, F 344; comfort, A 680;  
 excellence, H 197; happiness, HF. 682.  
 Joly, *adj.* full of merriment, D 456;  
 jolly, joyous, R. 620; delightful, L. 176;  
 festive, B 1185. See Jolif.  
 Jolyer, *adj. comp.* handsomer, F 927.  
 Jolyf; see Jolif.  
 Jolyneese, *s.* festivity, F 289; amusement,  
 D 926.  
 Jolytee; see Jolitee.  
 Jompre, *imp. s.* jumble, T. ii. 1037.  
 Jordanes, *pl.* chamberpots, O 305.  
 Jossa, down here, A 4101. O.F. *jos*,  
 down; *pa*, here.  
 Jouken, *v.* slumber, T. v. 409. O.F.  
*joquer, jouquier*, être en repos, jucher.  
 Journee, *s.* day's work, R. 579; day's  
 march, A 2738; journey, E 783.  
 Jowes, *s. pl.* jaws, B i. p. 4. 107 (where  
 the Latin text has *faucibus*); jaws,  
 jowls, HF. 1786 (riming with *clowes*,  
 claws).  
 Joynture, *s.* union, B 2. p. 5. 51.  
 Jubbe, *s.* vessel for holding ale or wine,  
 A 3628, B 1260. (It held 4 gallons.)  
 Judicial, *adj.* judicial, A. ii. 4. 59.  
*Judicial astrology* pretended to forecast  
 the destinies of men and nations;  
*natural astrology* foretold natural events,  
 such as the weather and seasons.  
 Juge, *s.* judge, A 814; umpire, A 1712,  
 1864.  
 Juge, *s.* judge; but an error for *jug*,  
 a yoke, I 808. *Belial* is explained to  
 mean 'absque iugo,' in the Vulgate.  
 Juge, 1 *pr. s.* judge, decide, 5. 629; *pp.*  
 HF. 357.  
 Jugement, *s.* judgement, decision, A 778;  
 opinion, B 1038; sentence, 5. 431.  
 Juggen, *v.* judge, T. ii. 21; deem, T.  
 v. 1203; *imp. pl.* judge ye, T. iii. 1312.  
 Juparte, 2 *pr. pl.* jeopard, imperil, en-  
 danger, T. iv. 1566.  
 Jupartye, *s.* jeopardy, peril, hasard, T. ii.  
 465, 772. O.F. *jeu parti* (Lat. *locus*  
*partitus*), a divided game.  
 Just, *adj.* just, exact, correct, D 2090.  
 Juste, *v.* joust, tourney, tilt, A 96, 2604.  
 Justes, *s. pl. as sing.* a jousting-match,  
 A 2720.

Justing, *s.* jousting, L. 1115.  
 Justyse, *s.* judge, B 665, C 289.  
 Justyse, *s.* judgement, condemnation, 1.  
 142; administration of justice, C 587.  
 Juyse, *s.* justice, judgement, B 795; sen-  
 tence, A 1739. O.F. *jules*.

## K

Kalender, *s.* calendar, almanack, A. i.  
 11. 1; hence, a complete record of  
 examples, L. 542; *pl.* 1. 73.  
 Kalendes, *i.e.* beginning, introduction,  
 T. v. 1634. (Because the Kalends fall  
 on the first of the month.)  
 Karf, *pt. s. of* Kerve.  
 Kaynard, *s.* dotard, D 235. O.F. *caignard*,  
*cagnard*, sluggard.  
 Keoche, *v.* catch, clutch, T. iii. 1375.  
 Kēchil, *s.* small cake, D 1747. O.E. *coecil*,  
 small cake.  
 Keep, *s.* care, heed, notice (only in the  
 phrase *take keep*); *take keep*, take notice,  
 D 431.  
 Keep, *imp. s.* take care! mind! A 4101.  
 Kek! *interj.* (represents the cackle of  
 a goose), 5. 499.  
 Kembe, *ger.* to comb, R. 599; *pr. s.* E  
 2011; Kembde, *pt. s.* F 560; Kemppte,  
*pt. s.* A 3374; Kembd, *pp.* combed,  
 trimmed, A 2143.  
 Kempe, *adj. pl.* shaggy, rough, A 2134.  
 Cf. Icel. *kampr*, beard, moustaches,  
 whiskers of a cat; and see Camp, *s.* (4)  
 in the New E. Dict.  
 Ken, *s.* kin, kindred, men, 3. 438. (A  
 Kentish form.)  
 Kene, *adj.* keen, eager, 21. 6; cruel, 10.  
 27; bold, B 3439; sharp, A 2876.  
 Kene, *adv.* keenly, 6. 63; 11. 3.  
 Kenne, *v.* discern, HF. 498.  
 Kepe, *v.* take care (of), A 130; keep,  
*preserve*, L. 384; 1 *pr. s.* care, L. 1032;  
 intend, T. i. 676; regard, Feck, A 2238;  
 I kepe han, I care to have, G 1368; *pr.*  
*s. subj.* may (He) keep, F 889; *pt. s.*  
 E 223; retained, A 442; took care of,  
 A 415, 512, B 269; *imp. s.* take care!  
 A 4101; *imp. pl.* keep ye, B 764.  
 Kepe, *s.* heed (only in the phrase *take*  
*kepe* or *take keep*); I take kepe, 3. 6.  
 Keper, *s.* keeper, *i.e.* prior, A 172.  
 Kerchief, finely woven loose covering, 5.  
 272; kerchief, B 837.  
 Kers, *s.* cress; thing of small value,  
 A 3756.  
 Kerve, *v.* carve, cut, T. ii. 325, F 158;  
 • Karf, *pt. s.* carved, A 100; cut, B 3647,

3791; Corven, *pp.* out, A 2696; carved, HF. 1295; slashed, A 3318.  
**Kerver**, *s.* carver, A 1899.  
**Kerving**, *s.* carving, A 1925; cutting, crossing over, A 1. 19. 4.  
**Kerving-toles**, *s. pl.* tools to cut with, T. i. 632.  
**Kesse**, *v.* kiss, E 1057; *Keste*, *pt. s.* F 350. (A Kentish form.) See **Kissen**.  
**Kevere**, *v.* to recover, T. i. 917; *pp.* covered, HF. 275, 352.  
**Keye**, *s.* G 1219; *key* (*in place of* rudder), B 3. p 12. 80. Chaucer has translated *claw* (rudder), as if it were *claw* (key).  
**Kitchens**, *pl.* kitchens, D 869.  
**Kid**, **Kidde**; see **Kythen**.  
**Kike**, *v.* kick, D 941.  
**Kimelin**, *s.* a large shallow tub, A 3548, 3621.  
**Kin**, *s.* kindred, R. 268; *som kin*, of some kind, B 1137; *alles kinnes*, of every kind, HF. 1530.  
**Kinde**, *s.* nature, R. 412, 1699; race, lineage, stock, D 1101; seed, I 965; the natural world, HF. 584; natural bent, F 608, 619; natural disposition, HF. 43; natural ordinance, 3. 494; kind, species, 5. 174; *of k.*, by nature, naturally, F 768; *pl.* sorts, HF. 204.  
**Kinde**, *adj.* kind, A 647; natural, HF. 834, 836.  
**Kinde**, *adv.* kindly, 7. 267.  
**Kindely**, *adj.* natural, HF. 842.  
**Kindely**, *adv.* by nature, D 402; naturally, HF. 832.  
**Kindenesse**, *s.* kindness, 4. 298; love, devotion, L. 665.  
**Kinges** note, the name of a tune, A 3217.  
**Kinrede**, *s.* kindred, B 2558; relations, A 1286; birth, A 2790; family, L. 2094.  
**Kirtel**, *s.* kirtle, A 3321. A *kirtle* usually means a short skirt with a body.  
**Kissen**, *v.* kiss, L. 761; *Kiste*, *pt. pl.* R. 788; *kist they been*, they have kissed each other, B 1074. See **Kesse**.  
**Kitte**, *pt. s.* cut, B 600, 1761.  
**Knakkes**, *s. pl.* tricks, I 652; contemptible ways, 3. 1033.  
**Knarre**, *s.* a thickset fellow, sturdy churl, A 549.  
**Knarry**, *adj.* gnarled, A 1977.  
**Knave**, *s.* boy, servant-lad, page, R. 886; man-servant, servant, L. 1807; peasant, D 1190; Knave child, male child, B 715.  
**Knavish**, *adj.* rude, H 205.  
**Knead**, *v.* knead, A 4094; **Kneden**, *pp.* kneaded, R. 217.  
**Knet**, **Knette**; see **Knitte**.

**Knettinge**, *s.* chain, B 5. p 1. 39.  
**Knightly**, *adv.* bravely, L. 2085.  
**Knitte**, *ger* to knit, I 47; *2 pr. s. red* jointest (thysself), art in conjunction, B 307; **Knit**, *pp.* L. 89; conjoined, 5. 381; agreed, F 1230; wedded, F 986; joined in love, 4. 50; **Knet**, *pp.* R. 1397.  
**Knittinges**, *pl.* connections, B 5. m 3. 18.  
**Knobbos**, *pl.* large pimples, A 633.  
**Knoppe**, *s.* bud, R. 1702.  
**Knotte**, *s.* knot, gist of a tale, F 401, 407.  
**Knottelas**, *adj.* without a knot, T. v. 769.  
**Knotty**, *adj.* covered with knots, A 1977.  
**Knowe**, *dat.* knee, T. ii. 1202.  
**Knowe**, *v.* know, A 382; **Knowestow**, thou knowest, A 3156; **Knewe**, *2 pt. s.* knewest, 10. 21; **Knew**, *pt. s.* A 240: **Knewe**, *1 pt. s. subj.* could know, F 466; **Knewe**, *pt. pl.* D 1341; **Knewe**, *pt. s. subj.* were to know, R. 282; **Knowen**, *pp.* known, L. 421; shown, B 2702; **Knowe**, *pp.* known, L. 1382.  
**Knowing**, *s.* knowledge, R. 1699; consciousness, 6. 114.  
**Knowinge**, *adj.* conscious, B 3. p 11. 168; **Knowinge** with me, i. e. my witnesses, B 1. p 4. 50.  
**Knowlecheeth**, *pr. s.* acknowledges, B 2964.  
**Knowleching**, *s.* knowing, knowledge, G 1432; cognition, B 5. p 5. 3.  
**Konning**, *s.* cunning, skill, F 251.  
**Konninge**, *adj.* skilful, T. i. 302.  
**Kukkow!** *inf.* cuckoo! 5. 499.  
**Kyken**, *pr. pl.* peep, A 3841; *pp.* gazed, A 3445. *Ioel kíkja*, *Swed.* kika.  
**Kyn**, *pl.* kine, cows, B 4021.  
**Kyndely**, *adj.* natural, 3. 761.  
**Kyndely**, *adv.* naturally, by nature, 3. 778.  
**Kyte**, *s.* kite (bird), A 1179.  
**Kythe**, *v.* shew, shew plainly, display, F 748; declare to be, 7. 228; shew, 10. 63; *pr. s.* shews, L. 504; **Kidde**, *pt. s.* shewed, T. i. 208; **Kid**, *pp.* made known, L. 1028; known, 9. 46; **Kythed**, *pp.* shewn, G 1054; **Kythe**, *pr. s. subj.* may shew, B 636; **Kyth**, *imp. s.* shew, T. iv. 538; display, T. iv. 610; HF. 528; **Kytheth**, *imp. pl.* 4. 298.

## L

**Laas**; see **Las**.

**Labbe**, *s.* blab, tell-tale, A 3509.

**Labbing**, *pres. part.* blabbing, babbling. E 2428.

**Label**, *s.* the narrow revolving rod or

- rule on the front of the astrolabe, A. i. 22. 1.
- Laborious**, *adj.* laborious, D 1428.
- Lacche**, *s.* snare, springe, R. 1624.
- Lace**; see **Laa**.
- Laced**, *pp.* laced up, A 2367.
- Lacerte**, *s.* a fleshy muscle, A 2753.
- Lacbe**, *adj.* lazy, dull, B 4. p 3. 132.
- Lachesse**, *s.* laziness, I 720.
- Lacinge**, *s.* lacing; with *layneres l.*, with the fastening up of straps, A 2504.
- Lad**, **Ladde**; see **Lede**.
- Lade**, *ger.* to load, cover, T. ii. 1544.
- Lady**, *gen.* lady's, A 88, 695.
- Left**, **Lefte**; see **Leve**.
- Lak**, *s.* want, defect, lack, 3. 958; blame, dispraise, L. 298 a; **Lakke**, *dat.* lack, want, 5. 87, 615; loss, F 430; acc. fault, E 2199.
- Lake**, *s.* a kind of fine white linen cloth, B 2048. The word probably was imported from the Low Countries, as *laken* is a common Dutch word for cloth or a sheet.
- Lakken**, *v.* find fault with, dispraise, blame, R. 284; *pr.* *s.* lacks, B 1437; *pr.* *s.* *impers.* lacks; *me lakket*, I lack, 2. 105.
- Lakking**, *s.* lack, stint, R. 1147.
- Lambish**, *adj.* gentle as lambs, 9. 50.
- Lampe**, *s.* lamina, thin plate, G 764.
- F. lame**, a thin plate, *Lat. lamina*.
- Lange**, *adj.* long (Northern), A 4175.
- Langour**, *s.* weakness, 1. 7; slow starvation, R. 214; B 3597; languishing, R. 304; sickness, F 1101.
- Languishe**, *v.* fail, HF. 2018.
- Lapidaire**, *s.* a treatise on precious stones, HF. 1352.
- Lappe**, *s.* fold, lappet, or edge of a garment, F 441, G 12; lap, A 686; a wrapper, E 585.
- Lappeth**, *pr.* *s.* enfolds, embraces, 4. 76.
- Large**, *adj.* large, A 472, 753; great, I 705; wide, broad, R. 1351; liberal, bounteous, R. 1168; *at his l.*, free (to speak or to be silent), A 2288; free to move, HF. 745; *at our l.*, free (to go anywhere), D 322.
- Large**, *adv.* liberally, 1. 174.
- Largely**, *adv.* fully, A 1908; in a wide sense, I 804.
- Largenesse**, *s.* liberality, I 1051.
- Largesse**, *s.* liberality, R. 1150; bounty, B 2465; liberal bestower, 1. 13.
- Las**, *s.* lace, snare, entanglement, L. 600; net, A 2389; Laas, lace, i.e. a thick string, A 392; band, G 574; lace (i.e. laces), R. 843; Lace, snare, entanglement, 18. 50.
- Lasse**, *adj.* comp. less, R. 118; lesser, A 1756; smaller, B 2262; less (time), A 3519; *lasse and mora*, smaller and greater, i.e. all, E 67; *the lasse*, the lesser, R. 187.
- Lasse**, *adv.* less, 3. 927; *the las*, the less, 3. 675.
- Last**, *s.* pl. *lasts*, i.e. burdens, loads, B 1628. A.S. *hlæst*, a burden, load, a ship's freight.
- Laste**, *adj.* last, 10. 71; *atte l.*, at last, 3. 364; lastly, A 707.
- Laste**, *v.* endure, 4. 226; **Last**, *pr.* *s.* *lasts*, E 266; **Laste**, *pt.* *s.* *lasted*, B 1826; delayed, L. 791.
- Late**, *adj.* late; *bet than never is late*, G 1410; *till now late*, till it was already late, 3. 45.
- Late**, *-n*, let; see **Lete**.
- Lathe**, *s.* barn (Northern), HF. 2140; A 4088. Icel. *hlafja*.
- Latia**, *s.* lattice, T. ii. 615.
- Latitude**, *s.* (1) breadth, A. i. 21. 43; (2) the breadth of a climate, or a line along which such breadth is measured, A. ii. 39. 42; (3) *astronomical*, the angular distance of any body from the ecliptic, measured along a great circle at right angles to the ecliptic, A. pr. 110; (4) *terrestrial*, the distance of a place N. or S. of the equator, E 1797.
- Latoun**, *s.* latten, a compound metal, like pinchbeck, containing chiefly copper and zinc, A 699.
- Latrede**, *adj.* tardy, dawdling, I 718. A.S. *latræde*.
- Latter**, *adv.* more slowly, I 971.
- Laude**, *s.* praise, honour, HF. 1575; *pl.* lauds, a service held at 2 or 3 a.m., A 3655.
- Laughe**, *v.* laugh, A 474; **Laugheth** of, smiles on account of, A 1494; **Lough**, *strong pt.* *s.* laughed, R. 248; **Laughode**, *weak pt. pl.* R. 863.
- Launce**, *v.* rear, HF. 946.
- Launcegay**, *s.* a kind of lance, B 1942, 2011. Originally of Moorish origin.
- Launcheth**, *pr.* *s.* pushes, lets slide, D 2145.
- Launde**, *s.* a grassy clearing (called *dale* in 5. 327), 5. 302; glade, plain surrounded by trees, A 1691.
- Laure**, *s.* laurel-tree, HF. 1107.
- Laureat**, *adj.* crowned with laurel, B 3886, E 31.
- Laurer**, *s.* laurel-tree, 5. 182.
- Laurer-crowned**, laurel-crowned, 7. 43.
- Lauriol**, *s.* spurge-laurel, *Daphne Laureola*, B 4153.

**Laus**, *adj.* loose, B 4. p 6. 147.  
**Laven**, *ger.* to exhaust, B 4. p 6. 14;  
*Laved*, *pp.* drawn up, B 3. m 12. 125.  
 A. S. *laftan*.  
**Lavender**, *s.* laundress, L. 358.  
**Laverokkes**, *pl.* sky-larks, R. 662.  
**Lavours**, *pt.* basins, D 287.  
**Laxatif**, *adj.* as *s.* looseness, A 2736; *s.*  
*laxative*, B 4133.  
**Lay** (1), *s.* song, lay, B 1959; *Layes*, *pl.*  
 songs, F 710, 712, 947.  
**Lay** (2), *s.* law; *hence* belief, faith, T. i.  
 340; creed, L. 336.  
**Layneres**, *pl.* straps, thongs, A 2504.  
 O.F. *laniere*; mod. E. *lanyard*.  
**Layser**, *s.* leisure, T. ii. 227.  
**Lasar**, *s.* leper, A 242.  
**Leche**, *s.* physician, A 3904, C 916.  
**Lechecraft**, *s.* art of medicine, T. iv. 436;  
*skill of a physician*, A 2745.  
**Lecher**, *s.* healer, B 4. p 6. 238.  
**Lechour**, *s.* lecher, B 1935.  
**Lede**, *v.* lead, T. i. 259; carry, T. iv. 1514;  
 lead, take, L. 2021; draw, R. 1608;  
 govern, B 434; lead (his life), R. 1321;  
 lead, R. 1129; *Lede*, *ger.* to lead, spend, F  
 744; to guide, R. 400; *Let*, *pr.* *s.* leads,  
 T. ii. 882; *Ledde*, *pt.* *s.* led, R. 581;  
 brought, 7. 39; carried, L. 114; con-  
 ducted, B 3747; continued, R. 216;  
*Ladden*, *pt.* *pl.* led, R. 1310; *Ledden*,  
*pt.* *pl.* *s.* 2; *Ladde*, *pt.* *pl.* B 3920; *Led*,  
*pp.* led, L. 1108, 1948; brought, A 2620;  
 conducted, A 4402; carried, L. 74.  
**Leden**, *adj.* leaden, G 728.  
**Ledene**, *s.* (*dat.*) language, talk, F 435,  
 478.  
**Leed**, *s.* lead (metal), HF. 739, 1448, 1648;  
 a copper, or caldron, A 202.  
**Leef**, *adj.* lief, A 1837; dear, R. 103; pre-  
 cious, G 1467; lief, pleasing, T. v. 1738;  
 pleasant, R. 1688; *you so leef*, so desired  
 by you, C 760; *that leef me were*, which  
 I should like, HF. 1999; *Leve*, *adj.* dear  
 (one), A 3393; vocative, HF. 816; *Lefe*,  
*adj.* *fem.* *voc.* HF. 1827; *Leve*, *pl.* dear,  
 T. iv. 82, v. 592.  
**Leef**, *adj.* as *s.*, what is pleasant; *for l. no*  
*looth*, for weal nor for woe, L. 1639;  
 what is dear (to him), T. iv. 1585; be-  
 loved one, lover, lady-love, T. iii. 3.  
**Leef**, *s.* leaf, L. 72; *Leves*, *pl.* leaves, R.  
 56; (of a book), D 790.  
**Leefful**; see *Leveful*.  
**Leefsel**, *s.* the 'bush' or leafy bundle (as  
 a sign), at a tavern-door, I 411; *Levesel*,  
 abour of leaves, A 4060. Cf. Swed.  
*lufsal*, a hut made of green boughs.

**Leek**, *s.* leek, R. 212; a thing of no value.  
 G 795.  
**Leen**, *imp.* *s.* of *Lena*.  
**Leep** (léép), *pt.* *s.* of *Lépe*.  
**Lees** (léés), *s.* leash, G 19; snare, 7. 233.  
**Lees**, *adj.* untrue, R. 8.  
**Lees** (léés), *s.* deceit, fraud; a *shrewed*  
*lees*, a wicked fraud, L. 1545; *withouden*  
*lees*, without deceit, verily, HF. 1464.  
**Lees**, *pt.* *s.* of *Lese*.  
**Leeste**, *adj.* *sup.* least, B 2513; *attic l.*  
*weye*, at the very least, A 1121.  
**Leet**, *pt.* *s.* of *Lete*.  
**Lef**, *imp.* *s.* of *Leve* (leave).  
**Lefe**, *adj.* *fem.* *voc.* dear, HF. 1827.  
**Leful**; see *Leveful*.  
**Legge**, -n; see *Leye*, v.  
**Leide**, 1 *pt.* *s.* of *Leye*.  
**Leigh**, *pt.* *s.* of *Lye* (2).  
**Lekes**, *pl.* leaks, A 634.  
**Lemes**, *pl.* flames, B 4120. A.S. *lōma*.  
**Lemman**, *s.* masc. (male) lover, sweet-  
 heart, A 4240, 4247; *fem.* (female) lover,  
 lady-love, A 3278, 3280; concubines, I 903.  
**Lendes**, *pl.* loins, A 3237, 3304. A.S. *lenden*,  
*pl.* *lendenn*.  
**Lene**, *adj.* lean, thin, R. 218, 444; weak,  
 T. ii. 132.  
**Lene**, *ger.* to lend, give, A 611; *Lena*,  
*imp.* *s.* lend, B 1376; *Lean*, *imp.* *s.* give,  
 A 3082. A.S. *lōnan*.  
**Lene**, *v.* lean, incline, B 2638.  
**Leng**, *adv.* longer; *ever l. the more*, the  
 worse, the longer it lasts, A 3872.  
**Lenger**, *adj.* longer, L. 450, 2025.  
**Lenger**, *adv.* longer, B 374, 2122, 3709;  
*ever the l.*, the longer, the more, 7. 120;  
*ever l. the more*, E 687.  
**Longest**, *adv.* *sup.* longest, 5. 549.  
**Lente**, *s.* Lent-season, D 543.  
**Lenvoy**, *s.* l'envoy, i. e. the epilogue or  
 postscript addressed to the hearers or  
 readers, E 1177 (*rubric*).  
**Leonesse**, *s.* lioness, L. 805.  
**Leonyn**, *adj.* lionlike, B 3836.  
**Leos**, *s.* people, G 103, 106. Gk. *laos*.  
**Leoun**, *s.* lion, L. 627, 829; *Léon*, the sign  
 Leo, F 265.  
**Lepart**, *s.* leopard, A 2186; *Lébardes*, *pl.*  
 R. 894.  
**Lepe**, *v.* run, A 4378; leap, L. 2008; *Lepe*  
*up*, *v.* leap up, HF. 2150; *Léép*, *pt.* *s.*  
 leapt, A 2687.  
**Lere**, *s.* flesh, skin, B 2047. Properly the  
 muscles, especially the muscles of the  
 thigh, which special sense is perfectly  
 suitable here. A.S. *lira*, flesh, muscle.  
**Lere**, *ger.* (1) to teach, 7. 98; *v.* teach, T. iv.

- 441; (2) to learn, T. v. 161; *Lere, ger.* to learn, find out, D 909; *Lere, pr. pl.* (1) teach, S. 25; (2) learn, F 104; *Lered, pp.* (2) learnt, T. iii. 406.
- Lered, adj.** instructed, learned, C 283; A.S. *lærad*.
- Lerne, v.** learn, A 308, D 994; *Larned* of, taught by, G 748. (Chaucer here uses the word wrongly, as in mod. provincial English.)
- Lese, a dat.** pasture, T. ii. 752; HF. 1768. A.S. *læsa*.
- Lese, v.** lose, A 1215, 1290; *Lese me, v.* lose myself, be lost, 5. 147; *Lees, pt. s.* lost, L. 945; *Leseth, imp. pl.* B 19; *Loren, pp.* lost, L. 1048; *Lorn, pp.* lost, T. i. 373, iii. 1076, iv. 1613; *forlorn*, wasted, R. 366.
- Lesing, s.** falsehood, lie, HF. 2089; G 479; *Lesinges, pl.* lies, deceits, R. 2; *lying reports*, HF. 2123.
- Lesinge, s.** loss, I 1056; *Lesing, A* 1707; *for lesinge*, for fear of losing, B 3750.
- Lessoun, s.** lesson, lection, A 709.
- Lest, s.** pleasure, 3. 908; delight, A 132; desire, E 619; inclination, HF. 287; *Lestes, pl.* desires, HF. 1738. A Kentish form; for *lust*.
- Lest, pr. s. impera.** (it) pleases, L. 1703; (it) pleases (me), D 360; *These lest*, it pleases thee, 5. 114; *Lesteth, (it)* pleases, L. 480 a; *Leste, pt. s. impera.* (it) pleased, T. v. 517; *pèra* was pleased, T. iii. 452; *Leste, pr. s. subj.* (it) may please, L. 1338; As yow leste, as it may please you, L. 449; (it) would please, F 380; *Her leste*, it should please her, 5. 551. Kentish forms.
- Leste, adj. superl.** least, T. i. 281; *at the l.*, at least, 3. 973; *atte l.*, at least, B 38; *Leste, as s.*, the least one, 3. 283; *at the leste weye*, at any rate, E 966.
- Lest, pr. s. qf** Leda.
- Lete, v.** let, B 3524; *let, leave, A* 1335; *give up, let go, T. v.* 1688; *forsake, T.* iv. 1199; *let alone, leave, D* 1276; *quit, 1. 72*; *give up, lose, G* 406; *omit, depart from, 5. 391*; *Lete of, ger.* to leave off, 18. 52; *Leten, v.* let, L. 2107; *give up, R.* 1690; *forsake, T.* iv. 1536; *Leten, ger.* to let go, T. i. 262; *Lete, v.* let, T. iii. 693; *Laten, v.* let, A 3326; *Lete, 1 pr. s.* leave, 7. 45; *Let, pr. s.* lets go, repels, 5. 151; *let, pr. s.* lets, permits, T. iv. 200; *Lete, 2 pr. pl.* abandon, B 2505; *Léet, pt. s.* let, A 128; *let go, A* 1206; *allowed, HF.* 243; *left off, A* 3311; *left, A* 508; *caused, permitted, B* 373; *caused, B* 2194; caused (to be), B 959; *leet . . . fecche*, commanded (men) to fetch, D 2064; *leet don cryen*, caused to be proclaimed, F 45; *leet make*, caused to be made, B 3349; *leet binde*, caused to be bound, B 1810; *Let, pt. s.* caused, L. 2624; *let calle*, caused to be called, L. 1684; *let, 5. 279*; *Lete, pt. pl.* let, B 3898; *Lete, pt. s. subj.* were to let, T. iii. 1762; *Leet, imp. s.* let, C 731; *Let, imp. s.* let, 1. 79, 84; *let alone, give up, T.* ii. 1500; *Let be, let be, do away with, A* 840; *let me alone, A* 3285; *give up, HF.* 992; *Let do, cause, C* 173; *Let take, take, G* 1254, H 175; *Let see, let us see, A* 831; *Let goon, let slip (the dogs), L.* 1213; *Laten blood, pp.* let blood, A 4346. A.S. *lætan*.
- Lette, s.** hindrance, T. i. 361; delay, T. iii. 235.
- Lette, v.** hinder, T. ii. 732; prevent, L. 732; oppose, stay, B 3306; cause delay, B 1117; wait, B 1440; tarry, B 4224; stop, desist, B 4279; cease, R. 279; *Letten, ger.* to put obstacles in the way (of), to decline (from), A 1317; *Let, pr. s.* prevents, B 3. p. 10. 162; *Lette, pr. s. subj.*; *lette him no man, god forbode*, God forbid that any should hinder him, T. iii. 545; *Letted, pt. s.* hindered, A 1891; *was hindered, B* 2591; *Letteth, imp. pl.* hesitate, T. ii. 1136.
- Lette-game, s.** 'let-game,' one who hinders sport, T. iii. 527.
- Lettres, pl.** letters, (*also as sing.* a letter), B 736; 5. 19.
- Lettrure, s.** learning, B 3486; book-lore, B 3686.
- Letuarie, s.** electuary, remedy, C 307; *pl. electuaries, A* 426. Lat. *electuarium*.
- Leve, dear**; see *Leef*.
- Leve, s.** leave, B 1637, D 908; permission, L 2281; *bisye hir leve*, without her leave, T. iii. 622.
- Leve (1), v.** leave, E 250; *let alone, G* 714; *let go, 3. 1111*; *go away, 5. 153*; *leave alone, T.* i. 688; *ger.* to leave off, T. i. 686; *to forsake, G* 287; *Leve, 1 pr. s.* leave, 2. 50; *Leveth, pr. s.* remains, 3. 701; *Lafte, 1 pt. s.* left, C 762; *Lefte, left off, F* 670; *Laften, pt. pl.* L. 168; *Left, pp.* omitted, I 231; *Left, pp.* left, L. 1260; *Leef, imp. s.* leave, T. iv. 852; *leave (it) alone, T. v.* 1518; *Lef, imp. s.* forego, D 2089; *Leve, imp. s.* leave, A 1614; *Leveth, imp. pl.* leave, C 659. A.S. *læfan*.
- Leve (2), v.** believe, 5. 406; L. 10; *ger.* to be believed, HF. 708; *Levestow, be-*

- lievest thou, G 212; Leveth, *imp.* pl. believe, 6. 88. A.S. *liefan, lifan*.
- Love (3) *ger.* to allow, L. 2280; *god love*, God grant, L. 2083, 2086. A.S. *liefan, lifan*.
- Loveful, *adj.* allowable, A 3912; permissible, D 37; Loefful, allowable, I 41, 917; Leful, permissible, T. iii. 1020.
- Levene, *s.* flash of lightning, D 276.
- Lever, *adj. comp.* liefer, rather; *me were lever*, I had rather, T. i. 1034, iii. 574; *me nis lever*, L. 191; *thee were l*, thou hadst rather, B 2339; *him was l*, A 293; *him were l*, L. 2413; *have I l*, I would rather, T. ii. 471; F 1360; *hadde I l*, D 168; *hath l*, F 692; *hadde l*, L. 1536; *had hir l*, she would rather, E 444; *him had be l*, he would rather, A 3541.
- Levesel; see Leefsel.
- Levest, *sup.* dearest, most desirable, HF. 87.
- Lewed, *adj.* ignorant, A 502, 574; unlearned, C 283; unskilled, rude, HF. 1096; wicked, foolish, F 1494; wanton, E 2129. A.S. *læwed*.
- Lewedly, *adv.* simply, HF. 866; ignorantly, B 47; ill, G 430.
- Lewednesse, *s.* ignorance, ignorant behaviour, D 1928.
- Ley, lied; *pt. s.* of Lye.
- Leye, *v.* lay, 4. 205; lay, cause to lie, T. iii. 659; lay a wager, HF. 674; pledge, T. iii. 1605; Leyn, *ger.* to lay up, to hoard, R. 184; Leggen, *ger.* to lay, A 3269; Legge, *v.* A 3937; Leyth, *pr. s.* A 4229; Leith, *pr. s.* D 2138; Leye, *1 pr. pl.* lay out, expend, G 783; Leyn, *pr. pl.* lay, H 222; Leyde, *pt. s.* 3. 394; Leyde, *2 pt. pl.* L. 2501; Leyden forth, *pt. pl.* brought forward, B 213; Leyd, *pp.* laid, A 3262; placed, R. 1184; overlaid, R. 1076; *I was leyd*, I had laid myself down, L. 208; Leyd, *pp.* laid, A 81; fixed, 3. 1146; set, 3. 1036; Ley on, lay on, A 2558.
- Leyser, *s.* leisure, R. 462; A 1188; deliberation, B 2706; opportunity, A 3293.
- Leyt, *s.* flame (of a candle), I 954. A.S. *līget, līȝet*, M.E. *leit*, lightning.
- Libardes, *pl.* leopards, R. 894.
- Libel, *s.* written declaration, D 1595.
- Licentiat, *adj.* one licensed by the pope to hear confessions, independently of the local ordinaries, A 220.
- Liche, *adj.* like, R. 1073; similar, 7. 76; *it liche*, like it, F 62.
- Liche, *adv.* alike, HF. 10.
- Liche-wake, *s.* watch over a corpse, A 2958.
- Licooryoð, *s.* liquorice, R. 1368.
- Licour, *s.* moisture, A 3; liquor, T. iv. 520; Licour, juice, C 452.
- Lief, *adj.* dear, A 3501; Lief to, glad to, given to, A 3510; cherished, E 479; *goodde leaf my wyf*, my dear good wife, B 3084; *hadde as lief*, would as soon, D 1574; *as a dear one*, B 4069.
- Lift, *adj.* left (said of the left hand or side); R. 163.
- Lige, *adj.* liege, C 337; Lige man, vassal, L. 379; Liges, *a. pl.* vassals, L. 382; *pl.* subjects, B 240. F. *lige*, from O.H.G. *ledic* (G. *ledig*), free. A liege lord was a free lord; in course of time his subjects were called lieges, from confusion with Lat. *ligare*, to bind.
- Ligeaunce, *s.* allegiance, B 895.
- Liggen, *v.* lie, B 2101; Ligginge, *pres. pt.* lying, T. iv. 29; Liggig, A 1011.
- Light, *adj.* lightsome, joyous, R. 77; 1. 1175; active, nimble, R. 832; easy, 1. 526; wearing but few clothes (*also*, fickle, 21. 20; Lighte, *pl.* light (of weight), 5. 188; easy, A. *pr.* 36.
- Lighte, *adv.* brilliantly, R. 1109.
- Lighte, *ger.* (1) to make light, rejoice, T. v. 634; to render cheerful, T. i. 293. alleviate, T. iii. 1082; (2) *ger.* to feel light, to be glad, F 395, 914; Lighte, *pt. s.* lighted; *either in the sense* (1) lightened, made light, made happy, or (2) illuminated, B 1661.
- Lighte, *v.* alight, descend, HF. 508; *pt. s.* alighted, B 786.
- Lighten, *v.* shine, I 1037; Lighted, *pp.* brightened, 1. 74; Light, *pp.* illuminated, L. 2506; Lighte, *imp. s.* illumine, G 71.
- Lightly, *adv.* lightly, F 390; readily, 4. 205; quickly, I 534; easily, T. ii. 289; carelessly, I 1023; joyfully, A 1870.
- Lightned, *pp.* enlightened, illuminated, F 1050.
- Lightnesse (1), *s.* brightness, 5. 263.
- Lightnesse (2), *s.* agility, A 3383.
- Lightsom, *adj.* gay, R. 936.
- Ligne, *s.* line, T. v. 1481.
- Ligne-aloes, wood of the aloes, T. iv. 1137. (Properly a compound, i.e. *lign-aloes*; where *aloes* is a plural form.)
- Likerous, *adj.* lecherous, H 189; wanton. A 3244, 3345, E 214; gluttonous, C 540; greedy after indulgence, D 466; eager, F 1119; very vile (Lat. *nequissimus*), B. p. 4. 31.
- Likerousnesse, *s.* lecherousness, D 611; licentiousness, I 430; greediness, I 377; eagerness, I 741; appetite, C 84.

**Lilting-horne**, a horn to be played for a lilt, HF. 1223.  
**Limaille**; see *Lymaille*.  
**Lime**, s. limb, 3. 499; *Limes*, pl. R. 830.  
**Limitacoun**, s. limit, D 877.  
**Limitour**, s. limitor, a friar licensed to beg for alms within a certain limit, A 209, D 874.  
**Lineage**, s. lineage, race, A 1110; family, D 1135; noble family, R. 258; high birth, B 3441; kinsfolk, B 2192; kindred, B 999; consanguinity, L. 2602.  
**Lind**, s. lime-tree, A 2922.  
**Lisped**, pt. s. lisped, A 264.  
**Liise**, s. comfort, T. v. 550; joy, T. iii. 343; assuaging, HF. 220; solace, 3. 1040; alleviation, F 1238. A.S. *liss*.  
**Lissen**, v. alleviate, T. i. 702; soothe, 6. 6; *Lissed*, pp. relieved, F 1170. A.S. *lissian*.  
**List** (1), s. pleasure, T. iii. 1303; will, D 633.  
**List** (2), s. ear, D 634. A.S. *lyst*.  
**List**, pr. s. *impera*. it pleases (*usually with dat.*), A 1021, B 521; *me list right evel*, I was in no mind to, 3. 239; *you list*, it pleases you, 11. 77; *List*, pr. s. *perra*. is pleased, pleases, T. i. 518, 797; wishes, A 3176; *Listeth*, pr. s. *impera*. (it) pleases, T. ii. 700; *perra*. pleases, is pleased, HF. 511; likes, F 689; *Listen*, 2 pr. pl. are pleased, T. iii. 1810; *Listen*, pr. pl. list, choose, B 2234; *Listen trete*, choose to write, L. 575; *Liste*, pt. s. *impera*. (it) pleased, L. 332; *her liste*, it pleased her, she cared, 7. 190; *him liste*, he wanted, 4. 92; *hem liste*, (it) pleased them, F 851. A.S. *lystan*.  
**Listen**, pl. in *sing. sense*, lista, a place enclosed for tournaments, A 63.  
**Listes**, s. pl. wiles; in his l, by means of his wiles, 1. 85.  
**Listeth**, imp. pl. listen ye, B 1902.  
**Litarge**, s. litharge, ointment prepared from protoxide of lead, A 629; protoxide of lead, G 775.  
**Litargie**, s. lethargy, B 1. p 2. 22.  
**Lite**, adj. little, I 295; as s., a little, T. i. 291; adv. little, T. iv. 1330.  
**Litestere**, s. dyer, g. 17. Icel. *lita*, to dye.  
**Lith**, s. limb (viz. of herself, B 4065. A.S. *lith*).  
**Litherly**, adv. ill, A 3299. A.S. *lithor*, evil.  
**Livere** (1), s. liver, D 1839.  
**Livere** (2), s. liver (one who lives), B 1024.  
**Liveres**, s. livery, A 363.  
**Livinge**, s. life-time, 7. 188; manner of life, C 107; state of life, G 322.

**Lixt**, liest; see *Lye* (2).  
**Lode**, s. load, A 2918.  
**Lodemamage**, s. pilotage, A 403. *Lodemamage* is the hire of a pilot, for conducting a ship from one place to another.  
**Lodesmen**, s. pl. pilots, L. 1488.  
**Lode-sterre**, s. polar star, lodestar, A 2059.  
**Lofte**, dat. upper room, L. 2709; on *lofte*, in the air, HF. 1727; aloft, B 277.  
**Logge**, s. resting-place, B 4043.  
**Logging**, s. lodging, B 4185.  
**Loke**, v. (weak) lock up, D 317.  
**Loken**, ger. to look, A 1783; v. behold, R. 812; *Loked*, pt. s. looked, A 289; *Lokeden*, pt. pl. L. 1972; imp. s. see, HF. 893; take heed, D 1587; *Loke ha*, let him take heed, I 134; *Loketh*, imp. pl. behold, G 1329; search ye, C 578.  
**Loken**, pp. of *strong verb* (Loukan), locked up, B 4065.  
**Loking**, s. look, gaze, 3. 870; countenance, B 2332; glance, L. 240; glance (of the eye), A 2171; aspect, 4. 51; examining, 5. 110; appearance, R. 290; looks, F 285.  
**Lokkes**, pl. looks of hair, A 81, 677.  
**Loller**, s. a loller, a lollard, B 1173. *Loller* (one who is sluggish) was confused with the name *Lollard*.  
**Lomb**, s. lamb, L. 1798.  
**Lond**, s. land, A 194, 400, 579; country, B 3548; upon *lond*, in the country, A 702.  
**Lone**, s. dat. loan, B 1485; gift, grace, D 1861.  
**Long**, prep.; the phrase *when-on . . . long* = *long on when*, along of what, G 930; Long on, along of, because of, G 922.  
**Long**, adj. (*before a vowel*), tall, R. 817; pl. tall, high, R. 1384; long, A 93.  
**Longe**, adv. long, A 286; for a long time, L. 2261.  
**Longe** (1), v. desire, long for, L. 2260; yearn, T. ii. 546; *Longen* (2), v. belong, A 2278; pr. s. belongs, R. 754; (it) concerns, T. ii. 312; pr. pl. belong, F 1131; pt. s. befitted, R. 1222; Longing for, suitable for, F 39.  
**Longes**, pl. lungs, A 2752.  
**Longitude**, s. the distance between two given meridians, A. ii. 39. 19; the length or extent of a 'climate', in a direction parallel to the equator, or rather a line along which to measure this length; A. ii. 39. 28. The longitude of a star is measured along the zodiac; that of a town, from a fixed meridian.



- Loos**, *a.* praise, renown, B 2834, 3036. O.F. *loa*.  
**Loos**, *adj.* loose, A 4064, 4138; *Lous*, free, HF. 1286.  
**Looth** (lôoth), *adj.* loath, odious, A 486; hateful, A 3393; *me loere l.*, it would displease me, B 91; *as a.*, what is hateful, misery, L. 1639.  
**Loothly**, *adj.* hideous, D 1100.  
**Loppe**, *a.* a spider, A. i. 3. 6.  
**Loppewebbe**, *a.* cobweb, A. i. 21. 3.  
**Lordeth**, *pr. a.*, rules over, 4. 166.  
**Lordings**, *a. pl.* sirs, C 329, 573.  
**Lore**, *a.* teaching, L. 2450; advice, T. i. 1090; lesson, T. i. 645, 754; instruction, B 342; learning, B 761; study, G 842; profit, 5. 15; doctrine, A 527. A.S. *lār*.  
**Lore**, *pp. of* Lese.  
**Lorel**, *a.* worthless man, abandoned wretch, D 273.  
**Loren**, *pp. of* Lese.  
**Lorer**, *a.* laurel, R. 1379.  
**Lorn**, *pp. of* Lese.  
**Los** (1), *a.* loss, A 2543; occasion of perdition, D 720.  
**Los** (2), *a.* praise, renown, fame, L. 1514; report, L. 1424; *till her loses*, in praise of them, HF. 1688. O.F. *los*.  
**Losengere**, *a.* flatterer, R. 1050; *pl.* R. 1056. O.F. *loengeur*.  
**Losengerie**, *a.* flattery, I 613.  
**Losenges**, *pl.* lozenges, HF. 1317; small diamond-shaped shields, R. 893.  
**Lost**, *a.* loss, B 2. p. 4. 185.  
**Loth**, *adj.* loath, 3. 8; displeasing, R. 233.  
**Lothar**, *adj. comp.* more hateful, L. 191.  
**Lotheast**, *adj. superl.* most loath, F 1313.  
**Lotinge**, *pres. part.* lurking, G 186. A.S. *lutian*, to lurk.  
**Loude**, *adv.* loudly, A 171.  
**Lough**, *pt. a. of* Langhe.  
**Louke**, *a.* accomplice, A 4415.  
**Loured**, *pp.* frowned, HF. 409.  
**Lous**, *adj.* loose, free, HF. 1286.  
**Lousy**, *adj.* full of lice, miserable, D 1467.  
**Route**, *v.* bow, do obeisance, T. iii. 683; *ger.* to bow down, B 3352; *1 pt. a.* stooped, bent, R. 1554.  
**Love**, *a.* love, A 475; *fem.* lady-love, 4. 31; *voc.* O my love, A 672; *masc.* lover, L. 862.  
**Lovedayes**, *pl.* days for settling disputes by arbitration, A 258; HF. 695.  
**Love-drury**, *a.* affection, B 2085. The latter part of the word is O.F. *drurie*, *druerie*, love, passion.  
**Loveknotte**, *a.* looped ornament, A 197.  
**Loves**, *a. pl.* leaves, B 503.  
**Lovyere**, *a.* lover, A 80.  
**Loweness**, *a.* lowliness, I 1080.  
**Lowly**, *adj.* humble, A 99.  
**Luce**, *a.* luce, pike, A 330.  
**Lucre**, *a.* lucre, gain, G 1402; *lucre of vilanye* = vile gain, B 1681.  
**Lufsom**, *adj.* lovely, T. v. 911; lovable, T. v. 465.  
**Lulleth**, *pr. a.* lulls, soothes, B 839.  
**Luna**, *a.* the moon, G 826; *a.* name for silver, G 1440.  
**Lunarie**, *a.* lunar, moon-wort, G 800.  
**Lure**, *a.* a hawk's lure, D 1340; *pl.* enticements, L. 1371.  
**Lussheburghes**, *pl.* spurious coin, B 3152. Named from the town of *Luzembourg*.  
**Lust**, *a.* desire, R. 1653; amusement, R. 1287; pleasure, R. 616; delight, 1. 100; will, desire, wish, B 188; interest in a story, F 402; *pl.* delights, 3. 581. A.S. *lust*.  
**Lusteth**, *pr. a.* *impers.* (it) pleases, L. 996; *Lust*, *pr. a.* *pers.* pleases, E 1344; *impers.* (it) pleases, E 322; *Luste*, *pt. a.* *pers.* desired, G 1344; *Luste*, *pt. a.* *impers.* it pleased, G 1235.  
**Lustier**, more joyous, G 1345.  
**Lustihede**, *a.* cheerfulness, 3. 27; delight, H 274; enjoyment, F 288; vigour, L. 1530.  
**Lustily**, *adv.* gaily, merrily, R. 1319.  
**Lustiness**, *a.* pleasure, jollity, A 1999; vigour, R. 1282.  
**Lusty**, *adj.* pleasant, gay, A 80; jocund, F 272; lusty, H 41; joyous, R. 581; happy, R. 1303; joyful, A 1513; vigorous, L. 1038.  
**Luxures**, *a. pl.* lusts, B 3. p. 7. 12.  
**Luxurie**, *a.* lechery, B 925, C 484.  
**Lyard**, *adj.* grey, D 1563.  
**Lycorys**, *a.* liquorice, A 3690.  
**Lye** (1), *v.* lie, remain, 10. 52; *Lye*, *ger.* to lodge, D 1780; *Lye* . . . by, *v.* lie beside, B 3470; *Lye* upright, lie on one's back, lie dead, R. 1604; *Lystow*, thou liest, H 276; *Lyth*, *pr. a.* lies, is, remains, R. 782; *lies*, 3. 146, 181; (he) lies, B 634; (that) lies, D 1829; remains, resides, B 3654; *lies* (dead), 3. 143; *Lyth* thereto, belongs here, is needed, 3. 527; *Lay*, *1 pt. a.* lodged, A 20; was, A 538; *Laye*, *pt. a.* *subj.* would lie, T. iv. 1560; *15. imp. a.* T. ii. 953.  
**Lye** (2), *v.* tell lies, lie, A 763; *Lixt*, 2 *pr. a.* liest, D 1618, 1761; *Lay*, *strong pt. a.* lied, T. ii. 1077; *Lyed*, weak *pt. a.* lied, A 659. A.S. *logan*.

**Ly** (3), *v.* blase, D 1142. A.S. *lǣga*, *s.* flame.  
**Lyer**, *a.* liar, B 2256.  
**Lyas**, *s.* pl. lees, dregs, HF. 2130.  
**Lyas**, *pl.* (1) lees; or (2) lies, D 302. Perhaps a double meaning is intended.  
**Lylf**, *a.* life, A 71, 2776; **Lyves**, *gen.* life's, G. 60; of my life, 3. 920; Our present worldes lyves space, the space of our present life in the world, 5. 53; **Lyves** day, lifetime, L. 1624; **Lyve**, *dat.* L. 59; On lyve, alive, L. 1792; in his time, D 43; Upon lyve, alive, T. ii. 1030; Of lyve, out of life, T. v. 1561; Bring of lyve, cause to die, T. ii. 1608; My lyve, in my life, T. ii. 205; By thy lyf, during thy life, B 1621; Thy lyf, during thy lifetime, 17. 19; His lyve, in his life, L. 1099; Hir lyve, in their life, D 392; **Lyves**, *pl.* B 3284.  
**Lyflode**, *a.* means of living, I 685. Mod.E. *livelihood*.  
**Lyfly**, *adv.* in a lifelike way, A 2087.  
**Lyke**, *v.* please, T. i. 431; *ger.* HF. 860; to be liked, R. 1357; **Lyketh**, *pr.* *a.* pleases, E 1031; *imper.* (it) pleases, E 311, 845; *us* l. you, it pleases us with respect to you, E 106; **Lyke**, *pr.* *a.* *subj.* may please, D 1278; *thee* l. not, it may not please you, L. 490; **Lyked**, *pt.* *a.* *imper.* pleased, R. 1312.  
**Lyking**, *a.* pleasure, C 455; delight, B 3499.  
**Lyking**, *adj.* pleasing, R. 868; pleasant, R. 1416; thriving, R. 1564.  
**Lykliched**, *a.* *dat.* likelihood, E 448.  
**Lyklinesse**, *a.* probability, 22. 15.  
**Lykly**, *adj.* likely, like, 16. 32.  
**Lykne**, 1 *pr.* *a.* compare, 3. 636  
**Lyknesse**, *a.* parable, A 2842.  
**Lym**, *a.* lime, F 1149; quicklime, L. 649.  
**Lymaille**, *s.* filings of any metal, G 1162; **Lymail**, G 1164; **Limaille**, G 853.  
**Lyme**, *ger.* to cover with birdlime, T. i. 353.  
**Lymere**, *a.* hound held in leash, 3. 365.  
**Lymrod**, *a.* lime-twig, B 3574.  
**Lyne**, *a.* line, T. i. 1068; fishing-line, 4. 242; line of descent, D 1135; *as* lyne right, straight as a line, T. iii. 228.  
**Lyned**, *pp.* lined, A 440.  
**Lyne-right**, *adj.* in an exact line, exactly in a line with, A. i. 21. 31.  
**Lyoun**, *a.* lion, T. iii. 1780; *v.* 830;  
**Lyouns**, *pl.* R. 894. See **Leoun**.  
**Lyst**, 2 *pr.* *a.* liest, recline, T. ii. 991; **Lystow**, liest thou, H 276.  
**Lytargye**, *a.* lethargy, T. i. 730.  
**Lyte**, *adj.* small, little, R. 532; slight,

I 689; **Lyte**, *a.* a little, L. 29, 535; **Lyte**, *pl.* little, A 494.  
**Lyte**, *adv.* little, 3. 884; a little, E 935; in a small degree, G 632, 699; *l. and l.*, by little and little, D 2235.  
**Lythe**, *adj.* easy, soft, HF. 118.  
**Lythe**, *ger.* to alleviate, cheer, T. iv. 754.  
**Lyve**; see **Lyf**.  
**Lyvely**, *adv.* in a lively way, 3. 905.  
**Lyves**; see **Lyf**.  
**Lyves**, *adv.* in life; hence, *as* *adj.* living, alive, T. iv. 252; *no lyves creature*, no living creature, T. iii. 13.

## M

**Me'**, sometimes put for **Me** (before a vowel); *as* in *masterte* for *me asterte*.  
**Ma fey**, my faith! T. iii. 52.  
**Maad**; *pp.* of **Make**.  
**Maat**, *adj.* dejected, B 2. p. 4. 42.  
**Mad**, *pp.* made, L. 286. See **Make**.  
**Madde**, *v.* go mad, 4. 253; *ger.* to be furious, T. i. 479.  
**Mader**, *a.* madder, 9. 17.  
**Magik**, *a.* magic, A 416.  
**Magistrat**, *a.* magistracy, B 3. p. 4. 26.  
**Maheym**, *s.* maiming, I 625. Mod. E. *maim*.  
**Maille**, *a.* mail, ringed armour, E 1202.  
**Maister**, *a.* master, B 1627; doctor, D 2184; doctor (of divinity), D 1638; (as a term of address), 17. 1; one in authority, A 261.  
**Maisterful**, *adj.* masterful, T. ii. 756.  
**Maister-strete**, *a.* main street, L. 1965.  
**Maister-temple**, *a.* chief temple, L. 1016.  
**Maister-toun**, *a.* chief town, L. 1591.  
**Maister-tour**, *a.* chief tower, F 226.  
**Maistow**, mayest thou, HF. 699.  
**Maistresse**, *a.* mistress, L. 88; governess, C 106.  
**Maistrye**, *a.* mastery, great skill, A 3383; mastery, F 747, 764; control, B 3689, C 58; superiority; *for the maistrye*, as regards authority, A 165; victory, B 3582; specimen of skill, HF. 1024; art, elegance, R. 842; a 'masterly operation (cf. F. *coup de maître*), G 1060.  
**Majestee**, *a.*; *his real majestee* = his royal majesty, i. a. high treason, B 1. p. 4. 162.  
**Make**, *a.* mate, D 270, H 186; equal, match, A 2556; wedded companion, wife, B 700; bride, E 1882; husband, D 85.  
**Make**, *v.* make, A 184; compose, write, L. 69; *ger.* to compose, to write (about), R. 41; pretend to, counterfeit, T. ii. 1522; cause (it), T. ii. 959; **Makestow**,

2 *pr.* s. B 371; *Maketh*, *pr.* s. causes, A 3035; *Maken*, *pr.* pl. make, utter, A 9; *Maked*, *pt.* s. made, A 526; *Makeden*, *pt.* pl. T. iv. 121; *Made*, *pt.* s. *subj.* may have made, 4. 227; *Made* . . . broght, caused to be brought, HF. 155; *Maked*, *pp.* made, A 1247; composed, 5. 677; *Maad*, *pp.* made, A 394; *Mad*, *pp.* 3. 415.  
**Makeless**, *adj.* peerless, T. i. 172.  
**Making**, *s.* poetry, composition, L. 74, 413, 483.  
**Malapert**, *adj.* forward, T. iii. 87.  
**Male** (1), *s.* bag, wallet, A 604, 3115.  
**Male** (2), *s.* male, D 122.  
**Malefice**, *s.* evil contrivance, I 341.  
**Malencolyk**, *adj.* melancholy, A 1375.  
**Malgre**, *prep.* in spite of, 4. 220.  
**Malison**, *s.* curse, I 443; cursing, I 619.  
**Malliable**, *adj.* malleable, such as can be worked by the hammer, G 1130.  
**Malt**, *pt.* s. melted, HF. 922.  
**Maltalent**, *s.* ill-will, ill-humour, resentment, R. 273, 330.  
**Man**, *s.* A 167, 209, 223; (used indefinitely) one, B 43, D 2002; hero, B 3331; servant, I 772; *Mannes*, *gen.* of mankind, T. ii. 417; *Men*, *pl.* men, people, 18. 26; A 178; *sing.* (*unemphatic form of man*), one (*with sing. verb*), A 149, 232, C 675, G 392.  
**Manace**, *ger.* to threaten, E 1752.  
**Manasinge**, *s.* threatening, A 2035.  
**Mandement**, *s.* summons, D 1346.  
**Maner**, *s.* manor, place to dwell in, 3. 1004.  
**Manere**, *s.* manner, A 858, D 1229; deportment, A 140; disposition, L. 251; manner, way, 3. 1130; ease of behaviour, 3. 1218; goodly courtesy of manner, 4. 294; *of manere*, in his behaviour, F 546; *Maner*, way, 3. 433; manner, kind, sort (*used without of following*), as in maner doctrine, B 1689; *pl.* kinds, R. 1406.  
**Manhede**, *s.* manliness, A 1285.  
**Mannish**, *adj.* manlike, T. i. 284; human, B 2454; unwomanly, B 782.  
**Mannish**, *adv.* like a man, boisterously, E 1536.  
**Mansioun**, *s.* dwelling, A 1974; (a term in astrology), F 50; mansion (of the moon), F 1285; *pl.* daily positions or 'stations' of the moon, F 1130. A mansion of a planet is the sign (or signs) of the zodiac in which the planet was thought to be peculiarly at home. A mansion of the moon refers to its position day by day in the sky.  
**Mansuete**, *adj.* courteous, T. v. 194.  
**Mansuetude**, *s.* meekness, I 654.  
**Mantelet**, *s.* short mantle, A 2163.

**Manye**, *s.* mania, A 1374.  
**Mappemounde**, map of the world, 12. 2.  
**Mapul**, *s.* maple-tree, A 2923.  
**Marble-stoon**, *s.* piece of marble, R. 1462.  
**Marchal**, *s.* marshal, E 1930.  
**Marchandyse**, *s.* barter, I 777.  
**Marchant**, *s.* merchant, A 270.  
**Marchal**, *adj.* warlike, T. iv. 1669.  
**Marcien**, *adj.* devoted to Mars, D 610.  
**Mareys**, *s.* marsh, D 970; *Mareys*, *pl.* marshes, B 2. p 7. 42.  
**Marie**, *interj.* marry, i. e. by St. Mary, G 1062.  
**Mark** (1), *s.* mark, fixed spot, L. 784; sex, race, D 606; sign, I 98.  
**Mark** (2), *s.* a piece of money, of the value of 13s. 4d. in England, G 1026; *pl.* Mark, C 390.  
**Market-beter**, *s.* swaggerer in a market, A 3936.  
**Markis**, *s.* a marquis, E 64; *gen. sing.* marquis's, E 994.  
**Markisesse**, *s.* a marchioness, E 283.  
**Martyre**, *s.* martyrdom, T. iv. 818.  
**Martyreth**, *pr.* s. torments, A 1562.  
**Mary**, *s.* marrow, pith, C 542.  
**Mary-bones**, *s.* pl. marrow-bones, A 380.  
**Mase**, *s.* maze, labyrinth, L. 2014; bewilderment, T. v. 468; bewildering position, B 4283.  
**Mased**, *adj.* bewildered, B 526; stunned with grief, 7. 322.  
**Masednesse**, *s.* amaze, E 1061.  
**Maselyn**, *s.* a bowl made of maplewood, B 2042.  
**Massedeyes**, *pl.* massedays, B 4041.  
**Masse-peny**, *s.* penny for a mass, D 1749.  
**Mast**, *s.* mast, i. e. the fruit of forest-trees, acorns and beech-nuts, 9. 7. 37.  
**Masty**, *adj.* fattened, sluggish, HF. 1777. Lit. 'fattened on mast.'  
**Mat**, *adj.* dejected, A 955; exhausted, T. iv. 342; dead, L. 126; defeated utterly, B 935.  
**Mate**, *interj.* checkmate! 3. 660; *adj.* exhausted, 7. 176.  
**Materes**, *pl.* materials (of a solid character), G 779.  
**Matrimoine**, *s.* matrimony, A 3095, E 1573.  
**Maugre**, *Maugree*, in spite of; as in *maugre al thy might*, A 1607; *maugre hir eyen two*, A 1796; *maugre thyns yea*, D 315; *m. her*, L. 1772; *m. Philistiens*, B 3238; *m. my heed*, in spite of all I can do, 3. 1201; *m. thyn heed*, B 104; *m. his heed*, A 1169; *m. her (his) heed*, L. 2226.

- D 887; *m. your head*, in spite of all you can do, B 4602.
- Maumet**, *a. idol*, I 860.
- Maumetrye**, *a. Mahometanism, idolatry*, B 236. *Maumet* is a corruption of Mahomet or Muhammed; our ancestors wrongly held the Mahometans to be idolaters.
- Maunciple**, *a. manciple*, A 544. An officer who purchases victuals for an inn or college.
- Mavis**, *a. song-thrush*, R 619.
- Mawe**, *a. maw, stomach*, B 486.
- May**, *a. maiden*, B 851.
- Mayde child**, girl, B 1285.
- Maydenhood**, *a. maidenhood, virginity*, D 888.
- Mayle**, *a. mail-armour*, T. v. 1559.
- Maytene**, *v. maintain*, R. 1144; uphold, A 1778.
- Mayster-hunte**, *a. chief huntaman*, 3. 375.
- Maystres**, *a. pl. masters*, B 3. m 2. 12.
- Maystrie**, *a. masterly act; No maystrie. an easy matter*, L. 400.
- Maze**, *2 pr. pl. are in a state of bewilderment*, E 2387.
- Mechel**, *adj. much; for as mechel, for as much*, A. pr. 6.
- Mede** (1), *a. mead (drink)*, B 2042. See *Meeth*.
- Mede**, *a. (2), mead, meadow*, A 89.
- Medeleth**, *pr. s. mingles*, L. 874.
- Medeling**, *a. admixture*, B 1. p 4. 279.
- Medewe**, *a. meadow*, R. 128.
- Mediatours**, *a. pl. go-betweens*, I 967.
- Medle**, *v. mingle*, HF. 2102; *meddle*, take part in, G 1184; *dye (miscere)*, B 2. m 5. 10; *Medly*, *v. mingle, mix*, B 2. m 5. 7; *imp. pl. meddle*, G 1424.
- Medlee**, *adj. of a mixed colour*, A 328.
- Meed**, *s. reward*, L. 1662; *Méde*, *meed, reward*, A 770; *to medes*, for my meed, for my reward, T. ii. 1201.
- Meel-tyd**, *a. meal-time*, T. ii. 1556.
- Meeth**, *a. mead*, A 3261, 3378; *Meth*, A 2279.
- Megre**, *adj. thin*, R. 218, 311.
- Meinee**; see *Meayne*.
- Meke**, *1 pr. s. humble*, B 2874.
- Meke**, *adv. meekly*, 7. 267.
- Melancolious** (*accented mélancólious*), *adj. melancholy*, HF. 30.
- Melancoolye**, *a. melancholy*, 3. 23.
- Mele**, *a. meal (of flour)*, A 3995.
- Melle**, *a. mill*, A 3923, 4242.
- Melte**, *v. melt*, T. iv. 367; *Malt*, *pl. a. HF. 922; Molte*, *pp. HF. 1145, 1149.*
- Memorial**, *adj. which serves to record events*, 7. 18.
- Memórie**, *a. memory*, G 339; *remembrance*, A 3112, B 3164.
- Men**, *pl. of Man; also a weakened form of Man, in the sense of 'one,' or 'some one'; used with a singular verb. See Man.*
- Mendinants**, *pl. mendicant friars*, D 1907, 1912.
- Mene**, *adj. middle*, B 3. m 9. 28; *meno whyte*, mean while, G 1262; of middle size, T. v. 806; *Mene*, *adj. pl. intermediate*, 7. 286.
- Mene**, *a. means, way*, 11. 36; middle course, T. i. 689; instrument, E 1671; mediator, 1. 125; go-between, T. iii. 254; intermediary, I 990; the mean, L. 165; *pl. means, instruments*, D 1484.
- Menelihe**, *adj. moderate*, B 1. p 6. 111.
- Menen**, *ger. to say*, HF. 1104; to signify, B 3941; 1 *pr. s. intend*, A 793; *Menestow*, *meanest thou*, G 309; *Mente*, 1 *pt. s. meant, intended*, B 4614; *purposed*, 18. 50; *declared*, 7. 160; *Ment*, *pp. intended*, 5. 153.
- Mene-whyte**, *mean time*, D 1445.
- Mening**, *a. intent*, F 151.
- Menivere**, *a. miniver, a fine fur*, R. 227.
- Menstralcies**, *pl. mintrelsies*, HF. 1217.
- Mente**, *pt. t. of Menen*.
- Mentes**, *pl. plants of mint*, R. 731.
- Meroenarie**, *a. hireling*, A 514.
- Merciabile**, *adj. merciful*, B 1878, 3013.
- Mercy**, *s. 1. 7; (have) mercy*, 1. 36; *graunt mercy*, much thanks, 10. 29.
- Mere**, *a. mare*, A 541; *Mare*, A 4055.
- Meridian**, *adj. at the moment of southing, southern*, A. pr. 93.
- Meridle**, *a. midday*, A. ii. 44. 48.
- Meridional**, *adj. southern*, F 263.
- Merier**, *adj. pleasanter, sweeter*, B 2024, 4041.
- Meritorie**, *adj. meritorious*, I 831.
- Merk**, *a. image*, F 880.
- Merken**, *v. brand*, B 1. p 4. 139.
- Merlion**, *a. merlin, small hawk*, 5. 339.
- Mermaidens**, *sirens*, R. 680, 682.
- Mersahy**, *adj. marshy*, D 1710.
- Merveille**, *a. marvel*, B 2736.
- Merveillous**, *adj. marvellous*, B 1643.
- Mery**, *adj. merry, gay*, R. 580; *pleasant*, A 235, 757; *pleasant to hear*, B 1186; *Merimen*, *followers*, B 2029.
- Mes**; *at good mes*, at a favourable distance, so as to have a fair shot, R. 1453. O.F. *mes*.
- Meschaunce**, *a. misfortune*, A 2009; *evil*

- occurrence, T. i. 92; a miserable condition, B 3204; unfortunate conduct, C 80; ill luck, B 4623; ill luck (to him), B 896; *with m.*, with a mischief, H 193.
- Meschief**, *a.* misfortune, A 493, B 3513; trouble, mishap, A 2551; tribulation, H 76.
- Mesal**, *a.* leper, I 624. O.F. *mesal*.
- Mesellie**, *a.* leprosy, I 625.
- Message**, *a.* (1), message, T. iii. 401; errand, B 1087; (2) messenger, B 144; 353.
- Messenger**, *a.* messenger, A 1491.
- Message**, *a.* a sending of messages (personified), 5. 228.
- Messenger**, *a.* messenger, HF. 1568.
- Messe**, *a.* mass, B 1413.
- Messuage**, *a.* dwelling-house, A 3979.
- Meste**, *pl.* most, i.e. highest in rank, greatest, E 131; *at the m.*, at most, T. v. 947.
- Mester**, *a.* service, office, occupation, A 1340. O.F. *mester*; Lat. *ministerium*.
- Mesurable**, *adj.* moderate, A 435; modest, I 936.
- Mesurably**, *adv.* moderately, B 2795.
- Measure**, *a.* moderation, 3. 881; measure, E 256; plan, 5. 305; *by m.*, not too much, 3. 872; moderately, R. 543; *over m.*, immeasurably, 5. 300; *out of m.*, immoderately, B 2607; *without m.*, beyond measure, 3. 632.
- Mesuring**, *a.* measure, R. 1349.
- Met**, *a.* measure of capacity, I 799.
- Metamorphoseos**, *gen. s.* (the book) of *Metamorphosis*; it should be *pl. Metamorphoseos*; B 93.
- Mete**, *adj.* meet, befitting, 3. 316; fit, L. 1043; *pl.* meet, A 2291.
- Mete**, *a.* equal, 3. 486.
- Mete**, *a.* meat, food, A 136, 1900; meat, L. 1108; repast, T. ii. 1462; eating, A 127.
- Mete**, *v.* meet, L. 148; find, 5. 698; to meet together, B 1873; *Meteth*, *pr. s.* meets (*men* being singular = one), A 1524; *Mette*, *pl. pl.* met, E 390; *Metten*, *pl. pl.* HF. 227; *wel met*, D 1443.
- Mete**, *v.* dream, T. iii. 1559, iv. 1396, v. 249; *Met*, *pr. s.* 5. 104, 105; *Mette*, 1 *pt. s.* 5. 95; *Me mette*, 1 *pt. s. refl.* I dreamt, R. 26; *pt. s. impera.* 3. 276; *Met*, *pp.* B 4445.
- Mete**, 1 *pr. s.* (I) measure, A. ii. 41. 8.
- Metely**, *adj.* well-proportioned, R. 822.
- Meth**, *a.* mead (drink), A 2279.
- Meting** (1), *a.* meeting, L. 784.
- Meting**, (2), *a.* dream, 3. 282.
- Move**, *v.* move, stir, T. i. 472; *to him moved*, urged against him, L. 344.
- Mewe**, *a.* mew, i.e. coop wherein fowls were fattened, A 349; properly, a coop for hawks when moulting, F 64; hiding-place, T. iii. 602.
- Mewet**, *adj.* mute, T. v. 194.
- Mexouse**, *for* Me excuse, excuse myself 16. 36.
- Meynee**, *a.* household, B 1238; company, R. 1305; followers, suite, retinue, retainers, household-servants, R. 615, 634; household, menials, A 1258; army, troop, B 3532; assembly, HF. 933; *Meine*, retinue, I 437; troop, A 4381; *Meiny*, crew, L. 2201. O.F. *meinece*, *maiane*, household.
- Meyntenance**, *a.* dameanour, 3. 834.
- Michel**, *adj.* much, A. ii. 23. 30.
- Mid**, *adj.* middle, 3. 660.
- Middel**, *a.* waist, R. 1032.
- Midel**, *adj.* neither tall nor short, 7. 79.
- Mikel**, *adj.* great, 7. 99; much, L. 1175.
- Mile-wey**, *a.* a space of 5, which answers to twenty minutes of time, the average time for walking a mile; hence the term, A. i. 7. 11.
- Milksop**, *a.* a piece of bread sopped in milk; hence, a weak, effeminate man, B 3100.
- Milne-stones**, *pl.* mill-stones, T. ii. 1384.
- Minde**, *a.* remembrance, T. ii. 601; memory, B 527; *in m.*, in remembrance, F 109, 607.
- Ministres**, *pl.* officers, B 4233.
- Ministreth**, *pr. s.* administrators, governs, B 3. m. 6. 3.
- Minne**, *imp. s.* remember, mention, 16. 48.
- Minstralaye**, *a.* minstrelsy, E 1718; musical instrument, H 113; sound of music, F 268.
- Mintinge**, *pres. pt.* intending, B 1. m. 2. 1.
- Miracle**, *a.* wonder, A 2675; legend, B 1881; *pleyes of m.*, miracle-plays, D 551.
- Mirour**, *a.* mirror, R. 567, 1585.
- Mirre**, *a.* myrrh, A 2938.
- Mirthe**, *a.* pleasure, amusement, R. 611; *Mirthe*, Sir, Mirth (personified), R. 723.
- Mirtheles**, *adj.* sad, 5. 592.
- Mis**, *adj.* wrong, amiss, T. iv. 1348; bad, HF. 1975; blameworthy, G 999.
- Mis**, *a.* wrong, evil, L. 266 a.
- Mis**, *adv.* amiss, wrongly, T. i. 934.
- Mis**, 1 *pr. s.* a lack, have not, 6. 47.
- Misaccounted**, *pp.* miscounted, T. v. 1185.
- Misauunter** *a.* misadventure, misfortune, T. 766.

- Misadventure**, *s.* misadventure, mishap, B 616; mischief, R. 422.  
**Misavvyse**, *pr. pl. refl. act* unadvisedly, D 230.  
**Misbelieve**, *s.* suspicion, G 1213.  
**Misbelieved**, infidels, 1. 146.  
**Misboden**, *pp.* offered (to do you) evil, insulted, A 909.  
**Misborn**, *pp.* misbehaved, B 3067 (lit. 'borne amiss').  
**Miscarie**, *v.* go amiss, A 513.  
**Mischaunce**, *s.* ill luck, R. 1548; mischance, R. 251; misfortune, L. 1826; to *mischaunce*, i.e. to the devil, T. ii. 222, v. 359; *how m.*, how the mischief, T. iv. 1362.  
**Mischief**, *s.* misfortune, L. 1278; danger, 4. 58; harm, R. 253.  
**Misconceyvet**, *pr. s.* misunderstands, E 2410.  
**Miscounting**, *s.* fraudulent reckoning, R. 196.  
**Misdemeth**, *pr. s.* misjudges, E 2410.  
**Misdeparteth**, *pr. s.* parts or divides amiss, B 107.  
**Misdooth**, *pr. s.* ill-treats, B 3112.  
**Misdrawings**, *s.* pl. way of drawing aside, B 3 p 12. 107.  
**Misericorde**, *s.* (there is) mercy, pity, T. iii. 1177; pity, B 2608.  
**Miserie**, *s.* misery, B 3167.  
**Misese**, *s.* trouble, I 806; discomfort, I 177; *pl.* injuries, B 1 p 4. 73.  
**Misessed**, *pp.* vexed, I 806.  
**Misfille**, *pt. s. subj.* it went amiss (with), A 2388.  
**Misforyaf**, *pt. s.* misgave, T. iv. 1426.  
**Misgoon**, *pp.* gone astray, I 80.  
**Misgovernance**, *s.* misconduct, B 3202.  
**Misgyed**, *pp.* misconducted, B 3723.  
**Mishap**, *s.* ill luck, B 3435.  
**Mishappe**, *v.* meet with misfortune, B 2886; *pr. s. subj.* (it) may happen ill for, A 1646.  
**Mishappy**, *adj.* unhappy, B 2758.  
**Misknowinge**, *s.* ignorance, B 3 m 11. 27.  
**Mislay**, *pt. s.* lay in an uncomfortable position, A 3647.  
**Misledden**, *pt. pl.* misconducted, T. iv. 48.  
**Misledinges**, *pl.* misguiding ways, B 3 p 8. 2.  
**Mislyketh**, *pr. s.* displeases, L. 1293.  
**Mislyved**, *pp.* of ill life, treacherous, T. iv. 330.  
**Mismetre**, *pr. s. subj.* scan amiss, T. v. 1796.  
**Mis-sat**, *pt. s.* was not where it should be, 3. 941; misbecame, R. 1194.  
**Misse**, *v.* fail, D 1416; draw to an end, 5. 40; *pt. s.* was wanting (to), T. iii. 445; *pp.* missing, T. iii. 537.  
**Mis-set**, *pp.* misplaced, 3. 1210.  
**Misseye**, 1 *pr. s.* speak amiss, 7. 317; *pr. s.* slanders, I 379; *misseyd or do*, said or done wrong, 3. 528.  
**Misspeke**, 1 *pr. s. subj.* speak wrongly, A 3139.  
**Mistaketh**, 2 *pr. pl.* transgress, trespass, R. 1540.  
**Mister**, *s.* trade, handicraft, occupation, A 613; need, R. 1426; Mester, occupation, A 1340; *what m. men*, men of what occupation, what sort of men, A 1710. See Mester.  
**Misterye**, *s.* ministry, profession, I 895. From Lat. *ministerium*.  
**Mistihede**, *s.* mystery, 4. 224.  
**Mis-torneth**, *pr. pl.* turn aside, B 3 p 3. 9.  
**Mistyd**, *v.* be unlucky, B 2886.  
**Miswanderinge**, *adj.* straying (Lat. *devius*), B 3 p 2. 27.  
**Miswent**, *pp.* gone amiss, T. i. 633.  
**Mis-weyes**, *s. pl.* by-paths, B 3 m 11. 3.  
**Miteyn**, *s.* mitten, glove, C 372.  
**Mixen**, *s.* dunghill, I 911.  
**Mo** (mòb), *adj.* more, A. pr. 27; more (in number), A 576, 849; besides, L. 917; others, E 2113; another, E 1039; (others) besides, E 2263; many others besides, D 663; *tymes mo*, at other times, E 449; *othere mo*, others besides, G 1001; *na mo*, no more, none else, B 695.  
**Mo**, *adv.* more, any longer, D 864; *never the mo*, never *mo*, never, D 691, 1099.  
**Mochel**, *adj.* great, L. 1966; much, G 611.  
**Mochel**, *adv.* much, B 3959.  
**Mochel**, *s.* size, 3. 454, 861.  
**Moder**, *s.* mother, B 276; the thickest plate forming the principal part of the astrolabe (Lat. *mater* or *rotula*), A. i. 3. 1; *Modres*, *gen.* B 1783; *Modres*, *pl.* C 93.  
**Mooble**, *adj.* moveable, A. i. 21. 80.  
**Mooble**, *s.* moveable goods, personal property, T. iv. 1380, 1460; *pl.* G 540.  
**Moedes**, *s. pl.* moods, strains (of music), B 2 p 1. 50.  
**Moevere**, *adj.* fickle, B 4 m 5. 32; *as s.* The firste m., the 'primum mobile,' A. i. 17. 50.  
**Moevabletee**, *s.* mobility, B 4 p 6. 126.  
**Moove**, *ger.* to stir up, B 2218; *v.* move, I 133.  
**Moevere**, *s.* mover, A 2987.  
**Moovinge**, *s.* moving, motion, A. pr. 99;

- Firste mooving, the 'primum mobile,' A. i. 17. 45.
- Moiste**, *pl.* supple, A 457.
- Molste**, *adj.* as *s.* moisture, R. 1564.
- Mokereres**, *a. pl.* misers, B. 2. p. 5. 18.
- Mokre**, *v.* hoard up, T. iii. 1375.
- Molestie**, *s.* trouble, B. 3. p. 9. 105.
- Mollificacioun**, *s.* softening, G 854.
- Molte**, *pp.*; see *Melte*.
- Monche**, *v.* munch, T. i. 914.
- Mone**, *s.* moon, A 2077; i.e. position or 'quarter' of the moon, A 403; *Mone*, *gen.* B 2070; *Mones*, *gen.* F 1154.
- Mone**, *s.* moan, complaint, A 1366, F 920.
- Mone**, *v. refl.* to lament, T. i. 98.
- Monstre**, *s.* prodigy, F 1344; *pl.* B 3302.
- Montaigne**, *s.* mountain, B 24.
- Mood**, *s.* anger, A 1760; thought, C 126.
- Moon**, *s.* moan, lamentation, complaint, L. 1169, 1799.
- Moorne**, 1 *pr. s.* mourn, A 3704.
- Moorninge**, *s.* mourning, plaint, A 3706.
- Moot**, *s. pl.* notes on a horn, 3. 376.
- Moot**, 1 *pr. s.* must, shall, B 1853; *pr. s.* must, ought to, A 232; is to (go), B 204; *Mot*, 1 *pr. s.* may, 4. 267; must, have to, B 227; *Most*, 2 *pr. s.* B 104; *Mot*, *pr. s.* must, has to, L. 388, 1945; *Mote*, 2 *pr. pl.* may, T. ii. 402; *Moten*, must, L. 343; *Mote (or Moot)*, *pr. s. subj.* may, HF. 102; L. 843; is sure to, L. 1632; *Moot (or Mote)* I goon, may I still go, may I still retain the power to walk, F 777; So *moot (or mote)* I thee, as I may thrive, as I hope to thrive, C 309; As ever *mote* I, A 832; *Foule moot thee falle*, ill may it befall thee, H 40; *Moot (or Mote)* thou, mayst thou, B 1626; *Moste*, 1 *pt. s.* must (go), B 282; *Moste*, *pt. s.* must, 4. 250; had to, B 886; ought to (be), F 38; was made to, B 3700; *Mosten*, *pt. pl.* should, L. 99; *Moste*, *pt. s. subj.* might, L. 1573; *us mote*, we must resolve to, G 946.
- Moral**, *adj.* excellent in character, T. iv. 1672.
- Moralitee**, *s.* moral tale, I 38; moral writing, I 1088.
- Mordre**, *s.* murder, R. 1136; *m. wol out*, B 4242.
- Mordre**, *ger.* to murder, kill, L. 1536.
- Mordrer**, *s.* murderer, 5. 353, 612.
- Mordring**, *s.* murdering, A 2001.
- More**, *adj.* greater, B 2396, E 1231; larger, HF. 500; More and lesse, all alike, every one, B 959; More and more, HF. 532; *with-outen more*, without further trouble, T. iv. 133.
- More**, *adv.* more, { A 219; in a greater degree, B 3745.
- More**, *s.* root, T. v. 125. A.S. *mora*.
- Mormal**, *s.* sore, gangrene, A 386.
- Morne**, *s.* morning; *morne milk*, morning-milk, A 358, 3236.
- Morsel**, *s.* morsel, bit, A 128; *m. breed*, morsel of bread, B 3624.
- Morter**, *s.* mortar, 9. 15; a metal bowl for holding wax, with a wick for burning, T. iv. 1245.
- Mortifye**, *v.* kill; used of producing change by chemical action, G 1431; *pp.* deadened, I 233.
- Mortreux**, *pl.* thickened soups or potages, A 384. (Also spelt *mortreux*; thus *s.* is for *a.*)
- Morwen**, *s.* morning, morrow, T. ii. 1555; *Morwe*, L. 49, 108; fore part of a day, T. iv. 1308; *by the morice*, early in the morning, A 334.
- Morweninge**, *s.* morning, A 1062; dawning, 4. 26.
- Morwe-song**, *s.* morning-song, A 830.
- Morwe-tyde**, *s.* morning-hour, E 2225; *in the m.*, in the morning, B 4206.
- Mosel**, *s.* muzzle, A 2151.
- Most**, 2 *pt. s.* oughtest (to), 8. 3; *Moste*, *pt. s.* must, ought (to), A 3088; must (go), HF. 187; had to go, T. v. 5; was obliged to, T. iii. 540; must, might, E 2102; *pt. s. subj.* might, L. 1594; *Mosten*, *pt. pl.* must, might, T. ii. 1507; could, HF. 2094.
- Moste**, *adj. sup.* greatest, F 199; chief, D 1041; chiefest, F 361.
- Mote** (1), *s.* atom, T. iii. 1603; *Motes*, *pl.* specks of dust, D 868.
- Mote** (2), *s.* motion (Lat. *motus*), A. ii. 41. 22. The 'mene mote' or *mean motion* is the average motion of a planet during a given period.
- Motre**, *ger.* to mutter, T. ii. 541.
- Mottelee**, *s.* motley array, A 271.
- Motthes**, *s. pl.* moths, B 2187.
- Motyff**, *s.* motive; hence idea, notion, B 628, E 1491.
- Moulen**, *v.* grow mouldy, B 32; *pp.* A 3870.
- Mountance**, *s.* amount, value, quantity, A 1570; amount (of time), L. 307; length, T. ii. 1707; value, H 255.
- Mourdaunt**, *s.* chape, or metal tag, at the end of a girdle, R. 1094. (Not 'the tongue of a buckle'.)
- Moustre**, *s.* pattern, 3. 912.
- Moveresse**, *s.* a fomentress of quarrels, R. 149.

**Mowe**, *a. grimace*, T. iv. 7; *pl.* HF. 1806.  
**Mowen**, *v.* be able; *moewen shewen*, become evident, B. 5. p. 4. 163; *Mowen, ger.* to have power, T. ii. 1594; *May*, 1 *pr.* *a.* may, B. 89; *can*, B. 231; *Maystow*, mayest thou, A. 1918; *Mowe*, 1 *pr.* *pl.* *can*, B. 2939; *may*, HF. 1735; *Mowen*, 2 *pr.* *pl.* *can*, 19. 25; *Mowe*, 2 *pr.* *pl.* *may*, L. 92; *can*, 3. 552; *Mowen*, *pr.* *pl.* are able to, D. 1722; *Mowe*, *pr.* *pl.* *may*, *can*, A. 2099; *Mowe*, 2 *pr.* *a.* *subj.* mayest, G. 460; *Mighta*, *pt.* *a.* might, A. 169, &c.; 1 *pt.* *a.* *subj.* could, E. 638.  
**Mowinge**, *a.* ability, B. 4. p. 4. 32.  
**Mowled**, *pp.* decayed, A. 3870.  
**Moyssoun**, *a.* crop, growth, R. 1677. O.F. *moisson*; Lat. acc. *mensuramen*.  
**Moyste**, *adj.* fresh, new, B. 1954, C. 315.  
**Moysty**, *adj.* new (applied to ale), H. 60.  
**Muable**, *adj.* changeable, T. iii. 822.  
**Muchel**, *adj.* much, great, A. 2352; *a.* great deal of, F. 349; *in so m.*, in so much, B. 2644; many, G. 673.  
**Muchel**, *adv.* greatly, A. 258; much, F. 1129.  
*Mulier est hominis confusio*, woman is man's confusion, B. 4354.  
**Mulloke**, *a.* a heap of refuse, A. 3873; confused heap of materials, G. 938, 940.  
**Multiplicacioun**, *a.* multiplying, i. e. the art of alchemy, G. 849.  
**Multiplie**, *v.* to make gold and silver by the arts of alchemy, G. 669.  
**Murmuracioun**, *a.* murmuring, I. 499.  
**Murmuringe**, *a.* murmur, A. 2432.  
**Murthe**, *a.* mirth, joy, E. 1123.  
**Murys**, *adj.* merry, A. 1386.  
**Musole**, *a.* mussel, D. 2100.  
**Muse**, *a.* muse, poetic faculty, 16. 38.  
**Muse**, *ger.* to consider, T. iii. 563; *pr.* *a.* gazes into, R. 1592; *pp.* gazed, R. 1645.  
**Musice**, *a.* music, B. 2. p. 1. 49.  
**Musyke**, *a.* music, 5. 62; *Musik*, B. 4483.  
**Muwe**, *a.* mew, pen (for hawks), cage, T. i. 381; *in muwe*, cooped up, T. iv. 496.  
**Muwe**, *v.* change, T. ii. 1258.  
**Myle**, *a.* mile, HF. 1038; *fyve m.*, five miles, G. 555.  
**Mynde**, *a.* dat. mind, recollection, 3. 15; acc. reason, 2. 34; 3. 511; *have minde upon*, remember, 19. 26.  
**Myne**, *v.* undermine, T. iii. 767.  
**Mynour**, *a.* one who mines, A. 2465.  
**Myrie**, *adj.* merry, A. 1499.  
**Myrie**, *adv.* merrily, A. 3575.  
**Myrier**, *adv.* comp. merrier, R. 876.  
**Mys**, *pl.* mice, B. 2. p. 6. 37.

**Myte** (1), *a.* mite, thing of no value, A. 1558.  
**Myte** (2), mite, insect; *pl.* D. 560.  
**N.**  
**N'**, *for* ne, not; as in *nacheveth* for *ne achheveth*, and the like.  
**Na**, no (Northern), A. 4175.  
**Na mo**, i. e. no more, none else, B. 695.  
**Nacheveth**, *for* ne achheveth, achieves not, T. v. 784.  
**Nadde**, *pt.* *a.* (*for* ne hadde), had not, R. 457.  
**Naddre**, *a.* adder, E. 1786.  
**Nadir**, *a.* the point of the ecliptic exactly opposite to that in which the sun is situate, A. ii. 6. 1; see L. 12.  
**Nadstow**, 2 *pt.* *a.* haddest thou not, didst thou not, A. 4088.  
**Naillie**, *imp.* *a.* 3 *p.* let it nail, let it fasten, E. 1184.  
**Naiteth**, *pr.* *a.* refuses, B. i. m. 1. 25.  
**Nake**, 2 *pr.* *pl.* make naked, B. 4. m. 7. 70; *Naked*, *pp.* *as* *adj.* naked, A. 1956, I. 105; bare, HF. 133; destitute, void, weak, G. 486; simple, plain, A. pr. 30.  
**Nakers**, *pl.* kettle-drums, A. 2511. From the Arabic.  
**Nale**; *atte nale*, at the ale, at the ale-house, D. 1349.  
**Nam**, (*for* ne am), 1 *pr.* *a.* am not, A. 1122, B. 2710; *nam but deed*, am only a dead man, 3. 204.  
**Nam**, *pt.* *a.* took, G. 1297.  
**Name**, *a.* good name, reputation, L. 1812; title, B. 3. p. 6. 36.  
**Namely**, *adv.* especially, A. 1268, 2709.  
**Namo** (*for* na mo), no more in number, A. 101, 544; none other, no one else, D. 957.  
**Namore**, *adv.* no more, A. 98.  
**Napoplexye**, *for* Ne apoplexye, nor apoplexy, B. 4031.  
**Nappeth**, *pr.* *a.* naps, slumbers, nods, H. 9.  
**Narette**; see *Arette*.  
**Nart**, (*for* ne art), art not, G. 499.  
**Narwe**, *adj.* small, B. 4012; *pl.* A. 625; close, closely drawn, D. 1803.  
**Narwe**, *adv.* narrowly, closely, A. 3224; tightly, L. 600; carefully, E. 1988.  
**Nas**, (*for* ne was), was not, A. 251, 288; *I nas but*, I was simply, 2. 21.  
**Nassayeth**, *for* ne assayeth, attempts not, T. v. 784.  
**Nat**, *adv.* not, A. 74; *Nat but*, only, merely, L. 1899; quite, L. 2091.  
**Nat**, (*for* ne at), nor at, B. 290.



- Nat** *forth*, *adv.* notwithstanding, B 2165.  
**Natal**, *adj.* who presides over nativities, T. iii. 150.  
**Nath** (*for ne hath*), *pr.* a. hath not, A 923.  
**Natheless**, nevertheless, A 35.  
**Nature**, *s.* nature, A 11; kind, race, 5. 615; seed, I 577.  
**Naturel**, *adj.* natural, A 416. A 'day natural' is a period of 24 hours.  
**Naught**, *adv.* not, B 1701; not so, G 269.  
**Nave**, *s.* nave (of a wheel), D 2266.  
**Naxe**, (*for ne axe*), ask not, T. v. 594.  
**Nay**, *adv.* nay, no, G 1339; (*opposed to yea*), E 355; (*answers a direct question*), B 740; surely not! 3. 1309; *as* a nay, untruth, 3. 147; It is no nay, there is no denying it, B 1956.  
**Nayte**, *v.* withhold, deny, I 1013.  
**Ne**, *adv.* and *conj.* not, A 70; nor, A 179, 526; *ne* . . . *ne*, neither . . . nor, A 603; (*when used with a verb, a second negative is often added*).  
**Nece**, *s.* niece, B 1290.  
**Necesseden**, *pt. pl.* compelled, B 3. m. 9. 8.  
**Neddre**, *s.* adder; *pl.* L. 699.  
**Nede**, *s.* need, extremity, B 102, 658, 2360; extremity, difficult matter, B 2917; peril, B 3576; *at nede*, at need, 1. 112; *for nede*, if needful, R. 1123; *s. as* *adj.* needful, A 304; *pl.* matters of business, B 174, 1266; necessities, T. ii. 954; needs, G 178; *for nedes*, for very need, 3. 1201.  
**Nede**, *adv.* necessarily, of necessity, R. 1441, 1473.  
**Nede**, *v.* be necessary, B 871; Nedeth, *pr.* a. (it) is necessary, (it) needs, A 462; *what n.*, what is the need of, A 849; Nedede, *pt. s.* *impers.* (there) needed, A 4020, 4161; *us neded*, we should need, T. iv. 1344.  
**Nedely**, *adv.* of necessity, necessarily, B 4435.  
**Nedes**, *adv.* needs, necessarily, of necessity, L. 1298.  
**Nedes-coot**, *adv.* of necessity, A 1477, L. 2697.  
**Needly**, *adv.* necessarily, B 3. p. 9. 87. See **Nedely**.  
**Neen**, no (Northern), A 4185, 4187.  
**Neer**, *adv. comp.* nearer, A 839, 968; *neer and neer*, A 4304; *as* *pos. adv.* near, A 1439; *for or neer*, far or near, T. i. 451.  
**Neet**, *pl.* neat, cattle, A 597.  
**Negardye**, *s.* niggardliness, 10. 53.  
**Neghen**, *v.* draw nigh, L. 318.  
**Neigh**, *adj.* near, nigh, B 2558.  
**Neigh**, *adv.* nearly, T. i. 60.  
**Neighebour**, *s.* neighbour, A 535.  
**Neighen**, *v.* draw near, T. ii. 1555.  
**Neither** *nother*, (*in*) neither the one nor the other, B 5. m. 3. 53.  
**Nekke-boon**, *s.* neck-bone, B 1839; neck, D 906; nape of the neck, B 669.  
**Nel**, *pr.* a. will not, T. ii. 726.  
**Nempnen**, *v.* name, B 307.  
**Nenvye**, *for ne envye*, *imp.* a. envy not, T. v. 1789.  
**Ner**, *adv. comp.* nearer, 3. 888; T. i. 44<sup>a</sup>; Nere, 3. 38; *ner and ner*, B 1710; Ner the les, nevertheless, 4. 130.  
**Nerootikes**, *pl.* narcotics, A 1472.  
**Nere** (*for ne were*), *2 pt. s.* wast not, 4. 112; *pt. pl.* were not, A 875, D 1944; *1 pt. s. subj.* should not (I) be, T. ii. 400; Nere, *pt. s. subj.* would not be, should not be, A 1129; were not, B 3984; were it not, B 132; were it not (*for*), 1. 24, 180.  
**Nere**, *adv.* nearer, R. 1454.  
**Nerf**, *s.* nerve, i. e. sinew, T. ii. 642.  
**Nescapest** (*for Ne escapest*), *escapest* not, L. 2643.  
**Nest**, *s.* D 1691; *wikked nest*, i. e. *mau ni*, or Mauny (referring to Sir Oliver Mauny), B 3573; *pl.* HF. 1516.  
**Net-herdes**, *gen.* neat-herd's, B 2746.  
**Nether**, *adj.* lower, A 3852.  
**Netherest**, *adj. superl.* lowest, i. e. outermost, A. i. 18. 7.  
**Nevene**, *v.* name, G 821; *herd hir name* n., heard (him) name her name, T. i. 876; *pr. pl. subj.* may mention, G 1473.  
**Never**, *adv.* never, A 70; *n. dide but*, never did aught that was not, 4. 297; *n. the neer*, none the nearer, G 721.  
**Neveradel**, *adv.* not a bit, C 670.  
**Never-mo**, *adv.* never oftener, never (with two exceptions), A. ii. 31. 5; never, 3. 1125.  
**Nevev**, *s.* nephew, L. 1442; grandson, L. 2659.  
**Neve**, *adv.* newly, freshly, afresh, A 365, 428; *of neve*, new, fresh, T. ii. 20; Neve and neve, again and again, T. iii. 116; continually, C 929.  
**Newed**, *pt. s.* had something fresh in it, 3. 906; *pp.* renewed, B 3036.  
**Newefangel**, *adj.* fond of novelty, F 618, H 193.  
**New-fangelness**, *s.* fondness for novelty, L. 154; F 610.  
**Newe-thought**, *s.* Inconstancy, R. 982.

- Nexste**, *adj. sup.* nearest, A 1413; easiest, T. i. 607.
- Ney**, *adj.* nigh, A. ii. 3. 78.
- Nigard**, *adj.* niggardly, R. 1172.
- Nigard**, *s.* miser, niggard, B 4105.
- Nigardye**, *s.* miserliness, B 1362.
- Nighte**, *ger.* to grow dark, become night, T. v. 515.
- Nighter-tale**, *s.*; *by n.*, in the night-time, A 97. This expression seems to have resulted from a confusion of *loel* & *nattar-fell*, in the dead of night, with *loel*. *nattar-tal*, a tale or number of nights.
- Night-spel**, *s.* night-spell, night-incantation, A 3480.
- Nigromanciens**, *s. pl.* necromancers, I 603.
- Nil**, 1 *pr.* *s.* will not, 3. 92, 1125; will (I) not, shall (I) not, T. v. 40, 43, 44; desire not, dislike, E 646; Nille, 1 *pr.* *s.* will not, G 1463; Nil, *pr.* *s.* will not, B 972; will not (have), 3. 586; will (she) not, 3. 1140; Nilt, 2 *pr.* *s.* wilt not, T. ii. 1024; Niltow, thou wilt not, T. i. 792.
- Nilinge**, *s.* refusing, B 5 p. 2. 23.
- Nin**, *for* Ne in, nor in, E 1511, F 35.
- Nis**, *for* as is, is not, 2. 77; Ther nis no more but, all that remains is that, L. 847.
- Niste**, 1 *pt.* *s.* knew not, F 502; *pt.* *s.* knew not, A 3414, 4225.
- Noble**, *s.* a gold coin, A 3256; *pl.* HF. 1315. (Worth 6s. 8d.)
- Nobledest**, *pt.* *s.* 2 *p.* ennobled, didst ennoble, G 40. A translation of Dante's *nobilitasti*.
- Noblesse**, *s.* nobleness, R. 780; noble cheer, T. v. 439; nobility, D 1167; (title of respect), B 2956; magnificence, B 3438; high honour, B 3208; nobility, rank, R. 1034; worthy behaviour, B 185, 248.
- Nobley**, *s.* nobility, dignity, splendour, HF. 1416; noble rank, T. iv. 1670; assembly of nobles, G 449; state, F 77.
- Nof** (*for* Ne of), nor of, D 571, 660.
- Noght**, *adv.* not, A 107; *by* no means, in no respect, A 1226; Noght but for, only because, D 645.
- Noght**, *s.* nothing, G 542; N. worth, worth nothing, H 200.
- Noisen**, 2 *pr.* *pl.* cry aloud, B 3. m. 6. 10.
- Nokked**, *pp.* notched, R. 942.
- Nolde**, 1 *pt.* *s.* would not, did not want, 5. 90; (I) should not desire, G 1334; Noldest, 2 *pt.* *s.* wouldst not, 3. 482; Noldestow, if thou wouldst not, T. iii. 1264; Nolde, *pt.* *s.* would not, 1. 31; would not (have), A 1024.
- Nombre**, *s.* number, A 716; amount, sum, A. ii. 24. 5.
- Nombred**, *pp.* counted in, T. iii. 1269.
- Nomen**, *pp.* taken, T. v. 514; put, R. 408; Nome, *pp.* L. 822, 1018, 1777. *Pp.* of *nimen*.
- Nones**, for the, for the nonces, for the occasion, for this occasion, A 379, 523, 545, 879; on the spur of the moment, T. i. 561; for the time, T. ii. 1381; With the nones, on the condition, HF. 2099, L. 1540. Originally *for then anes*, for the once; where then is the dat. of the def. article (A. S. *ðam*).
- Nonne**, *s.* nun, A 118; Nonnes Preest, Nun's Priest, B 4637.
- Nonnerye**, *s.* nunnery, A 3946.
- Noon**, none, no, A 318, 449; *or noon*, or not, or no, D 2069.
- Noot**, 1 *pr.* *s.* know not, L. 2660; Not, L. 193; Nost, knowest not, 3. 1137; Nostow, thou knowest not, HF. 1010; Noot, *pr.* *s.* knows not, G 284; Not, 4. 214. A. S. *ndt*.
- Norice**, *s.* nurse, B 4305.
- Norice**, *v.* nourish, foment, B 2204; *pp.* brought up, E 399.
- Norissing**, *s.* nutriment, A 437; growth, A 3017; Norishinge, bringing up, E 1040; *pl.* refectations, B 4. p. 6. 38; sustenance, B 1. p. 6. 93 (Lat. *fomittem*).
- Noriture**, *s.* nourishment, T. iv. 768.
- Nortelrye**, *s.* education, A 3967.
- Northren**, northern, A 1987.
- Norture**, *s.* instruction, good manners, R. 179.
- Nory**, *s.* pupil (lit. foster-child), B 3. p. 11. 233; Norry, B 1. p. 3. 14.
- Nose-thirles**, *pl.* nostrils, A 557, I 209.
- Nooskinnes**, *for* Noneskinnes, of no kind, HF. 1794. From *nones*, gen. of *noon*, none; and *kinnes*, gen. of *kin*.
- Nost**, Nostow, Not; see Noot.
- Not** but, only, 4. 121; T. iii. 1636.
- Nota**, i. e. observe, A. ii. 26. 33.
- Notabiltee**, *s.* notable fact, B 4399.
- Notable**, *adj.* notorious, remarkable, B 1875.
- Notaries**, *s. pl.* scribes, I 797.
- Note**, *s.* (1) note (in music), A 235, B 1737; musical note, peal, HF. 1720; tune, 5. 677; *by n.*, according to musical notes, *by* note, R. 669; in concord, all at once, T. iv. 585.
- Note**, *s.* (2), employment, business, task, job, A 4068. A. S. *notu*.

**Noteful**, *adj.* useful, A. pr. 120.  
**Notemuge**, *s.* nutmeg, B 1953.  
**Notes**, *s.* pl. nuts, R. 1360.  
**Not-head**, *s.* crop-head, a head with hair cropped short, A 109.  
**Nother**, neither, 7. 253; neither (of them), L. 192.  
**Nothing**, *adv.* in no respect, in no degree, not at all, A 2505; *for n.*, by no means, D 1121.  
**Notificacions**, *pl.* hints, B 5. m 3. 23.  
**Notifie**, *pr.* pl. indicate, I 430; *pp.* proclaimed, B 256.  
**Nouchis**, *s.* pl. jewelled ornaments, jewels (properly, setting for jewels), clasps, HF. 1350; Nowches, E 382. *E. ouch.*  
**Nought**, *adv.* not, T. ii. 575, 673; not at all, 3. 3; B 2262.  
**Noumbre**, *s.* number, 3. 440.  
**Noumbre**, *v.* number, 3. 439; *pp.* counted in, T. iii. 1269.  
**Noun-certeyn**, *s.* uncertainty, 18. 46; T. i. 337.  
**Noun-power**, *s.* impotence, B 3. p 5. 22.  
**Nouthes**, now, T. i. 985; *as nouthes*, at present, A 462.  
**Novelrye**, *s.* novelty, T. ii. 756.  
**Now**, *adv.* now, A 715; *for now*, for the present, 7. 343; *now and now*, from time to time, occasionally, F. 430.  
**Nowches**; see Nouchis.  
**Noyous**, *adj.* troublesome, HF. 574. Short for *anoyous*.  
**Ny**, *adj.* near, B 2562; *Nye*, *def.* the one who is near, A 3392.  
**Ny**, *adv.* nigh, nearly, B 2735; *as ny as*, as close to, A 588; *wel ny*, almost, A 1330.  
**Ny**, *prep.* nigh, B 550.  
**Nyoe**, *adj.* foolish, B 3712, 4505; ignorant, R. 1257; foolish, weak, B 1083, G 493; ludicrous, A 3855; scrupulous, A 398.  
**Nyoely**, *adv.* foolishly, T. v. 1152.  
**Nyottee**, *s.* folly, G 463; simplicity, A 4046; foolish behaviour, pleasure, D 412; scrupulousness, T. ii. 1288.  
**Nye**; see Ny.  
**Nyffes**, *pl.* mockeries, pretences, D 1760. Lit. 'sniffings'; O.F. *nyfter*, to sniff.

## O.

**O** (òò), one, A 304, 363; a single, B 5. p 6. 158; one and the same, T. ii. 37; one continuous and uniform, HF. 1100. See Oon.  
**Obeisant**, *adj.* obedient, E 66, I 264.  
**Obeissaunce**, *s.* obedience, E 24, 502;

obedient act, E 230; obedient farewell, L. 2479; *in your o.*, in obedience to you, 2. 84; *unto her o.*, in obedience to her, L. 587; **Obeissaunces**, *pl.* acts of dutiful attention, L. 149; **obeervances**, L. 1258.  
**Obeising**, *adj.* yielding, L. 1266.  
**Objecte**, *adj.* presented, B 5. p 5.  
**Obligacioun**, *s.* bond, 15. 2; **Obligaciouns**, *pl.* sureties, B 3018.  
**Oblige**, *v.*; *o. to you*, lay an obligation on you (to make me), T. iv. 1414.  
**Obeéquies**, *pl.* funeral rites, A 993.  
**Obeervauce**, *s.* respect, A 1045; **homage**, 7. 218; **obeervance**, L. 1608; **ceremony**, T. ii. 112; **heed**, I 747; *pl.* customary attentions, F 956; **duties**, L. 150.  
**Observe**, *v.* favour, B 1821; *pr.* a takes heed, I 303.  
**Occasioun**, *s.* cause, L. 994.  
**Occident**, *s.* west, B 297.  
**Occidentale**, *adj.* western, A. i. 5. 9.  
**Occupyte**, *v.* take up, F 64; *pr.* a follows close upon, T. iv. 836; dwells in, B 424; *imp.* a hold to, B 4. p 7. 103.  
**Octogamyte**, *s.* marrying eight times, D 33.  
**Of**, *prep.* of, A 2, &c.; by, R. 1260; concerning, about, F 1179; during, B 510; for, 13. 19; off, from, 3. 964; on account of, B 2208; as to, as regards, in respect of, F 425; as to, 3. 966; upon, 5. 555; over, B 2947; with, A 2055; some, A 146; *of a purpos*, on purpose, deliberately, B 2273; *of al my lif*, in all my life, 5. 484; *of grace*, by his favour, out of his favour, E 178; *fulfild of*, filled with, 7. 42.  
**Of**, *adv.* off, away, 5. 494; (come) off, T. iv. 1106; off, A 2676; *com of*, be quick, have done, A 3728.  
**Offensaioun**, damage, A 2416.  
**Offertorie**, *s.* offertory, A 710.  
**Office**, *s.* office, employment of a secular character, A 292; employment, B 3446; duty, 5. 236; property, D 1144; place of office, D 1577; *with o.*, by the use of (Lat. *officio*), B 1. p. 1. 3; *houses of o.*, servants' offices, E 264.  
**Of-newe**, *adv.* newly, again, R. 1613; lately, E 938.  
**Of-showwe**, *v.* repel (lit. shove off), A 3912.  
**Of-taken**, *pp.* taken away, B 1855.  
**Ofte**, *adj.* pl. many; **Ofte sythes**, oftentimes, A 485; **Ofte tyme**, often, A 52; **Tymes ofte**, E 226.  
**Ofte**, *adv.* comp. oftener, E 215.  
**Of that**, *conj.* because, L. 815.

**Of-thowed**, *pp.* thawed away, HF. 1143.  
**Oght**, *a.* ought, anything, F 1469; anything of value, G 1333; *as adv.* ought, at all, B 1792.  
**Oghts**; see **Owen**.  
**Oke**, **Okes**; see **Ook**.  
**Olifaunts**, *a. pl.* elephants, B 3. p 8. 29.  
**Oliveres**, *a. pl.* olive-trees, R. 1314; olive-yards, B 3226.  
**Olyve**, *a.* olive-tree, 5. 181.  
**Omellies**, *a. pl.* homilies, I 1088.  
**On**, *prep.* on, A 12; in, F 921; at, T. iii. 32; of, T. iii. 18; as regards, E 1424; against, T. ii. 865; towards, 4. 298; binding on, 10. 43; *hir on*, upon her, 3. 1217; *on eve*, in the evening, E 1214; *on rest*, at rest, F 379.  
**On**, one; see **Oon**.  
**Onde**, *a.* envy, R. 148. A.S. *anda*.  
**Oneden**, *pt. pl.* united, I 193; *pp.* united, complete, D 1968.  
**Ones**, *adv.* once, B 588; united in design, C 696; *at ones*, at once, A 765.  
**On-lofte**, *adv.* aloft, up in the air, in the sky, 5. 203, 683; above ground, E 229.  
**On-lyve**, *adv.* alive, F 932. Lit. 'in life.'  
**Oo**, one; see **Oon**.  
**Ook**, *a.* oak, A 1702; **Oke**, *dat.* 3. 447; (*collectively*), oaks, R. 1384.  
**Oon**, one, R. 624; always the same, the same, one and the same, B 2142; united, agreed, T. ii. 1740; alone, unwedded, D 66; the same, i.e. of small consequence, 3. 1295; the same thing, alike, F 537; *oon the faireste*, one of the fairest, E 212; *in oon*, in the same state, unchangeably; *ever in oon*, ever alike, always in the same manner, E 602; continually, D 209; *oon and oon*, one by one, A 679; *after oon*, equally good, A 341; *that oon*, one thing, T. iv. 1453; the one, C 666; *many oon*, many a one, A 317, E 775; *felle at oon*, came to one agreement, T. iii. 565; *many on*, many a one, D 680; *everich on*, every one, B 1164; **Oo**, one, G 207; a single, R. 1236; one and the same, 3. 1293.  
**Ooned**, *pp.* united, B 4. p 6. 81.  
**Open-ers**, *a.* fruit of the medlar, A 3871.  
**Open-headed**, with head uncovered, D 645.  
**Opie**, *a.* opium, A 1472; **Opies**, *pl.* opiates, L. 2670.  
**Opned**, *pp.* opened, T. iii. 469.  
**Opposen**, *v.* oppose; *o. me*, lay to my charge, D 1597.  
**Oppresse**, *v.* suppress, 10. 60; violate, F 1411; *ger.* to put down, G 4.

**Oppressioun**, *a.* oppression, wrong, L. 2592; tyranny, 10. 19; violation, L. 1868.  
**Or**, *conj.* ere, G 314.  
**Or**, *prep.* before, R. 864.  
**Or**, *conj.* or, A 91, &c.; **Or** . . . **or**, either . . . **or**, R. 261.  
**Oratorie**, *a.* closet for prayers, A 1905.  
**Ordal**, *a.* ordeal, T. iii. 1046.  
**Orde**, *dat.* point, L. 645. A.S. *ord*. And see **Word**.  
**Ordenee**, *adj.* well-ordered, B 4. p 1. 46.  
**Ordenely**, *adv.* conformably, in order, B 4. p 6. 313.  
**Ordenour**, *a.* ruler, B 3. p 12. 102.  
**Ordeyned**, *pp.* provided, A 2533; appointed, F 177; prepared, G 1277; ordered, I 336; (= *ordeyne*), *pp.* regulated, T. i. 892.  
**Ordinaat**, *adj.* orderly, E 1284.  
**Ordinaty**, *adv.* methodically, I 1045.  
**Ordinaunce**, *a.* arrangement, A 3012; provision, B 250; orderly arrangement, A 2567; consideration, 18. 38; order, B 2303; resolve, B 2258; command, 10. 44.  
**Ordred**, *pp. as adj.* ordained, I 782.  
**Ordure**, *a.* filthiness, I 841; rubbish, T. v. 385.  
**Ore**, *a.* grace; *thyn o.*, (I pray for) thy grace, A 3726. A.S. *dr*.  
**Ore**, *a.* ore (of metal), D 1064. A.S. *ör*.  
**Ores**, *a. pl.* cars, L. 2308.  
**Orfrays**, *a.* gold embroidery, gold braid, fringe with golden threads, R. 462, 869, 1076. A.F. *or/frete*, O.F. *or/fois*.  
**Organs**, *a. pl.* 'organs,' the old equivalent of organ, G 134.  
**Orgon**, *pl. as sing.* organ (Lat. *organa*), B 4041.  
**Orient**, *a.* east, A 1494.  
**Oriental**, *adj.* eastern; (hence) of superior quality, L. 221.  
**Orisonte**, *a.* horizon, T. v. 276.  
**Orisoun**, *a.* prayer, A 2372.  
**Orizon**, *rectum*, or right horizon, A. ii. 26. 35. This means the horizon of any place situate on the equator, which could be represented by a straight line upon a disc of the astrolabe.  
**Orloge**, *a.* clock, 5. 350; B 4044.  
**Orphelin**, *adj.* orphaned, B 2. p 3. 33.  
**Orpiment**, *a.* orpiment, G 759, 774, 823. '*Orpiment*, trisulphide of arsenic'; Webster.  
**Oruscupum**, i. e. horoscope, A. ii. 3. *rubric*.  
**Osanne**, i. e. Hosannah, B 642.  
**Ost**, *a.* host, army, L. 1906.

- Ostelments**, *a. pl.* furniture, household goods, B 2. p 5. 135. (*L. supellectilis*). Cf. *F. outil*.
- Ostesse**, *a. hostess*, B 4. m 3. 23.
- Otes**, *a. pl. (of) oats*, D 1963.
- Other**, *adj.* second, R. 953, 976; the other, A 427; *what o.*, what else, T. i. 799; *that o.*, the other, F 496; Other, *pl.* others, R. 1304; Others, *pl.* other, A 794; others, H.F. 2151; *gen. pl.* others', H.F. 2153; Others, *gen. sing.* each other's (*lit. of the other*), C 476.
- Other**, *conj. or*, 3. 810; Other . . or, either . . or, G 1149.
- Other-whyle**, *adv.* sometimes, B 2. p 1. 120.
- Ouche**, *a. nouch, clasp*, D 743. See *Nouchis*.
- Ought**, *a.* anything, 3. 459; *as adv.* at all, T. ii. 268; *in ought that*, in as far as, T. iii. 1241.
- Oughtestow**, *oughtest thou*, L. 1957.
- Oule**, *a. owl*, D 1081.
- Oules**, *pl. awls*; spiked irons for tormenting men, D 1730. A.S. *awel*.
- Ounces**, *pl. small portions*, A 677; ounces, G 756.
- Ounded**, *pp. wavy*, T. iv. 736.
- Oundinge**, *a. adornment with waved lines*, I 417.
- Oundy**, *adj. wavy*, H.F. 1386. F. *onda*.
- Out**, *adv.* out, A 45, &c.; *used for come out*, H.F. 2139; go out, T. iv. 210; fully, T. iii. 417; *mordre will out*, murder will out, B 1766; Out and out, entirely, T. ii. 739.
- Out**, *interj.* alas! A 385; Out! harrow! B 4570.
- Out of**, *prep.* without, C 157; out of, A 452.
- Out-broke**, *v. break out, break silence*, 2. 12.
- Out-breste**, *v. burst out*, T. iv. 237.
- Out-bringe**, *v. utter*, L. 1835.
- Outcast**, *pp. cast out*, T. v. 615.
- Out-caughte**, *pt. a. drew out*, B 1861.
- Out-drawe**, *pp. drawn out*, T. iv. 1226.
- Oute**, *adv.* away, T. v. 553; out, i. e. uttered, D 977.
- Outen**, *v. put out, utter, exhibit*, G 834; utter, E 2438; Oute, 1 *pr. a. utter, offer*, D 521. A.S. *athan*.
- Outereste**, *adj. superl. uttermost, farthest*, B 2. m 6. 17.
- Outerly**, *adv.* utterly, entirely, E 235.
- Outfleyinge**, *a. flying out*, H.F. 1523.
- Out-hees**, *a. outcry, hue and cry, alarm*, A 2012.
- Outher**, *conj. either*, R. 250.
- Outherwhyle**, *adv.* sometimes, B 2735. 2857.
- Outlandish**, *adj. foreign*, 9. 22.
- Outrage**, *a. excess (luxu)*, B 2. m 5. 5; cruelty, injustice, A 2012.
- Outrageous**, *adj. excessive*, B 2180; immoderate, I 743; violent, rampant, R 174; excessively bold, R. 1257.
- Outrageously**, *adv. excessively*, A 3098.
- Outrance**, *a. great hurt, excessive injury*, 24. 26.
- Outraye**, *v. lose temper*, E 643. O.F. *outrier*, to surpass.
- Outrely**, *adj. utterly*, B 4419; entirely, B 2943, 3072; decidedly, B 2210.
- Out-ringe**, *v. ring out*, T. iii. 1237.
- Out-rood**, *pt. a. rode out*, T. v. 604.
- Out-rydere**, *a. rider abroad*, A 166. The name of a monk who rode to inspect granges, &c.
- Out-springe**, *v. come to light*, T. i. 745; Out-sprong, *pt. a. spread abroad*, C 111.
- Out-sterte**, *pt. pl. started out*, B 4237.
- Out-straighte**, *pt. a. stretched out*, R. 1515.
- Out-taken**, *pp. excepted*, B 277.
- Out-tyrne**, 2 *pr. pl. twist out, utter*, 12. 11.
- Out-wende**, *v. proceed*, H.F. 1645.
- Over**, *prep.* above, R. 1475; beyond, D 1661; besides, F 137; Over hir might, to excess, C 468.
- Over**, *adj.* upper, A 133; Overest, *superl. uppermost*, A 290.
- Over-al**, *adv.* everywhere, A 216, 246. 1207; in all directions, T. i. 928; on all sides, D 264; in every way, E 212; throughout, E 1048; Over al and al, beyond every other, 3. 1003.
- Over-blowe**, *pp. past*, L. 1287.
- Overcaste**, *v. overcast, sadden*, A 1561.
- Overcomer**, *a. conqueror*, B 1. m 2. 15.
- Overdoon**, *pp. carried to excess*, G 645.
- Over-gilt**, *adj. worked over with gold*, R. 873.
- Over-goon**, *v. pass away*, T. i. 846; over-spread, B 2. p 7. 42.
- Overkerveth**, *pr. a. cuts across, crosses*, A. i. 21. 90.
- Overlad**, *pp. put upon*, B 3101. *Lit. lkd over*.
- Overlade**, *v. overload*, L. 621.
- Overlight**, *adj. too feeble*, B 4. m 3. 34.
- Over-loked**, *pp. perused*, 3. 232.
- Overlyeth**, *pr. a. lies upon*, I 575.
- Over-passeth**, *pr. a. surpasses*, B 5. p. 117.

**Over-raughte**, *pt. a.* reached over, hence, urged on, T. v. 1018.  
**Over-shake**, *pp.* shaken off, 5. 681.  
**Overshote**, *pp.*; *had overshote hem*, had over-run the scent, 3. 383.  
**Over-skippe**, *1 pt. a.* skipped over, omitted, 3. 1208.  
**Overalloppe**, *a.* upper-garment, G 633. Cf. Ital. *girdalopppe*, an upper garment. See Sloppes.  
**Oversprede**, *v.* spread over, cover, E 1799; **Over-sprat**, *pr. a.* over-spreadeth, T. ii. 767; **Overspradde**, *pt. a.* covered, A 2871.  
**Overspringe**, *pr. a. subj.* overpass, F 1060.  
**Overtake**, *v.* overtake, attain to, G 682; **Overtook**, *1 pt. a.* caught up, 3. 360.  
**Overte**, *adj.* open, HF. 718.  
**Overthrowe**, *v.* be overturned, be ruined, HF. 1640.  
**Over-throwinge**, *adj.* overwhelming, B 1. m 2. 2; headlong (Lat. *praecipiti*), B 2. m 7. 1; headstrong (Lat. *praecipiti*), B 1. m 6. 25; revolving, B 3. m 12. 43.  
**Overthrowinge**, *a.* falling down, B 2755; *pl.* destruction (Lat. *ruinis*), B 2. m 4. 17.  
**Overthwart**, *adv.* across, A 1991; *opposite*, T. iii. 685; askance, R. 292.  
**Overtymelicke**, *adv.* untimely, B 1. m 1. 18.  
**Over-whelveth**, *pr. a.* overturns, turns over, agitates, B 2. m 3. 17.  
**Owen**, *v.* owe, own, possess; **Oweth**, *pr. a.* owns, possesses, C 361; **Oweth**, *pr. a. refl.* it is incumbent (on him), L. 360 a; **Oghte**, *1 pt. a.* ought, 4. 216; **Oughtestow**, *2 pt. a.* oughtest thou, T. v. 545; L. 1957; **Oghte**, *pt. a. impera.* it were necessary, B 2188; *him oghte*, he ought, L. 377; *it became him*, B 1097; *hir oghte*, became her, E 1120; *us oghte*, it behoved us, we ought, 1. 119; *hem oghte*, they ought, G 1340; *us oghte* (subj.), it should behove us, we ought, E 1150; **Oghte**, *pt. a.* owed, L. 589; ought, A 505; **Owed**, *pp.* due, B 4. p 5. 18.  
**Owene**, *adj. def.* own, C 834; *myn owene woman*, independent, T. ii. 750; *his owne hand*, with his own hand, A 3624.  
**Owh**, *interj.* alas, B 1. p 6. 25.  
**Owher**, *adv.* anywhere, A 653.  
**Oxe**, *a. ox*, C 354; **Oxes**, *gen.* E 207; **Oxen**, *pl.* A 887.  
**Oxe-stalle**, *a.* ox-stall, E 398.  
**Oynement**, *a.* ointment, unguent, A 631.  
**Oynons**, *pl.* onions, A 634.

## P.

**Paas**, *a.* pace, step, L. 284; *goon a paas*, go at a footpace, C 866.  
**Paas**, *v.* pass, go, A 1602; **pass**, T. i. 371; go away, 15. 9; **pass away**, A 175; **surpass**, go beyond, T. iii. 1272; **walk**, T. v. 1791; **overstep**, HF. 392; **come**, HF. 720; *p. of*, **pass over**, T. ii. 1568; *of this thing to p.*, to pass this over in review, HF. 239; *to pace of*, to pass from, B 205; *1 pr. a.* pass over (it), go on, HF. 1355; **proceed**, go on, A 36; *1 pr. a. subj.* depart, F 494; *2 pr. a. subj.* go, D 911.  
**Paillet**, *a.* pallet, T. iii. 229.  
**Paire**, *a.* pair, A 473; **set**, A 159; *as pl. pairs*, 5. 238. (*Pair*, in the sense of 'set,' is applied to many things of the same kind and size.)  
**Paisible**, *adj.* peaceable, 9. 1.  
**Palasye**, *a.* palsy, R. 1098.  
**Pale**, *a.* perpendicular stripe, HF. 1840.  
**Palestral**, *adj.* athletic, pertaining to wrestling, T. v. 304.  
**Paleth**, *pr. a.* renders pale, B 2. m 3. 3.  
**Paleys**, or **Paleis** - chaumbres, *pl.* palace-chambers, 9. 41.  
**Paleys-gardyn**, palace-garden, T. ii. 508.  
**Paleys-ward**, to, toward the palace, T. ii. 1252.  
**Paleys-yates**, *pl.* gates of the palace, 4. 82.  
**Palinge**, *a.* adorning with (heraldic) pales, or upright stripes, I 417.  
**Palis**, *a.* palisade, stockade, B 1. p 6. 41; **paling**, rampart, B 1. p 3. 86. O. F. *palle*, *paleis*.  
**Palled**, *pp.* pale, languid, H 55.  
**Pan**, *a.* brain-pan, skull, A 1165.  
**Panade**, *a.* kind of knife, A 3939, 3960.  
**Panier**, *a.* pannier, E 1568; *pl.* baskets for bread, HF. 1939.  
**Panne**, *a.* pan, A 3944.  
**Panter**, *a.* bag-net for birds, L. 131; *pl.* nets, R. 1621. O. F. *pantiere*.  
**Papejay**, *a.* popinjay, B 1559, 1957, E 2332; applied in England to the green wood-pecker (*Geococcyx viridis*).  
**Paper**, *a.* account-book, A 4404.  
**Paper-why**, *adj.* white as paper, L. 1198.  
**Papingay**, *a.* popinjay, R. 81. See **Papejay**.  
*Par amour*; see **Paramour**.  
*Par cas*, by chance, C 885.  
*Par compaignie*, for company, A 3839, 4167.  
**Paradye**, *a.* paradise, R. 443.

- Parage**, *a.* kindred, birth, D 250; rank, D 1120.
- Paraments**, *pl.* mantles, splendid clothing, A 2501. See **Paréments**.
- Paramour**, (*for par amour*), *adv.* for love, B 2033; longingly, B 1933; with devotion, A 1155; **Paramours**, passionately, T. v. 332; A 2112; with excessive devotion, L 260 a; by way of passionate love, T. v. 158; *for p.*, for the sake of passion, E 1450; *for paramours*, for love's sake, A 3354.
- Paramour**, *a.* (1) concubine, wench, D 454; *pl.* A 3756; lovers, **paramours**, T. ii. 236; **Paramour** (2), love-making, A 4372.
- Paraunter**, perhaps, L 362.
- Paraventure**, peradventure, perhaps, F 955.
- Parcel**, *a.* part, F 852; small part, 2. 106.
- Parchemin**, *a.* parchment, B 5. m 4. 14.
- Pardee**, (*F. par Dieu*), a common oath, A 563, 3084; **Pardieux**, T. i. 197.
- Pardoner**, *a.* seller of indulgences, A 543, C 318.
- Paragal**, *adj.* fully equal, T. v. 840.
- Paréments**, *a. pl.* rich hangings or ornaments, (applied to a chamber), L 1106; F 269. See **Paraments**.
- Parentele**, *a.* kinship, I 908.
- Parfey**, by my faith, in faith, HF. 938.
- Parfit**, *adj.* perfect, A 72, 422.
- Parfitly**, *adv.* perfectly, R. 771; wholly, B 2381.
- Parfournie**, *v.* perform, B 2402; **Parfournes**, *ger.* to fulfil, B 3137; *p. up*, complete, D 2261.
- Parfourninge**, *a.* performance, I 807.
- Parishens**, *pl.* parishioners, A 482.
- Paritorie**, *a.* pellitory, **Parietaria officinalis**, G 581.
- Parlement**, *a.* (1) deliberation, decision due to consultation, A 1306; (2) parliament, T. iv. 143; *p. of Briddes*, Parliament of Birds, I 1086.
- Parodie**, *a.* period, duration, T. v. 1548. (A curious confusion of *parodie* (so pronounced) with *period*.)
- Parsoneres**, *a. pl.* partners, partakers, B 5. p. 5. 101.
- Parten**, *a.* share, T. i. 589; *ger.* To p. with, participate in, L 465; *1 pr. a.* part, depart, T. i. 5; **Parteth**, *pr. a.* departs, L 359; **Parted**, *pp.* dispersed, T. i. 960; gone away, taken away, L 1110.
- Parteners**, *a. pl.* partners, partakers, I 968.
- Parting-felawes**, *a. pl.* fellow-partakers, I 637.
- Part-les**, *adj.* without his share, B 4. p. 3. 44.
- Partrich**, *a.* partridge, A 349.
- Party**, *adv.* partly, A 1053.
- Partye**, *a.* portion, A 3008; **partial** umpire, taker of a side, A 2657; **portion**, T. ii. 394.
- Parvys**, *a.* church-porch, A 310.
- Pas**, *a.* pace, B 399; step, D 2162; distance, R. 525; foot-pace, A 825; grade, degrees, 4. 134; grade, I 532; **passage**, B 2635; *a. pas*, at a footpace, T. ii. 67; v. 60; F 388; *pl.* paces, yards, A 1890; **thousand pas**, a mile, B 1. p. 4. 270.
- Passage**, *a.* period, R. 406.
- Passant**, *pres. pt. as adj.* surpassing, A 2107.
- Passen**, *ger.* to surpass, exceed, conquer, A 3089; overcome, L. 162; outdo, G 857; *pr. a.* passes away, F 404; **Paste**, *pt. a.* passed, T. ii. 658; **passed by**, T. ii. 398; **Passing**, *pres. pt.* surpassing, A 2885; *pp. past*, spent, E 610; **surpassed**, 7. 82; **passed by**, 5. 81; **overblown**, gone off, R. 1682.
- Passing**, *adj.* excellent, F 929; extreme, E 1225.
- Passioun**, *a.* suffering, B 1175; **passion**, 1. 162; **passive feeling**, impression, B 5. m 4. 52.
- Pastee**, *a.* pasty, A 4346.
- Patrimoine**, *a.* patrimony, I 790.
- Patroun**, *a.* patron, 4. 275; protector, 7. 4; pattern, 3. 910.
- Pawmes**, *pl.* palms (of the hand), T. iii. 1114.
- Pax**, *a.* the 'osculatorium,' or 'paxbrede,' a disk of metal or other substance, used at Mass for the 'kiss of peace,' I 407.
- Pay**, *a.* pleasure, 5. 271; *more to pay*, so as to give more satisfaction, 5. 474.
- Paye**, *v.* pay, A 806; *pt. a.* A 539; *pp.* satisfied, pleased, 9. 3; *holde her payd*, think herself satisfied, 3. 269.
- Payen**, *adj.* pagan, A 2370.
- Payens**, *a. pl.* pagans, L. 786.
- Payndemayn**, *a.* bread of a peculiar whiteness, B 1915. *Lat. panis Domini-cus*.
- Payne**, *a.* pain; *dide his payne*, took pains, F 730.
- Payre**, *a.* a pair, R. 1386; **Paire**, *pl.* pair, R. 1698.
- Pece**, *a.* piece, 5. 149; *pl.* pieces, T. i. 833.
- Peches**, *pl.* peaches, R. 1374.
- Pecock**, *a.* peacock, 5. 356.

- Peacock-arwes**, *pl.* arrows with peacocks' feathers, A 104.  
**Pecunial**, *adj.* pecuniary, D 1314.  
**Pees**, *a.* peace, A 532, 1447; *in p.*, in silence, B 228.  
**Pees**, peace! hush! be still! B 836.  
**Pekke**, *a.* peck (quarter of a bushel), A 4010.  
**Pekke**, *imp.* *a.* peck, pick, B 4157.  
**Pel**, *a.* peel, small castle, HF. 1310. O.F. *pel*; from Lat. acc. *pallum*.  
**Pellet**, *a.* pellet, stone cannon-ball, HF. 1643.  
**Penaunt**, *a.* a penitent, one who does penance, B 3154.  
**Pencil** (1), *a.* pencil, brush, A 2049.  
**Pencil** (2), *a.* small banner, sleeve worn as a token, T. v. 1043. Short for *penoncel*.  
**Pénible**, *adj.* painstaking, B 3490; *Penible*, careful to please, E 714; *Penýble*, inured, D 1846.  
**Penitauncer**, *a.* a confessor who assigns a penance, I 1008.  
**Penitence**, *a.* penance, I 101, 126.  
**Penne**, *a.* pen, quill, L. 2357.  
**Penner**, *a.* pen-case, E 1879.  
**Penoun**, *a.* pennon, ensign or small flag borne at the end of a lance, A 978.  
**Pens**; see *Peny*.  
**Peny**, *a.* penny, R. 451; money, A 4119; *Penyes*, *pl.* pence, R. 189; *Pens*, *pl.* pence, C 376.  
*Per cas*, by chance, L. 1967.  
*Per consequens*, consequently, D 2192.  
**Peraventure**, *adv.* perhaps, HF. 304; C 935.  
**Peroen**, *v.* pierce, B 2014; *pr.* *a.* pierces with his gaze, v. 331.  
**Perche**, *a.* perch (for birds to rest on), A 2204; wooden bar, R. 225; a horizontal rod, A. ii. 23. 44. Lat. *pertica*.  
**Percinge**, *a.*; for *percinge* = to prevent any piercing, B 2052.  
**Perdurable**, *adj.* everlasting, eternal, B 2699; *Perdurables*, *adj.* *pl.* everlasting, I 811.  
**Perdurabletee**, *a.* immortality, B 2. p. 7. 63, 103.  
**Pere**, *a.* peer, equal, B 3244, F 678.  
**Peregryn**, *adj.* peregrine, i.e. foreign, F 428.  
**Pere-jonette**, *a.* a kind of early-ripe pear, A 3248.  
**Peres**, *pl.* pears, R. 1375, E 2331.  
**Perfit**, *adj.* complete, A. i. 18. 4.  
**Perfitly**, *adv.* perfectly, A. pr. 21.  
**Perfourne**, *ger.* to perform, B 2256; be equivalent to, A. ii. 10. 16.  
**Peril**, *a.* B 2672; *in p.*, in danger, 4. 108; *upon my p.*, (I say it) at my peril, D 561.  
**Perisse**, *v.* perish, I 254.  
**Perle**, *a.* pearl, L. 221.  
**Perled**, *pp.* fitted with pearl-like drops, A 3251.  
**Perré**, *a.* jewellery, precious stones, gems, B 3495, 3550.  
**Perryé**, *a.* jewellery, A 2936; *Perrie*, HF. 1393.  
**Pers**, *adj.* of Persian dye, light-blue, R. 67.  
**Pers**, *a.* stuff of a sky-blue colour, A 439, 617.  
**Perséverance**, *a.* endurance, T. i. 44; constancy, 3. 1007.  
**Persévere**, *v.* continue, D 148; *pr.* *a.* lasts, C 497.  
**Perséveringe**, *a.* perseverance, G 117.  
**Persly**, *a.* parsley, A 4350.  
**Persón**, *a.* person, figure, T. ii. 701; *Pérsoun*, parson, A 478.  
**Pert**, *adj.* forward, frisky, A 3950. Short for *apert*.  
**Pertinacie**, *a.* pertinaciousness, I 391.  
**Pertinent**, *adj.* fitting, B 2204.  
**Pertourbe**, *ger.* to perturb, T. iv. 561.  
**Perturbacioun**, *a.* trouble, B 1. p. 1. 98.  
**Perturbinge**, *a.* perturbation, D 2254.  
**Pervenke**, *a.* periwinkle, R. 903; *Pervinke*, R. 1432.  
**Pesen**, *pl.* peas, L. 648.  
**Pesible**, *adj.* calm, B 1. p. 5. 3.  
**Pestilence**, *a.* the (great) pestilence, A 442, C 679; curse, B 4600, D 1264.  
**Peter**, *interj.* by St. Peter, B 1404, G 665.  
**Peyne**, *a.* pain of torture, A 1133; T. i. 674; *in the p.*, under torture, T. iii. 1502; care, F 509; toil, G 1398; penalty, B 3041; endeavour, R. 765; penance, B 2939; *upon p.*, under a penalty, E 586.  
**Peyne**, *v.* *refl.* take pains, endeavour, B 4495; put (myself) to trouble, HF. 246; *Peyne*, 1 *pr.* *a.* *refl.* take pains, C 330, 395; *Peyned hir*, *pt.* *a.* *refl.* took pains, A 139, E 976; *Peyned hem*, *pt.* *pl.* *refl.* R. 107.  
**Peynte**, *v.* paint, C 12; colour highly, HF. 246; smear, L. 875; *do p.*, cause to be painted, 3. 259; *pt.* *a.* F 560; *Peynted*, *pp.* painted, L. 1029; *Peynt*, *pp.* R. 248.  
**Peyntour**, *a.* painter, T. ii. 1041.  
**Peynture**, *a.* painting, C 33.  
**Peyre**, *a.* pair, A 2121; a set (of similar things), D 1741.  
**Peyssible**, *adj.* tranquil, B 3. m. 9. 51. (L. *tranquilla*.)



**Peytrell**, *s.* poitrel, breast-piece of a horse's harness; properly, the breast-plate of a horse in armour, G 564; *pl.* I 433. A. F. *poitrel*, Lat. *pectoralis*.

**Phitonesses**, *pl.* pythonesses, witches, HF. 1261.

[**Physioes**, *gen.* of physics, or natural philosophy, B 1189. Lat. *physica*, *gen.* of physics, natural philosophy. (I propose this reading.)]

**Pich**, *s.* pitch, A 3731, I 854.

**Piëtee**, *s.* pity, T. iii. 1033, v. 1598.

**Piëtous**, *adj.* piteous, sad, T. iii. 1444; sorrowful, T. v. 451; merciful, F 20.

**Pigges-nye** (lit. pig's eye), a dear little thing, A 3268.

**Pighte**, *pl. s. ref.* pitched, fell, A 2689; *pt. s. subj.* should pierce, should stab, 1. 163 (but this is almost certainly an error for *prighte*, *pt. s. subj.* of *pricke*).

**Piked**, *pt. s.* stole, L. 2467.

**Pikerel**, *s.* a young pike (fish), E 1419.

**Pilche**, *s.* a warm furred outer garment, 20.4.

**Pile**, *ger.* to pillage, plunder, I 769; *v.* rob, despoil, D 1362.

**Piled**, *pp.* deprived of hair, very thin, A 627; bare, bald (lit. peeled), A 3935.

**Pileer**, *s.* pillar, HF. 1421.

**Pilled**, *pp.* robbed, L. 1262.

**Pilours**, *pl.* robbers, pillagers, A 1007, 1020.

**Pilwe**, *s.* pillow, E 2004.

**Pilwe-beer**, *s.* pillow-case, A 694.

**Piment**, *s.* sweetened wine, A 3378.

**Pin**, *s.* pin, small peg, F 127, 316; fastening, brooch, A 196; thin wire, A. ii. 38. 8; Hangeth on a joly pin, is merry, E 1516.

**Pinche**, *v.* find fault (with), pick a hole (in), A 326; Pinchest at, 2 *pr. s.* blamest, 10. 57; *pp.* closely peated, A 151.

**Piper**, *s. as adj.* suitable for pipes or horns, 5. 178.

**Pissemyre**, *s.* pissmire, ant, D 1825.

**Pistel**, *s.* epistle, E 1154; message, sentence, D 1021.

**Pit**, *pp.* put (Northern), A 4088.

**Pitaunce**, *s.* pittance, A 224.

**Pitee**, *s.* pity, 1. 68; Pite were, it would be a pity (if), 3. 1266.

**Pith**, *s.* strength, R. 401; D 475.

**Pitous**, **Pitous**, *adj.* compassionate, A 143; merciful, O 226; pitiful, A 953; plaintive, R. 89, 497; mournful, R. 420; piteous, sad, sorrowful, A 955; pitiable, B 3673; Pitous, *fem.* full of compassion, L. 2582.

**Pitounly**, *adv.* piteously, B 1059; pitiable, B 3729; sadly, A 1117.

**Place**, *s.* place, A 623; manor-house (residence of a chief person in a small town or village), B 1910, D 1768.

**Placebo**, vespers of the dead, so called from the initial word of the antiphone to the first psalm of the office (see Pa. cxiv. 9 in the Vulgate version), I 61; a song of flattery, D 2075.

**Plages**, *s. pl.* regions, B 543; quarters of the compass, A. i. 5. 12.

**Plain**, *adj.*; see **Playn**.

**Plane**, *s.* plane-tree, A 2922.

**Planned**, *pt. s.* planned, made smooth, I. 1758.

**Plante**, *s.* slip, cutting, D 763; piece of out wood, R. 929.

**Plastres**, *s. pl.* plasters, F 636.

**Plat**, *adj.* flat, certain, A 1845; **Platte**, *dat. flat* (side of a sword), F 162, 164.

**Plat**, *adv.* flat, B 1865; plainly, B 886; fully, T. ii. 579.

**Plate**, *s.* plate-armour, 9. 49; stiff iron defence for a hauberk, B 2055; the 'sight' on the 'rewle', A. i. 13. 2.

**Plated**, *pp.* covered with metal in plates, HF. 1345.

**Flatly**, *adv.* flatly, plainly, T. iii. 786, 881.

**Plaunte**, *s.* plant, F 1032.

**Plaunte**, *imp. s.* plant, T. i. 964.

**Playen me**, *v. ref.* to amuse myself, R. 113.

**Playing**, *s.* sport, R. 112.

**Playn**, *adj.* smooth, even, R. 860; in short and *pl.*, in brief, plain terms, E 577; Plain, flat, H 229.

**Playn**, *s.* plain, B 24.

**Plede**, *ger.* to dispute, B 2559.

**Pleding**, *s.* pleading, 3. 615.

**Pledoures**, *pl.* pleaders, lawyers, R. 192.

**Plee**, *s.* plea, 5. 485; *pl. suite*, 5. 101.

**Plegges**, *s. pl.* pledges, B 3018.

**Pleinedest**, 2 *pt. s.* didst complain, B 4. p. 4. 168.

**Pleinte**, *s.* complaint, lament, B 66.

**Plenere**, *adj.* plenary, full, L. 1607.

**Plentee**, *s.* plenitude, fulness, I. 1080; abundance, R. 1434.

**Plentevous**, *adj.* plentiful, A 344.

**Plentevously**, *adv.* plenteously, B 2. p. 2. 86.

**Plesaunce**, *s.* pleasure, C 219, D 408; delight, A 2409; pleasant thing, 3. 773; pleasure, will, A 1571; kindness, E 1111; pleasing behaviour, F 509; pleasantness, L. 1373; happiness, L. 1150; amusement, F 713; will, delight, B 149.

**Pleasant**, *adj.* pleasant, satisfactory, pleasing, A 138, 222.

**Plesen**, *v.* please, A 610, F 707.

**Plesinges**, *adj. pl.* pleasing, B 711.

**Plesure**, *s.* pleasure, 6. 126.

**Plète**, *ger.* to plead, bring a law-suit, T. ii. 1468.

**Pletinges**, *pl.* law-suits, B 3. p 3. 67.

**Play**, *s.* play, sport, A 1125; dalliance, 4. 178; jesting, I 539; delusion, 3. 648; *pl.* games, T. v. 304; plays, D 558; funeral games, T. v. 1499.

**Pleye**, *v.* amuse oneself, B 3524, 3666; *ger.* to play, be playful, be amused, A 772; to amuse (myself), B 3996; to amuse (ourselves), L. 1495; play (on an instrument), A 236; 1 *pr.* s. jest, B 3153; 1 *pr.* *pl.* play, B 1423; *pr.* *pl.* F 900; *pt.* s. played, rejoiced, T. i. 1013; was in play, 3. 875; Pleyd, *pp.* 3. 618.

**Playinge**, *s.* amusement, sport, A 1061.

**Pleyinge**, *adj.* playful, B 3. m 2. 27.

**Pleyn** (1), *adj.* full, A 2461; complete, A 315, 337.

**Pleyn** (2), *adj.* plain, clear, L. 328; honest, 5. 528; plain, i. e. open, A 987; as s. plain (fact), A 1091; *pl.* smooth, 5. 180.

**Pleyn** (1), *adv.* full, T. v. 1818; entirely, A 327.

**Pleyn** (2), *adv.* plainly, A 790; openly, E 637.

**Pleynne**, *v.* complain, lament, B 1067; *refl.* 6. 50; *v.* to whinny (as a horse), 7. 157; *pl.* upon, cry out against, L. 2525; 1 *pr.* s. make complaint, L. 2512; *pp.* said by way of complaint, L. 326 a.

**Pleyning**, *s.* complaining, lamenting, 3. 599.

**Pleynly**, *adv.* plainly, openly, (*or*, fully), A 1733.

**Pleynte**, *s.* plaint, complaint, 2. 47; Pl. of Kynde, Complaint of Nature, 5. 316.

**Plighte** (1), *pt.* s. plucked, drew, T. ii. 1120; pulled, B 15; *pp.* plucked, torn, D 790. The infin. would be *plicken*, variant of *plukken* or *plukken*.

**Plighte** (2), 1 *pr.* s. plight, pledge, F 1537; *pt.* s. L. 2466; *pp.* pledged, C 702.

**Plomet**, *s.* plummet, heavy weight, A. ii. 23. 42.

**Plom-rewle**, *s.* plummet-rule, A. ii. 38. 10.

**Plough-harneys**, *s.* harness for a plough, i. e. parts of a plough, as the share and coulter, A 3762.

**Floumes**, *s.* *pl.* plums, R. 1375.

**Floungen**, *ger.* to plunge, bathe, B 3. p 2. 48.

**Floungy**, *adj.* stormy, rainy, B 1. m 3. 9.

**Plowman**, *s.* ploughman, E 799.

**Flukke**, *v.* pluck, pull, T. iv. 1403.

**Plye**, *v.* ply, mould, E 1430; bend, E 1169.

**Plyght**, *pp.* plighted, T. iii. 782.

**Plyt**, *s.* plight, T. ii. 712, 1731; condition, B 2338; position, T. ii. 74; Plyte, *dat.* mishap, wretched condition, 5. 294; plight, 23. 19; state, G 952.

**Plyte**, *ger.* to fold, T. ii. 1204; *pt.* s. turned backwards and forwards, T. ii. 697.

**Poeplish**, popular, T. iv. 1677.

**Poesye**, *s.* poetry, T. v. 1790.

**Poinant**, *adj.* poignant, I 130, 131.

**Point**, **Poynt**, *s.* point, A 114; position, I 921; *in point*, on the point of, about to, B 331, 910; *at point*, ready, T. iv. 1638; *in good p.*, in good case, A 200; *fro p. to p.*, from beginning to end, B 3652; *p. for p.*, in every detail, E 577. **Point-devys**; *at p.*, with great neatness, exactly, carefully, HF. 917; A 3689, F 560.

**Pointel**, *s.* style, i. e. stylus, writing implement, B 1. p 1. 3.

**Poke**, *s.* bag, A 3780, 4278.

**Poked**, *pt.* s. incited, T. iii. 116; nudged, A 4169.

**Pokets**, *s.* *pl.* little bags, G 808.

**Pokkes**, *s.* *pl.* pocks, pustules, C 358.

**Pol** (1), *s.* pole, long stick; Pole, *dat.* L. 2202.

**Pol** (2), *s.* pole (of the heavens), A. i. 14. 9.

**Polax**, *s.* pole-axe, L. 642.

**Polecat**, *s.* polecat, C 855.

**Policoye**, *s.* public business, C 600.

**Pollax**, *s.* pole-axe, A 2544.

**Polut**, *pp.* polluted, B 1. p 4. 281.

**Polyve**, *s.* pulley, F 184.

**Pomel**, *s.* round part, top, A 2689.

**Pomely**, *adj.* marked with round spots like an apple, dappled, A 616; Pomely-gris, dapple-gray, G 559.

**Pomgarnettes**, *s.* *pl.* pomegranates, R. 1356.

**Pompe**, *s.* pomp, A 525.

**Pool**, *s.* pole (of the heavens), A. i. 18. 20.

**Pope-Holy**, i. e. Hypocrisy, R. 415.

**Popelote**, *s.* poppet, darling, A 3254.

**Popet**, *s.* puppet, doll; spoken ironically, and really applied to a corpulent person, B 1891.

**Popinjay**, *s.* popinjay, R. 913.

**Poplér**, *s.* poplar-tree, A 2921; (*collectively*) poplar-trees, R. 1385.

**Popped**, *pt.* s. *refl.* tricked herself out, R. 1019.

**Popper**, *s.* small dagger, A 3931.

- Poraille, *s.* poor people, A 247.  
 Porche, *s.* Porch, B 5. m. 4. 1.  
 Pore, *adj.* poor, L. 388.  
 Porisme, *s.* corollary, B 3. p. 10. 166.  
 Porphûrie, *s.* a slab of porphyry used as a mortar, G 775.  
 Port (1), *s.* port, carriage, behaviour, A 69; bearing, mien, L. 2453.  
 Port (2), *s.* haven, T. i. 526, 969.  
 Portatif, *adj.* portable, 3. 53.  
 Porthors, *s.* portesse, breviary, B 1321.  
     From *porter*, to carry, *hors*, abroad.  
 Portours, *pl.* porters, T. v. 1139.  
 Portreiture, *s.* drawing, picture, R. 827;  
     set of drawings, A 1968; picturing, HF. 131.  
 Portreys, *v.* pourtray, depict, 1. 81;  
     Portrayed, *pp.* painted in fresco, R. 140; full of pictures, R. 1077.  
 Portreying, *s.* a picture, A 1938.  
 Pose, *s.* a cold in the head, A 4152, H 62. A.S. *ge-pose*.  
 Pose, 1 *pr.* *s.* put the case, (will) suppose, A 1162.  
 Positif, *adj.* positive, fixed, A 1167.  
 Positioun, *s.* supposition, hypothesis, B 5. p. 4. 48.  
 Possessioners, *s.* *pl.* men who are endowed, D 1722.  
 Possesioun, *s.* great possessions, wealth, F 686; endowments, D 1926.  
 Posseth, *pr.* *s.* pusheth, toseth, L. 2420.  
 Post, *s.* support, A 214; pillar, A 800.  
 Postum, *s.* imposthume, abscess, B 3. p. 4. 14.  
 Potage, *s.* broth, B 3623, C 368.  
 Potente, *s.* crutch, R. 368; staff, D 1776.  
 Potestat, *s.* potentate, D 2017.  
 Pothecârie, *s.* apothecary, C 852.  
 Pouche, *s.* pocket, A 3931; *pl.* money-bags, A 368.  
 Poudre, *s.* dust, HF. 536; powder, G 760; gunpowder, HF. 1644.  
 Poudred, *pp.* besprinkled, R. 1436.  
 Poudre-marchaunt, *s.* the name of a kind of spice, A 381.  
 Pounage, *s.* pannage, swine's food, 9. 7.  
 Pound, *pl.* pounds, A 454.  
 Poune, *s.* pawn at chess, 3. 661.  
 Pounsoned, *pp.* *as* *adj.* stamped, pierced, I 421.  
 Pounsoninge, *s.* punching of holes in garments, I 418.  
 Pouped, *pt.* *pl.* blew hard, puffed, B 4589; *pp.* blown, H 90.  
 Poure, *ger.* to pore, look closely, A 185; to pore over (it), R. 1640; 1 *pr.* *pl.* (we) pore, gaze steadily, G 670.  
 Poured, *pp.* poured, R. 1148.  
 Pouring, *s.* pouring (in), T. iii. 1460.  
 Pous, *s.* pulse, T. iii. 1114.  
 Poustee, *s.* power, B 4. p. 5. 13.  
 Povertee, *s.* poverty, 3. 410; Poverte, *s.* poverty, T. iv. 1520; Póvert, poverty R. 450; Povért, C 441.  
 Povre, *adj.* poor, R. 466, A 225.  
 Povre, *adj.* *as* *s.* poor, hence poverty, 10. 1.  
 Povre, *adv.* poorly, E 1043.  
 Povraliche, *adj.* poorly, in poverty, E 211 1055.  
 Povrely, *adv.* in poor array, A 1412.  
 Povrest, *adj.* *superl.* poorest, C 449, E 205.  
 Poynant, *adj.* pungent, A 352, B 4024.  
 Poynt, *s.* sharp point, 7. 211; very object aim, A 1501; point, bit (of it), part, R. 1236; a stop, G 1480; *up p.*, on the point, T. iv. 1153; *in p. is*, is on the point, is ready, 1. 48; *fro p. to p.*, in every point, 3. 461; *to the p.*, to the point, 5. 372; *at p. devys*, exact at all points, R. 830; to perfection, exquisitely, R. 1215; *pl.* tags, A 3322.  
 Poynte, *ger.* to describe, T. iii. 497; *pr.* *pl.* stab, R. 1058; *pp.* pointed, R. 944.  
 Poyntel, *s.* style for writing, D 1742.  
 Practisour, *s.* practitioner, A 422.  
 Praktike, *s.* practice, D 187.  
 Prays, *s.* prey, 1. 64.  
 Prays, *pr.* *pl.* petition, make suit, I 785.  
 Praying, *s.* request, prayer, R. 1484.  
 Preamble, *s.* D 831.  
 Preambulacioun, *s.* preambling, D 837.  
 Precedent, *adj.* preceding, A. ii. 32. 4.  
 Preche, *v.* preach, A 481, 712; Prechestow, thou preachest, D 366.  
 Prechour, *s.* preacher, D 165.  
 Preciounesse, *s.* costliness, I 446.  
 Predestinee, *s.* predestination, T. iv. 966.  
 Predicacioun, *s.* preaching, sermon, B 1179.  
 Preef, *s.* proof, assertion, D 247; experience, L. 528 a; test, proof, G 968; the test, H 75.  
 Prees, *s.* press, crowd, B 393, 646; the throng of courtiers, 13. 4; press of battle, 9. 33; *in p.*, in the crowd, 5. 603.  
 Preeseth, *pr.* *s.* throngs, A 2580.  
 Prefectes, *gen.* prefect's, G 369. Lit. 'an officer of the prefect's (officers).'  
 Preferre, *pr.* *s.* *subj.* precede, take precedence of, D 96.  
 Preignant, *pres.* *pt.* plain, convincing, T. iv. 1179.  
 Preisen, *ger.* to praise, (worthy) of being praised, R. 70; *v.* appraise, estimate, R. 1115; prize, esteem, R. 1693.

- Preiseres**, *a. pl. praisers*, B 2367.  
**Preisinge**, *a. honour, glory*, I 949.  
**Prelát**, *a. prelate*, A 204.  
**Premises**, *pl. statements laid down*, B 3. p 10. 121.  
**Prenostik**, *a. prognostic, prognostication*, 10. 54.  
**Prente**, *a. print*, D 604.  
**Prenten**, *ger. to imprint*, T. ii. 900.  
**Prentia**, *a. apprentice*, A 4365.  
**Prentishood**, *a. apprenticeship*, A 4400.  
**Prescience**, *a. foreknowledge*, A 1313.  
**Presse**, *ger. to press forward*, T. i. 446; *v. hasten*, 2. 19.  
**Presence**, *a. i. 19; in pr.*, in a large assembly, E 1207.  
**Present**, *adv. immediately*, 5. 424.  
**Presentarie**, *adj. ever-present*, B 5. p 6. 78.  
**Presented**, *pp. brought*, L. 1297.  
**Presenting**, *a. offering*, L. 1125.  
**Presently**, *adv. at the present moment*, B 5. p 6. 123.  
**President**, *a. the one who presided in parliament*, T. iv. 213.  
**Presoun**, *a. prison*, T. iii. 380.  
**Press**, *a. throng*, T. i. 173; *Presse*, *dat. instrument exercising pressure*, A 81; *mould*, A 203; *on presse*, under a press, in a suppressed state, down, T. i. 559; *press*, a cupboard with shelves (for linen, &c.), A 3212.  
**Prest**, *a. priest*, B 1166.  
**Prest**, *adj. ready, prepared, prompt*, 5. 307; *pl. prompt*, T. iv. 661.  
**Pretende**, *v. attempt to reach, seek (after)*, T. iv. 922.  
**Preterit**, *a. past time*, B 5. p 6. 48.  
**Pretoris**, *a. the Roman imperial body-guard, the Pretorian cohort*, B 1. p 4. 94.  
**Preve**, *a. proof*, B 4173; *experimental proof*, A. ii. 23 *rubric*; *at p.*, (when it comes) to the proof, T. iii. 1002; *at p.*, in the proof, T. iv. 1659; *armes prove*, proof of fighting power, T. i. 470.  
**Preve**, *v. prove*, C 169; *bide the test*, G 645; *succeed when tested*, G 1212; *Proved*, *pp. proved to be so*, T. i. 239; *tested*, G 1336; *approved*, E 28; *exemplified*, E 226; *shewn*, F 481.  
**Prevetee**, *a. secret place, recess*, T. iv. 1111.  
**Prevey**, *adj. secret*, B 4. p 3. 122.  
**Previdence**, *a. seeing beforehand*, B 5. p 6. 131.  
**Prevy**, *adj. privy, unobserved*, 3. 382; *not confidential*, HF. 285.  
**Preye**, *ger. to beseech*, T. ii. 1369; *to pray*, 2. 20; *Preyde*, *pt. a.* B 391; *Preyeden*, *pt. pl.* D 895; *Preyed*, *pp.* E 773.  
**Preys**, *a. praise*, B 3837.  
**Prिकासour**, *a. a hard rider*, A 189.  
**Prighte**, *pt. a. pricked*, F 418 (*inferior MSS. have pighte*). No doubt, the reading *pighte* in 1. 163 should also be *pighte*. See *Priken*.  
**Priken**, *v. incite, urge*, T. iv. 633; *Prik*, 1 *pr. a. spur, rouse*, 5. 389; *Priketh*, *pr. a. excites*, A 11. 1043; *spurs*, D 656; *pricks, aches*, D 1594; *Prighte*, *pt. a.* F 418 (see above); *Priked*, *pt. a. spurred*, B 1964.  
**Priking**, *a. hard riding*, A 191, A 2599.  
**Prikke**, *a. point*, HF. 907; *sting*, I 468; *a small mark, a peg*, A. ii. 42. 4; *a dot*, A. ii. 5. 20; *piercing stroke*, A 2606; *point, critical condition*, B 119.  
**Principals**, *adj. pl. cardinal*, A. ii. 31. 17.  
**Principio**, *in, in the beginning* (St. John, i. 1), A 254.  
**Priz**, *a. prize*, A 2241.  
**Privee**, *adj. secret*, A 3295; *private*, I 102; *intimate*, R. 600; *closely attendant*, E 192; *privee man*, private individual, B 2. p 3. 77.  
**Privee**, *adv. secretly*, F 531; *Privee and apart, secretly and openly*, D 1114; *pr. neap.*, neither secretly nor openly, D 1136.  
**Privee**, *a. privy*, C 527, E 1954.  
**Prively**, *adv. secretly*, A 652; *unperceived*, R. 784.  
**Privetee**, *a. privacy*, R. 1294; *secrecy*, B 548; *secreta, secret*, D 531, 542, 1637; *private affairs*, A 1411; *private apartment*, A 4334; *privy parts*, B 3905.  
**Privy**, *adj. secret*, L. 1267, 1780.  
**Proces**, *a. process*, B 2665; *proceeding*, F 1345; *process of time*, F 829; *argument*, B 3. p 10. 62; *matter*, T. ii. 485; *L. 1914*; *story*, HF. 251; *occurrence of events*, B 3511; *dat. course (of time)*, 3. 1331.  
**Procoutour**, *used for Procurator, proctor*, D 1596.  
**Proeve**, *a. proof*, B 5. p 4. 83.  
**Proeve**, 1 *pr. a. approve*, B 5. p 3. 28; *pr. a. shews*, B 2. m 1. 17.  
**Professoun**, *a. profession of religion*, D 1925; *oath of profession (as a monk)*, B 1345.  
**Proferestow**, *dost thou offer*, T. iii. 1461.  
**Profre**, *a. offer*, L. 2079.  
**Proheme**, *a. proem, prologue*, E 43.  
**Prolaciouns**, *a. pl. utterances*, B 2. p 1. 50.  
**Prolle**, 2 *pr. pl. prow* about, search widely, G 1412.

- Pronounced**, *pp.* announced, T. iv. 213.  
**Proportionables**, *adj. pl.* proportional, B 3. m 9. 20.  
**Proportioned**, *pp.* made in proportion, F 192.  
**Proportionels**, *s. pl.* proportional parts, F 1278.  
**Propre**, *adj.* own, T. iv. 83; especial, B 2175; peculiar, D 103; well-grown, A 3972; well-made, A 3345; comely, A 4368; handsome, C 309; *Propres*, *pl.* own, B 1. m 6. 20; *of propre kinds*, by their own natural bent, F 610.  
**Proprely**, *adv.* fitly, A 1549; literally, I 285; naturally, D 1191; appropriately, A 729.  
**Propretees**, *s.* peculiarity, 10. 69; characteristic, B 2364; peculiar possession, T. iv. 392.  
**Prose**, *v.* write in prose, 16. 41.  
**Prospectyves**, *s. pl.* perspective-glasses, lenses, F 234. Chaucer here makes the usual distinction between reflecting mirrors and refracting lenses.  
**Prospre**, *adj.* prosperous; *prospre fortunes*, well-being, B 1. p 4. 62.  
**Protestacioun**, *s.* protest, A 1317.  
**Prove**, *v.* test, A. ii. 23, *rubric*; *Proveth*, *pr. s.* proves, F 455.  
**Proverbed**, *pp.* said in proverbs, T. iii. 293.  
**Provost**, *s.* prefect, B 1. p 4. 64; chief magistrate, B 1806.  
**Provostris**, *s.* praetorship, B 3. p 4. 90.  
**Prow**, *s.* profit, advantage, B 1598, 4140, C 300, G 609.  
**Prowesse**, *s.* prowess, T. i. 438; excellence, D 1129; profit, B 4. p 3. 71.  
**Proyneth**, *pr. s.* prunes, i.e. trims, makes (himself) neat, E 2011. O.F. *proigner*.  
**Prydeless**, *adj.* without pride, 6. 29.  
**Prye**, *ger.* to pry, peer, T. ii. 404; to gaze, A 3458; *v.* spy, T. ii. 1710.  
**Pryme**, *s.* prime (of day), usually 9 a.m., A 2189, 2576, 3554; *fully pr.*, the end of the first period of the day (from 6 a.m. to 9 a.m.), B 2015; *pr. large*, past 9 o'clock, F 360; *passed pr.*, past 9 o'clock, D 1476; *half way pryme*, half way between 6 and 9 a.m., half-past seven, A 3906.  
**Pryme face**, *s.* the first glance, T. iii. 919.  
**Prymerole**, *s.* primrose, A 3268.  
**Prys**, *s.* price, value, R. 1134; worth, excellence, F 911; praise, E 1026; esteem, F 934; glory, L. 2534; reputation, D 1152; renown, A 67, 237; prize, I 355.  
**Pryse**, *ger.* to esteem, to be esteemed, R. 887.  
**Pryved**, *pp.* deprived, exiled, 1. 146.  
**Pryvee**, *adj.* secret, A 2460.  
**Puffen**, *ger.* to blow hard, HF. 1866.  
**Pulle**, *s.* a bout at wrestling, a throw, 5. 164.  
**Pulle**, *v.* pluck, T. i. 210; to draw, T. ii. 657; *pulle a finche*, pluck a finch, cheat a novice, A 652; *a pulled hen*, a plucked hen, A 177.  
**Pultrye**, *s.* poultry, A 598.  
**Puplisahen**, *pr. pl.* *reñ* are propagated, B 3. p 11. 135.  
**Purchaseen**, *ger.* to procure, acquire, I 742, 1066; gain, I 1080; win, 21. 19; buy, A 608; *pr. pl.* promote, B 2870; *imp. s.* 3 p. may (He) provide, B 873; *Purchase*, *imp. pl.* provide (for yourself), T. ii. 1125.  
**Purchas**, *s.* proceeds, gifts acquired, A 256; gain, D 1451, 1530.  
**Purchasing**, *s.* conveyancing, A 320; acquisition of property, D 1449.  
**Purchasour**, *s.* conveyancer, A 318.  
**Pure**, *adj.* very (lit. pure), A 1279; utter, 3. 1209; *the p. deth*, death itself, 3. 583.  
**Pure**, *adv.* purely, 3. 1010.  
**Pured**, *pp. as adj.* pure, F 1560; very fine, D 143.  
**Purfled**, *pp.* ornamented at the edge, trimmed, A 193.  
**Purgacioun**, *s.* discharge, D 120.  
**Purgen**, *ger.* to purge, B 4143; *pt. s.* expiated, B 4. m 7. 4 (Lat. *piaculi*); *pp.* cleansed (by baptism), G 181.  
**Purpos**, *s.* purpose, R. 1140; design, A 1684; *to purpos*, to the subject, 5. 26; *it cam him to p.*, he purposed, F 606.  
**Purposen**, *v.* purpose. I 87; *pr. pl.* propose, T. iv. 1350.  
**Purple**, *adj.* purple, T. iv. 869.  
**Purple**, *s.* purple, R. 1071; purple raiment, I 933.  
**Purs**, *s.* purse, A 656.  
**Pursevauntes**, *s. pl.* pursuivants, HF. 1321.  
**Pursuit**, *s.* continuance, perseverance, T. ii. 959; continuance in pursuit, T. ii. 1744; appeal to prosecute, D 890.  
**Purtreye**, *v.* draw, A 96; *pt. s.* E 1600.  
**Purtreyour**, *s.* draughtsman, A 1899.  
**Purveyable**, *adj.* with provident care, B 3. m 2. 5.  
**Purveyaunce**, *s.* providence, A 1252, 1665; foresight, D 566, 570; equipment, B 247; provision, A 3566, F 904; pre-arrangement, T. iii. 533; *unto his p.*, to provide himself with necessaries, L. 1561.  
**Purveyen**, *v.* provide, B 2532; *pr. s.* fore-

- sees, T. iv. 1066; *p. qf*, provided with, D 591.
- Purveyinge**, *s.* providence, T. iv. 986.
- Put**, *a.* pit, T. iv. 1540.
- Puterie**, *s.* prostitution, I 886.
- Putours**, *s. pl.* pimps, procurers, I 886.
- Putten**, *v.* put, lay, 7. 344; *v.* suppose, B 2667; *Put*, *pr.* *a.* puts, I 142; *Put* him, puts himself, L. 652; *Putte*, *pt.* *a.* B 1630; *set*, L. 675; *p. up*, put away, 2. 54.
- Pye**, *a.* magpie, A 3950, B 1399.
- Pye**, *a.* pie, pasty, A 384.
- Pyk**, *a.* pike (fish), 12. 17.
- Pyke**, *v.* (1) peep, T. iii. 60; *ger.* (2) to pick at, T. ii. 1274; *pr.* (3) makes (himself) tidy or smooth, E 2011.
- Pykepurs**, *a.* pick-purse, A 1098.
- Pyled**, *pp.* peeled, bare, bald, A 4306.
- Pyu**, the pin which passes through the central hole in the Astrolabe and its plates, A. i. 14. 1.
- Pyn**, *a.* pine-tree, R. 1379.
- Pyne**, *a.* pain, torment, T. v. 6; hurt, 5. 335; toil, HF. 147; place of torment, HF. 1512; suffering, A 1324, 2382; woe, torment, B 3420; the passion, B 2126. A. S. *pin*.
- Pyne**, *ger.* to torture, A 1746; *pr.* *a.* pines away, 7. 205; grieves, bemoans, I 85; *pp.* examined by torture, B 4249.
- Pype**, *a.* pipe, musical instrument, B 2005; *pl.* pipes, tubes, A 2752.
- Pypen**, *v.* pipe, whistle, A 1838; play on the bag-pipe, A 3927; Pype, make a piping noise, T. v. 1433; play upon a pipe, A 3876; *pp.* faintly uttered, HF. 785; *pres. pt.* piping (hot), hissing, A 3379.
- Pyrie**, *a.* pear-tree, E 2217, 2325. A. S. *pyrige*.
- Q.**
- Quaad**, *adj.* evil (Flemish), A 4357; Quad, bad, B 1628. Du. *kwad*.
- Quaille**, *a.* quail, E 1206.
- Quake**, *v.* tremble, shiver, B. 462; quake, A 3614; shake, T. iii. 542; Quook, *pt.* *a.* quaked, A 1576, 1762; Quaked, *pp.* B 3831; Quaketh, *imp. pl.* quake, fear, T. ii. 302.
- Quaking**, *a.* fear, 7. 214.
- Quakke**, *a.* a state of hoarseness, A 4152.
- Qualm**, *a.* pestilence, A 2014; evil, plague, R. 357; foreboding of death, T. v. 382.
- Quappe**, *v.* heave, toss (lit. shake, palpitate), L. 1767; beat repeatedly, L. 865; palpitate, T. iii. 57.
- Quarter-night**, the time when a fourth part of the night is gone, 9 P. M., A 3516.
- Quayles**, *gen. pl.* qualls, 5. 339.
- Queinte**, *adj.* curious, B 1426.
- Quek**! *int.* quack! 5. 499, 594.
- Quelle**, *v.* kill, C 854; *pr. pl.* strike, T. iv. 46.
- Queme**, *v.* please, T. 695; *pr. pl.* subserve, T. ii. 803.
- Quenche**, *v.* put a stop to, T. iii. 846; be quenched, I 341; Queynte, *pt.* *a.* was quenched, A 2334, 2337; Queynt, *pp.* extinguished, A 2321, 2336.
- Quene**, *a.* queen, R. 1266.
- Querelle**, *a.* quarrel, I 618; *pl.* complaints, B 3. p. 3. 67.
- Quern**, *a.* hand-mill, 9. 6; *dat.* B 3264.
- Questmongeres**, *a. pl.* questmen, jury-men, I 797.
- Questio**, *quid iuris*, the question is, how stands the law, A 647.
- Questioun**, *a.* dispute, A 2514; problem, D 2223.
- Queynt**, *adj.* strange, 3. 1330; curious, dainty, R. 65; adorned, R. 1435; well-devised, HF. 228; neat, R. 98; sly, A 3275; curiously contrived, HF. 126; F 234; hard to understand, 3. 531; graceful, R. 610.
- Queynte**, *adv.* artfully, HF. 245.
- Queynte**, *a.* pudendum, A 3276, D 332, 444.
- Queynteliche**, *adv.* curiously, cunningly, HF. 1923; daintily, R. 569; strangely, R. 783.
- Queyntise**, *a.* finery, I 932; art, I 733; ornament, R. 840.
- Qui cum patre**, D 1734, I 1092. The formula used at the end of a sermon.
- Qui la**, who's there? B 1404.
- Quik**, *adj.* alive, F 1336; lively, A 306; ready, I 658.
- Quiken**, *v.* quicken, revive, T. i. 443; *ger.* to grow, T. i. 295; to make alive, quicken, G 481; *ger.* to take life, burst forth, HF. 2078; *pt.* *a.* burst into flame, A 2335; *pp.* endowed with life, F 1050.
- Quikkest**, *adj. superl.* liveliest, busiest, F 1502.
- Quiknesse**, *a.* life, 3. 26.
- Quinible**, *a.* shrill treble, A 3332.
- Quirboilly**, *a.* boiled leather, B 2065.
- Quisshin**, *a.* cushion, T. ii. 1229.
- Quistroun**, *a.* scullion, kitchen-drudge, R. 886. O.F. *coistron*.
- Quit**, *-te*; see *Qute*.
- Quitly**, *adv.* freely, wholly, A 1792.
- Quod**, *pt.* *a.* said, A 1234.
- Quoniam**, pudendum, D 608.
- Quook**, *pt.* *a.* of Quake.

**Quyte**, *v.* requite, reward, repay, recompense, give in return, R. 1542; 5. 112; 10. 75; HF. 670; free, ransom, A 1032; *ger.* to remove, free, 7. 263; *quyte with*, to requyte with, A 3119; *hir cost for to quyte*, to pay for her expenses, B 3564; *quyte hir whyle*, repay her time, i. e. her trouble, B 584; *pt. a.* repaid, R. 1526; *pt. pl.* released, T. iv. 205; Quit, *pp.* rewarded, requited, HF. 1614; set free, G 66; discharged, quit, F 1758; *as adj.* free, F 1534.

## R

**Raa**, *s.* roe (Northern), A 4086.  
**Raby**, Rabbi, D 2187.  
**Rad**, -de; see Bede.  
**Radevore**, *s.* piece of tapestry, L. 2352.  
 From F. *ras de Vore*, serge from La Vaur.  
**Raffles**, *s. pl.* raffles, I 793.  
**Raft**, -e; see Beve.  
**Rage**, *s.* passion, R. 1613; craving, R. 1657; madness, 3. 731; L. 599; violent grief, F 836; violent rush, fierce blast, A 1985.  
**Rage**, *v.* romp, toy wantonly, A 257, 3273, 3958.  
**Ragerye**, *s.* wantonness, E 1847; passion, D 455.  
**Raked**, *pp.* raked, B 3323. Literally, the sentence is—'Amongst hot coals he hath raked himself'; the sense is, of course, 'he hath raked hot coals around himself.'  
**Rakel**, *adj.* rash, T. i. 1067; hasty, T. iii. 1437.  
**Rakelnesse**, *s.* rashness, H 283.  
**Rake-stele**, *s.* handle of a rake, D 949.  
 See Stele.  
**Raket**, *s.* the game of rackets, T. iv. 460.  
**Rakle**, *v.* behave rashly, T. iii. 1642.  
**Ram**, *s.* ram, L. 1427; (as prize at a wrestling-match), A 548; Aries, the first sign in the zodiac, A 8.  
**Rammish**, *adj.* ramlike, strong-scented, G 887.  
**Rampeth**, *pr. s.* (lit. ramps, romps, rears, but here) rages, acts with violence, B 3094. We should now say—'She *rises* in my face.'  
**Rancour**, *s.* ill-feeling, ill-will, malice, R. 1261.  
**Ransaked**, *pt. s.* ransacked, came searching out, 4. 28.  
**Rape**, *s.* haste, 8. 7. Icel. *hrap*.  
**Rape**, *v.*; in phrase *rape and renne*, corrupted from an older phrase *repen and rinen* (A. S. *hrepian and hrinan*), i. e.

handle and touch, clutch and seize, G 1422.  
**Rascaille**, *s.* mob, T. v. 1853.  
**Rated**, *pp.* reproved, scolded, A 3462.  
 Short for *arated*, variant of *aretted*; see Arette.  
**Rathe**, *adv.* soon, HF. 2139; early, A 3768.  
**Rather**, *adj. comp.* former, T. iii. 1337.  
**Rather**, *adv.* sooner, 3. 562; more willingly, A 487; *the r.*, the sooner, 2. 82.  
**Raughte**; see Reeche.  
**Raunson**, *s.* ransom, A 1024.  
**Have**, 2 *pr. pl.* are mad, T. ii. 116.  
**Raven**, *s.* the constellation Corvus, HF. 1004.  
**Ravines**, *s. pl.* rapines, thefts, I 793.  
**Ravinour**, *s.* plunderer, B 4. p. 3. 117.  
**Ravishe**, *v.* snatch away, B 2. m. 7. 32: *go r.*, go and ravish, T. iv. 530; *pp. rapit.* E 1750; overjoyed, F 547; *part. pres.* snatching away, B 4. m. 6. 39.  
**Ravishing**, *adj.* swift, violent, B 1. m. 5. 4; enchanting, 5. 198; destroying, B 1. m. 5. 60 (Lat. *rapidos*).  
**Ravyne**, *s.* ravening, greediness, 5. 336; ravin, prey, 5. 323; Ravines, thefts, I 793. O.F. *ravine*, L. *rapina*.  
**Ravysedest**, 2 *p. a. pt.* didst draw (down), B 1659.  
**Rayed**, *pp.* striped, 3. 252.  
**Réal**, *adj.* royal, regal, T. iii. 1534; L. 214. 284, 1605.  
**Réaltee**, *s.* royalty, sovereign power, 10. 60.  
**Réaume**, *s.* realm, kingdom, L 2091.  
**Rebekke**, *s.* old woman, dame, D 1573.  
**Rebel**, *adj.* rebellious, A 833, 3046.  
**Rebelling**, *s.* rebellion, A 2459.  
**Rebounde**, *v.* return, T. iv. 1666.  
**Rebuked**, *pp.* snubbed, I 444.  
**Reeche** (1), *v.* reck, care, heed, 5. 593; *nought to r.*, no matter for, T. ii. 434: *pr. a.* recks, cares, A 2397; *Recche* of it care for it, *pr. pl.* F 71; *it recche*, *pr. a. subj.* may care for it, T. iv. 630; *Roughte*, *pt. a.* reoked, cared, regarded, 3. 88; *impers.* he cared, L. 605; *Roughte*, *pt. a.* recked, cared, T. i. 496.  
**Reeche** (2), *pr. a. subj.* interpret, expound, B 4086.  
**Reecheles**, *adj.* ~~careless~~ reckless, R. 340; regardless, HF. 666; W.  
**Reechelesnesse**, *s.* recklessness, I 111. 611.  
**Receit**, *s.* receipt, i. e. recipe for making a mixture, G 1353.  
**Rechased**, *pp.* headed back, 3. 379.  
**Reche**, *v.* reach, give, hand over, 3. 74:

- Raughte**, *pt. s.* reached, A 3696; reached up to, A 2915; reached (out, or forward), A 136; proceeded, T. ii. 446; **Reighte**, *pt. s.* reached, touched, HF. 1374.
- Reclaiming**, *s.* enticement, L. 1371.
- Reclayme**, *v.* reclaim (as a hawk by a lure), i. e. check, H 72.
- Recomaunde**, *v.* recommend, T. ii. 1070.
- Recomende**, *ger.* to commit, G 544.
- Recomforte**, *ger.* to comfort again, T. ii. 1672.
- Recompensacioun**, *s.* recompense, HF. 665.
- Reconciled**, *pp.* re-consecrated, I 965.
- Reconforte**, *v.* comfort again, A 2852, B 2168.
- Record**, *s.* report, D 2049; testimony, 3. 934.
- Reorde**, *v.* witness, bear in mind, A 1745; remember, T. v. 445; (to) record, recording, 5. 609; **Reorde**, *1 pr. s.* bring (it) to your remembrance, A 829.
- Recours**, *s.* recourse, B 2632; resort, T. ii. 1352; *wol have my r.*, will return, F 75; *pl.* orbits, B 1. m 2. 14.
- Recovere**, *v.* regain, T. iv. 406.
- Recoverer**, *s.* recovery, 22. 3. O. F. *recovrier*, *recooverer*.
- Reddour**, *s.* violence, vehemence, 10. 13.
- Rede**, *v.* read, A 709; advise, counsel, L. 2217; interpret, 3. 279; **Ret**, *pr. s.* advises, T. ii. 413; **Redeth**, *pr. s.* advises, T. iv. 573; **Redde**, *pt. s.* read, D 714, 721; interpreted, 3. 281; **Radde**, *pt. s.* read, T. ii. 1085; D 791; advised, 5. 579; **Red**, *pp.* read, 3. 224; **Rad**, *pp.* read, B 4311.
- Rede**, *dat.* counsel, T. iv. 679; see **Reed**.
- Rede**, *adj.* red; see **Reed**.
- Rede**, *adj.* made of reed; referring to a musical instrument in which the sound was produced by the vibration of a reed, HF. 1221.
- Rede**, *s.* red (i. e. gold), T. iii. 1384; the blood, B 356; red wine, C 526, 562.
- Redelees**, *adj.* without counsel; not knowing which way to turn, 2. 27.
- Redely**, *adv.* soon, HF. 1392; readily, truly, HF. 1127.
- Redoute**, *v.* fear, B 1. p 3. 21.
- Redoutinge**, *s.* reverence, A 2050.
- Redreseth**, *pr. s.* amends, I 1039; *pr. pl.* *refl.* erect (themselves) again, rise again, T. ii. 969; **Redressed**, *pt. s.* reasserted, vindicated, F. 1436; **Redresse**, *imp. s.* reform, 1. 129; **Redressed**, *pp.* roused. B 4. p 2. 139.
- Reducen**, *v.* sum up, B 3. p 8. 61.
- Redy**, *adj.* ready, A 21, 352; dressed, F 387; at hand, 2. 104.
- Reed**, *s.* counsel, advice, plan, A 1216, 3527; profit, help, remedy, 3. 203, counsel, adviser, A 665; *I can no r.*, I know not what to do, 3. 1187; *without reed*, helpless, 3. 587; *to rede*, for a counsel; *best to rede*, best for a counsel, best to do, T. iv. 679 (not a verb).
- Reed**, *adj.* red, A 153; (of the complexion), 3. 470; **Rede**, *adj. def.* red, A 957; *indef.* (rare), L. 2589; **Rede**, *pl.* 1. 89.
- Reed**, *s.* redness, L. 533.
- Reed**, *imp. s.* read, H 344.
- Reedness**, *s.* redness, G 1097.
- Rees**, *s.* great haste, T. iv. 350.
- Refect**, *pp.* restored, B 4. p 6. 414.
- Refere**, *v.* return, T. i. 266; **Referred**, *pp.* brought back, B 3. p 10. 180.
- Refinguring**, *pres. pt.* reproducing, T. v. 473.
- Refreininge**, *s.* refrain, burden, B. 749.
- Refreyden**, *v.* grow cold, T. v. 507; **Refreyd**, cooled down, 12. 21.
- Refreyn**, *s.* refrain, T. ii. 1571.
- Refreyne**, *v.* bridle, curb, I 385.
- Refresshinge**, *s.* renewing, I 78.
- Reft**, -e; see **Reve**.
- Refus**, *pp. as adj.* refused, rejected, T. i. 570.
- Refut**, *s.* place of refuge, refuge, 1. 14; safety, 1. 33.
- Regals**, *pl.* royal attributes, L. 2128.
- Regalye**, *s.* rule, authority, 2. 65.
- Regard**; *to the r. of*, in comparison with, B 2. p 7. 126; *at r. of*, 5. 58.
- Registre**, *s.* narrative, A 2812.
- Regne**, *s.* kingdom, dominion, realm, A 866; dominion, rule, A 1621.
- Regnen**, *pr. pl.* reign, 4. 50.
- Reherce**, *v.* rehearse, repeat with exactitude, A 732; *ger.* to enumerate, I 239; recount, B 89.
- Rehersaille**, *s.* enumeration, G 852.
- Reherzing**, *s.* rehearsal, A 1630; recital, L. 1185.
- Reighte**, *pt. s.* reached, touched, HF. 1374. *Pt. t.* of *rechte*.
- Reines**, *s.* pl. rain-storms, HF. 967.
- Rejoye**, *v.* rejoice, T. v. 395.
- Rejoyse**, *ger.* to make rejoice, 1. 101; feel glad, T. v. 1165.
- Bekene**, *ger.* to reckon, A 401.
- Bekening**, *s.* reckoning, account, 3. 699; A 600.
- Beketh**, *pr. s.* reeks, smokes, L. 2612.
- Bekever**, *1 pr. s.* (for *future*), (I) shall retrieve, do away, HF. 354.



- Bekke**, *1 pr. a. care*, C 405, E 1090; *pr. s. impera. (it) rocks (him)*, he cares, L. 365; *you r.*, you rock, 7. 303; *what r me*, what do I care, D 53.
- Bekne**, *v. reckon (also 1 pr. s.)*, A 1933.
- Belaves**, *a. pl. fresh sets of hounds, reserve packs*, 3. 362.
- Belees**, *a. release*, 1. 3; *ceasing; out of relees*, without ceasing, G 46.
- Belente**, *v. melt*, G 1278.
- Belesedest**, *2 pt. s. forgavest*, I 309; *Released, pt. s. forgave*, B 3367.
- Belesing**, *a. remission*, I 1026.
- Releve**, *ger. to raise up, relieve*, T. v. 1042; *pp. restored*, I 945; *Releved, pp. revived*, L. 128; *recompensed*, A 4182; *made rich again*, G 872.
- Relevinge**, *a. remedy*, I 804.
- Religioun**, *a. religion*, A 477; *state of religion, life of a nun*, R. 429; *a religious order*, B 3134; *the religious orders*, B 3144.
- Religious**, *adj. belonging to a religious order*, B 3150; *devoted to a religious order*, T. ii. 759; *as s.*, a monk or nun, I 801.
- Relik**, *s. relic*, L. 321.
- Reime**, *a. realm*, B 1306.
- Remede**, *s. remedy*, T. i. 661.
- Remedies**, *pl. (Ovid's) Remedia Amoris*, 3. 568.
- Remembre**, *v. remember*, I 135; *pr. pl. remind*, F 1243; *pr. s. recurs to the mind*, 4. 150; *Remembringe him*, calling to remembrance, T. ii. 72.
- Remenant**, *a. remainder, rest*, A 888.
- Remeve**, *v. remove*, T. i. 691.
- Remorde**, *pr. s. subj. cause (you) remorse*, T. iv. 1491; *pr. s. vexes, plagues, troubles*, B 4. p. 6. 293.
- Remors**, *a. remorse*, T. i. 554.
- Remounted**, *pp. comforted*, B 3. p. 1. 9.
- Remuable** (1), *adj. changeable, variable*, T. iv. 1682.
- Remuable** (2), *adj. capable of motion (Lat. mobilis)*, B 5. p. 5. 37.
- Remuen**, *v. remove*, B 2. p. 6. 55. (*Lat. amovebis.*)
- Ren**, *s. run*, A 4079.
- Renably**, *adv. reasonably*, D 1509.
- Rende**, *v. rend*, T. iv. 1493; *Rent, pr. s. rends, tears*, L. 646 a; *Rente, pt. s. tore*, A 990.
- Rending**, *a. tearing*, A 2834.
- Renegat**, *a. renegade, apostate*, B 932.
- Beneye**, *v. deny, renounce, abjure*, B 376, 3751.
- Beneyinge**, *a. denying*, I 793.
- Renged**, *pp. ranged, placed in rows*, R. 1380.
- Renges**, *pl. ranks*, A 2594.
- Renne** (1), *v. run*, I 721; *ger. A 3890; pr. s. runs*, D 76; *is current*, E 1980; *approaches quickly*, T. ii. 1754; *goes easily*, A. i. 2. 1; *arises*, L. 503; *spreads*, L. 1423; *renneth for*, runs in favour of, B 125; *Ronnen, pt. pl. ran*, A 2925, 3827; *Ronnen, pp. advanced, lit. run*, R. 320; *is r.*, has run, has found its way (into), HF. 1644.
- Renne** (2), *v. only in the phrase, rape and renne*, G 1422. See Rape.
- Renomed**, *pp. renowned*, B 3. p. 2. 124.
- Renomee**, *s. renown*, L. 1513.
- Renoun**, *a. renown, fame*, 2. 88.
- Renovelances**, *a. pl. renewals*, HF. 693.
- Renouvelle**, *v. renew*, B 3035; *are renewed*, I 1027.
- Rente**, *a. revenue, income*, A 256; *payment, tribute*, 3. 765; *to r.*, as a tribute, T. ii. 830.
- Repair**, *a. resort, repairing*, B 1211, D 1224.
- Repaire**, *ger. to go home*, B 1516; *to repair, find a home*, T. iii. 5; *to go back (to)*, HF. 755; *v. return*, F 589.
- Reparaciouns**, *pl. reparations, makings up*, HF. 688.
- Repentaunce**, *a. penitence*, A 1776.
- Repentaunt**, *adj. penitent*, A 228.
- Répenting**, *a. repentance*, L. 147.
- Repeyre**, *v. repair, return*, T. v. 1571.
- Replecioun**, *a. repletion*, B 4027.
- Repleet**, *adj. replete, full*, B 4147.
- Replenissed**, *pp. filled*, I 1079.
- Replicacioun**, *s. reply*, A 1846; *involuntion*, B 3. p. 12. 170.
- Replye**, *v. object*, E 1609.
- Reporte**, *v. relate, tell*, C 438.
- Reportour**, *a. reporter*, A 814. (The host is so called because he receives and remembers the tales; they were all addressed to him in particular. Thus 'reporter' has here almost the sense of 'umpire'.)
- Reprehencioun**, *s. reproof*, T. i. 684.
- Reprehende**, *v. reproach*, T. i. 510; *pr. pl. blame, criticise*, B 3. p. 12. 134.
- Repressed**, *pp. kept under*, L. 2591.
- Répréviable**, *adj. reprehensible*, C 632; *r. to.*, likely to cast a slur on, 15. 24.
- Repreve**, *a. reproof*, B 2413; *shame*, C 595; *reproach*, E 2206.
- Repreve**, *v. reproach*, F 1537; *reprove*, H 70.
- Reproved**, *pp. as adj. blamed, accused*,

- R. 1135; Reprooved, *pp.* stultified, B 2. p 6. 127.
- Repugnent, *ger.* to be repugnant (to), B 5. p 3. 6.
- Requerable, *adj.* desirable, B 2. p 6. 32.
- Requeren, *v.* entreat, seek, B 297; ask, D 1052; *pp.* neccemitated, T. iii. 405.
- Resalgar, *a.* realgar, G 814. '*Realgar*, a combination of sulphur and arsenic, of a brilliant red colour as existing in nature; red orpiment'; Webster.
- Resceived, *pp.* received; wal resceived, favourably situated with respect to other planets, &c.; A. ii. 4. 51.
- Rescoua, *a.* a rescue, help, T. iii. 1242; A 2643.
- Rescouwe, *v.* (to) rescue, save, T. iii. 857; rescue, T. v. 231.
- Rescouwinge, *a.* rescuing, I 805.
- Rese, *ger.* to shake, A 1986.
- Résemblable, *adj.* alike, R. 985.
- Resolven, *pr. pl.* flow out, B 5. m. 1. 1; Resolved, *pp.* dissolved, melted, B 2. p 7. 164.
- Reasonable, *adj.* talkative, 3. 534.
- Resort, *a.* resource, T. iii. 134.
- Resoun, *a.* reason, right, A 37, 847; argument, speech, sentence, T. i. 796.
- Resouneth, *pr. a.* resounds, A 1278.
- Resport, *a.* regard, T. iv. 86, 850.
- Respyt, *a.* delay, B 948; respite, delay, reprieve, G 543; *without more respyt*, without delay, forthwith, R. 1488; *out of more respyt*, without any delay, without any hesitation, T. v. 137.
- Respyte, *ger.* to hesitate, 7. 259.
- Reste, *a.* rest, repose, F 355; *at reste*, at rest, fixed, T. ii. 760; *at his reste*, as in its home, 5. 376; *to reste*, (gone) to rest, A 30; Restes, *pl.* times of repose, T. ii. 1722.
- Reste, *v.* remain (with), T. iii. 1435; rest, repose, T. ii. 1326.
- Resteles, *adv.* restlessly, R. 370.
- Resurreccioun, *a.* resurrection, i.e. re-opening (of the daisy), L. 110.
- Ret, *for* Redeth, *pr. a.* advises, T. ii. 473.
- Retenue, *a.* retinue, troop of retainers, suite, A 2502; E 270; *at his r.*, among those retained by him, D 1355.
- Rethor, *a.* orator, B 4397, F 38.
- Rethorien, *adj.* rhetorical, B 2. p 1. 46.
- Rethorien (*written* Retorian), *a.* orator, B 2. p 3. 61.
- Retorneth, *pr. a.* brings back, B 5. p 6. 301; *pres. pt.* revolving, T. v. 1023.
- Retourninge, *a.* return, A 2095.
- Retracciouns, *a. pl.* retractions, things which I withdraw, I 1085.
- Retretheth, *pr. a.* reconsiders, B 5. m. 3. 57.
- Retrograd, *adj.* moving in a direction contrary to that of the sun's motion in the ecliptic, A. ii. 4. 53.
- Reule, *a.* rule, A 173.
- Reulen, *v.* rule, B 4234; Reule hir, guide her conduct, E 327.
- Renthe, *a.* ruth, 1. 127.
- Reve, *a.* reeve, steward, bailiff, A 542, 3860.
- Reve, *ger.* to rob (from), T. iv. 285; to take away, G 376; *to r. no man fro his lyf*, to take away no man's life, L. 2693; Raven, *ger.* to reave, plunder, I 758; to bereave, T. i. 188; Reveth, *pr. a.* forces away, 5. 86; Raft, *pt. s.* bereft, D 888; reft, B 3288; Raft, *pt. s.* bereft, HF. 457; Raft, *pp.* torn, reft, T. v. 1258; taken from, L. 2590; bereaved, F 1017.
- Revel, *a.* revelry, sport, A 2717; minstrelsy, A 4402.
- Revelour, *a.* (the) Reveller, A 4371; a reveller, A 4391.
- Revelous, *adj.* fond of revelry, B 1194.
- Reverberacioun, *a.* vibration, D 2234.
- Reverdye, *a.* rejoicing, R. 720. O.F. *reverdie*, 'feeuillée, verdure; joie, allégresse'; Godefroy.
- Reverence, *a.* respect, A 141; respectful manner, A 305; fear, I 294; *thy r.*, the respect shewn to thee, B 116.
- Revera, *a.* reverse, contrary, 18. 32.
- Revesten, *pr. pl.* clothe again, T. iii. 353.
- Revoken, *ger.* to recall, T. iii. 1118.
- Revolucioun, *a.* revolving course (orbit), 4. 30.
- Reward, *a.* regard, attention, T. ii. 1133, v. 1736; *having r. to*, considering, 5. 426; *take r. of*, have regard, I 151.
- Rowde, *adj.* plain, unadorned, A. pr. 49.
- Rewe, *a.* row, line, A 2866; *by rewe*, in order, D 506.
- Rewe, *ger.* to have pity, A 2382; be sorry, T. ii. 455; do penance for, G 447; *pr. s. impera.* makes (me) sorry, I am sorry, A 3462, B 4287.
- Rewel-boon, *a.* (probably) ivory made from the teeth of whales, B 2068.
- Rewful, *adj.* lamentable, sad, L. 1838; sad (one), B 854.
- Rewfulleste, *adj. sup.* most sorrowful, A 2886.
- Rewfully, *adv.* sadly, T. iii. 65.
- Rewle, *a.* the revolving long and narrow

- plate or rod used for measuring and taking altitudes, A. i. 1. 6; it revolves at the back of the Astrolabe; *pl.* rules, A. pr. 44.
- Bewledest**, *2 pr. a.* didst control, B. i. p. 4. 238.
- Bewlichs**, *adj.* pitiable, B. 2. p. 2. 67.
- Bewme**, *a.* realm, R. 495.
- Bewthe**, *a.* ruth, pity, E 579; *a.* pitiful sight, E 562.
- Bewtheless**, *adj.* ruthless, unpitying, 5. 613; 6. 31.
- Beve**, *a.* rye, D 1746.
- Reyes**, *pl.* round dances, HF. 1236. Mid. Du. *reye*, 'a round dance'; Haxham.
- Reyn**, *a.* rain, A 492; storm of rain, A 3517.
- Beayne**, *a.* rein, A 4083.
- Reyne**, *v.* rain down, T. v. 1336; rain, 4. 287. See **Ron**.
- Reynes**, *a.* *pl.* loins, I 863.
- Reyse**, *ger.* to build up, D 2102; *r.* up, to exact, 'realise,' D 1390.
- Reysed**, *pp.* gone on a military expedition, A 54. O.F. *reise*, 'expédition militaire, incursion sur une terre ennemie'; Godefroy.
- Rhetorice**, Rhetoric, B. 2. p. 1. 48.
- Riban**, *a.* *as pl.* ribbons, HF. 1318.
- Ribanges**, *pl.* silk trimmings, borders, R. 1077.
- Ribaudye**, *a.* ribaldry, ribald jesting, A 2866, C 324.
- Bibible**, *a.* rebeck, lute with two strings, A 4396.
- Bibybe**, *a.* term of reproach for an old woman, D 1377.
- Riches**, *adj.* *pl.* rich people, A 248.
- Richely**, *adv.* richly, F 90.
- Richesse**, *a.* riches, wealth, D 1110, 1118; Richesses, *pl.* wealth, riches, B 2560.
- Rideled**, *pp.* plaited, gathered in (at the neck, or waist), R. 1235, 1243. '*Ridelé*, plisse'; Godefroy.
- Riden**, *pt. pl. and pp.* rode, ridden.
- Riet**, '*rete*,' A. i. 3. 5. The '*rete*' or '*net*' is the circular plate with many openings which revolves within the '*mother*.'
- Right**, *adj.* straight, upright, R. 1701; right, 1. 75; voc. own, F 1311.
- Right**, *adv.* just, exactly, A 257, 535; wholly, C 58; even, B 273; Right that, that very thing, 3. 1307.
- Right**, *a.* 1. 21; *by right*, justly, B 44; *by alle r.*, in all justice, T. ii. 763; *at alle rightes*, in all respects, fully, A 1100.
- Rightful**, *adj.* perfect; *rightful age*, (in her prime, R. 405; just, 1. 31; righteous, 5. 55; lawful, I 744.
- Rightwis**, *adj.* righteous, just, L. 905.
- Rightwisnesse**, *a.* righteousness, C 637. D 1909; justice, 14. 8.
- Rikne**, *imp.* *a.* reckon, compute, A. ii. 27. 10. See **Rekene**.
- Rinde**, *a.* rind, bark, T. iv. 1139; hard skin, T. ii. 642.
- Ring**, *a.* ring, F 83; concurrence, L. 1887; *lyk r.*, i.e. in ringlets, A 2165.
- Ringe**, *v.* make to resound, A 2431; ring, resound, T. ii. 233; Rong, *pt.* *a.* rang, 5. 492; Ronge, *pp.* T. ii. 805.
- Riot**, *a.* riotous conduct, gaming, A 4395, 4392.
- Riote**, *v.* riot, gamble, A 4414.
- Risen**, *pp.* *qf.* Ryse.
- Rishe**, *a.* rush, T. iii. 1161.
- Rist**, *pr.* *a.* *qf.* Ryse.
- Rit**, *pr.* *a.* *qf.* Ryde.
- Riveer**, *a.* river, B 1927.
- Robbour**, *a.* robber, B 3818.
- Roche**, *a.* rock, F 500; *pl.* HF. 1035.
- Rode**, *a.* complexion, A 3317, B 1917.
- Rode**, *a.* *nom.* rood, cross, HF. 57.
- Rode-beem**, *a.* rood-beam, D 496. (A beam across the entrance to the choir of a church, supporting a rood or cross.)
- Rody**, *adj.* ruddy, F 385, 394.
- Roos**, *pl.* *qf.* Roo.
- Roggeth** (ruggeth), *pr.* *a.* shakes, L. 2708. Icel. *rugga*.
- Roket**, *a.* rochet, tunic, R. 1240, 1242, 1243. An outer garment, usually of fine white linen.
- Rokke**, *a.* rock, L. 2195.
- Rokken**, *ger.* to rock, A 4157.
- Rolle**, *a.* roll, C 911.
- Rollen**, *ger.* to roll, revolve, T. ii. 699; *pt.* *a.* revolved, D 2217; *pp.* much talked of, T. v. 1061.
- Romaunce**, *a.* romance, T. iii. 980.
- Rombled**, *pt.* *a.* fumbled, moved about with his hands, groped about, G 1322.
- Rombled**, *pt.* *a.* buzzed, muttered, B 3725.
- Romen**, *v.* roam, wander, A 1099; Rome'd, *pt.* *a.* A 1065, 1069; *pp.* gone, L. 1589.
- Rön**, *pt.* *a.* rained, T. iii. 640, 677. A.S. *rda*, *pt.* *a.* rained.
- Bond**, *adj.* round, circular, A. ii. 38. 1.
- Rong**, -e; see **Ringe**.
- Ronges**, *pl.* rungs, rounds of a ladder, A 3625. A.S. *Arung*.
- Bonne**, -n; see **Renne**.
- Roo**, *a.* roe, 5. 195; Boes, *pl.* roes, R. 1401.
- Bood**, *pt.* *a.* *qf.* Ryde.

- Roof**, *pt. s. qf Ryse*.
- Roos**, *s. rose-bush*, R. 1674. Halliwell gives *room*, a clump of whins, as a Northumberland word; and we find the spelling *ranes* in the allit. *Morte Arthure*, 923.
- Roos**, *pt. s. qf Ryse*.
- Roost**, *s. roast meat*, A 206.
- Ropen**, *pp. reaped*, L. 74.
- Rore**, *s. uproar*, T. v. 45.
- Rore**, *ger. to roar*, T. iv. 373; *pr. s. resounds*, A'2881.
- Roring**, *s. loud lament*, E 2364.
- Rose**, *s. rose*, R. 1700; *ger. of the rose*, A 1038.
- Rose-leef**, *s. rose-leaf*, R. 905.
- Rose-garland**, *s. garland of roses*, HF. 135.
- Rosen**, *adj. made of roses*, R. 845; *Rosene*, *adj. def. rosy*, B 2. m. 8. 6.
- Roser**, *s. rose-bush*, R. 1651, 1659; I 858.
- Ros-red**, *adj. red as a rose*, G 254.
- Roste**, *v. roast*, A 383; *pp.* A 147.
- Rosy hewed**, *of rosy hue*, T. ii. 1198.
- Rote**, *s. (1) root*, A 2, 423; *the radix, fundamental principle*, G 1461; *source*, B 358; *i.e. foot*, E 58; *on rote*, firmly rooted, T. ii. 1378; *herte rote*, bottom of the heart, D 471; (2) *root*, the tabulated number written opposite a given fixed date, A. ii. 44. 2; *the 'epoch' of a nativity*, B 314.
- Rote**, *s. rote*; *by rote*, by rote, by heart, A 327, B 1712.
- Rote**, *s. a musical stringed instrument, a kind of fiddle, of Celtic origin*; said to be a fiddle with three strings, A 236. O. F. *rote*, from O. H. G. *hrotta*, *rotta*, Low Lat. *chrotta*; of Celtic origin, from O. Irish *crot* (Gael. *cruth*, W. *cruth*); whence also E. *crowd*.
- Roteless**, *adj. rootless*, T. iv. 770.
- Roten**, *adj. rotten*, A 3873; *corrupt, filthy*, I 139.
- Roten-herted**, *adj. rotten-hearted*, I 689.
- Rotie**, *pr. s. subj. render rotten*, A 4407.
- Roughte**; *see Reeche*.
- Rouketh**, *pr. s. covers, crouches, is huddled up*, A 1308.
- Roule**, *v. gad (lit. roll)*, D 653.
- Roum**, *adj. roomy, spacious*, A 4126.
- Roum**, *s. room, spare*, L. 1999.
- Roumer**, *adj. larger*, A 4145.
- Rouncy**, *s. a hackney, nag*, A 390.
- Bounde**, *adv. roundly, i.e. easily, with an easy (not jerky) motion*, B 2076; *melodiously*, C 331.
- Rounded**, *pt. s. stood out in a rounded form*, A 263.
- Roundel**, *s. roundel, roundelay, a kind of poem*, A 1529; *a small circle*, HF. 791, 798.
- Roundnesses**, *pl. orbs, orbits*, B 4. m. 6. 52.
- Roune**, *v. whisper*, B 2025; *ger. D 1572; pt. s. HF. 2044. A. S. rûntan*.
- Route**, *s. company, rout, troop, band, train*, A 622, 889, 2153; *number*, R. 1667; *flock*, R. 909; *pl. T. ii. 620*.
- Route** (1), *v. roar*, T. iii. 743; *murmur*, HF. 1038; *ger. to snore*, 3. 172; *pr. s. snores*, A 3647. A. S. *hrûtan*.
- Route** (2), *v. assemble in a company*, B 540.
- Routhe**, *s. pity, ruth, compassion, mercy*, F 1261, 1349; *lamentation*, L. 669; *a pity, a sad thing*, A 914.
- Routhlees**, *adj. ruthless, pitiless*, B 863.
- Routing**, *s. snoring*, A 4166, 4214; *whizzing noise*, HF. 1933.
- Rowe**, *s. row*, 3. 975; *line*, HF. 448; *by r.*, in a row, T. ii. 970; *Rowes*, *pl. rays, beams (of light)*, 4. 2.
- Rowe**, *adv. roughly, angrily*, G 861.
- Rowed**, *pp. rowed*, T. i. 969.
- Rowm**, *adj. roomy, large, wide*, A. i. 2. 3.
- Rowne**, *ger. to whisper*, T. iii. 568.
- Rowthe**, *s. ruth, pity*, 3. 465; *sorrow*, 3. 97.
- Royaltee**, *s. royalty*, E 928.
- Royleth**, *pr. s. meanders, wanders*, B 1 m. 7. 10.
- Royme**, *s. roughness*, R. 553.
- Roynous**, *adj. rough*, R. 988.
- Rubbe**, *v. rub out*, 8. 6.
- Rubee**, *s. ruby*, HF. 1362.
- Rubible**, *s. ribibe, rebek*, A 3331.
- Rubifying**, *s. rubefaction, reddening*, G 797.
- Rubriche**, *s. rubric*, D 346.
- Ruby**, *s. ruby*, 12. 4. Rubies, *pl.* 4. 246.
- Ruddok**, *s. redbreast, robin*, 5. 349.
- Rude**, *adj. harsh*, R. 752; *poor*, E 916; *inhospitable*, H 170; *of humble birth*, D 1172.
- Rudeliche**, *adv. rudely*, A 734.
- Rudenesse**, *s. boorishness*, T. iv. 1677; *rusticity*, E 397.
- Ruggy**, *adj. rough*, A 2883.
- Rule**, *imp. pl. regulate, order*, I 592; *pp. as adj. well-mannered*, L. 163.
- Rum**, *ram, ruf*; *nonsense words, to imitate alliteration*, I 43.

- Rumbel**, *s.* rumbling noise, A 1979; rumour, E 997.  
**Rumbleth**, *pr. s.* moves to and fro with an indistinct murmuring noise, HF. 1026.  
**Rumblinge**, *s.* noise, D 2133.  
**Rused**, *pt. s.* roused herself, rushed away, 3. 381.  
**Russhing**, *pres. pt.* rushing, A 1641.  
**Ruste**, *ger.* to rust, A 502; *pr. s. subj.* rust, A 500.  
**Rusty**, *adj.* rusty, A 618; beamirched as with rust, R. 159.  
**Ryal**, *adj.* royal, 1. 144; Rial, 2. 59.  
**Ryde**, *v.* ride, A 27, 94, 102; ride at anchor, L. 968; Ryden, *ger.* (with out), to go on expeditions, A 45; Ryde, *ger.* (with out), to ride abroad to inspect, B 1235; (see Outrydere); Rydestow, rideest thou, D 1386; Rit, *pr. s.* rides, A 974; Rôdd, *pt. s.* rode, A 169; Riden, 1 *pt. pl.* (we) rode, A 825; *pt. pl.* C 968; Riden, *pp.* ridden, B 1990.  
**Ryding**, *s.* jousting, or riding in procession, A 4377.  
**Rym**, *s.* rime (usually misspelt rhyme), B 2115, 2118; Ryme, *dat.* HF. 623; a tale in verse, B 1899; verse, D 1127; *pl.* B 96. A. S. *rim*.  
**Ryme**, *v.* describe in verse, put into rime (or rhyme), A 1459, B 2122.  
**Rymeyed**, *pp.* rimed, or rhymed, F 711; see above.  
**Ryming**, *s.* riming, or rhyming, verse-making, B 2120; the art of riming, B 48.  
**Ryot**, *s.* riotous living, C 465.  
**Ryotour**, *s.* roysterer, C 692.  
**Rys**, *a.* spray, branch, twig, R. 1015; A 3324. A. S. *hris*.  
**Ryse**, *ger.* to rise, A 33; to get up, F 375; Rist, *pr. s.* rises, A 3688, 4193; arises, T. i. 944; Rôds, 1 *pt. s.* rose, 2. 17; *pt. s.* A 823; Risen, *pp.* A 1065; Riseth, *imp. pl.* I 161.  
**Ryve**, *ger.* to pierce, T. v. 1560; *v.* thrust, L. 1793; pierce, C 828; tear, E 1236; Rôdf, *pt. s.* rove, rived, pierced, L. 661, 1351. Icel. *rífa*.

## S.

- Sable**, *a.* sable, black, 4. 284.  
**Sachels**, *s. pl.* bags, B 1. p. 3. 83.  
**Sacrement**, *s.* the eucharist, I 582.  
**Sacrifye**, *v.* do sacrifice, L. 1348.  
**Sacrifyse**, *s.* sacrifice, L. 1310.  
**Sacrilige**, *a.* I 801; sorcery, B 1. p. 4. 282.

- Sad**, *adj.* stable, firm, I 129, 310; staid. A 2985; sober, E 220, 237; fixed, constant, unmoved, settled, E 693, 754; sad, R. 211; devoted, 23. 9; trusty. H 275; serious, grave, 3. 918; calm, settled, G 397; staid, L. 1581, 1871; earnest, HF. 2089; Saddle, *pl.* grave. E 1002; steady, 3. 860; discreet, B 125; sure, H 258.  
**Sadel**, *a.* saddle, L. 1199.  
**Sadel-bowe**, *a.* saddle-bow, A 2691.  
**Sadly**, *adv.* firmly, A 2602; discreetly, B 1266; steadfastly, I 124; carefully, D 2164; firmly, tightly, E 1100; unstintingly, B 743.  
**Sadnesse**, *s.* soberness, staidness, E 129; patience, E 452.  
**Saffron with**, *ger.* to tinge with saffron, to colour, C 345.  
**Saffroun**, *s.* like saffron = of a bright yellowish colour, B 1920.  
**Sak**, *a.* sack, R. 457; Sakkes, *pl.* bags, L. 1118.  
**Sakked**, *pp.* put in a sack, A 4070.  
**Sal**, *pr. s.* shall (Northern), A 4043.  
**Sal armoniak**, *a.* sal ammoniac, G 798. 824. Lat. *sal armeniacum*, Armenian salt. *Sal ammoniac*, chloride of ammonium. The word *armoniak* certainly answers to the Lat. *Armeniacum* in the old treatises. Yet the right spelling is *ammoniac*.  
**Sal peter**, *a.* salpêtre, G 808. Lat. *sal petræ*, rock-salt; nitrate of potash; — called also nitre.  
**Sal preparat**, *a.* prepared salt, G 810.  
**Sal tartre**, *s.* salt of tartar, G 810. 'Salt of tartar, carbonate of potash; . . . first prepared from cream of tartar'; Webster.  
**Salowe**, *v.* salute, I 407; *pr. s.* B 1284; Salowed, *pp.* F 1310.  
**Salowe**, *adj.* sallow, R. 355. (But read *falowe*.)  
**Salte**, *adj. def.* salt, L. 1462.  
**Saluing**, *a.* salutation, A 1649.  
**Saluwe**, *ger.* to salute, T. iii. 1785; Salmel, 1 *pt. s.* L. 315.  
**Salvacioun**, *a.* salvation, 4. 213; security, B 2361.  
**Salve**, *a.* salve, cure, T. iv. 944; *pl.* healing remedies, A 2712.  
**Salwes**, *pl.* willow-twig, osiers, D 655.  
**Samit**, *s.* samite, a rich and glossy silk material, T. i. 109; robe made of samite, R. 836, 873.  
**Sang**, *s.* song (Northern), A 4170.  
**Sangwin**, *a.* stuff of a blood-red colour, A 439.

**langwyn**, *adj.* very ruddy, A 2168; blood-red, A 333.  
**lana**, *prep.* without, B 501.  
**sapphires**, *s. pl.* sapphires, B 3658.  
**sapience**, wisdom, B 2184; *pl.* kinds of intelligence, G 338.  
**sarge**, *s.* serge, A 2568.  
**sarpulers**, *s. pl.* sacks made of coarse canvas, B 1. p. 3. 82. Cf. *F. serpilliere*.  
**Sarsineshe**, *adj.* Saracenic, R. 1188.  
 If *sarsineshe* can be taken as a sb., it may refer to *sarnet*.  
**Sat**; *pt. s. of* Sitte.  
**Satin**, *s.* satin, 3. 253.  
**Satisfacioun**, *s.* penance, I 87; restitution, I 108.  
**Sauf**, *adj.* safe, safely kept, G 950; in safety, 4. 197.  
**Sauf**, *prep.* save, except, A 2180.  
**Sauffy**, *adv.* safely, with safety, B 2373, 4398.  
**Saugh**, *pt. s. of* See.  
**Saule**, *s.* soul (Northern), A 4187.  
**Sauna**, *prep.* without; *saunsaille*, without fail, certainly, HF. 188, 429. See **Sans**.  
**Sauter**, *s.* psalter, R. 431.  
**Sautrye**, *s.* psaltrey, a kind of harp, A 296, 3213, 3305, H 268.  
**Savacioun**, *s.* salvation, T. ii. 381, 563; *without any savacioun*, without saving any, HF. 208.  
**Save**, *s.* sage (the plant), A 2713.  
**Save**, *prep. and conj.* save, except, A 683; Save your grace, by your leave, B 2260.  
**Saven**, *ger.* to save, keep, 1. 117; *pr. s. subj.* may (He) save, A 3108; *pp.* kept inviolate, F 531.  
**Save-garde**, *s.* safe-conduct, T. iv. 139.  
**Saveour**, *s.* saviour, 19. 16.  
**Saveren**, *pr. pl.* mind, care for, I 820.  
**Savings**, *prep.* except, A 2838.  
**Savorings**, *s.* taste, I 207.  
**Savorous**, *adj.* pleasant, R. 84.  
**Savory**, *adj.* pleasant, T. i. 405.  
**Savour**, *s.* savour, D 2196; pleasantness, F 204; pleasure, 10. 20; small, G 887; scent, R. 925; interest, T. ii. 269; *pl.* odours, 5. 274.  
**Savoure**, *v.* taste, D 171; *pr. pl.* mind, care for, I 820; *imp. s.* have relish for, 13. 5.  
**Savoured**, *adj.* perfumed, R. 547.  
**Savouring**, *s.* tasting, I 959.  
**Savourly**, *adj.* enjoyably, A 3735.  
**Sawofleem**, *adj.* covered with pimples (due to an excess of humour called *alea phlegma*), A 625.

**Sawe**, *s.* saying, speech, A 1163; word, B 2925; discourse, G 691.  
**Sawe**, *Say*; see **See**.  
**Sayde**, *said*; see **Seye**.  
**Saylours**, *pl.* dancers (who leap in dancing), R. 770. '*Sailleur, Sailleor, sauteur, danseur*'; Godefroy.  
**Scabbe**, *s.* scab, R. 553; a disease of sheep, C 358.  
**Scalded**, *pp.* burnt, A 3853.  
**Scale**, *s.* scale, or rather, double scale, for measuring both by *umbra recta* and *umbra versa*, A. i. 12. 3.  
**Scalle**, *s.* scab, 8. 3.  
**Scalled**, *pp.* having the scall, scabby, sourfy, A 627.  
**Scantitee**, *s.* scantiness, I 431.  
**Scantnesse**, *s.* scarcity, I 420.  
**Scapen**, *v.* escape, T. v. 908.  
**Scarlet-reed**, *adj.* scarlet-red, B 4351.  
**Scarmishing**, *s.* skirmish, I. 1910.  
**Scarmyche**, *s.* skirmish, T. v. 1508.  
**Scars**, *adj.* parsimonious, B 2789.  
**Scarsetee**, *s.* scarcity, B 2790.  
**Scarsly**, *adv.* parsimoniously, A 583.  
**Scatered**, *pp.* scattered, G 914.  
**Scathe**, *s.* scathe, harm, misfortune, 'a pity,' A 446; *Polymites to sc.*, to the harm of P., T. v. 938.  
**Scatheles**, *adv.* harmlessly, R. 1550.  
**Science**, *s.* science, knowledge, 5. 25; learned writing, B 1666; wisdom, I 229.  
**Solat**, *s.* slate, 11. 34.  
**Solaundre**, *s.* slander, HF. 1580; ill-fame, disgrace, E 722; scandal, I 137.  
**Solave**, *s.* slave, T. iii. 391.  
**Solendre**, *adj.* slender, slight in make, A 587; thin, B 3147; poor, B 4023.  
**Scochouns**, *pl.* escutcheons, painted shields, R. 893.  
**Scole**, *s.* school, B 1685, 1694; manner, fashion, A 125, 3329; discipline, T. i. 634; 'the schools,' D 2186.  
**Scole-matere**, *s.* subject for disputation in the schools, D 1272.  
**Scoler**, *s.* scholar, A 260.  
**Scolering**, *s.* young scholar, note to D 44; line 6.  
**Scole-termes**, *pl.* school-terms, E 1569.  
**Scoleward**; to *scoleward* = toward school, B 1739.  
**Scolaye**, *ger.* to study, A 302.  
**Scomes**, *s. pl.* foam, lather, B 4. m 7. 61. Lit. 'scums.'  
**Score**, *imp. s.* notch, cut, mark, B 1606.  
**Scorkleth**, *pr. s.* scorches, shrivels, B 2. m 6. 28.  
**Scorned**, *pt. s.* 3. 927; jested at, B 4277.

**Scorning**, a scorn, T. i. 105.  
**Scorpion**, a. E 208; sign of Scorpio, HF. 948.  
**Soot**, a horse's name, A 616, D 1543.  
**Scourges**, a. pl. whips, plagues, E 1157.  
**Scourging**, a. correction, 4. 42.  
**Scrippe**, a. scrip, bag, D 1737.  
**Scripture**, a. writing, inscription, (on a ring), T. iii. 1369; passage of writing, L. 1144; pl. manuscripts, A 2044.  
**Sorit**, a. writing, deed, E 1697; T. ii. 1130.  
**Scrivenish**, adv. like a scrivener, T. ii. 1026.  
**Scriveyn**, a. scribe, 8. 1.  
**Seche**, ger. to seek, i.e. to be sought for (it was easily had), A 784; to seek out, D 909.  
**Secree**, adj. secret, trusty, 5. 395; secret, B 2251; able to keep secrets, D 946.  
**Secree**, adv. secretly, F 1109.  
**Secree**, a. a secret, B 3211; Secree of secretes, secret of secreta, Lat. Secreta Secretorum (the name of a book), G 1447.  
**Secreenesse**, a. secrecy, B 773.  
**Secrely**, adv. secretly, E 763.  
**Secte**, a. sect, company, E 1171; religion, faith (lit. 'following'), F 17.  
**Seculer**, a. a layman, B 4640.  
**Sede**, v. bear seed, 7. 306.  
**See**, a. sea, A 59; *fulle see*, high tide, A. ii. 46. 4.  
**See**, a. seat, HF. 1361; seat of empire, B 3339; pl. seats HF. 1210.  
**See**, v. see, L. 2560; ger. to see, look, F 366; to look (upon), 3. 1177; *as fut.* shall see, 4. 190; *Seestow*, seest thou, HF. 911; *Say*, 1 pt. a. saw, T. v. 992; *Say*, pt. a. saw, B 4304; *Sey*, pt. a. B 1, 7; *Seigh*, 1 pt. a. saw, A 193; *Seigh*, pt. a. A 1066, F 830; *Saugh*, 1 pt. a. saw, A 764; pt. a. A 850, 1400; *Sy*, pt. a. G 1381; *Sawe*, 2 pt. a. sawest, B 848; *Saugh*, 2 pt. pl. G 1106 (with *ye*); *Sawe*, pt. pl. B 218; *Seye*, pt. pl. saw, T. iv. 720; *Seyen*, pt. pl. G 110; *Syen*, pt. pl. B 2879, 4568; *Sye*, pt. pl. E 1804; *pr. a. subj.* may (he) behold or protect, B 156; *Sawe*, pt. a. *subj.* were to see, A 144; *Seyn*, *pp.* seen, B 1863; *Seye*, *pp.* D 552.  
**Seed-foul**, a. birds living on seeds, 5. 512.  
**Seek**, adj. sick, ill, L. 2409, 2436; *def.* A 424; *Seka*, *def.* as a man in a fever, 5. 104; *Seka*, pl. A 18, 245.  
**Seel** (1), a. bliss, A 4239. A.S. *seel*.  
**Seel** (2), a. seal, B 882.

**Seemliness**, a. dignity of bearing, L. 1041.  
**Seemly**, adj. delicate, pleasing, 12. 11; *seemly*, L. 2074.  
**Seestow**, seest thou, HF. 911.  
**Seet**, pt. a. sat (false form, due to pl. *seet* A 2075).  
**Seetes**, pl. seats, A 2580.  
**Seeth**, pt. a. seethed, boiled, E 227.  
**Sege**, a. throne, B 1. p. 4. 285; *siege*, L. 1696.  
**Seggen**, 1 *pr.* pl. say, T. iv. 194.  
**Seigh**, pt. a. of *See*.  
**Sein**, ger.; That is to sein, that is to m. A. pr. 26.  
**Seinte**, adj. fem. holy, D 1824.  
**Seintuarie**, a. sanctuary, I 781; a consecrated object, C 953.  
**Seistow**, sayest thou, A 1125.  
**Seith**, *pr. a.* says, A 178.  
**Seke**; see *Seek*, adj.  
**Seke**, v. search through, B 60; *seek*, F 1633; *ger.* A 13, 510; to seek, i.e. a matter for search, G 874; *Sekestow*, seekest thou, T. iii. 1455; *Seken* to, 1 *pr.* pl. press towards, 2. 91; 2 *pr.* pl. search through, B 127; *Soghte*, 1 pt. a. sought, A. ii. 45. 11; pt. a. *subj.* were to examine, C 488.  
**Sekernes**, a. security, 7. 345.  
**Sekirly**, adv. certainly, L. 163 a.  
**Selde**, adj. pl. few, E 146.  
**Selde**, adv. seldom, A 1539, B 2343; *Seldet*, B 2594; *Seld*, B 2343.  
**Seled**, *pp.* sealed, B 736.  
**Seles**, pl. seals, T. iii. 1462.  
**Selly**, adv. happily, B 2. p. 4. 96.  
**Sellinesse**, a. happiness, T. iii. 813.  
**Selle**, a. dat. boarding, A 3822. A Kentish form; M.E. *sulle*, *sille*; A.S. *syll*. (*Flor* = ground beneath the boards.)  
**Selle**, v. sell, F 1563; *barter*, A 278; *for* to *selle*, for sale, D 414; to *selle*, for sale, A 3821; *Solde*, pt. a. *subj.* were to sell, R. 452.  
**Selly**, adj. wonderful (MSS. *sely*), HF. 513. A.S. *sellic*, *sellic*, strange.  
**Sely**, adj. happy, T. iv. 503; kind, 4. 89; good, B 1702; holy, B 682; innocent simple, A 3404; poor, pitiable, T. i. 871; wretched, A 3896; hapless, L. 1254, 1330. A.S. *selig*.  
**Semblable**, adj. like, B 2594.  
**Semblance**, a. likeness, R. 425; appearance, R. 145.  
**Semblaunt**, a. appearance, semblance, look, E 928, F 516; *in his a.*, apparently, R. 863.

**seem**, *v.* appear, seem, F 102; *ger.* to seem (to), T. i. 747; *pr. pl.* F 869; *pt. a.* (there) seemed, A 2970; *impers.* (it) seemed, A 39, E 296; *him seemed*, it seemed to them, they supposed, F 56; *the peple seemed* = it seemed to the people, the people supposed, F 201.

**seemelihede**, *a.* seamliness, comeliness, R. 1130; gracefulness, R. 777.

**seemely**, *adj.* seemly, comely, A 751.

**seemely**, *adv.* becomingly, A 123.

**seemes**, *s. pl.* seams, I 622.

**semicope**, *a.* half-cope, short cope, A 262.

**seeming**, *a.* appearance, 3. 944; *to my a.*, as it appears to me, B 1838.

**semissoun**, *a.* half-sound, i.e. suppressed sound, A 3697.

**senatorie**, *a.* senatorial rank, B 3 p 4. 93.

**senatour**, *a.* senator, L 584.

**sencer**, *a.* censor, A 3340.

**sencinge**, *pres. pt.* censaing, perfuming with incense, A 3341.

**sendal**, *a.* a thin silk, A 440.

**Sende**, *v.* send, B 144; *Sent*, *pr. s.* E 1151; *Sende*, *pt. s.* sent, A 4136; *Sente*, *pt. s.* B 3927; *Sendeth*, *imp. pl.* sendys, C 614; *Sente*, *pt. s. subj.* would send, B 1091.

**Sene**, *adj.* visible, manifest, apparent, A 134, 924, F 645. *A.S. gesene, gesyne*, *adj.* evident, visible.

**Sene**, *ger.* to behold, to see, L 1034; to look at, L 2649; to look on, D 1245; to seem, L 224; *on to sene*, to look on, L 2425.

**Senge**, *v.* singe, D 349; *Seynd*, *pp.* broiled, B 4035.

**Sengle**, *adj.* single, unmarried, E 1667.

**Senith**, *s.* (1) the zenith, A. i. 18. 4, 22. 6; (2) the point where a given azimuth-circle meets the horizon, A. i. 19. 12; the point of sunrise, A. ii. 31. 13.

**Sensibillitees**, *a. pl.* perceptions, B 5. m 4. 8.

**Sensible**, *adj.* perceptible by the senses, B 5. p 4. 212.

**Sent**, *-e*; see *Sende*.

**Sentement**, *a.* feeling, fancy, T. ii. 13; susceptibility, T. iii. 43; passion, L 69.

**Sentence**, *a.* meaning, drift, E 2288; contents, C 190; subject, B 1753; opinion, B 113, 3992; decision, 5. 530; meaning, sentiment, instruction, A 306, 798; tenor, theme, H.F. 1100; decision, speech, 5. 383; judgement, order, I 17; verdict, G 366; general meaning, I 58.

**Septemtrioun**, *a.* north, B 3657.

**Septentrional**, *adj.* northern, A. ii. 40. 50; Septentrionalis, *pl.* A. ii. 40. 36.

**Sepulchre**, *a.* tomb, D 498.

**Sepulture**, *a.* mode of burial, T. v. 299; burial, L 2553; tomb, A 2854.

**Serchen**, *v.* search, B 2597; *pr. pl.* go about, haunt, D 867.

**Sereyns**, *a. pl.* sirens, R. 684.

**Sergeaunt of the Lawe**, sergeant-at-law, A 309.

**Serie**, *a.* process, argument, A 3067.

**Sermone**, *ger.* to preach, speak, C 879.

**Sermoning**, *a.* argument, A 3091; talk, A 3597.

**Sermoun**, *a.* discourse, L. 2025; T. ii. 965; tale, T. ii. 1115; *pl.* writings, B 87.

**Servage**, *a.* servitude, thralldom, A 1946, B 368.

**Servant**, *a.* lover, A 1814; servant, D 1501.

**Servisable**, *adj.* willing to serve, A 99; serviceable, E 1911; useful, E 979.

**Servitour**, *a.* servant, D 2185.

**Servitude**, *a.* servitude, E 798.

**Servyse**, *a.* service, serving, A 250; religious service, T. i. 315; musical performance, 3. 302.

**Sese**, *pr. s. subj.* seize, 5. 481; *pp.* caught, 4. 240; seized, possessed, T. iii. 445.

**Sesoun**, *a.* season, F 1034; prime, R. 1678.

**Sestow**, *seest thou*, T. iii. 46.

**Sete**, *a.* seat, throne, B 3715, I 162.

**Sete**, *-n*; see *Sitte*.

**Setewale**, *a.* zodiacary, setwall, R. 1370. See *Oetewale*.

**Sethe**, *v.* seethe, boil, A 383.

**Sette**, *ger.* to set, place, L 540; *setten a myte*, care a mite, T. iii. 900; *Sette*, 1 *pr. s.* suppose, T. ii. 367; B 2681; *Sette* cas, imagine the case, B 3041; 2 *pr. pl.* esteem, T. ii. 432; *Sette*, 1 *pr. s. subj.* set, A 3911; *Set*, *pr. s.* setteth, sets, 2. 101; D 1982; cares, T. iii. 832; puts, 3. 635; *Sette*, 1 *pt. s.* counted, regarded, D 659; *Sette* me, placed myself, L 115; *sette nat a kers*, accounted not worth a cress, A 3756; *Sette* at nought, counted as nothing, F 821; *Sette* him, sat down, C 207; *Sette* hir, sat, B 329; *Sette* her on knees, knelt down, B 638; *Sette* hem, seated themselves, L 301; C 775; *Setten* hem adoun, set themselves, G 396; *Set*, *pp.* placed, A 132, 2528; put, B 440; *set*, R. 846; appointed, 4. 52; E 774; wholly devoted, 6. 100; *wel set*, seemly, 3. 828; *set the wrightes cappe* = made a fool of him, A 3143; *Set*, *imp. s.* stake (as at dice), T. v. 622.

**Seur**, *adj.* sure, B 2642, 2953.

**Seur**, *adv.* surely, T. iii. 1633.

**Seurly**, *adv.* surely, B 2913.



**Sourtee**, *a. surety*, A 1604, B 243.  
**Sewe**, *v. follow*, 25. 12; *ensue*, B 2619, 2692; *pt. a. pursued*, B 4527.  
**Sewes**, *a. pl. lit. juices, gravies*; used here for seasoned dishes, delicacies, F 67.  
**Sewing**, *adj. conformable, in proportion, similar*, 3. 959. *Lit. 'following.'*  
**Sexte**, *sixth*, HF. 1727.  
**Sexteyn**, *a. sacristan*, B 3216.  
**Sey**, *1 pt. a. saw*, 3. 1089; *Seyn*, *pp. seen*, B 172, 624. See *See*.  
**Seye**, *v. say*, A 738; *to be told*, B 706; *to seyn*, A 284; *for to seye*, *to say*, A 468; *this is to seyn*, A 181; *that is to seyn*, A 797; *Seistow*, *sayest thou*, B 110; *as who seyth*, like one who says, i. e. so to speak, T. v. 883; *Seggen*, *1 pr. pl. say*, T. iv. 194; *Seydestow*, *saidest thou*, G 334; *Seyd*, *pp. B* 49; *Seyeth*, *imp. pl. say ye*, A 1868.  
**Seyl**, *a. sail*, A 696, 3532.  
**Seyn**, *pp. seen*, B 1863, 4471.  
**Seynd**, *pp. singed*, i. e. broiled, B 4035.  
**Seynt**, *a. saint*, 3. 1319; *Sÿnt (diaryllabic)*, A 120, 509, 687, D 1564; *Seynte*, *saint (or holy)*, A 1721.  
**Seyst**, *2 pr. a. sayest*, B 109; *Seystow*, *2 pr. a. sayest thou*, A 3490.  
**Shaar**, *a. a plough-share*, A 3763.  
**Shad**, *-de*; see *Shede*.  
**Shadwe**, *a. shadow*, B 7, 10; *shade*, 3. 426; *scene*, B. 2. p. 3. 89; *Shadowe*, *reflection*, R. 1529.  
**Shadwed**, *pp. shadowed, shaded*, A 607.  
**Shaft**, *a. wooden part of an arrow*, A 1362; *pl. shafts of spears*, A 2605.  
**Shal**, *1 pr. a. owe*, T. iii. 1649; *owe (to)*, T. iii. 791; *shall (do so)*, F 688; *must*, A 843; *am to be*, 2. 53; *am to (go)*, G 303; *Shalt*, *2 pr. a. must go*, D 1636; *Shaltow*, *2 pr. a. shalt thou*, A 3575; *Shal*, *pr. a. shall be*, T. v. 833; *is to be*, HF. 82; *must*, *is to*, A 187; *must (come)*, T. iv. 1106; *will*, L. 1276; *must (do so)*, R. 387; *owes*, F 750; *Sholde*, *1 pt. a. should*, B 56; *ought (to have done so)*, 3. 1200; *Sholdestow*, *shouldst thou*, 10. 60; *wouldst thou*, D 1944; *Sholde*, *pt. a. should*, A 184; *ought to*, B 44; *had to*, E 515; *was to*, B 3891; *would*, B 3627; *Shul*, *1 pr. pl. must, have to*, B 351; *must*, B 1900; *Shullen*, *2 pr. pl. shall*, B 4652; *Shullen*, *pr. pl. must*, A 3014.  
**Shale**, *a. shell*, HF. 1281.  
**Shalmyes**, *pl. shawms*, HF. 1218.  
**Shame**, *a. A* 503; *Shame of his degree*, i. e. lest it should shame his condition

(as husband), F 752; *Shames* *deth shameful death*, B 819, E 2377.  
**Shamen**, *v. put to shame*, F 1565; *thameth*, *it shames thee, thou art ashamed*, B 101.  
**Shamfast**, *adj. modest, shy*, A 2055, C 57; *shame-faced, ashamed*, R. 467.  
**Shamfastnesse**, *a. modesty*, A 840; *sene of shame*, I 985.  
**Shap**, *a. A* 1889; *privy member*, I 421.  
**Shapen**, *v. plan, devise*, A 3403; *find means (to do)*, A 809; *pr. a. intends*, L. 1289; *Shape*, *pr. pl. dispose*, B 298.  
**Shapen** *hem, intend*, F 214; *Shoöp*, *pr. a. befall*, T. ii. 61; *devised, planned*, T. i. 207; *made, gave*, L. 2569; *prepared for*, E 198; *plotted*, B 2543; *created*, E 908; *contrived*, E 946; *Shoop me*, *1 pt. a. I addressed myself*, 2. 20; *prepared myself*, L. 180; *Shoop him*, *pt. a. I read*, *gc ready*, L. 625; *determined*, F 800.  
**Shopen**, *pt. pl. made ready*, B 2095.  
**Shapen**, *pp. determined*, A 1108; *destined*, A 1392; *shaped*, L. 2014; *planned*, B 951; *prepared*, B 249; *appointed*, B 253; *disposed (themselves)*, B 142; *built*, 7. 357; *cut out*, T. iii. 734; *Shape*, *pp. destined, ordained*, A 1225; *allotted*, T. ii. 282; *created*, B 3099; *imp. pl. I disposed yourself*, B 2307.  
**Shaply**, *adj. fit*, A 372; *likely*, T. iv. 442.  
**Sharpe**, *adv. sharply*, B 2073.  
**Shave**, *v. shave*, A 3226; *Shaven*, *pp. cut smooth*, R. 941; *Shave*, *pp. shaven*, A 58.  
**Shaving**, *a. a thin slice*, G 1239.  
**Shawe**, *a. wood*, A 4367, D 1386.  
**She**, *she*, A 446; *She . . . she*, *one woman and another*, T. ii. 1747.  
**She-ape**, *a. female ape*, I 424.  
**Shedeth**, *pr. a. sheds*, I 577; *Shedde*, *pt. a. shed*, B 3447; *Shadde*, *pt. a. poured*, B 3921; *Shad*, *pp. distributed*, B. i. m. 1. 18.  
**Sheef**, *a. sheaf*, A 104; *Sheves*, *pl. HF*, 2140.  
**Sheep**, *a. a sheep*, A 506; *a meek person*, D 432.  
**Sheld**, *a. shield*, A 2122; *pl. French crowns (coins worth 3s. 4d.)*, A 278; *Sheeld*, *pl. B* 1521.  
**Shelde**, *pr. a. subj. may he shield*, HF. 82.  
**Shende**, *v. disgrace*, T. iv. 1577; *ruin*, B 927; *render contemptible*, T. v. 831; *reproach*, T. v. 1060; *destroy*, HF. 1010; *Shent*, *pr. a. ruins*, I 848; *defiles*, I 844; *Shente*, *pt. a. harmed, injured*, B 4021; *Shente*, *pt. a. subj. should destroy*, T. ii. 357; *Shent*, *pp. spoilt*, T. ii. 37; *defeated*, L. 652; *scolded*, B 1732.

Shendshipe, *s.* shams, I 273.  
 Shene, *adj.* bright, A 115; glistening, R 127; fair, E 258; beautiful, B 692, F 1045. A.S. *scēne, scýna*.  
 Shene, *adv.* brightly, 4. 87.  
 Shepe, *s.* hire, I 568. See Shippe.  
 Shepne, *s.* stable, shed, A 2000. A.S. *scýpen*. See Shipnes.  
 Shere, *s.* pair of shears, A 2417.  
 Shere, *ger.* to shear, cut, B 3257.  
 Shering-hokes, *pl.* shearing-hooks, contrivances for severing ropes in a sea-fight, L. 641.  
 Sherte, *s.* shirt, A 1566; chemise, T. iv. 96.  
 Shet, *pp.* of Shette.  
 Shete, *s.* sheet, G 879; *pl.* A 4140.  
 Sheten, *v.* shoot, I 714; Sheteth, *pr.* *s.* shoots, R. 960.  
 Sheter, *s.* *as adj.* fit for shooting, (lit. shooter), 5. 180.  
 Shethe, *s.* sheath, B 2066.  
 Shette, *v.* shut, enclose, T. iii. 1549; shut, close, D 1141; Shette, *pt.* *s.* shut, A 3499; closed, fastened up, T. ii. 1090; Shetten, *pt.* *pl.* shut up, enclosed, T. i. 148; Shet, *pp.* shut, B 529.  
 Sheves, *pl.* sheaves, HF. 2140.  
 Sheweth, *pr.* *s.* pretends, appears, B 2386; appears as, is shewn, A. i. 7. 9.  
 Shifte, *v.* provide, distribute, ordain, D 104; assign, G 278.  
 Shilde, *pr.* *s.* *subj.* shield, T. ii. 1019; defend, B 2098; forbid, A 3427.  
 Shimering, *s.* glimmer, A 4297.  
 Shine, *s.* shin, A 386.  
 Shined, *pt.* *s.* shone, L. 2194.  
 Ship, *s.* i. 16; Shippe, *dat.* (into the) ship, (into the) ark, A 3540.  
 Shippe, *s.* hire, pay, reward, 7. 193; Shepe, hire, I 568. A.S. *scipe*, stipendium.  
 Shipman, *s.* sailor, skipper, A 388.  
 Shipnes, *pl.* stables, sheds, D 871. See Shepne.  
 Shirreve, *s.* sheriff, A 359. Lit. 'shire-reeve.'  
 Shiten, *pp.* defiled, dirty, A 504.  
 Shitting, *s.* shutting, R. 1598.  
 Shivers, *s.* thin slice, D 1840.  
 Shiveren, *pr.* *pl.* break, A 2605.  
 Sho, shoe, A 253.  
 Shod, *pp.* provided with shoes, HF. 98.  
 Shode, *s.* parting of the hair, A 3316; the temple of the head, A 2007.  
 Shof, *pt.* *s.* pushed, T. iii. 487.  
 Shoken, *pt.* *pl.* shook, R. 363.  
 Sholder-bone, *s.* shoulder-blade-bone, C 350.

Shonde, *s.* disgrace, HF. 88; B 2098.  
 Shoo, *s.* shoes, D 492; Shooes, *pl.* A 457; Shoon, *pl.* B 1922.  
 Shoof, *pt.* *s.* i. p. shoved, pushed, R. 534; *pt.* *s.* drove, L. 2412.  
 Shoon (shóón), *pl.* of Shoo.  
 Shoon (shóón), *pt.* *s.* of Shyne.  
 Shorn, *pp.* shaven, B 3142.  
 Shorte, *v.* shorten, D 1261; to shorte with your weye, to shorten your way with, A 791.  
 Shortly, *adv.* briefly, A 30.  
 Short-sholdred, *adj.* short in the upper arm, A 549.  
 Shot, *s.* a missile, B 4539; arrow, A 2544.  
 Shot-windowe, *s.* a window containing a square division which opens on a hinge, A 3358, 3695.  
 Shour, *s.* shower, T. iv. 751; onset, conflict, T. iv. 47; *pl.* assaults, T. i. 470. Cf. E. 'a shower of darts.'  
 Showving, *s.* shoving, pushing, H 53.  
 Shredde, *pt.* *s.* shred, cut, E 227.  
 Shrewe, *s.* scoundrel, accursed wretch, D 284; shrew, peevish woman, E 1222, 2428; planet having an evil influence, A. ii. 4. 54; evil one, G 917.  
 Shrewe, *adj.* evil, wicked, G 995.  
 Shrewe, i. *pr.* *s.* beahrew, curse, B 4616.  
 Shrewed, *adj.* evil, wicked, bad, L. 1545; accursed, D 54.  
 Shrewedly, *adv.* cursedly, D 2238.  
 Shrewednesse, *s.* wickedness, evil, B 2721; cursedness, D 734; *pl.* evil deeds, I 442.  
 Shrifte-fadres, *pl.* father-confessors, D 1442.  
 Shrighte, *pt.* *s.* shrieked, A 2817; *pp.* T. v. 320.  
 Shrimpes, *pl.* small creatures, dwarfs, B 3145.  
 Shroud, *s.* robe, R. 64.  
 Shrouded, *pp.* clad, R. 55.  
 Shryked, *pt.* *pl.* shrieked, B 4590.  
 Shryking, *s.* shrieking, T. v. 382.  
 Shryned, *pp.* enshrined, C 955; canonised (ironically), 21. 15.  
 Shryve, *ger.* to confess, I 129.  
 Shulder-boon, *s.* blade-bone, I 603.  
 Shuldres, *pl.* shoulders, R. 328.  
 Shull, Shullen, Shulde; see Shal.  
 Shyne, *ger.* to shine, 10. 62; Shóón, *strong* *pt.* *s.* shone, A 198; Shynede, *weak* *pt.* *s.* shone, L. 1119; Shined, L. 2194.  
 Sib, *adj.* related, akin, B 2565.  
 Sicamour, *s.* sycamore, HF. 1278.  
 Sioer, *s.* strong drink, B 3245.  
 Sigh, i. *pt.* *s.* saw, R. 818.

**Sighte**, *pt. s. of* Syke.  
**Signet**, *s. signet-ring*, T. ii. 1087.  
**Signifiaunce**, *s. signification*, R. 995;  
*significance*, HF. 17; *prediction*, R. 16.  
**Significavit**, *s. writ of excommunication*,  
 A. 662.  
**Sik**, *adj. sick, ill*, A. 1600.  
**Siker**, *adj. sure*, A. 3049; B. 4353; *safe*,  
 G. 864; *certain*, G. 1047; *sure, steady*,  
 D. 2069; *in security*, 17. 28.  
**Siker**, *adv. uninterruptedly*, T. iii. 1237;  
*surely*, T. ii. 991.  
**Sikered**, *pp. assured*, L. 2128.  
**Sikerer**, *adj. surer, more to be trusted*,  
 B. 4043.  
**Sikerly**, *adv. certainly, surely, truly*,  
 A. 137.  
**Sikernessee**, *s. security, safety, confi-*  
*dence*, B. 425; *state of security*, T. ii.  
 773.  
**Sikly**, *adv. ill, with ill will*, E. 625.  
**Silver**, *s. money*, A. 232, 713.  
**Silver**, *adj. silvery*, A. 1496.  
**Similitude**, *s. comparison; hence, pro-*  
*position, statement*, G. 431; *sympathy*,  
*likeness*, F. 480; *one like himself*, A. 3228.  
**Simphonye**, *s. a kind of tabor*, B. 2005.  
**Simple**, *adj. modest*, R. 1014; *innocent*,  
 3. 861.  
**Simplesse**, *s. Simplicity (personified)*, R.  
 954.  
**Sin**, *conj. and adv. since*, 4. 273.  
**Singe**, *v. sing*, A. 236; *Singestow*, *singest*  
*thou*, H. 244; *Song*, *1 pt. s. sang*, 3. 1158;  
*Songe*, *2 pt. s. didst sing*, H. 294; *Song*,  
*pt. s. A. 1055; Songen*, *pt. pl. sang*, F. 55;  
*Songe*, *pt. s. subj. were to sing*, 3. 929;  
*Songen*, *pp. sung*, T. v. 645; *Songe*, *pp.*  
*A. 266; recited*, T. v. 1797.  
**Singularitees**, *s. pl. separate parts, par-*  
*ticulars*, B. 5. m. 3. 45.  
**Singuler**, *adj. particular*, B. 2. p. 7. 64;  
*single*, I. 300; *a single*, G. 997; *private*,  
 B. 2625; *singular proffyte*, *special advan-*  
*tage*, HF. 310.  
**Singularly**, *adv. singly*, B. 4. p. 6. 77.  
**Sinne**, *s. sin*, A. 561.  
**Sinwes**, *s. pl. sinews*, I. 690.  
**Sippe**, *v. sip, taste*, D. 176.  
**Sire**, *sir, my master*, A. 355; *Sires*, *gen.*  
*sire's, father's*, i. e. Saturn's, E. 2265.  
**Sis cink**, *i. e. six-five, a throw with two*  
*dice*, B. 125.  
**Sisoures**, *pl. scissors*, HF. 690.  
**Sit**, *pr. s. sits; see Sitte*.  
**Site**, *s. situation*, HF. 1114; E. 199.  
**Sith**, *conj. since*, A. 930; *Sith that, since*,  
 F. 930, H. 120.

**Sith**, *adv. afterwards*, C. 869; *then*, I.  
 302.  
**Sithen**, *conj. since*, B. 2947; *Sithen that*,  
*since*, A. 2102.  
**Sithen**, *adv. since, ago*, A. 1521; *since*  
*then*, R. 1641; *since*, T. iii. 244; *after-*  
*wards*, A. 2617; *then, next*, L. 304; *gou*  
*s. a greet whyll, a great while ago*, L.  
 427; *gon s. longe whyll, long ago*, T. i.  
 718.  
**Sithes**, *pl. times*, A. ii. 42. 9.  
**Sitte**, *v. sit*, A. 94; *Sit*, *pr. s. sits, dwells*.  
 A. 1599, 3641; *befits, suits*, B. 1353; *s.*  
*fitting*, T. i. 246; *yeel it sit*, *it is un-*  
*becoming*, E. 460; *Sat*, *pt. s. sat*, A. 400;  
*affected*, T. iv. 231; *suited*, L. 173;  
*became*, R. 750; *sat on knees, knelt*,  
 106; *hit sat me sore*, *it was very painful*  
*for me*, 3. 1220; T. iii. 240; *Seet*, *pt. s.*  
*sat (false form, due to pl. seten)*, A. 2075;  
*Seten*, *pt. pl. sat*, A. 2893; *Sete*, *pt. s.*  
*subj. would befit*, T. i. 985, ii. 117; *were*  
*to sit*, 3. 436; *was sitting*, 3. 501; *Seter*,  
*pp. sat*, D. 420; *dwelt*, A. 1452; *weel sitting*,  
*well suited*, R. 986.  
**Sittingest**, *sup. adj. most fitting*, 5. 551.  
**Sive**, *s. sieve*, G. 940.  
**Sixe**, *sixth*, D. 45, F. 906.  
**Skant**, *adj. scanty, sparing, niggardly*, L.  
 175.  
**Skarmish**, *s. skirmish*, T. ii. 611.  
**Skars**, *adj. scarce*, 9. 36.  
**Skathe**, *s. harm*, T. iv. 207.  
**Skile**, *s. reason, cause*, HF. 726; *gret st.*  
*good reason*, E. 1152; *reasonable claim*.  
 L. 1392; *pl. reasons, arguments*, HF.  
 867.  
**Skilful**, *adj. reasonable*, L. 385; *discern-*  
*ing*, B. 1038.  
**Skilfully**, *adv. reasonably, with reason*,  
 G. 320; *particularly*, 4. 155.  
**Skilinge**, *s. reason*, B. 4. p. 6. 155.  
**Skinketh**, *pt. s. pours out*, E. 1722.  
**Skippe**, *ger. to skip, jump*, T. i. 218;  
*v. dance*, A. 3259; *leap*, E. 1672; *pass*  
*over*, L. 622; *Skipte*, *pt. s. leapt*, F. 1422.  
**Skulle**, *s. skull*, A. 3935, 4306.  
**Skye**, *s. cloud*, HF. 1600.  
**Slake**, *v. assuage*, R. 317; *slacken, abate*,  
 F. 841; *desist (from)*, E. 705; *cease*.  
 E. 137; *and*, E. 802; *Slake of, omit*, L.  
 619; *Slake*, *pr. s. subj. grow slack, wane*.  
 T. ii. 291; *Slakede*, *pt. s. subj. should*  
*relax*, B. 2. m. 8. 18.  
**Slakke**, *adj. slow*, A. 2901; *def. slack*,  
 E. 1849.  
**Slakker**, *adj. pl. slacker, more tardy*.  
 B. 1603.

**Sleds**, *s. pl.* sledges, vehicles, B 4. p 1.  
78. Pl. of *sled*.  
**Slee**, *v.* A 661; **Sleen**, *ger.* to slay, A 1222;  
**Slee**, 1 *pr. s.* as *fut.* shall slay, B 2002;  
**Sleeth**, *pr. s.* slays, A 1118; **Slowe**, 2 *pt. s.* didst slay, T. iv. 506; **Slow**, *pt. s.* slew, B 627; **extinguished**, B 3922;  
**Slough**, *pt. s.* 7. 56; **Slawe**, *pp.* slain, A 943; **Slawen**, *pp.* E 544; **Slayn**, *pp.* slain, A 63.  
**Sleep**, *pt. s.* of **Slepe**.  
**Sleere**, *s.* slayer, A 2005.  
**Sleet**, *s.* sleet, L. 1220; F 1250.  
**Sleigh**, *adj.* sly, artful, A 3201.  
**Sleightly**, *adv.* cunningly, T. v. 83.  
**Sleighte**, *s.* trickery, T. iv. 1459; **trick**, B 2386; **sleight**, T. ii. 1512; **contrivance**, E 1102; **plan**, E 2131; **dexterity**, A 1948; **cunning**, L. 1382; **skill**, G 867; *pl.* plans, T. iv. 1451; **devices**, **tricks**, E 2421.  
**SlELY**, *adv.* sily, i. e. skilfully, A. ii. 29. 20.  
**Slepe**, *s.* sleep, F 347; *on slepe*, asleep, L. 209.  
**Slepe**, *v.* sleep, 3. 3; **Slepestow**, **sleepst** thou, A 4169; **Sleep**, 1 *pt. s.* slept, HF. 119; **Sleep**, *pt. s.* A 98; **Slepte**, *weak pt. s.* E 224; **Slepe**, *pt. pl. s.* 166, 177.  
**Sleping**, *s.* sleep, B 4202.  
**Sleping-tyme**, *s.* time to sleep, 6. 54.  
**Slepy**, *adj.* sleep-bestowing, A 1387.  
**Slewthe**, *s.* sloth, I 388.  
**Sleye**, *pl.* sly, subtle, T. iv. 972.  
**Sleyly**, *adv.* sily, T. ii. 1185; **subtly**, T. ii. 462.  
**Slider**, *adj.* slippery, A 1264.  
**Slighte**, *s.* sleight, cunning, C 131.  
**Slike**, *adj.* sleek, R. 542.  
**Slinge-stones**, *pl.* stones from a sling, T. ii. 941.  
**Slinke**, *ger.* to slink, T. iii. 1535.  
**Slippe**, *v.* slip, L. 623.  
**Slit**, *pr. s.* of **Slyde**.  
**Slitten**, *v.* pierce, F 1260.  
**Slivere**, *s.* a slice, portion, T. iii. 1013.  
**Slo**, *s.* sloe, R. 928; **Sloo**, A 3246.  
**Slogardye**, *s.* sluggishness, sloth, laziness, A 1042.  
**Slombrestow**, **slumberest** thou, T. i. 730.  
**Slombry**, *adj.* sleepy, I 724.  
**Slomeringe**, *s.* slumber, T. ii. 67.  
**Slong**, *pt. s.* threw, flung, H 306. *Pt. t.* of **slingen**.  
**Sloo**, *s.* sloe, A 3246; **Slo**, R. 928.  
**Sloppes**, *s. pl.* loose garments, I 422.  
**Slough**, *s.* slough, mire, H 64.  
**Slough**, *pt. s.* slew, A 980; *see* **Slee**.  
**Slouths**, *s.* sloth, T. ii. 959.  
**Slow**, *s.* slough, D 1565; **Slough**, H 64.

**Slow**, *pt. s.* of **Slee**.  
**Slowh**, *pt. s.* slew, B 4. m 7. 43.  
**Sluggy**, *adj.* sluggish, I 706.  
**Sluttish**, *adj.* slovenly, G 636.  
**Sly**, *adj.* L. 1369; **sly** (one), A 3940; **Slye**, *def.* cunning, crafty, 7. 48; **skilful**, F 672; *pl.* artfully contrived, F 230.  
**Slyde**, *v.* slide, T. v. 351; **pass**, go away, E 82, F 924; **Slit**, *pr. s.* passes away, 5. 3; G 682; **Slydinge**, *pres. pt. as adj.* moving, i. e. unstable, T. v. 825.  
**Slyk** (for **Slyke**?), *adj.* sleek, D 351.  
**Slyk**, *adj.* such (Northern), A 4130, 4170.  
**Slyly**, *adv.* sagaciously, A 1444.  
**Smal**, *adj.* small, A 153; *a smal*, a little, 6. 113.  
**Smal**, *adv.* little, D 592; *but smal*, but little, F 71; **high** (of musical notes), 12. 11.  
**Smalish**, *adj.* smallish, R. 826.  
**Smart**, *adj.* brisk (said of a fire), G 768.  
**Smatre**, *pr. pl. refl.* taste slightly, I 857.  
**Smert**, *adj.* smart, quick, R. 831; **brisk**, G 768; *pl.* painful, 3. 507.  
**Smerte**, *s.* pain, smart, F 480, 856, 974; **anguish**, A 3813.  
**Smerte**, *adv.* smartly, sharply, A 149; **sorely**, E 629.  
**Smerte**, *ger.* to smart, L. 502; **Smert**, *pr. s.* pains (me), 1. 152; **Smerte**, *pr. s. subj.* (it) may pain, A 1304; **Smerte**, *pt. s.* felt pain, T. ii. 930; **Smerte**, *pt. s. subj. imper.* (it) might give pain to, A 230.  
**Smit**, -en; *see* **Smyte**.  
**Smithed**, *pt. s.* forged, A 3762.  
**Smitted**, *pp.* smutted, i. e. besmirched, sullied with dishonour, T. v. 1545.  
**Smoking**, *pres. pt.* reeking with incense or perfume, A 2281.  
**Smokless**, *adj.* without a smock, E 875.  
**Smoky**, *adj.* smoke-like, T. iii. 628.  
**Smoot**, *pt. s.* of **Smyte**.  
**Smoterliche**, *adj.* smirched in reputation, A 3963.  
**Smothe**, *adj.* smooth, A 690.  
**Smothe**, *adv.* smoothly, A 676.  
**Smyler**, *s.* smiler, flatterer, A 1999.  
**Smyte**, *v.* strike, A 1220; **Smyten** of, smite off, L. 1817; **Smyteth**, *pr. s.* knocks, L. 393; **Smit**, *pr. s.* smites, E 122; **Smoot**, *pt. s.* smote, struck, A 149; **Smiten**, *pp.* struck, T. ii. 1145.  
**Snewed**, *pt. s.* abounded, A 345.  
**Snibben**, *v.* reprove, chide, lit. 'snub,' A 523; *pp.* reprimanded, A 4401.  
**Snorteth**, *pr. s.* snorts, A 4163; *pt. s.* was drawn together (as in sniffing), R. 157.  
**Snow**, *s.* R. 558; **argent** (in heraldry),

- white, B 3573; *pl.* snow-storms, HF. 967.
- Snowish**, *adj.* snowy, white, T. iii. 1250.
- So**, *adv.* so, A 102; such, B 2205; in such a way, such, T. iii. 1579; so, i.e. pray (with verb in subj. mood), T. iii. 1470; So as, as well as, as far as, 4. 161; *so have I Joye*, as I hope to have bliss, 3. 1065.
- So**, *conj.* provided that, L. 1319; So as, whereas, B 4. p. 3. 40; So that, provided that, C 186.
- Sobely**, *adv.* gravely, F 1585; Soberly, sadly, with a melancholy look, A 289.
- Sobrenesse**, *s.* sobriety, I 834.
- Socour**, *succour*, help, A 918, F 1357; *do you s.*, help you, 4. 292.
- Socouren**, *v.* aid, T. iii. 1264.
- Socours**, *s.* help, L. 1341.
- Soden**, *pp.* sodden, boiled, I 900.
- Sodein**, *adj.* prompt, forward, T. v. 1024.
- Sodeinly**, *adv.* suddenly, F 1015.
- Softe**, *adj.* soft, A 153; gentle, slow, B 399; mild, D 1412.
- Softe**, *adv.* softly, A 2781; gently, C 252; tenderly, B 275; timidly, 3. 1212.
- Softely**, *adv.* softly, F 636; quietly, G 408; in a low tone, L. 2126.
- Softneth**, *pr. s.* assuages, L. 50.
- Sojourne**, *v.* dwell, T. v. 1350; tarry, R. 381; remain, D 987.
- Soken**, *s.* toll, A 3987. A. S. *sōcn*.
- Sokingly**, *adv.* gradually, B 2766. 'Sokyngly, *idem* quod esly'; Prompt. Parv.
- Sol**, *Sol* (the sun), G 826.
- Solas**, *s.* amusement, A 798; solace, I 206; comfort, F 802; consolation, T. ii. 460; relief, B 1972; diversion, B 1904; pleasure, B 3964; playfulness, R. 244; joy, T. i. 31; ease, L. 1966.
- Solde**, *pt. s.* of *Selle*.
- Solempne**, *adj.* festive, grand, E 1125; cheerful, A 209; important, A 364; illustrious, B 387; superb, F 61; public, I 102.
- Solempnely**, *adv.* pompously, with pomp, A 274.
- Solempnitee**, *s.* pomp, A 870; outward show, C 244; due ceremony, E 1709.
- Soleyn**, *adj.* sole, solitary, 3. 982; unmated, 5. 607, 614.
- Solisticoun**, *s.* the solstice, or point of the ecliptic most remote from the equator, A. i. 17. 9.
- Som** (sum), *indef. pron.* some, A 640, B 1182; one, a certain man, G 922; one, 3. 305; another, 5. 476; *som shrewe is*, some one (at least) is wicked, G 955.
- Som** . . . **som**, one . . . another, A 30.
- Somme**, *pl.* some, B 2139; **some** (them), L. 1090.
- Somdel**, *adv.* somewhat, B 4011; a little, L. 1183; in some measure, A 3911.
- Somer**, *s.* summer, A 394; **Someres game**, summer-game, athletic exhibition, I 648.
- Somer-sesoun**, *s.* spring, early summer, B 3. p. 8. 43.
- Somme**, *pl.* some, T. iv. 995; see **Som**.
- Somme**, *s.* sum, F 1220; chief point, upshot, L. 1559; *pl.* sums of money, B 1407, G 675.
- Somme**, *v.*; see **Sompne**.
- Somnour**, *s.* summoner, apparitor, an officer who summoned delinquents before the ecclesiastical courts, A 543.
- Somonce**, *s.* summons, D 1586.
- Sompne**, *v.* summon, D 1577; **Somne**, T. D 1347.
- Sompnolence**, *s.* somnolence, I 706.
- Somtyne**, *adv.* once, A 65, 85; *some-times*, B 1667; some day, B 110.
- Sond**, *s.* sand, B 509, 4457.
- Sonde**, *s.* message, B 388, 1049; sending, I 625; gifts, B 1049; visitation, B 762, 826; trial, B 902; message (or messenger), G 525.
- Sonded**, *pp.* sanded, T. ii. 822.
- Sondry**, *adj.* various, A 14, 25.
- Sone** (sune), *s.* son, A 79, 336.
- Sone**, *adv.* soon, A 1022; speedily, D 1264.
- Sone-in-lawe**, *s.* son-in-law, E 315.
- Sonest**, *adv.* superl. soonest, B 3716.
- Song**, *-e*, *-en*; see **Singe**.
- Sonne**, *s.* sun, A 7, 30.
- Sonne-beem**, *s.* sunbeam, D 868.
- Sonnish**, *adj.* sun-like, golden, T. iv. 7. 816.
- Soor**, *s.* sore, wound, A 1454.
- Soor**, *adj.* wounded, grieved, A 202; sore, F 1571; sad, T. v. 639.
- Soot**, *s.* soot, an emblem of bitterness, I iii. 1194.
- Sooth**, *adj.* true, L. 14; *as adv.* truly, C 636.
- Sooth**, *s.* truth, A 284; **Sothe**, G 22; **Sothe**, *dat.* B 1939.
- Soothfastnesse**, *s.* truth, B 4518.
- Soothly**, *adv.* truly, A 117.
- Sooty**, *adj.* begrimed with soot, B 4022.
- Sop**, *s.* sop (of toasted bread), E 1841.
- Sop** in wyn, wine with bread soaked in it, A 334.
- Soper**, *s.* supper, A 348; **Sopear**, F 1180.
- Sophistrye**, *s.* evil cunning, L. 137.

**Sophyme**, *s.* a sophism, trick of logic, E 5; *pl.* deceits, F 554.  
**Sore**, *adv.* sorely, A 148; *bar so sore*, bore so ill, E 85.  
**Sore**, *ger.* to soar, HF. 531; to mount aloft, F 123.  
**Sorer**, *adv.* more sorely, L. 502.  
**Sorest**, *adv.* most sorely, 5. 404.  
**Sormounte**, *ger.* to surpass, R. 667; *pr. s.* rises above, T. iii. 1038.  
**Sort**, *s.* lot, T. ii. 1754; destiny, chance, A 844; kind, A 4381; divination, T. i. 76.  
**Sorted**, *pt. s.* allotted, T. v. 1827.  
**Sorwe**, *s.* sorrow, grief, A 951; mourning, B 2171; sympathy, compassion, F 422; *with sorwe*, with ill luck to you, D 303.  
**Sorwestow**, thou sorrowest, B 1. p. 6. 80; *pr. s.* I 85; *pr. pl.* A 2824.  
**Sorweful**, *adv.* sorrowful, L. 1832.  
**Sorwefullest**, most sorrowful, E 2098.  
**Sorwefully**, *adv.* sadly, A 2078.  
**Sorwing**, *s.* sorrow, 3. 606.  
**Sory**, *adj.* sorrowful, mournful, A 2004, 2010; sad, B 2899; unlucky, B 1949; ill, C 876; miserable, H 55.  
**Sory**, *adv.* sorely, B 2. p. 4. 100.  
**Soster**, *s.* sister, A 3486.  
**Sote**, *adj.* sweet, A 1. B 2348.  
**Sote**, *adv.* sweetly, L. 2612.  
**Sotel**, *adj.* subtle, cunning, 18. 43.  
**Soteltee**, subtlety, skill, 18. 77.  
**Soth**, *adj.* true, B 169; Sooth, L. 14.  
**Sothe**, *s.* truth, A 845. See Sooth.  
**Sother**, *adj. comp.* truer, G 214.  
**Bothfastnesse**, *s.* truth, B 2365; certainty, I 380.  
**Sothly**, *adv.* verily, soothly, A. pr. 23.  
**Soth-sawe**, *s.* true saying, truth, HF. 2089; *pl.* HF. 676.  
**Sotil**, *adj.* subtle, cunning, L. 1556, 2559; subtly woven, A 1054; thin, A 2030.  
**Sotilly**, *adv.* skilfully, R. 1119; cleverly, R. 772.  
**Sotted**, *adj.* besotted, befooled, G 1341.  
**Souded**, *pp.* confirmed, B 1769.  
**Sought**, -e; see Seke.  
**Souke**, *ger.* to suck, A 4157; to embezzle, A 4416; *pp.* been at the breast, E 450.  
**Soul**, *adj.* sole, single, E 2080.  
**Soule**, *s.* soul, A 656, 781.  
**Soulfre**, *s.* sulphur, HF. 1508.  
**Soun**, *s.* sound, musical sound, A 674, E 271; vaunt, L. 267; *pl.* sounds, A 2512.  
**Sound**, *adj.* unhurt, L. 1619; *pl.* in strong health, T. iii. 1526.

**Sounde**, *ger.* to heal, make sound, 7. 242; *v.* heal, R. 966.  
**Sounne**, *ger.* to sound, to utter, T. ii. 573; imitate in sound, speak alike, F 105; Sounen, *v.* sound, hence, tend, redound, T. i. 1036; Souneth, *pr. s.* tends (to-wards), relates, (to), T. iii. 1414; is consonant (with), B 3157; makes (for), H 195; Sounen, *pr. pl.* tend, I 1068; *pt. s.* inclined, T. iv. 1676; *pres. pt.* accordant with, in agreement with, A 275; Souninge in, tending to, A 307.  
**Sounded**, *best s.* best-sounding, T. ii. 1031.  
**Soupe**, *v.* sup, T. ii. 944.  
**Souper**, *s.* supper, T. ii. 947.  
**Souple**, *adj.* pliant, A 203.  
**Sourdeth**, *pr. s.* arises, I 475.  
**Soure**, *adj.* bitter, cruel, B 1. p. 4. 88.  
**Soure**, *adv.* sourly, bitterly, B 2012.  
**Soures**, *s. pl.* sorrels, bucks of the third year, 3. 429.  
**Sourmounteth**, *pr. s.* surmounts, rises above, T. iii. 1038.  
**Sours**, *s.* source, origin, T. v. 1591; E 49; a springing aloft, HF. 544; swift upward flight, D 1938, 1941.  
**Souter**, *s.* cobbler, A 3904.  
**Soutiltee**, *s.* device, D 576.  
**Souvenance**, *s.* remembrance, 24. 14.  
**Soveraynetee**, *s.* sovereignty, E 114, F 751; supremacy, D 818.  
**Sovereyn**, *adj.* supreme, very high, A 67; chief, B 3339; sovereign, D 1048; superior, A ii. 28. 39 (a technical term, applied to the western signs of the zodiac); *as s.* lord, 1. 69; master, G 590; Sovereyne, *fem. s.* 422; Sovereyns, *pl.* superiors, I 392, 402.  
**Sovereynly**, *adv.* royally, B 2462; chiefly, B 4552.  
**Sovereyntee**, *s.* supremacy, D 1038.  
**Sowdan**, *s.* sultan, B 177.  
**Sowdanesse**, *s.* sultaness, B 358.  
**Sowe**, *v.* sew up, T. ii. 1201, 1204; *pp.* sewn, A 685.  
**Sowen**, *v.* sow, B 1182; Sowen, *pp.* R. 1617; Sowe, *pp.* T. i. 385.  
**Sowle**, *s.* soul, life, T. ii. 1734.  
**Sowled**, *pp.* endowed with a soul, G 329.  
**Sowne**, *v.* sound, play upon, A 505; sound, T. iii. 189; Sowneth, *pr. s.* sounds, I 160; signifies, A. i. 21. 62; *pr. pl.* play, F 270; Sowneth, *pr. pl.* tend (to), are consonant (with), F 517; Sounded, *pt. pl.* tended, B 3348. See Sounne.  
**Space**, *s.* room, T. i. 714; space of time, A 87; while, C 239; opportunity, spare time, A 35; course, A 176.

**Spak**, *pt.* a. spake, A 124; see **Speke**.  
**Span**, *pt.* a. spun, L 1762.  
**Spanne**, a. span, A 155.  
**Span-newe**, *adj.* span-new, T. iii. 1665.  
*Lit.* 'newly spun.'  
**Spare**, *v.* spare, refrain, A 192; cease, 5.  
 699; *pp.* passed over, L 2602.  
**Sparhawk**, a. sparrow-hawk, B 1957.  
**Sparinge**, a. moderation, I 835.  
**Sparkle**, a. small spark, B 2095.  
**Sparow**, a. sparrow, 5. 351.  
**Sparre**, a. wooden beam, A 990, 1076.  
**Sparth**, a. battle-axe, A 2520.  
**Sparwe**, a. sparrow, A 626.  
**Spaynel**, a. spaniel, D 267.  
**Spece**, a. species, sort, I 407; *pl.* kinds, A 3013, I 865.  
**Speche**, a. speech, L 1084; discourse, A 307; talk, A 783, D 1020; address, 3. 1131; oratory, F 104.  
**Special**, *adj.* special; *in special*, especially, in particular, A 444, 1017.  
**Spéctacle**, a. eye-glass, D 1203.  
**Spede**, *ger.* to succeed, C 134; **Spede me**, *v.\** be quick, 5. 385; **Spede**, *pr.* a. *subj.* speed, prosper, A 769; **Spedde**, *pt.* a. hastened, moved quickly, A 3649; made to prosper, B 3876; *pt.* a. *refl.* hastened, A 1217; *1 pt.* a. *refl.* L 200; *pp.* terminated, determined, 5. 101; accomplished, G 357.  
**Speed**, a. help, T. ii. 9; success, T. i. 17; *for comune spede*, for the good of all, 5. 507.  
**Speedful**, *adj.* advantageous, B 727.  
**Speere**, a. sphere, F 1283.  
**Speke**, *v.* speak, 3. 852; **Spekestow**, *speakest thou*, G 473; **Spak**, *1 pt.* a. spake, L 97; *pt.* a. 3. 503; **Spoken**, *pt.* *pl.* 3. 350; **Spaken** (*better Spoken*), *pt.* *pl.* spake, T. i. 565; **Speke**, *pt.* a. *subj.* might speak, T. ii. 1119; **Spoken**, *pp.* A 31.  
**Speking**, a. speech-making, oratory, 5. 488; speaking, H 335.  
**Spelle**, a. *dat.* a story, B 2083.  
**Spence**, a. buttary, D 1931.  
**Spending-silver**, a. silver to spend, money in hand, G 1018.  
**Spere**, a. spear, A 114; *as nigh as men may casten with a spere*, a spear's cast, HF. 1048.  
**Spere**, a. sphere, orbit, 4. 137; 16. 11.  
**Sperhawk**, a. sparrowhawk, B 4647.  
**Sperme**, a. seed, B 3109.  
**Sperred**, *pp.* barred, T. v. 521.  
**Spete**, *v.* spit, T. ii. 1617; **Spetten**, *pt.* *pl.* I 270.  
**Spewe**, *v.* vomit, B 2607.

**Spewing**, a. vomit, I 138.  
**Spicerye**, a. mixture of spices, B 2042.  
**Spille**, *v.* spill, drop, T. v. 880; kill, L 1574; destroy, ruin, E 503; periah, a. 121; *ger.* to destroy, T. v. 588; *to sp. labour*, to lose labour, H 153; *doth m. sp.*, causes me to die, 6. 14; **Spillestow** *terea*, lettest thou tears fall (*Lat. manus*, B 1. p 4. 4; *pp.* killed, B 857; lost, 2. 180; ruined, D 1611; confounded, D 388.  
**Spirit**, a. A 2809; **Spirites**, the (four) spirits in alchemy (sulphur, sal ammoniac, quicksilver, arsenic), G 820; vital forces, 3. 489.  
**Spitous**, *adj.* malicious, R 979; inhospitable, 22. 13.  
**Spitously**, *adv.* spitefully, D 223; vehemently, A 3476.  
**Spoke**, *pp.* of **Spake**.  
**Sponne**, 2 *pt.* *pl.* did spin, T. iii. 734.  
**Spoon**, a. spoon, F 602; **Spones**, *pt.* C 908.  
**Spore**, a. spur, A 2603; *pl.* A 473.  
**Sporne**, *ger.* to spurn, kick, 13. 11; *pt.* a. spurns, treads, T. ii. 797; *pt.* a. tripped himself up, A 4280.  
**Spot**, a. defect, E 2146.  
**Spousaille**, a. espousal, wedding, E 115, 180.  
**Spoused**, *pp.* wedded, E 3, 386.  
**Spouted**, *pp.* vomited, B 487.  
**Sprayned**; see **Springen**.  
**Sprede**, *v.* spread, open, 4. 4; *ger.* to expand, R 1679; **Spradde**, *pt.* a. spread, E 418, 722; covered, 7. 40; **Sprad**, *pp.* spread, A 2903; dispersed, 3. 874; **Spradde**, *pp.* *pl.* wide open, T. iv. 1422.  
**Spreynd**; see **Springen**.  
**Spring**, a. dawn, A. ii. 6. 6; first growth, R. 834; *pl.* merry dances, HF. 1235.  
**Springe**, *strong v.* spring up, grow, A 3018; rise, B 4068; spread abroad, 7. 74; spring, be carried, L 719; *ger.* to rise (as the sun), A 2522; to dawn, A 822; to arise, 1. 133; **Sprang**, *pt.* a. grew up, R. 1425; **Sprong**, *pt.* a. spread out, R. 1704; **Spronge**, *pp.* become famous, A 1437; grown, L. 1054; *springe amis*, alighted in a wrong place, HF. 2079.  
**Springen**, *weak v.* sprinkle, scatter, sow broadcast, B 1183; **Spreynd**, *pp.* sprinkled, B 422, 1830; **Sprayned**, *pp.* B 2. p 4. 132. A. S. *springan*.  
**Springers**, a. *pl.* sources, origins, I 387.  
**Springing**, a. source, E 49.  
**Spurne**, *v.* spurn, kick, F 616.  
**Spyoe**, a. spice, R. 1367, 1371; *pl.* spicery, L. 1110; species, kinds, I 83, 102.

- Spiced**, *pp.* spiced, A 3378; scrupulous, A 526, D 435.
- Spycerye**, *s.* collection of spices, mixture of spices, A 2935, B 136.
- Spyr**, *s.* spire, shoot, T. ii. 1335.
- Squames**, *s. pl.* scales, G 759.
- Squaymous**, *adj.* squeamish, sparing (except rarely), A 3337.
- Squiereth**, *pr. s.* attends, accompanies, D 305.
- Squire**, *s.* a 'square,' a carpenter's instrument for measuring right angles, D 2090; *pl.* measuring-rules, A. i. 12. 3.
- Squyer**, *s.* squire, A 79.
- Stable**, *adj.* abiding, A 3004, 3009; firm, 3. 645; sure, E 1499; constant, 4. 281; steadfast, F 871.
- Stabliessed**, *pp.* established, A 2995.
- Stadia**, *s.* race-course, B 4. p. 3. 11.
- Staf**, *s.* staff, stick, L. 2000; (perhaps a bed-staff), A 4294, 4296; Staves, *gen.* of the shaft of a car, 7. 184.
- Staf-slinge**, *s.* a staff-sling, sling with a handle, B 2019.
- Stages**, *pl.* positions, HF. 122.
- Stak**, *pt. s.* stuck, T. iii. 1372; was fastened on, R. 458.
- Stakereth**, *pr. s.* staggers, L. 2687.
- Stal**, *pt. s.* of Stelen.
- Stalke**, *s.* stalk, A 1036; piece of straw, A 3919; Stalkes, *pl.* (Lat. *palmities*), B. i. m. 6. 15; stems, T. ii. 968; uprights of a ladder, A 3625.
- Stalke**, *v.* creep up (to), T. ii. 519; move stealthily, L. 1781; *pr. s.* walks stealthily, A 1479; moves slowly, A 3648.
- Stalle**, *s. dat.* ox-stall, T. v. 1469.
- Stamin**, *s.* a coarse harsh cloth, tamine, tammy, L. 2360; I 1052. O.F. *estamine*.
- Stampe**, *pr. pl.* bray in a mortar, C 538.
- Stanchod**, *pp.* staunched, B 2. p. 2. 53.
- Stank**, *s.* lake, tank, pool, I 841. E. *tank*.
- Stant**, stands; see Stonde.
- Stapen**, *pp.* advanced, B 4011, E 1514 (in MS. E.).
- Stare**, *s.* staring, 5. 348.
- Starf**, *pt. s.* of Sterve.
- Stark**, *adj.* strong, E 1458; severe, B 3560.
- Startling**, moving suddenly, L. 1204.
- Staunchen**, *v.* satisfy, B 3. m. 3. 3.
- Stede**, *s.* place, HF. 731; *in steds* of, instead of, B 3308.
- Stede**, *s.* steed, A 2157.
- Stedfastnesse**, *s.* constancy, firmness, E 699; stability, 15. 7.
- Steer**, *s.* bullock, A 2149.
- Steked**, *pp.* stuck, L. 161 a.
- Stele**, *s.* lit. handle; i.e. the (cool) end, A 3785.
- Stelen**, *v.* steal, A 562; Steleth, *pr. s.* steals away, B 21; Stal, *pt. s.* stole, L. 796; came (or went) cunningly, HF. 418; went stealthily, B 3763; *stal away*, stole away, 3. 381; Stole, *pp.* stolen, A 2627.
- Stellifye**, *v.* make into a constellation, HF. 586, 1002.
- Stemed**, *pt. s.* shone, glowed, A 202. A.S. *steman*.
- Stenten**, *v.* leave off, A 903; *ger.* to stay, A 2442; *v.* cease, leave off, B 3925; Stente, 2 *pr. s.* subj. cease, 18. 61; Stente, *pt. s.* ceased, stopped, 3. 154; L. 1240; remained, L. 821; stayed, T. i. 273; Stente, *pt. pl.* ceased, T. i. 60; delayed, L. 633; *pp.* stopped, A 1368.
- Stepe**, *adj. pl.* glittering, bright, A 201, 753. A.S. *steap*.
- Steppes**, *pl.* foot-tracks, L. 829, 2209.
- Stere**, *s.* helm, rudder, B 833; pilot, helmsman, guide, B 448; *in stere*, upon my rudder, T. v. 641.
- Stere**, *v.* steer, rule, T. iii. 910; 1 *pr. s.* steer, T. ii. 4; *pp.* controlled, L. 935.
- Stere**, *v.* stir, move, excite, T. i. 228; propose, T. iv. 1451; *pr. s.* stirs, HF. 817.
- Stereless**, *adj.* rudderless, B 439.
- Steresman**, *s.* steersman, HF. 436.
- Steringe**, *s.* stirring, motion, HF. 800.
- Sterlinges**, *pl.* sterling coins, C 907.
- Sterne**, *adj.* stern, E 465; violent, T. iii. 743.
- Sterre**, *s.* star, 5. 68, 300; constellation, HF. 599.
- Stert**, *s.* start, T. v. 254; *at a stert*, in a moment, A 1705.
- Sterte**, *v.* start, go quickly, T. ii. 1634; move away, T. iii. 949; pass away, B 335; leap, skip, B. 344; Stert, *pr. s.* rouses, HF. 681; Sterte, 1 *pt. s.* departed, T. iv. 93; rushed, L. 811; leapt, A 952; went, T. ii. 1094; went at once, L. 660; Sterting, *pres. pt.* bursting suddenly, L. 1741.
- Sterve**, *v.* die, A 1249; die of famine, C 451; Starf, *pt. s.* L. 1691; A 933, B 283; Storven, *pt. pl.* C 888.
- Stevens**, *s.* voice, sound, language, A 2562; rumour, talk, T. iii. 1723; time, moment, esp. of an appointment, A 1524; sound, L. 1219; meeting by appointment, 4. 52; *setts st.*, made appointment, A 4383.
- Stewe**, *s.* a fish-pond, A 350; a small room, closet, T. iii. 601; brothel, HF. 26.



- Stewe-dore**, a closet-door, T. iii. 698.  
**Steyre**, a degree (Lat. *gradus*), 4. 129;  
*Steyres*, *gen. stair's*, T. iii. 205.  
**Stiborn**, *adj.* stubborn, D 456, 637.  
**Stidefast**, *adj.* steadfast, B 2641.  
**Stif**, *adj.* strong, A 673; bold, R. 1270;  
 hard, D 2267.  
**Stiken**, *ger.* to stick, T. i. 297; **Stiked**,  
*pt. s.* stuck, B 509; fixed, B 2097; **Stikede**,  
*pt. s.* pierced, B 3897; **Stikked**, fixed,  
 L. 2202; *pp.* stabbed, B 430; a *stiked*  
*noym*, a stuck pig, C 556.  
**Stikinge**, a sticking, setting, I 954.  
**Stikkes**, *pl.* palings, B 4038.  
**Stillatorie**, a still, vessel used in distil-  
 lation, G 580.  
**Stille**, *adv.* quietly, L. 816; still, D 2200.  
**Stille**, *ger.* to silence, T. ii. 230.  
**Stingeth**, *pr. s.* pierces, L. 645.  
**Stinte**, *v.* leave off, A 1334; cease, G 883;  
 cause to cease, 1. 63; end, E 747; *ger.* to  
 cease, B 2164; to stop, T. ii. 383; cease,  
 I 720; restrain, R. 1441; stop, avert,  
 L. 1647; **Stinte**, 1 *pr. s.* leave off telling,  
 HF. 1417; *pr. pl.* cease, I 93; *pt. s. subj.*  
 may cease, B 413; **Stinte**, *pt. s.* ceased,  
 A 2421; was silent, 3. 1299; *pt. pl.*  
 stopped (*or pr. pl. stop*), L. 294; **Stinte**,  
*pt. s. subj.* should cease, T. i. 848; *pp.*  
 stopped, T. iii. 1016; *stint thy clappe*,  
 hold your tongue, A 3144; **Stinteth**,  
*imp. pl.* stay, T. ii. 1729.  
**Stintinge**, a ceasing, end, B 2. m 7. 37.  
**Stiren**, *v.* stir, excite, B 2696.  
**Stiropes**, a *pl.* stirrups, B 1163.  
**Stirte**, *pt. s.* started, D 1046; rushed, H  
 303; went quickly, E 2153.  
**Stith**, a anvil, A 2026. *Icel. stöti.*  
**Stod**, -e; see **Stonde**.  
**Stok**, a a block of wood, A. ii. 38. 6;  
 source, 14. 1; race, A 1551; *pl.* stumps,  
 A 2934; posts, T. iii. 589.  
**Stoke**, *ger.* to stab, thrust, A 2546.  
**Stokked**, *pp.* fastened in the stocks, T.  
 iii. 380.  
**Stole**, a stool, frame for tapestry-work,  
 L. 2352; *pl.* chairs, D 288.  
**Stole**, *pp. of Stelen*.  
**Stomak**, a stomach, T. i. 787; appetite,  
 D 1847; compassion, D 1441.  
**Stomblen**, *pr. pl.* stumble, A 2613.  
**Stonde**, *v.* stand, B 3050; be placed, A  
 745; be understood, be fixed, E 346; be  
 set in view (as a prize at a game), B  
 1931; *synt stonde*, finds standing, L.  
 1499; **Stont**, *pr. s.* stands, is, T. iii. 1562;  
**Stant**, *pr. s.* stands, B 618; consists, I  
 107, 1029; is, B 1304; **Stood**, *pt. s.* A 354;  
 stuck fast, D 1541; **Stonden**, *pp.* HF.  
 1928.  
**Stongen**, *pp.* stung, A 1079.  
**Stoon**, a stone, A 774; precious stone.  
*gem.* R. 1086.  
**Stoon-wal**, stone-wall, L. 713.  
**Stoor**, a store, stock (of a farm), A 508  
 store, D 2159; value, D 203.  
**Stopen**, *pp.* advanced, E 1514 (MS. E. has  
*stapen*).  
**Stoppen**, a stop, T. ii. 804.  
**Store**, a store, value, B 4344; possession.  
 L. 2337.  
**Store**, *ger.* to store, B 1463.  
**Store**, *adj. voc.* audacious, bold, E 2367.  
*Icel. störr.*  
**Storial**, *adj.* historical, A 3179; **Storial**  
 sooth, historical truth, L. 702.  
**Storie**, a history, legend of a saint (or  
 the like), A 709; history, E 1366; tale.  
 story, 7. 10; *pl.* books of history, T. v.  
 1044.  
**Storven**, *pt. pl. of Starve*, died, C 888.  
**Stot**, a a stallion, horse, oob, A 615;  
 heifer (a term of abuse), D 1630.  
**Stounde**, a hour, time, while, A 1212,  
 4007; short time, B 1021; moment, L.  
 949; in a *stounde*, at a time, once, A  
 3992; upon a *stounde*, in one hour, T. iv.  
 625; *pl.* hours, seasons, T. iii. 1752.  
**Stoundemele**, at various times, from  
 time to time, T. v. 674.  
**Stoupe**, *ger.* to stoop, G 1311.  
**Stour**, a battle, contest, R. 1270.  
**Stout**, *adj.* strong, A 545.  
**Straighter**, *adj.* more stretched out, more  
 expanded, R. 119.  
**Strake**, *v.* move, proceed, 3. 1312.  
**Strange**, *adj.* strange, F 89; external, D  
 1161; not its own, A. ii. 19. 7. Every  
 star has its own degrees (of longitude  
 in the equator and ecliptic).  
**Strangenesse**, a estrangement, B 1570.  
**Stranglen**, *pr. pl.* strangle, worry, I 708.  
**Strangling**, a A 2458; *of str.*, caused by  
 strangling, L. 807.  
**Straight**, -e; see **Strecoche**.  
**Strange**, *adj.* strange, foreign, A 111;  
 unwonted, 7. 202; difficult, hard to  
 agree upon, F 1223; like a stranger, T.  
 ii. 1660; unfriendly, estranged, R. 1006;  
 distant, unbending, 5. 584; not well  
 known, A. ii. 17. *rub.*; [a strange star is  
 one that is not represented upon the  
 Rete of the Astrolabe]; *pl.* strangers, T.  
 ii. 411.  
**Straungely**, *adv.* distantly, T. v. 955.  
**Straw**, a T. iii. 859; as *interj.* a straw! F 634.

**Strawen**, *v.* strew, L. 207; 2 *pr. s. subj.* F 613; *pp.* strewn, I 918.  
**Strayte**, *s.* strait, B 464.  
**Strecche**, *v.* stretch, B 498; extend, T. ii. 341; reach, 7. 341; Straighte, *pt. s.* stretched, HF. 1373; Straughte, *pt. pl.* extended, A 2016; Straughten, *pt. pl.* stretched out, R. 1021; Straight, stretched out; long *str.*, stretched at full length, T. iv. 1163; *pp. as adv.* straight, T. ii. 599.  
**Stree**, *s.* straw, A 2918; *pl. s.* 718.  
**Stroom**, *s.* river, current, L. 2508; stream, A 464; ray (of light), 2. 94.  
**Streen**, *s.* strain, i. e. stock, progeny, race, E 157.  
**Straight**, *adj.* straight, 3. 957.  
**Straight**, *adv.* straight, straightway, A 671.  
**Straight**, -e; see **Strecche**.  
**Streit**, *adj.* narrow, A 1984; scanty, R. 457; B 4179; strict, A 174; *pl.* scanty, small, D 1426. A. F. *estreit*.  
**Streite**, *pp. as adj. def.* drawn, B 4547. (It here represents Lat. *strictus*.)  
**Streite**, *adv.* closely, T. iv. 1689; strictly, L. 723; tightly, A 457.  
**Streitnes**, *s.* smallness, A. i. 21. 55.  
**Stremeden**, *pt. pl.* streamed, T. iv. 247.  
**Streng**, *s.* string, D 2067; *pl.* 5. 197.  
**Strenger**, *adj. comp.* stronger, B 2410.  
**Strengest**, strongest, T. i. 243.  
**Strengest-feythed**, strongest in faith, T. i. 1007.  
**Strengthe**, *s.* strength, A 84; force, 3. 351; *pl.* sources of strength, B 3248.  
**Strepen**, *v.* strip, E 1958; *do str. me*, cause me to be stripped, E 2200.  
**Strete**, *s.* street, T. ii. 612; *dat.* HF. 1049; street, road, way, 1. 70; B 1683.  
**Streynne**, *v.* compress, T. iii. 1205; strain, press, E 1753; constrain, E 144; hold, confine, R. 1471; *ger.* to compress, T. iii. 1071; Streynne, *pp. pl.* strain (as through a sieve), C 538.  
**Streyt**, *adj.* small, B 3. m. 2. 26.  
**Strike**, *s.* hank (of flax), A 676.  
**Strogelest**; see **Struggle**.  
**Stroke**, *ger.* to stroke, T. iii. 1249.  
**Strokes**, *pl. qf* Strook.  
**Strompetes**, *s. pl.* trumpets, B 1. p. 1. 54.  
**Stronde**, *dat.* shore, L. 2189; Strondes, *pl.* shores, A 13.  
**Strong**, *adj.* difficult, B 2635; *pl.* severe, A 1338, 2771.  
**Stronge**, *adv.* securely, R. 241.  
**Stroof**, *pt. s. qf* Stryve.

**Strook**, *s.* stroke, A 1701; Strokes, *pl. T.* iii. 1067.  
**Strouted**, *pt. s.* stuck out, A 3315.  
**Strowe**, *v.* strew, L. 103 a.  
**Stroyer**, destroyer, 5. 360.  
**Strugle**, *v.* struggle, E 2374; Strogalest, 2 *pr. s.* C 829.  
**Stryf**, *s.* quarrel, strife, A 1187, 2784; took stryf = 'took up the oudgals,' B 1. p. 4. 93.  
**Stryk**, *s.* stroke, mark, A. ii. 12. 19.  
**Stryke**, *v.* strike; Stryken out, strike out, D 1364; Strike, *pp.* struck, 11. 35.  
**Stryve**, *v.* strive, struggle, 10. 30; oppose, E 170; B 2007, *pt. s.* strove, vied, A 1038.  
**Stryvinge**, *s.* striving, strife, B 2674.  
**Stubbel-goose**, *s.* a fattened goose, A 4351.  
**Stubbes**, *pl.* stumps, A 1978.  
**Studie**, *s.* study, A 303; state of meditation, A 1530; Study, library, F 1207, 1214; Studies, *pl.* endeavours, B 3. p. 2. 93; desires, B 4. p. 2. 56.  
**Studie**, *v.* study, A 184; *ger.* give heed, I 1090; Studieth, *pr. s.* deliberates, E 1955.  
**Stuffed**, *pp.* filled, E 264.  
**Sturdely**, *adv.* boldly, 4. 82.  
**Sturdinesse**, *s.* sternness, E 700.  
**Sturdy**, *adj.* cruel, hard, harsh, stern, E 698, 1049; firm, T. ii. 1380; D 2162.  
**Sty**, *s.* pig-sty, D 1829.  
**Stye**, *ger.* to mount up, B 4. p. 6. 414.  
**Style** (1), *s.* a stile, a means to get over a barrier by climbing, C 712, F 106.  
**Style** (2), *s.* style, mode of writing, F 105.  
**Styves**, *pl.* stews, D 1332.  
**Styward**, *s.* steward, B 914.  
**Suasioun**, *s.* persuasiveness, B 2. p. 1. 45.  
**Subdekne**, *s.* subdeacon, I 891.  
**Subgit**, *adj.* subject, T. v. 1790; Subget, T. i. 231.  
**Subgit**, *s.* subject, T. ii. 828; *pl.* servants, D 1990.  
**Subjeccion**, *s.* (1), suggestion, (a thing subjected to the mind), I 351; (2), subjection, obedience, B 270; submission, 4. 32; subjection, governance, B 3656, 3742.  
**Sublymatories**, *s. pl.* vessels for sublimation, G 793.  
**Sublymed**, *pp.* sublimed, sublimated, G 774. 'Sublimates, to bring by heat into the state of vapour'; Webster.  
**Sublyming**, *s.* sublimation, G 770.  
**Submitted**, *pp.* subjected, B 5. p. 1. 44; *ye den s.*, ye have submitted, B 35.  
**Subtil**, *adj.* subtle, C 141; ingenious, A. pr. 60; skilful, L. 672; finely woven, 5. 272.

- Subtiltee**, *s.* subtlety, craft, secret knowledge, G 620; skill, craft, G 844; *pl.* tricks, E 2421.
- Subtilly**, *adv.* craftily, A 610; subtly, F 222.
- Subtiltee**, *s.* subtlety, F 140; specious reasoning, HF. 855; skill, B 4509; trick, D 1420.
- Succedent**, *sb.* a 'succeedent' house, A. ii. 4. 48. The *succedent* houses are the *second*, *fifth*, *eighth*, and *eleventh*, as these are *about to follow* the most important houses, which are the *first*, *fourth*, *seventh*, and *tenth*.
- Suore**, *s.* sugar, T. iii. 1194.
- Suored**, *pp.* sugred, T. ii. 384.
- Suffisaunce**, *s.* sufficiency, A 490; sufficient food, D 1843; enough, a competence, 10. 15; contentment, B 4029; 3. 703.
- Suffisaunt**, *adj.* sufficient, good enough, A 1631; A. pr. 7; capable, L. 2524; well endowed, L. 1067.
- Suffisauntly**, *adv.* sufficiently, A. pr. 43; available, B 2492.
- Suffrable**, *adj.* patient, D 442.
- Suffraunce**, *s.* long-suffering, B 2479; patience, E 1162; Suffrance, long-suffering, B 2654; permission, F 788.
- Suffraunt**, *pres. pt.* as *s.* patient man, T. iv. 1584; as *adj.* patient, tolerant, 3. 1010.
- Suffre**, *v.* suffer, permit, A 649; endure, 3. 412.
- Suffyse**, *v.* suffice, B 3648; Suffyseth, (it) suffices, 12. 15; Suffyce, *imp. s.* be content (spend frugally), 13. 2.
- Suggestioun**, *s.* a criminal charge, B 3607; hint, I 331.
- Sugre**, *s.* sugar, B 2046.
- Sukkenye**, *s.* short frock, tunic, B. 1232. O.F. *souquanie*; F. *souquente* (Cotgrave).
- Summitted**, *pp.* submitted, B 3. p. 10. 15; subjected, B 4. p. 6. 145.
- Superfice**, *s.* surface, A. i. 21. 42; in the *s. of*, in the immediate neighbourhood of, A. i. 21. 32.
- Superfluitee**, *s.* superfluity, excess, A 436; over-abundance, A. pr. 50.
- Supplien**, *v.* supplicate, entreat, B 3. p. 8. 11.
- Supportacioun**, *s.* support, B 2332.
- Suppyred**, *pp.* surprised, T. iii. 1184.
- Suroote**, *s.* upper coat, A 617.
- Surement**, *s.* pledge, F 1534.
- Suretee**, *s.* security, D 903; careless confidence, 7. 215.
- Surfeet**, *s.* surfeit, I 913.
- Surmounteth**, *pr. s.* surpasses, L. 123.
- Surplys**, *s.* surplice, A 3323, G 558.
- Surquidrie**, *s.* over-confidence, presumption, I 403; arrogance, T. i. 213. O.F. *surquiderie*.
- Sursanure**, *s.* a wound healed outwardly, but not inwardly, F 1113.
- Surveysaunce**, *s.* surveillance, C 95.
- Suspecioun**, *s.* suspicion, T. ii. 561.
- Suspicious**, *adj.* ominous of evil, E 547.
- Suspect**, *adj.* suspicious, ominous of evil E 541.
- Suspect**, *s.* suspicion, B 2385.
- Sustenance**, *s.* support, living, E 202.
- Sustene**, *v.* sustain, support, F 861; maintain, 1. 22; endure, B 2654; uphold, preserve, B 160; hold up (herself), 7. 177.
- Suster**, *s.* sister, L. 592, 986; Her suster love, love for her sister, L. 2365; Sustren, *pl.* T. iii. 733; Sustres, *pl.* B 4057.
- Suwe**, *ger.* to follow, T. i. 379.
- Suyte**, *s.* suit, array (of like kind), A 2873; Sute, uniform pattern, 3. 261.
- Swa**, *so* (Northern), A 4040.
- Swal**, *pt. s.* of Swella.
- Swalowe**, *v.* swallow, HF. 1036.
- Swalwe**, *s.* swallow, A 3258.
- Swappe**, *s.* a swoop, the striking of a bird of prey, HF. 543.
- Swappe**, *ger.* to swap, strike, E 586; Swapte, *pt. s.* dashed, T. iv. 256; fell suddenly, E 1099; Swap, *imp. s.* strike off, G 366.
- Swartish**, *adj.* as *adv.* dark, HF. 1647.
- Swatte**, *pt. s.* of Swete.
- Swayn**, *s.* servant-lad, young man. A 4027.
- Sweigh**, *s.* motion, sway, B 296.
- Swelleth**, *pr. s.* swells, A 2743; Swal, *pt. s.* D 967; *up swal*, was puffed up with anger, B 1750; Swollen, *pp.* proad, E 950.
- Swelte**, *v.* die, T. iii. 347; Swelt, *pr. s.* dies, 4. 128; *pt. s.* died, E 1776; languished, fainted, A 1356.
- Swelwe**, *v.* swallow, B 2808.
- Swerd**, *s.* sword, A 112.
- Swere**, *v.* swear, A 454; Swoor, 1 *pt. s.* E 2312; Swore, 2 *pt. s.* L. 1378; Swöör, *pt. s.* swore, 7. 101; Sworen, *pt. pl.* swore. B 344; Sworn, *pp.* sworn (to the contrary), T. iv. 976; A 1089; sworn (to do it), G 681; bound by oath, F 18; sworn (it should not be so), D 640.
- Swering**, *s.* swearing, C 631.
- Swete**, *adj.* sweet, A 5, 2427; as *s.* sweet one, love, 3. 832.

**Swete**, *s.* sweetness, 5. 161.  
**Swete**, *v.* sweat, G 579; **Swatte**, *pt. s.* sweated, B 1966.  
**Swete herte**, sweetheart, T. iii. 69.  
**Swete-Loking**, Sweet-Looking, R. 920.  
**Sweetnesse**, *s.* sweetness, 1. 51; nourishment, 3. 415.  
**Swetter**, *adj. comp.* sweeter, R. 622, 768.  
**Swety**, *adj.* sweaty, 9. 28.  
**Sweven**, *a.* dream, R. 28; *pl.* dreams, R. 3.  
**Swevening**, *a.* dream, R. 26; **Sweveninges** (*pron.* swēv'ningez), R. 1.  
**Sweynste**, *pp. as def. adj.* tired out, slothful, HF. 1783. *Pp. of asenchen.*  
**Swich**, *adj.* such, A 3, 243, 313; such a thing, B 4262; **Swich a**, such a, B 3921; **Swich ocn**, such a one, F 231.  
**Swimme**, *v.* swim, A 3550, L. 2450; **Swommen**, *pt. pl.* were filled with swimming things, 5. 188.  
**Swink**, *a.* labour, toil, A 188, 540.  
**Swinke**, *v.* toil, labour, T. v. 272; to cause to labour, HF. 16; *pr. pl.* work for, G 21; **Swonken**, *pp.* toiled, A 4235.  
**Swinker**, *a.* labourer, toiler, A 531.  
**Swire**, *a.* neck, throat, R. 325.  
**Swogh**, *a.* (1) songh, low noise, 5. 247; murmur, HF. 1031; sigh, groan, A 3619; rustling noise, blast, A 1979; whizzing noise, HF. 1941; **Swogh**, (2), swoon, D 799; **Swow**, grief, 3. 215.  
**Swollen**, *pp.* proud, E 950.  
**Swolow**, *a.* gulf, L. 1104.  
**Swolwe**, *v.* swallow, H 36.  
**Swommen**, *pr. pl.* were filled with swimming things, 5. 188.  
**Swonken**, *pp.* toiled, A 4235.  
**Swoot**, *a.* sweat, G 578.  
**Swote**, *adj.* sweet, A 2860, 3205; *pl.* R. 60. See **Sote**, **Swete**.  
**Swote**, *adv.* sweetly, T. i. 158.  
**Swough**, **Swow**; see **Swogh**.  
**Swoune**, **Swowne**, *v.* swoon, faint, T. ii. 574; **Swowned**, *pt. s.* swooned, A 2943; *pp.* A 913.  
**Swow**, *a.* swoon; hence, anguish, 3. 215.  
**Swowne**, *a.* swoon, F 1080; **Aswowne**, in a swoon, C 245.  
**Swowning**, *a.* swooning, C 246.  
**Swyn**, *a.* swine, boar, F 1254; hog, D 460.  
**Swynes-head**, *s.* pig's head (a term of abuse), A 4262.  
**Swythe**, *adv.* quickly, C 796; *as* *etc.*, as soon, T. v. 1384; as quickly as possible, immediately, B 637, G 936.  
**Swyve**, *v.* lie with, A 4178; *pp.* dishonoured, A 3850.

**Sy**, saw; *pt. t. of* See.  
**Sye**, *ger.* to sink down, T. v. 182.  
**Sye**, **Syen**, saw; see **See**.  
**Syk**, *adj.* sick, ill; *for* **syk**, on account of being sick, D 394; **Syke**, *def.* F 1100; *pl.* sick persons, T. iii. 61.  
**Syk**, *a.* sigh, F 498.  
**Syke**, *v.* sigh, T. iii. 1360; **Syke**, *ger.* to sigh (*but perhaps* read *syte*, i.e. to grieve, *for the time*), T. ii. 884; **Syketh**, *pr. s.* sighs, 5. 404; 22. 62 (men sigh); **Syked**, *pt. s.* sighed, A 2985; **Sighte**, *pt. s.* sighed, B 1035.  
**Sykliche**, *adj.* sickly, T. ii. 1528.  
**Symonials**, *s. pl.* simoniacs, I 784.  
**Symonye**, *s.* simony, D 1309.  
**Syre**, *a.* master of the house, D 713; master, 5. 12.  
**Sys**, *num.* six (at dice), B 3851.  
**[Syte**, *v.* to grieve; *perhaps the right reading in* T. ii. 884.]  
**Sythe**, *a.* time, R. 80; **Sythe**, *pl.* (orig. a gen. pl.), A 1878; *ofte* **sythe**, oftentimes, E 233, G 1031; **Sythes**, *pl.* times, A 485.  
**Sythe**, *a.* scythe, L. 646.

## T.

**T<sup>r</sup>**, *for* To, frequently prefixed to verbs; as **tabyde**, **tamande**, &c.  
**Taa**, *v.* take (Northern), A 4129.  
**Tabard**, *a.* a herald's coat-of-arms, hence, (1) the same, as an inn-sign, A 20; (2) a ploughman's loose frock, A 541.  
**Tabernacles**, *pl.* shrines, HF. 123, 1190.  
**Table**, *a.* table, A 100; *table dormaunt*, permanent side-table, A 353; tablet, writing-tablet, 3. 780; tablet, plate, HF. 142; table (of the law), C 639; one of the thin plates on which almcantaras are engraved, A. ii. 21. 6; *at table*, at board, i.e. entertained as a lodger, G 1015; **Tables**, *pl.* tables (for calculation), F 1273; dining-tables, B 1442; writing-tablets, D 1741; plates, A. i. 14. 3; the game of 'tables' or backgammon, F 900.  
**Tabour**, *a.* small drum, D 2268.  
**Tabouren**, *pr. pl.* drum, din, L. 354.  
**Tabregge**, *for* To abregge, to abridge, shorten, T. iii. 295.  
**Tabreyde**, *for* To abreyde, to awake, T. v. 520.  
**Tabyde**, *for* To abyde, to abide, T. v. 33.  
**Tache**, *a.* defect, 21. 18. See **Teeches**.  
**Tacheve**, *for* To acheve, to achieve, L. 2111.

**Tacompte**, *for* To acompte, to reckon up, 22. 17.  
**Tacord**, *for* To accord, i. e. to agreement, H 98.  
**Tacorde**, *for* To acorde, to agree, 1. 27.  
**Tacoye**, *for* To acoye, to decoy, T. v. 782.  
**Taffata**, *s.* taffeta, A 440.  
**Taffraye**, *for* To affraye, to frighten, E 455.  
**Taillages**, *s.* pl. taxes, I 567.  
**Taille**, *s.* tally, an account scored upon two similarly notched sticks, A 570, B 1606.  
**Take**, *v.* seize, T. ii. 289; present, offer, G 223; *ger.* to take, A 34; Takestow, takest thou, G 435; Take me, 1 *pr.* *s.* betake myself, B 1985; Took, 1 *pt.* *s.* drew in, breathed in, B 1. p. 3. 3 (*Lat. haus*); hit, D 792; *pt.* *s.* handed over, gave, B 1484; had, B 192; Toke, 2 *pt.* *s.* tookest, 3. 483; Toke, *pt.* *pk.* took, F 1240; received, F 356; Take, *pp.* taken, A 3007; entrusted, I 880; brought, 1. 20; Tak, *imp.* *s.* receive, B 117; accept as a result, A. ii. 25. 57; *tak kepe*, take heed, observe, B 3757; *tak she*, let her take, 5. 462; Taketh, *imp.* *pl.* take, 4. 9.  
**Takel**, *s.* tackle, archery-gear, arrows, A 106.  
**Tald**, *pp.* told (Northern), A 4207.  
**Tale**, *s.* tale, A 326; story, A 36, 831; account, B 4308; enumeration, E 383; *I gan finde a tale to him*, I thought of something to say to him, 3. 536; *telle tale*, give an account of, A 330.  
**Tale**, *v.* tell a tale, talk, speak, T. iii. 1235; Talen, *ger.* to tell tales, A 772; *pr.* *s.* *subj.* talk about, I 378.  
**Talent**, *s.* inclination, wish, desire, B 2439; desire, appetite, C 540; longing, B 2. p. 1. 12.  
**Taling**, *s.* tale-telling, B 1624.  
**Talighte**, *for* To alighte, i. e. to alight, E 909.  
**Talle**, *adj.* docile, obsequious, 4. 38. (A rare sense.)  
**Tamende**, *for* To amende, to redress, E 441.  
**Tanoyen**, *for* To anoyen, to injure, B 492.  
**Tanswere**, i. e. to answer, D 1589.  
**Tapes**, *pl.* tapes, A 3241.  
**Tapicer**, *s.* upholsterer, maker of carpets, A 362.  
**Tapite**, *v.* cover with tapestry, 3. 260.  
**Tappe**, *s.* tap, A 3890, 3892.

**Tappestere**, *s.* female tapster, barmaid, A 241, 3336.  
**Tarditas**, *s.* slowness, I 718.  
**Tare**, *s.* tare, kind of weed, A 1570.  
**Tareste**, *for* To areste, to arrest, F 1570.  
**Targe**, *s.* target, shield, A 471; defence, 1. 176.  
**Tarien**, *v.* tarry, B 983; delay (used actively), F 73; 1 *pr.* *s.* tarry, T. iii. 1195; *pp.* delayed, T. ii. 1739.  
**Tarraye**, *for* To arraye, to array, arrange, E 961.  
**Tart**, *adj.* of sharp flavour, pungent, A 381.  
**Tartre**, *s.* tartar, G 813; *oille of Tartre* (probably) cream of tartar, or bitartrate of potassium, A 630.  
**Taryinge**, *s.* tarrying, delay, A 821.  
**Tas**, *s.* heap, A 1005, 1009, 1020. O.F. *tas*.  
**Tassaille**, *for* To assaille, i. e. to assail, E 1180.  
**Tassaye**, *for* To assaye, to test, prove, try, E 454, 1075.  
**Tasseled**, *pp.* fringed, provided with tassels, R. 1079; A 3251.  
**Tassemble**, *for* To assemble, to bring together, D 89.  
**Tassoille**, *for* To assoille, i. e. to absolve, C 933.  
**Tassure**, *for* To assure, B 1231.  
**Tast**, *s.* taste, relish (for), 5. 160.  
**Taste**, *v.* try, test, L. 1993; *pt.* *s.* experienced, T. i. 639; *imp.* *s.* feel, G 503.  
**Taughte**, *pt.* *s.* of Teche.  
**Taverner**, *s.* innkeeper, C 685.  
**Tavyse**, *for* To avyse (me), to deliberate, B 1426.  
**Tawayte**, *for* to awayte, to dwell, remain, 25. 7.  
**Taylage**, *s.* taxation, 9. 54.  
**Teoches**, *pl.* evil qualities, defects, T. iii. 935; characteristics, HF. 1778.  
**Teche**, *v.* teach, instruct, A 308, *ger.* to show, R. 518; Techen, *v.* direct, B 4139; *ger.* to inform (him of), D 1326; Taughte, 1 *pt.* *s.* taught, told, D 1050.  
*Te deum*, the anthem so called, D 1860.  
**Teer**, *s.* tear, E 1104.  
**Tehee**, *interj.* (denoting) laughter, hee-hee! A 3740.  
**Telle**, *v.* tell, recount, relate, A 38; compute, 3. 440; *ger.* to tell, to be told, F 447; 1 *pr.* *s.* account, B 4344; Telle no tale, set no store, 5. 326; Telles, *pr.* *s.* (Northern form), tells, 3. 73; HF. 426; Tolde, 1 *pt.* *s.* counted, HF. 1380; accounted, D 203, 208; *pt.* *pl.* esteemed, T. i. 131; *herd told*, heard (it) told, T. i. 197; Tolde, *pp.* *pl.* told, B 56.

- Wem**, *s.* blamish, R. 930; hurt, F 121.
- Wemmeless**, *adj.* stainless, G 47.
- Wenden**, *ger.* to go, A 21, 2214; *pass away*, A 3025; *go, pass*, B 1683; *Went, pr. s. goes*, T. ii. 36, 812; *Wente, pt. s. went*, A 78, B 1739; *Wente him, pt. s. went*, G 110; *Wentestow, 2 pr. s. hast thou gone*, A 3486; *Went, pp. gone*, L. 1651; *ben went*, are gone, B 173; *is went*, is gone, G 534.
- Wending**, *s.* departure, T. iv. 1344, 1436.
- Wene**, *s.* supposition, doubt, T. iv. 1593; *withhouten wene*, without doubt, R. 574, 732.
- Wenen**, *v.* ween, suppose, imagine, consider, L. 12; G 676; *expect*, A 4320; *Wenestow*, weenest thou, thinkest thou, D 311; *Weneth, pr. s. imagines (with men=one)*, A 2195; *Wende, 1 pt. s. imagined*, T. v. 693; *supposed*, F 585; *fancied*, A 1269; *Wendest, 2 pr. s. subj. shouldst ween*, T. i. 1031; *Wende, pt. s. subj. would have thought*, C 782; *Wend, pp. supposed*, T. iv. 384; *imagined*, T. v. 1682.
- Wenged**, *adj.* winged, HF. 2118.
- Wenges**, *pl.* wings, L. 168 a.
- Weninge**, *s.* imagination, supposition, T. iv. 992.
- Went**, *pr. s. and pp. of Wenden.*
- Wente**, *pt. s. of Wenden.*
- Wente**, *s.* turn, T. ii. 63; *path, passage*, T. iii. 787; *footpath*, 18. 69.
- Wepe**, *v.* weep, A 144, 230; *Weep, pt. s. wept*, A 148, B 606, 1052; *Wepte, pt. s. (weak form)*, B 267; *Wepen, pp. T. i. 941; Wopen, pp. F 523.*
- Wepen**, *s.* weapon, L. 1994.
- Werbul**, *s.* tune (warble), T. ii. 1033.
- Werche**, *v.* work, perform, B 566; *Wroghtestow (for Wroghtest thou)*, thou didst cause, B 3583; *Wroghte, pt. s. worked*, A 497; *contrived*, B 1788; *made*, E 1152; *Wroughte, 1 pt. s. acted*, A. ii. 3. 46; *did*, R. 701; *Wrought, pp. made, formed*, R. 559; *born*, B 3619; *created*, G 326; *composed*, L. 372.
- Werde**, *pt. s. of Were (wear).*
- Werdes**, *s. pl.* fates, destinies, B 1. m. 1. 14.
- Were**, *s.* weir, 5. 138; T. iii. 35.
- Were**, *s.* doubt, 3. 1295; HF. 979; *mental struggle*, L. 2686. Lowl. Sc. *weir*.
- Were**, *2 pt. s. wast*, T. iv. 762; *if were*, they were, E 850; *al were* it, though it were, D 1172.
- Were** (wère), *v.* wear, 21. 7; *Werede, pt. s. wore*, A 1388, 3235; *Werde*, R. 875; *Wered*, A 75; *Wered upon, 1 pt. s. wore upon (me)*, D 559.
- Were**, *ger.* to defend, A 2550.
- Weringe**, *s.* wearing, I 1052.
- Werk**, *s.* work, A 479; *act*, L. 891.
- Werken**, *v.* act, A 3527; *pr. s. acts*, L. 1385.
- Workers**, *pl.* doers, D 1937.
- Werkes**, *pr. pl.* ache, A 4030.
- Werking**, *s.* deed, H 210; *mode of operation*, G 1367.
- Werne**, *ger.* to refuse, T. iii. 149, iv. 111; *v. refuse*, R. 1485; *warn off*, R. 636; *Warned, pp. forbidden*, R. 442.
- Werning**, *s.* let, forbidding, R. 1142.
- Werre**, *s.* war, T. ii. 868; *trouble*, T. v. 1393; *of werre*, in war, T. i. 134; *to w.*, in enmity, 1. 116.
- Werre**, *adv.* worse, 3. 616.
- Werreye**, *ger.* to make war, A 1484; *v. war against*, A 1544; *pr. s. opposes*, I 487.
- Werreyour**, *s.* warrior, L. 597.
- Wers**, *adj.* worse, A 3872.
- Werste**, *adj. superl.* worst, T. ii. 304.
- Werte**, *s.* wart, A 555.
- Wery**, *adj.* (being) weary, T. iv. 707; *worn*, R. 440, 664; *beaten repeatedly*, lit. weary, B 4. m. 5. 17.
- Wessele**, *s.* weasel, A 3234.
- Wesh**, *pt. s. of Washe.*
- Weste**, *v.* turn to the west, L. 61, 197.
- Westren**, *v.* to go to the west, T. ii. 906.
- Wete**, *s.* perspiration, G 1187.
- Wete**, *v.* wet, HF. 1785.
- Wether**, *s.* sheep, T. iv. 1374.
- Weven**, *v.* weave, L. 2352; *Waf, pt. s. wove*, L. 2364.
- Wex**, *s.* wax, A 675, E 1430.
- Wexen**, *v.* wax, grow, become, B 2265, G 877; *1 pr. s. subj. may I become*, G 1377; *Waxe, 2 pr. pl. increase, grow (in applauding)*, E 998; *Wex, pt. s. grew, became*, A 1362; *increased*, L. 727; *Woxe, pp. grown*, R. 1460; *become*, HF. 1494.
- Wexede**, *pt. s.* coated with wax, A. ii. 40. 28.
- Wey**, *s.* way, A 34; *path*, R. 1345; *the sun's apparent daily path*, A. ii. 30. 5; *the sun's apparent annual orbit*, A. i. 21. 49; *a furlong wey*, a short time (lit. short distance), E 516; *go wey*, go thy way, T. i. 574; *do wey*, take away, A 3287.
- Weyen**, *v.* weigh, B 3776; *oghte weyen*, ought to weigh, L. 398.
- Weyere**, *s.* the 'weigher,' a translation

- of the Lat. *equator*; because the days and nights, at the equinoxes, are equal; A. i. 17. 25.
- Weyk**, *adj.* weak, 7. 341.
- Weylaway**, *interj.* alas! A 938.
- Weymentinge**, *s.* lamenting, A 902; lament, T. ii. 65.
- Weynes**, *s. pl.* chariots, B 4. m. 5. 6.
- Weyven**, *ger.* to turn aside, E 1483; v. waive, neglect, T. ii. 284; put aside, D 1176; forsake, G 276; abandon, B 2406.
- Whan**, when, A 5, 18, 179.
- What**, whatever, 4. 170; what sort of a, L. 1305; what with, B 21, 22; why, T. ii. 262, 292; what! how! L. 1800; What that, whatever, E 165; What man that, whoever, B 2645; What... what, partly, ... partly, HF. 2058.
- Wheelen**, *ger.* to cause to revolve, T. i. 139.
- Whelkes**, *pl.* pimples, blotches, A 632.
- Whelp**, *s.* cub, A 2627.
- Whenne**, *adv.* whence, E 588.
- Whennes**, *adv.* whence, B 2400.
- Wher**, *adv.* where, B 1785, &c.; wherever, R. 1669; Wher as (or Wher-as), where that, where, B 647, 1311.
- Wher**, whether, (a common contracted form of whether), 3. 91.
- Wher-as**, *adv.* where that, where, T. iii. 516.
- Whereof**, *prep.* in what respect, R. 703; for what, R. 1552.
- Wherefore**, for any cause, C 216.
- Wher-on**; *long wher-on*, because of what, G 930.
- Wher-so**, whether, B 294; wherever, L. 439.
- Wher-through**, *adv.* by means of which, 3. 120.
- Wherto**, *adv.* for wherefore, T. i. 409.
- Whete**, *s.* wheat, C 375.
- Whether**, *adj.* which (of two), A 1856.
- Whette**, *pp. pl.* sharpened, T. v. 1760.
- Which**, *pron.* which, A 161; whom, A 568; what kind of, L. 1883; Which a, what kind of a, what a, L. 668, 869, &c.
- Whider**, whither, T. v. 428, 486.
- Whilk**, which (Northern), A 4078.
- Whilom**, *adv.* once, D 2017.
- Whippeltree** (better Wippeltree), corneltree, A 2923.
- Whirle**, *ger.* to rush, go swiftly, T. v. 1019; v. be whirled round, 5. 80.
- Who**, *interrog.* who, T. v. 371; D 692; *indef.* who (it might be), 3. 244; one who, 3. 559; whoever, who, T. v. 1115; Who was who, which was which, A 4300.
- Whyle**, *s.* time, A 3299; worth the wh., worth while, T. v. 882.
- Whyler**, *adv.* formerly, G 1328.
- Whyles**, *gen. s. as adv.*; the *whyles*, whilst, 3. 151.
- Whylom**, *adv.* once, formerly, once on a time, R. 10. 362.
- Whyne**, v. whine, whinny, D 386.
- Whyt**, *adj.* white, A 238; as wh., white wine, C 526, 562; pl. innocent, guileless, T. iii. 1567; specious, flattering, T. iii. 901.
- Whyte**, *s.* white (i. e. silver), T. iii. 1384.
- Widwe**, *s.* widow, A 253.
- Widwehode**, *s.* widowhood, I 916; Widwehed, L. 295 a.
- Wierdes**, *pl.* fates, T. iii. 617; Wirdeas, L. 2580. A. S. *wyrd*.
- Wight**, *s.* a person, creature, man, living being, A 71, 280; whit, short while, A 4283; Wightes, *pl.* creatures, men, beings, A 3479.
- Wight**, *adj.* active, B 3457; fleet, A 4086.
- Wighte**, *s.* weight, HF. 739; A 2145, 2520.
- Wike**, *s.* week, C 362. See Wyke.
- Wiket**, *s.* wicket-gate, small gate, E 2015, 2118.
- Wikke**, *adj.* evil, wicked, bad, A 1087, 1580; false, B 2217; depraved, 10. 55; much alloyed, HF. 1346.
- Wikked**, *adj.* bad, wicked, L. 2395; pl. wikked, I 112. In B 3576, *wikked nest* is put for F. *mau né*, i. e. Sir Oliver Mauny; see the note in the larger edition.
- Wikkednesse**, *s.* evil, 17. 7.
- Will**, *s.* will, 6. 83. See Wille.
- Will**, 1 *pr. s.* desire, wish, 7. 244; *pr. s.* desires, B 1843.
- Wilde**, *adj.* wild; Wilde fyr, wild fire, fire not easily put out, Greek fire, D 373; flaming spirits, I 445; a disease, erysipelas, A 4172, E 2252; Wilde, *pl.* A 2018.
- Wildnesse**, *s.* wilderness, 9. 34.
- Willen**, *pr. pl.* will, R. 1683.
- Wilful**, *adj.* voluntary, B 3. p. 11. 167.
- Wilful**, *as adv.* wilfully, willingly, 5. 429.
- Wilfulhed**, *s.* wilfulness, L. 355 a.
- Wilfully**, *adv.* willingly, voluntarily, of free will, by choice, B 4486, C 441.
- Wilfulness**, *s.* wish, B 2572.
- Wille**, *s.* own accord, will, 1. 45, 57; pleasure, desire, E 326, F 1, 8; Willes, *gen.* F 568; as by his w., willingly, 17. 12.
- Wille**, v. will, desire, E 721.
- Willing**, *s.* desire, E 319.
- Willingly**, *adv.* of free will, E 362.
- Wilnen**, v. desire, A 2114; Wilnest, 2 *pr.*

- s. desirest*, A 1609; *Wilned*, 1 *pt. s. 3.* 1262, 1267. A.S. *willnian*.
- Wilninge**, *s. willing, wishing*, B 3. p 11. 88; *pl. desires*, B. 3. p 11. 175.
- Willow**, *s. willow-tree*, A 2922.
- Wiltow**, 2 *pr. s. wilt thou*, A 1156; *wishest thou*, B 2116; *wilt thou (go)*, D 1387.
- Wimpel**, *s. wimple, a covering for the head, gathered round it, and pleated under the chin*, A 151.
- Wimpleth**, *pr. s. conceals (as with a wimple)*, B 2. p 1. 66.
- Windas**, *s. windlass*, F 184.
- Winde**, *ger. to turn*, T. iii. 1541; *to revolve*, T. ii. 601; *to roam about*, L. 818; *Winde*, *v. wind, entwine*, T. iii. 1232; *intertwine*, 5. 671; *ply, band*, T. i. 257; *bind with cloths*, E 583; *twist and turn*, G 980; *Winde*, 2 *pr. s. subj. mayst go*, T. iii. 1440; *Wond*, *pt. s. wound, went about*, L. 2253.
- Windinge**, *s. twisting*, I 417.
- Wind-melle**, *s. wind-mill*, HF. 1280.
- Windre**, *ger. to trim*, R. 1020; *pp. trimmed*, R. 1018. Cf. O. F. *guignier*.
- Windy**, *adj. unstable as wind*, B 2. p 8. 28.
- Winged**, *provided with wings*, A 1385.
- Winke**, *v. wink*, B 4496; *nod*, F 348; *remain awake*, T. iii. 1537; *Winke*, 1 *pr. s. am asleep*, 5. 7.
- Winne**, *ger. to win, gain*, A 427; *to conquer*, F 214; *to get gain*, C 461; *v. fro*, *to get away from*, T. v. 1125; *Wan*, 1 *pt. s. got*, D 1477; *won, gained*, A 442, 989; *pt. s. used as pt. pl. F* 1401; *Wonen*, *pp. won*, A 877, 3381.
- Winning**, *s. gain, profit*, A 275, D 416.
- Winsinge**, *pres. pt. wincing, starting aside*, i. e. *skittish*, A 3263.
- Winter**, *pl. years*, T. i. 811.
- Wirche**, *v. work*, A 3430; *provide*, E 1661; *give relief*, A 2759; *in passive senses, to be made*, HF. 474; *ger. to perform*, A 3308; *Wirk*, *imp. s. do*, E 1485.
- Wirdes**, *pl. Fates*, L. 2580; *Wierdes*, T. iii. 617.
- Wirk**, *imp. s. work, do*, E 1485.
- Wirkinge**, *s. efficiency*, B 3. p 11. 26; *actions*, D 698; *calculation*, F 1280.
- Wis**, *adv. certainly, verily, surely*, T. ii. 381, 474, 503; A 2786, D 621; *as wis*, *as sure (as)*, T. iv. 1655; *assuredly*, F 1470. See *Ywis*.
- Wisly**, *adv. certainly, truly, verily*, A 1863, 3994, 4162.
- Wisse**, *v. instruct*, T. i. 622; *inform*, D 1415; *show, tell*, D 1008; 2 *pr. s. subj.* teach. 5. 74; *imp. s. direct, guide*, 1. 155. A.S. *wissian*.
- Wisch**, 1 *pt. s. washed*, R. 96, 125.
- Wisshe**, *v. wish*, T. ii. 406.
- Wist**, -e; see *Witen*.
- Wit**, *s. reason*, R. 1535; *understanding*, B 2702; *judgement*, A 279; *mind*, R. 1694; *knowledge, mental power*, R. 401; *wisdom*, T. iv. 1508; *proof of intelligence*, E 459; *Wittes*, *pl. senses*, B 202; *wits*, F 706; *opinions*, F 203.
- Witen**, *ger. to know, to wit*, T. v. 1324; *Wite*, *ger. to know*, 3. 493; *to discover*, D 1450; *do you wite*, *make you know*, *inform you*, T. ii. 1635; *Woot*, 1 *pr. s. wot, know*, A 389; *pr. s. knows*, 2. 30; *Wot*, 1 *pr. s. L. 4*; *pr. s. knows*, B 195; *Woot*, 2 *pr. s. knowest*, T. i. 633; *Wost*, 2 *pr. s. L. 542*; *Wostow*, *thou knowest*, A 2304; *Witen*, 1 *pr. pl. wit, know*, A 1260; *Witen*, 2 *pr. pl. D* 1890; *know ye*, H 1, 82; *Woot (wrongly used for Wite)*, 2 *pr. pl. know*, A 740; *Wiste*, 1 *pt. s. wist, knew*, E 814; *Wistest*, 2 *pt. s. knewest*, A 1156; *Wistestow*, *knewest thou*, T. iii. 1644; *Wiste*, *pt. s. knew*, R. 1344; *Wist*, *pp. known*, B 1072; *Witeth*, *imp. pl. know*, T. i. 687. A.S. *witan*; *pr. t. wolt, wold, wot, pl. witon*; *pt. t. wiste*.
- With**, *with*, A 5, 10, &c.; *to heal with your hurtes*, *to heal your wounds with*, F 471.
- With-drow**, 1 *pt. s. subtracted*, A. ii. 45. 12.
- Withholden**, *ger. to retain*, I 1041; *Withholde*, *pp. retained*, B 2202; *detained*, G 345; *shut up, kept in confinement*, A 511.
- Withinne-forth**, *adv. within*, B 5. p 5. 14.
- With-oute-forth**, *adv. outwardly*, I 172.
- Withouten**, *prep. besides, as well as*, A 461; *excepting*, T. ii. 236.
- Withseye**, *v. contradict, gainsay*, A 805; *refuse*, L. 367; *renounce*, G 457.
- Withstonde**, *v. withstand, oppose*, B 3110; *Withstonde*, *pp. withstood*, T. i. 253.
- Witing**, *s. knowledge, cognisance*, A 1611.
- Witingly**, *adv. knowingly*, I 401.
- Witnesfully**, *adv. publicly*, B 4. p 5. 11.
- Witterly**, *adv. plainly, truly*, L. 2606.
- Wivere**, *v. wyvern, snake*, T. iii. 1010. O. F. *wivre*, lit. *viper*.
- Wlatsom**, *adj. disgusting*, B 3814; *heinous*, B 4243.
- Wo**, *s. woe*, R. 319; *me is wo*, I am sorry,



- L. 1985; *wo were us*, woe would be to us, E 139.  
**Wo**, *adj.* unhappy, R. 312; sad, grieved, A 351.  
**Wode**, *adj.*; see **Wood**.  
**Wode-binde**, *s.* woodbine, honeysuckle, A 1508.  
**Wodedowve**, *s.* wood-pigeon, B 1960.  
**Wodewale**, *s.* the green woodpecker, *Gecinns viridis*, R. 914.  
**Wodnesse**, *s.* madness, T. iii. 794.  
**Wol**, 1 *pr. s.* (I) will, A 42; desire, E 646; *Wole*, 1 *pr. s.* am ready to, T. i. 589; *Wolt*, 2 *pr. s.* wilt, E 314; *Woltow*, wilt thou, A 1544; dost thou wish, B 840; *Wol*, *pr. s.* will, B 60; *willa*, desires, HF. 662; wishes for, T. ii. 396; wishes (to go), will go, L. 1191; permits, H 28; *Wole*, will go, D 353; *wol adoun*, is about to set, I 72; *Wol ye so*, if you so wish it, E 2264; *Wil ye*, wish ye, F 378; *Woln*, *pr. pl.* will, wish (to have), A 2121; *Wollen*, *pr. pl.* will, B 2561; *Wolde*, 1 *pt. s.* desired, 6. 48; should like, B 1637; *Woldestow*, if thou wouldst, L. 760; wouldst thou, B 4536; *Wolde*, *pt. s.* would, A 144; would like to, B 1182; wished, L. 952; required, F 577; would go, would turn, F 496; wished to, 4. 124; T. ii. 514; *Wolde . . . unto*, would go to, B 3786; *god wolde*, oh! that God would grant, 3. 665; *wolde god*, oh! that God would be pleased, D 1103; *Wolde whoso nolde*, i.e. whoever would or would not, T. i. 77; *Wold*, *pp.* desired, 18. 11; willed, B 2190, 2615.  
**Wolde**, *s. dat.* possession, R. 451.  
**Wolle**, *s.* wool, L. 1791.  
**Woln**, *Woltow*; see **Wol**.  
**Wombe**, *s.* belly, A 4290; womb, E 2414; the depression in the front of an astro-labe, A. i. 3. 3.  
**Wombe-side**, the front of the astro-labe, A. i. 6. 10.  
**Wommenhede**, *s.* womanhood, B 851.  
**Wond**; *pt. s.* of *Winde*.  
**Wonde**, *v.* desist, L. 1187.  
**Wonder**, *adj.* wonderful, wondrous, strange, T. i. 419.  
**Wonder**, *adv.* wondrously, R. 242.  
**Wonderly**, *adv.* wondrously, A 84.  
**Wonder-most**, *adj. sup.* most wonderful, HF. 2059.  
**Wonders**, *adv.* wondrously, R. 27.  
**Wone** (*wunə*), *s.* custom, usage, wont, T. ii. 318; HF. 76.  
**Wone**, *v.* dwell, inhabit, G 332; *Woneth*, *pr. s.* dwells, lives, D 1573; *Wonedn*, *pt. pl.* dwell, A 2927; *Woned*, *pp.* dwell, T. i. 276; wont, accustomed, T. ii. 400, v. 277.  
**Wones** (*wōnes*), *pl.* places of retreat, hence, range of buildings, D 2105. See **Woon**.  
**Wonger**, *s.* pillow, B 2102.  
**Woning**, *s.* habitation, house, A 606.  
**Wonne**, *-n*; see **Winne**.  
**Wood**, (*wōod*), *s.* woad, 9. 17.  
**Wood**, (*wōod*), *adj.* mad, A 184, 582, 637; mad with anger, D 313; *for wood*, as being mad, madly, furiously, L. 2420; *for pure wood*, for very rage, R. 270; *ten so wood*, ten times as fierce, L. 777.  
**Wode**, *def. adj.* mad, T. ii. 1355.  
**Woodeth**, *pr. s.* rages, G 467.  
**Woodly**, *adv.* madly, A 1301.  
**Woodnesse**, *s.* madness, rage, A 2011, 3452.  
**Woon** (*wōon*), *s.* resource, T. iv. 1181; plenty, abundance, L. 1652; number, L. 2161; retreat, secure place, HF. 1160; *of some woon*, abundance of sorrow, 3. 475; *Wones*, *pl.* places of retreat, range of buildings, D 2105.  
**Woost**, **Woot**; see **Wite**.  
**Wopen**, *pp.* of *Wepe*.  
**Worcher**, *s.* worker, maker, 4. 261.  
**Worotheth**, *pr. s.* works, 3. 815.  
**Word**, *s.* word, A 304; *good word*, approval, T. v. 1081; *wo. by w.*, word by word, D 2444; *at shorte wordes*, briefly, in a word, L. 2462; *hadde the wordes*, was spokesman, I 67.  
**Word and ende** (*for Ord and ende*), beginning and end, T. ii. 1495, iii. 702, v. 1669; B 3911.  
**Worm-foul**, *s.* birds which eat worms, 5. 505.  
**Wort**, *s.* unfermented beer, wort, G 812.  
**Wortes**, *pl.* herbs, B 4411, E 226.  
**Worthen**, *v.* be, dwell, T. v. 329; to become, 4. 248; *Worth*, *pr. s.* is, (*or, as fut.*) shall be; (*hence*) *Wo worth*, it is woe to, it shall be woe to, it is ill for. it shall be ill for, T. ii. 344; *Wel worth* of dremes ay thise olde wyves, it is well for these old wives as regards dreams, i.e. dreams are all very well for old women, T. v. 379; *Wel worth* [not worthe] of this thing grete clerkes, it is well for great writers as regards this thing, i.e. this thing is all very well for great writers, HF. 53; *Worth upon*, gets upon, B 1941; *Worth up*, get up on, mount, T. ii. 1011.  
**Wost**, **Wostow**, **Wot**; see **Wite**.

**Wouke**, *a. week*, T. iv. 1278, v. 492.  
**Wounde**, *a. wound*, l. 79; *plague* (Lat. *plaga*), I 593; *Woundes of Egipte*, *pl. plagues of Egypt* (unlucky days so called), 3. 1207.  
**Wowe**, *ger. to woo*, T. v. 1091.  
**Wowing**, *a. wooing*, L. 1553.  
**Woxen**, *pp. of Wexe*.  
**Wrak**, *a. wreck*, B 513.  
**Wrak**, *pt. a. avenged*, T. v. 1468.  
**Wrang**, *adv. wrongly, amiss* (Northern), A 4252.  
**Wrastlen**, *v. wrestle*, B 3456.  
**Wrathen**, *ger. to render angry*, T. iii. 174.  
**Wraw**, *adj. angry*, H 46; *Wrawe*, *peevish, fretful*, I 677.  
**Wrawnesse**, *a. peevishness, fretfulness*, I 680.  
**Wreocche**, *a. sorrowful creature*, A 931; *wretched man*, T. i. 708.  
**Wreocche**, *adj. wretched*, F 1020.  
**Wreochednesse**, *a. misery*, B 3540; *mean act*, F 1523; *folly*, I 34; *miserable performance*, F 1271; *miserable fare*, H 171.  
**Wreche**, *a. vengeance*, T. v. 890, 896.  
**Wreek**, *imper. s. of Wreke*.  
**Wreen**, *v. cover, clothe*, R. 56; *Wraigh*, *pl. s. covered, hid*, T. iii. 1056.  
**Wreke**, (*wreke*), *v. wreak, avenge*, C 857; *pr. s. subj. avenge*, L. 2340; *2 pr. pl. F* 454; *Wrak*, *pt. s. T. v. 1468*; *Wraken*, *pp. revenged*, F 784; *Wroken*, *pp. T. i. 88*.  
**Wreker**, *a. avenger*, 5. 361.  
**Wrenches**, *a. pl. frauds, stratagems, tricks*, G 1081.  
**Wreste**, *v. constrain, force*, T. iv. 1427.  
**Wreye**, *v. bewray, reveal*, A 3503.  
**Wrighte**, *a. workman*, A 614.  
**Wringe**, *v. squeeze, force a way*, HF. 2110; *wring*, HF. 299; *Wrong*, *pt. s. wrung, pinched*, D 492.  
**Writ**, *a. scripture*, A 739.  
**Writ**, *-e, -en*; see **Wryte**.  
**Wroght**, *-e*; see **Werche**.  
**Wroken**, *pp. of Wreke*.  
**Wrong**, *s.*; *had wrong, was wrong*, 3. 1282.  
**Wrong**, *adv. astray*, A 1267.  
**Wrooth** (*wrooth*), *adj. wroth, angry*, 3. 513, 519.  
**Wrot**, *pt. s. wrote*, T. i. 655.  
**Wroteth**, *pr. s. tears with the snout, buries the snout, pokes about*, I 157.  
**Wrye**, *ger. to hide*, T. iii. 1569; *to disguise*, T. i. 329; *v. cover*, E 887.

**Wrye**, *a. reveal, discover, flood with light*, 4. 91. Variant of **Wreye**, q. v. [It might be better to read *wreye*, and *deye* in l. 90.]  
**Wryen**, *a. turn aside*, 3. 627; *ger. to turn, go*, T. ii. 906; *pt. s. bent*, A 3283.  
**Wryte**, *a. write*, A 96; *Writ*, *pr. s. writeth, writes*, T. i. 394; *Wroot*, *pt. s. B* 725; *Wröt*, T. i. 655; *Writen*, *pt. pl. wrote*, HF. 1504; *Write*, *1 pt. s. subj. were to write*, B 3843; *Writen*, *pp. written*, 2. 43.  
**Wrythe**, *ger. to turn aside*, T. iv. 9; *to wriggle out*, T. iv. 986; *Wrytheth*, *pr. s. writhes out, throws forth wreaths of smoke* (Lat. *torquet*), B 1. m. 4. 10; *Wryth*, *pr. s. writhes, wreathes*, T. iii. 1231.  
**Wyd**, *adj. wide*, A 491.  
**Wyde**, *adv. widely, far*, T. i. 629.  
**Wyde-where**, *far and wide, everywhere*, B 136.  
**Wyf**, *a. woman*, C 71; *wife*, 3. 1082; *mistress of a household*, G 1015; *to w.*, for *wife*, A 1860; *Wyves*, *pl. women, wives*, L. 484.  
**Wyfhood**, *a. womanhood*, B 76.  
**Wyflees**, *adj. wifeless*, E 1236.  
**Wyfly**, *adv. womanly, wife-like*, L. 1737.  
**Wyke**, *a. week*, T. ii. 430, 1273.  
**Wyle**, *a. wile, plot*, T. iii. 1077; *subtlety*, 5. 215.  
**Wyn**, *a. wine*, A 334; *wyn ape*, H 44, *wine which made a man behave like an ape* (so also *lion-wine*, *pig-wine*, *sheep-wine*).  
**Wynt**, *pr. s. turns, directs*, L. 85; *Wond*, *pt. s. wound*, L. 2253.  
**Wyr**, *a. bit*, L. 1205.  
**Wys**, *adj. wise, prudent*, A 68; *to make it wys*, *to make it a subject for deliberation, to hesitate*, A 785.  
**Wyse**, *a. way, manner*, L. 20.  
**Wyser**, *adj. wiser, one wiser than you*, L. 2634.  
**Wyte**, *a. blame, reproach*, G 953; *yow to wyte*, *for a blame to you, i. e. laid to your charge*, R. 1541.  
**Wyte**, *ger. to blame*, T. i. 825 (*understand is before nought*); *Wyten*, *v. accuse*, I 1016.

## Y.

**Y-**, *a prefix used especially with the pp., like the A. S. ge- and G. ge-*. See below. It also occurs in the infinitive, as in *y-finde*, *y-here*, *y-knowe*, *y-see*, *y-thee*.

- It also occurs in the adjective *y-sena*.  
For further information, see under the forms of the infinitive mood; e.g. for the infin. of *y-bake*, see *Bake*.
- Yaf**, *pt. s. of* Yeve, to give.  
**Yald**, *pt. s. of* Yelden, to yield.  
**Yare**, *adj.* ready, L. 2270.  
**Yate**, *s. gate*, T. ii. 617.  
**Yave**; see *Yeve*.  
**Y-bake**, *pp.* baked, L. 709.  
**Y-banisht**, *pp.* banished, L. 1863.  
**Y-barred**, *pp.* barred, R. 480.  
**Y-bathed**, *pp.* bathed, T. iv. 815.  
**Y-bedded**, *pp.* put to bed, T. v. 346.  
**Y-been**, *pp.* been, B 4487.  
**Y-benched**, *pp.* furnished with benches, L. 98 a.  
**Y-beten**, *pp.* beaten, T. i. 741; beaten, forged, A 2162; formed in beaten gold, A 979; struck, coined, L. 1122.  
**Y-blent**, *pp.* blinded, R. 1610; A 3808; deceived, 3. 647.  
**Y-blessed**, *pp.* blessed, B 4638.  
**Y-bleynt**, *pp.* blenched, turned aside, A 3753.  
**Y-blowe**, *pp.* blown, T. i. 384.  
**Y-boren**, *pp.* born, C 704, E 626; **Y-bore**, born, E 158; borne, carried, T. v. 1650; moved, F 326.  
**Y-bought**, *pp.* bought, T. i. 810.  
**Y-bounden**, *pp.* bound, 5. 268.  
**Y-bowed**, *pp.* diverted, B 4. p 6. 179.  
**Y-brend**, *pp.* burnt, G 318; **Y-brent**, HF. 940.  
**Y-brought**, *pp.* brought, L. 938.  
**Y-brouded**, *pp.* embroidered, L. 159 a.  
Cf. A. S. *brogden*, *pp.* of *bregdan*.  
**Y-caught**, *pp.* fixed, 3. 838.  
**Y-chaped**, *pp.* furnished with chapes or metal caps (which were placed at the end of the sheath), A 366.  
**Y-cheyned**, *pp.* chained, 17. 14.  
**Y-clad**, *pp.* clad, clothed, R. 890.  
**Y-clawed**, *pp.* clawed, torn, D 1731.  
**Y-clenohed**, *pp.* clinched, riveted, A 1991.  
**Y-cleped**, *pp.* called, A 410, 867, G 129, H 2; invoked, T. iv. 504; summoned, B 2435; named, A 3313; **Y-clept**, called, A 376.  
**Y-comen**, *pp.* come, HF. 1074; *ycome* about, come about, passed, B 3364.  
**Y-córouned**, *pp.* crowned, L. 219.  
**Y-corumped**, *pp.* corrupted, B 5. p 2. 28.  
**Y-corven**, *pp.* cut, G 533; **Y-corve**, A 2013. See *Kerve*.  
**Y-coupled**, *pp.* coupled, wedded, E 1219.  
**Y-coyned**, *pp.* coined, C 770.
- Y-crased**, *pp.* cracked, broken, 3. 324.  
**Y-cristned**, *pp.* baptized, B 240.  
**Y-crowe**, *pp.* crowed, A 3357.  
**Y-dampned**, *pp.* condemned, L. 2030.  
**Y-darted**, *pp.* pierced with a dart, T. iv. 240.  
**Ydel**, *adj.* idle, empty, vain, B 2778; *in ydel*, in vain, B 2494, F 867.  
**Y-dight**, *pp.* decked, A 3205.  
**Ydolastre**, *s.* idolater, B 3377.  
**Ydole**, *s.* idol, 3. 626.  
**Y-doon**, *pp.* done, B 4610; over, E 1894.  
**Y-drad**, *pp.* dreaded, T. iii. 1775.  
**Y-drawe**, *pp.* drawn, A 396, 944.  
**Y-dressed**, *pp.* dressed, arranged, set, E 381.  
**Y-dronke**, *pp.* drunk, B 2601.  
**Y-dropped**, *pp.* bedropped, covered with drops, A 2884.  
**Yē**, *s. eye*, R. 296; *at yē*, at eye, to sight, evidently, G 964, 1059; *Saugh with yē*, perceived, A 3415; **Yēn**, *pl. eyne*, eyes, B 3260, 3392.  
**Ye**, *adv.* yea, verily, T. i. 534.  
**Yeddinges**, *pl.* songs, A 237.  
**Yede**, *pt. s.* walked, went, G 1141, 1281. A. S. *ēode*.  
**Yeer**, *s. year*, A 347; **Yere** (*in par.* many a yere), B 134; **Yeres** ende, year's end, D 916; **Yeer** by yere, year after year, B 1688; **Fro yeer** to yere, 5. 321; **Yeer**, (*archaic*) *pl.* A 82; **Yeres**, (*new*) *pl.* B 463.  
**Yef**, *imp. s.* give, T. v. 308.  
**Yeftes**, *pl.* gifts, T. iv. 392.  
**Yelden**, *ger.* to yield up, D 912; to yield to, pay, D 1811; **Yelt**, *pr. s.* yields, T. i. 385; **Yelde**, *pr. s. subj.* requite, D 1772, 2177; **Yald**, *pt. s.* afforded, B 4. m 7. 25; **Yeld**, *imp. s.* restore, C 189; **Yolden**, *pp.* yielded, T. i. 801; submissive, T. iii. 96; **Yeldinge**, *pres. pt.* giving, B 2994.  
**Yeldhalle**, *s.* guild-hall, A 370.  
**Yelding**, *s.* produce, lit. 'yielding,' A 596.  
**Yelleden**, *pt. pl.* yelled, B 4579.  
**Yelpe**, *ger.* to boast, A 2238; *pr. pl.* prate, T. iii. 307.  
**Yelwe**, *adj.* yellow, R. 310.  
**Yeman**, *s.* yeoman, A 101.  
**Yemanly**, *adv.* in a yeomanlike manner, A 106.  
**Yen** = **Yēn**, *pl.* eyes; see **Yē**.  
**Y-ended**, *pp.* ended, R. 1315.  
**Yerd**, *s.* yard, garden, E. 492.  
**Yerde**, *s.* rod, stick, T. i. 257, 740; switch.

- A 149; rod, 'caduceus,' A 1387; yard (in length), A 1050; correction, E 22.
- Yerne**, *adj.* eager, brisk, lively, A 3257.
- Yerne**, *adv.* eagerly, soon, D 993; briskly, quickly, glibly, S 3; C 398; *as y.*, very soon, HF. 910.
- Yerne**, *ger.* to yearn for, to be longed for, T. iv. 198; *v.* desire, T. iii. 152.
- Yeten** (yéeten), *v.* pour, shed, B 1. m 7. 1. A.S. *gētan*.
- Yeve**, *v.* give, A 232; Yevest, 2 *pr. s.* givest, F 1033; Yeveth, *pr. s.* E 93; Yeve, *pr. s. subj.* may (he) give, E 30; Yaf, 1 *pt. s.* gave, E 861; Yaven, *pt. pl.* G 415; Yeven, *pt. pl. subj.* would give, HF. 1708; Yeven, *pp.* given, A 1086; devoted, 7. 111.
- Yeveres**, *pl.* givers, I 791.
- Yeving**, *s.* giving, 18. 37; what one gives, 4. 230.
- Yexeth**, *pr. s.* hiccoughs, A 4151.
- Y-fallen**, *pp.* fallen, B 3166; happened, G 1043; having befallen, C 496.
- Y-fare**, *pp.* gone, T. iii. 577.
- Y-felawshipped**, *pp.* made companions, B 2. p 6. 91.
- Y-fere**, together, B 394, E 1113, G 380. Cf. *Inferre*.
- Y-fet**, *pp.* fetched, F 174, G 1116.
- Y-fetered**, *pp.* fettered, A 1229.
- Y-fethered**, *pp.* feathered, R 951.
- Y-feyned**, *pp.* feigned, invented, L 327 a; evaded, E 529.
- Y-ficched**, *pp.* fixed, B 4. p 6. 125.
- Y-finde**, *v.* find, F 470; Y-founde, *pp.* L 1668.
- Y-flit**, *pp.* moved, whirled along, B 1. m 2. 14.
- Y-folowed**, *pp.* followed, 3. 390.
- Y-forged**, *pp.* made, A 3256.
- Y-formed**, *pp.* created, HF. 490.
- Y-fostred**, *pp.* fostered, sustained, E 213; brought up, A 3946.
- Y-founde**, *pp.* found, A 1211, 3514.
- Y-founded**, *pp.* set on a foundation, 5. 231; based, 3. 922.
- Y-freten**, *pp.* eaten, devoured, L 1951.
- Y-frounced**, *adj.* wrinkled, R 155.
- Y-fyned**, *adj.* refined, delicately formed, R. 1696.
- Y-fyred**, *pp.* fired, L 1013.
- Y-gordoned**, *pp.* rewarded, B 5. p 3. 182.
- Y-geten**, *pp.* gotten, procured, A 3564.
- Y-glased**, *pp.* glazed, 3. 323.
- Y-glewed**, *pp.* fixed tight, F 182.
- Y-glosed**, *pp.* flattered, H 34.
- Y-goon**, *pp.* gone, L 2206, 2213.
- Y-graunted**, *pp.* granted, C 388.
- Y-grave**, *pp.* dug up, out, L 204; dug out, 3. 164; engraved, graven, A 3796; buried, D 496.
- Y-greved**, *pp.* harmed, A 4181.
- Y-grounde**, *pp.* ground, A 3991; sharpened, pointed, A 2549.
- Y-grounded**, *pp.* grounded, 3. 921.
- Y-growen**, *pp.* grown, A 3973.
- Y-halwed**, *pp.* consecrated, L 1871.
- Y-harded**, *pp.* hardened, F 245.
- Y-hated**, *pp.* hated, HF. 200.
- Y-hent**, *pp.* seized, caught, C 868.
- Y-herd**, *pp. as adj.* covered with hair, A 3738.
- Y-here**, *v.* hear, T. iv. 1313.
- Y-heried**, *pp.* praised, T. ii. 973.
- Y-hevied**, *pp.* weighed down, B 5. m 5. 26.
- Y-hid**, *pp.* hid, G 317.
- Y-hight**, *pp.* called, T. v. 541.
- Y-holde**, *pp.* esteemed to be, A 2374; celebrated, A 2958; considered, C 602; indebted, L 1954; continued, E 1932; restrained, HF. 1286.
- Y-hurt**, *pp.* hurt, A 2709.
- Y-japed**, *pp.* jested, T. i. 318.
- Yif**, *conj. if*, L 2059, 2312.
- Yif**, *imp. s.* give; see *Yive*.
- Yift**, *s.* gift, 3. 247, 695, 1270.
- Yilden**, *ger.* to repay, B 5. p 1. 14; Yildeth, *pr. s.* yields, produces, B 4. m 6. 31. See *Yelden*.
- Y-joigned**, *pp.* joined, B 2. p 6. 93.
- Yis**, *yes*, L 517.
- Yisterday**, yesterday, R. 1040.
- Yit**, *yet*, L 4. 106.
- Yive**, *ger.* to give, A 225; Yiveth, *pr. s.* gives, 18. 38; *pr. s. subj.* may (he) give, 3. 683; Yiven, *pp.* given, granted, 3. 765.
- Yiver**, *s.* giver, L 2228.
- Y-kempt**, *pp.* combed, A 4369.
- Y-kist**, *pp.* kissed, T. iv. 1689.
- Y-kneled**, *pp.* kneeled, L 1232.
- Y-knet**, *pp.* knotted, tightly bound, T. iii. 1734; Y-knit, joined, 6. 32.
- Y-knowe**, *v.* know, F 887; recognize, HF. 1336; discern, D 1370; *pp.* known, 3. 392.
- Y-korven**, *pp.* cut, B 1801.
- Y-koud**, *pp.* known well, 3. 666.
- Y-lad**, *pp.* carried (in a cart), A 530.
- Y-left**, *pp.* left, A 2746; left behind, F 1128.
- Y-laid**, *pp.* laid, L 2141.
- Y-lain**, *pp.* lain, remained, L 2410.
- Yle**, *s.* isle, island, HF. 416, 440; region, province, L 1425.

- Y-lent**, *pp.* lent, G 1406.  
**Y-lered**, *pp.* educated, T. i. 976.  
**Y-let**, *pp.* hindered, obstructed, B 5. p 4. 34.  
**Y-leten**, *pp.* left, allowed, B 4. p 4. 308.  
**Y-leyd**, *pp.* laid, A 3568.  
**Y-liche**, *adj.* alike, similar, L 389.  
**Y-liche**, *adv.* alike, equally, A 2526.  
**Y-lissed**, *pp.* eased, T. i. 1089.  
**Y-lived**, *pp.* lived, T. v. 933.  
**Y-logged**, *pp.* lodged, B 4181.  
**Y-loren**, *pp.* lost, L 26; **Y-lorn**, *pp.* lost, T. iv. 1250.  
**Y-lost**, *pp.* lost, HF. 183.  
**Y-loved**, *pp.* loved, T. i. 594.  
**Y-lyk**, *adj.* like, A 592; **alike**, A 2734; **Y-lyke**, like, A 1539.  
**Y-lyke**, *adv.* alike, equally, L 55, 731.  
**Y-lymed**, *pp.* caught (as birds with bird-lime), D 934.  
**Y-maad**, *pp.* made, caused, HF. 691.  
**Ymageries**, *pl.* carved work, HF. 1190, 1304.  
**Ymagined**, *pp.* considered, intentional, I 448.  
**Y-made**, *pp.* made, L 122, 222.  
**Y-marked**, *pp.* set down, marked out, planned, HF. 1103.  
**Y-masked**, *pp.* enmeshed, T. iii. 1734.  
**Y-medled**, *pp.* mingled, T. iii. 815.  
**Y-mel**, *prep.* among (Northern), A 4171.  
**Y-ment**, *pp.* intended, HF. 1742.  
**Y-met**, *pp.* met, A 2624; **Y-mette**, as *pl. adj.* met, B 1115.  
**Y-meynd**, *pp.* mixed, mingled, A 2170.  
**Y-moeved**, *pp.* moved, B 4. m 6. 7.  
**Ympne**, a lyric poem (lit. hymn), L 422.  
**Y-mused**, *pp.* mused, reflected, HF. 1287.  
**Y-nempned**, *pp.* named, I 598.  
**Y-nogh**, *adj.* enough, sufficient, A 373, 3149; **Y-now**, G 1018; **Y-nowe**, *pl.* 5. 233.  
**Y-nogh**, *adv.* enough, sufficiently, 6. 13; **Y-nough**, R. 247.  
**Y-nome**, *pp.* caught, overcome, T. i. 242; taken, L 2343.  
**Y-norissed**, *pp.* educated, T. v. 821.  
**Y-offred**, *pp.* offered, dedicated, L 932.  
**Yok**, a yoke, E 113, 1285.  
**Yolde**, -n; see **Yelden**.  
**Yolle**, *pr. pl.* cry aloud, A 2672.  
**Yomanrye**, a yeomanry, A 3949.  
**Yon**, *adj.* yon, A 4178.  
**Yond**, *adv.* yonder, A 1099.  
**Yong**, *adj.* young, A 79.  
**Yonghede**, a *dat.* youth, R 351.  
**Yore**, *adv.* formerly, of old, B 174. 272 for a long time, a long while, A 1812; long ago, long, 1. 150; **yore ago**, long ago, 5. 17; **yore ago**, A 3437; **ful y.**, very long ago, 7. 243, 346; **af tyme y.**, of old time, F 963.  
**Youling**, a loud lamentation, A 1278.  
**Y-painted**, *pp.* painted, R 892.  
**Y-passed**, *pp.* passed, R 380; **past**, E 1892.  
**Y-payed**, *pp.* paid, A 1802.  
**Y-piked**, *pp.* picked over, G 941.  
**Y-pleased**, *pp.* pleased, D 930.  
**Y-pleyned**, *pp.* complained, T. iv. 1688.  
**Y-pleynted**, *pp.* full of complaint, T. v. 1597.  
**Y-plounged**, *pp.* plunged, sunk, B 2. p 11. 122.  
**Y-plied**, *pp.* pleated, gathered, B 1. p 2. 31.  
**Ypocras**, Hippocrates; hence a kind of cordial, C 306.  
**Ypocryte**, a hypocrite, F 514.  
**Y-portreyd**, *pp.* covered with pictures, R. 897.  
**Y-porveyed**, *pp.* foreseen, B 5. p 3. 45.  
**Y-prayed**, *pp.* invited, E 269.  
**Y-preised**, *pp.* praised, HF. 1577.  
**Y-preved**, *pp.* proved (to be), A 485.  
**Y-pulled**, *pp.* plucked, i. e. with superfluous hairs plucked out, A 3245.  
**Y-purveyed**, *pp.* foreseen, B 5. p 3. 88.  
**Y-queynt**, *pp.* quenched, A 3754.  
**Y-quiked**, *pp.* kindled, I 536.  
**Y-quit**, *pp.* quit, acquitted, F 673.  
**Y-raft**, *pp.* bereft, snatched away, A 2015; **raft**, robbed, L 1572.  
**Yre**, a ire, anger, vexation, 1. 30.  
**Y-red**, *pp.* read, T. iv. 799.  
**Y-reke**, *pp.* raked together, A 3882.  
**Y-rekened**, *pp.* accounted, D 367; taken into account, F 427.  
**Yren**, a iron, R. 1184.  
**Yren**, *adj.* iron, G 759.  
**Y-rent**, *pp.* taken, T. v. 1654; **torn**, B 844.  
**Y-ronge**, *pp.* rung, told loudly, HF. 1655.  
**Y-ronne**, *pp.* run, A 8, 3893; continued, L 1943; run together, A 2693; interlaced, R. 1396; clustered, A 2165.  
**Y-rouned**, *pp.* whispered, HF. 2107.  
**Y-satled**, *pp.* settled, E 2405.  
**Y-sayd**, *pp.* said, 3. 270.  
**Y-scaled**, *pp.* scalded, A 2020.  
**Y-schette**, *pp.* pl. shut, B 560.  
**Yse**, a ice, HF. 1130.

- Y-see**, *v.* behold, T. ii. 354; *imp. s.* see, look, T. ii. 1253; **Y-seyn**, *pp.* seen, L. 2076.  
**Y-sene**, *adj.* visible, A 592, F 996; manifest, T. iv. 1607; L. 1394. A.S. *gesene*, *gesyne*.  
**Y-set**, *pp.* set, A 4337; placed, 5. 149; set down, F 173; seated, C 392; appointed, A 1635; planted, R. 604.  
**Y-seye**, *pp.* seen, HF. 1367; **Y-seyn**, T. v. 448.  
**Y-seyled**, *pp.* sailed, B 4289.  
**Y-shad**, *pp.* scattered (Lat. *sparsas*), B 3. m 2. 33.  
**Y-shaken**, *pp.* quivering, sparkling, B 1. m 3. 17.  
**Y-shamed**, *pp.* put to shame, HF. 356.  
**Y-shapen**, (*strong*) *pp.* shaped, prepared, B 3420; provided, A 4179; contrived, G 1080; **Y-shaped**, (*weak*) *pp.* prepared, T. iii. 1240.  
**Y-shave**, *pp.* shaven, A 690.  
**Y-shent**, *pp.* put to shame, severely blamed, D 1312.  
**Y-shette**, *pp. pl.* shut, B 2159.  
**Y-shewed**, *pp.* shown, T. v. 1251; made manifest, 4. 181.  
**Y-shore**, *pp.* shorn, T. iv. 996.  
**Y-shove**, *pp.* borne about, L. 726.  
**Y-slayn**, *pp.* slain, HF. 159; **Y-slawe**, B 484.  
**Y-smite**, *pp.* smitten, wounded, B 3. m 7. 7.  
**Y-songe**, *pp.* sung, D 1726; **Y-songen**, L. 270.  
**Y-sought**, *pp.* sought, T. iii. 1317.  
**Y-sounded**, *pp.* sunk, T. ii. 535.  
**Y-sowen**, *pp.* sown, HF. 1488.  
**Y-spel**, *pp.* sped, A 4220.  
**Y-spended**, *pp.* spent, B 5. p 4. 15.  
**Y-sprad**, *pp.* spread, B 1644; **Y-spred**, A 4140.  
**Y-spreynd**, *pp.* sprinkled, A 2169.  
**Y-spronge**, *pp.* sprung, shot out, R. 718; divulged, HF. 2081.  
**Y-stalled**, *pp.* installed, HF. 1364.  
**Y-stiked**, *pp.* stuck, A 1565; stabbed, F 1476.  
**Y-stint**, *pp.* stopped, D 390.  
**Y-stonde**, *pp.* stood, been, T. v. 1612.  
**Y-stonge**, *pp.* stung, C 355.  
**Y-storve**, *pp.* dead, A 2014.  
**Y-strawed**, *pp.* bestrewn, 3. 629.  
**Y-strike**, *pp.* struck, 11. 34.  
**Y-suffred**, *pp.* suffered, T. v. 415.  
**Y-sweped**, *pp.* swept, G 938.  
**Y-sworn**, *pp.* sworn, A 1132; sworn (to do it), T. v. 283.  
**Y-swowned**, *pp.* swowned, L. 1342.  
**Y-take**, *pp.* caught, B 3514; taken, L. 617.  
**Y-thanked**, *pp.* thanked, D 2118.  
**Y-thee**, *v.* thrive, T. iv. 439.  
**Y-thewed**, *pp.* disposed; *wel y-thewed*, well-conducted, 5. 47; R. 1008.  
**Y-thonked**, *pp.* thanked, T. iv. 2.  
**Y-throngen**, *pp.* confined, B 2. p 7. 53.  
**Y-throwe**, *pp.* thrown, T. iv. 6; cast out, 2. 89.  
**Y-told**, *pp.* told, A 3109.  
**Y-turned**, *pp.* turned, B 4. m 5. 1.  
**Y-travailed**, *pp.* laboured, with difficulty, B 5. p 3. 45.  
**Y-trespased**, *pp.* sinned, B 2609.  
**Y-tressed**, *pp.* plaited in tresses, T. v. 810.  
**Y-treted**, *pp.* discussed, B 4. p 1. 70.  
**Y-tukked**, *pp.* tucked up, L. 982.  
**Y-turned**, *pp.* turned, A 1238, 2062.  
**Y-twinned**, *pp.* parted, T. iv. 788.  
**Yve**, B 4156; *see* Erbe.  
**Yvel**, *adj.* ill, evil, T. ii. 1001.  
**Yvel**, *adv.* ill, R. 213, 1067.  
**Yveles**, *s. pl.* evils, B 2618.  
**Yvory**, *s.* ivory, B 2066; **Yvoire**, 3. 946.  
**Y-voyded**, *pp.* removed, F 1159.  
**Y-war**, *adj.* aware, T. ii. 398.  
**Y-warned**, *pp.* warned, B 4422.  
**Y-waxen**, *pp.* grown, become, T. v. 275; **Y-waxe**, 3. 1275.  
**Y-wedded**, *pp.* wedded, L. 1179.  
**Y-went**, *pp.* gone, HF. 976.  
**Y-went**, *pp.* weened, imagined, T. v. 444.  
**Y-wet**, *pp.* wetted, A 4155.  
**Y-whet**, *pp.* whetted, 7. 212.  
**Y-wimpled**, *pp.* provided with a wimple, A 470; covered with a wimple, L. 797.  
**Y-wis**, *adv.* certainly, truly, verily, R. 279, 350, 357.  
**Y-wist**, *pp.* known, B 5. p 3. 36.  
**Y-wonne**, *pp.* gained, T. iv. 1315; won, D 2293; arrived, L. 2427.  
**Y-worthe**, *pp.* become, 3. 579.  
**Y-wounde**, *pp.* wound, covered up, 12. 18.  
**Y-woven**, *pp.* woven, completed, L. 2360.  
**Y-woxen**, *pp.* grown, E 1462.  
**Y-written**, *pp.* written, 5. 124, 141.  
**Y-writhen**, *pp.* wreathed, wrapped round, R. 160.  
**Y-wroght**, *pp.* made, A 196, B 2054; shaped, L. 1173; depicted, 3. 327; orna-

mented, B. 897; Y-wroghte, *pp. pl.*  
fashioned, 5. 123.  
Y-wroken, *pp.* avenged, 16. 26; Y-wroke,  
wreaked, T. v. 589.  
Y-wronge, *pp.* forced, L. 2527.  
Y-wryen, *pp.* hidden, T. iii. 1451; covered,  
A. 2904.  
Y-yeve, *pp.* given, T. iii. 1376; Y-yive,  
T. iii. 1611.

## Z.

Zeles, *pl.* zeal, T. v. 1859.  
Zodia, *s. pl.* beasts, A. i. 21. 61.  
Zodiac, *s.* zodiac, A. pr. 109. An imaginary  
belt in the heavens, of the breadth of  
12°, along the middle of which runs  
the ecliptic. The Astrolabe only showed  
the northern half of this belt.

- Tembrace**, *for* To embrace, T. v. 224; E 1101.
- Temen**, v. bring; *temen us on bere*, bring us on our bier, let us die, HF. 1744.
- Temper**, s. mood, R. 346.
- Temperance**, s. temperance, moderation, F 785.
- Tempest**, s. storm, A 406; tempest (alluding to a passage in Statius), A 884.
- Tempest thee**, *imp.* s. violently distress thyself, 13. 8; 2 *pr. s. subj.* vex, perturb, B 2. p. 4. 75.
- Tempestuous**, *adj.* tempestuous, T. ii. 5.
- Temple**, s. inn of court, A 567.
- Temprede**, *pt. s.* modulated, B 3. m. 12. 22; *pp.* tempered, G 926. (In alchemy, to *temper* is to adjust or moderate heat.)
- Temps**, s. tense; *futur temps*, future tense, time to come, G 875.
- Temptour**, s. tempter, D 1655.
- Ten**, *ten*, A 454; *ten so wood*, ten times as mad, L. 735.
- Tenbrace**, to embrace, B 1891.
- Tencreasen**, to increase, E 1808.
- Tendure**, to endure, E 756, 811.
- Tendyte**, *for* To endyte, to compose, write, T. i. 6; to relate, A 1209.
- Tene**, s. vexation, A 3106; sorrow, grief, T. v. 240; cross, trouble, T. ii. 61. A.S. *tena*.
- Tenour**, s. outline of the story, L. 929.
- Tenquere**, *for* To enquire, to ask, E 1543.
- Tenspyre**, *for* To enspyre, i. e. to inspire, G 1470.
- Tenthe**, tenth, HF. 63, 111; Tenthe some, company of ten, T. ii. 1249. (Sometimes *tenthe* some means 'ten in all'.)
- Tentify**, *adv.* attentively, carefully, E 334.
- Tercol**, *adj.* male (of an eagle), 5. 393, 449; *pl.* 5. 540; *as* a male eagle, 5. 405.
- Tercelet**, s. male falcon, 5. 529, 533; F 504, 621; Tercelets, *pl.* male birds of prey, 5. 659; male hawks, F 648. 'Tercelet, m. the tassell, or male of any kind of hawke, so tearmed, because he is, commonly, a third part lesse then the female'; Cotgrave.
- Tere**, s. tear, B 3251.
- Tere**, v. tear, B 1326; scratch, R. 325; Torn, *pp.* L. 2103.
- Terins**, s. *pl.* tarins, siskins, R. 665. F. *tarin*.
- Termes**, s. set time, appointed time, T. v. 666; period, space of time, 'term', a portion of the sodiae, being one-third of a 'sign', or 10°, F 1288; (during the term, A 1029; *termes of his lyve*, while he lives, G 1479; *in terme*, in set phrases, C 311; *pl.* pedantic phrases, A 323; legal jargon, R. 199; periods, A 3028; terms, C 51, F 1266.
- Termes-day**, s. appointed day, 3. 730.
- Termyne**, v. determine, express in 'good set terms', 5. 530.
- Terrestre**, *adj.* earthly, E 1332.
- Terve**, *pr. s. subj.* flay, G 1274 (so in MS. E.); Terved (not Terved), *pp.* skinned, G 1171 (so in MS. E.). This is certainly the right word; in G 1171, read *terved* [not *torned*], and in G 1274, read *terves* [not *torne*]. See my letter in the Athenaeum, Mar. 24, 1894. So in Havelok, 603, *for tirmeden* read *tirueden* = *tirveden*, i. e. rolled back.
- Tery**, *adj.* tearful, T. iv. 821.
- Tescape**, to escape, F 1357.
- Tespye**, *for* To espye, to spy out, espy, B 1989, 4478.
- Testers**, *pl.* head-pieces, A 2499.
- Testes**, s. *pl.* vessels for assaying metals (Tyrwhitt), G 818.
- Testif**, *adj.* heady, headstrong, T. v. 802; A 4004.
- Tete**, s. teat, A 3704.
- Texpounden**, to expound, B 1716.
- Text**, s. text, quotation from an author, B 45; saying, A 177, 182; text (as opposed to a gloss), 3. 333.
- Textuel**, *adj.* well versed in texts, learned, H 235; I 57.
- Teyd**, *pp.* tied, bound, E 2432.
- Teyne**, s. a thin plate of metal, G 1225, 1229. Lat. *tenia*.
- Th'**, *for* The; common, as in thabsence, *for* the absence.
- Thabsence**, the absence, A 1239.
- Thadversitee**, the adversity, E 756.
- Thakketh**, *pr. s.* strokes, pats, D 1559. A.S. *þaccan*.
- Thalighte**, *for* Thee alighte; in *thee alighte*, alighted in thee, B 1660.
- Thank**, s. expression of thanks, A 612; thanks, E 2388; *can th.*, owes thanks, A 1808; *his th.*, the thanks to him, L. 452; *my thanks*, by my goodwill, willingly, R. 1666; *his thanks*, of his free will, willingly, A 1626; *hir thanks*, of their own will, A 2114.
- Thanke**, 1 *pr. s.* thank, E 1088; Th. hit thee, thank thee for it, 10. 51.
- Thanne**, *adv.* then, D 2004, I 104; Than, then, A 12; next, 5. 324; *er than*, sooner than, before, G 899.
- Thar**, *pr. s. impera.* (it) is necessary, is



- needful; *thar ye*, it is needful that ye, B 2258; *thar thes*, it is needful for thee, you need, or thou needst, D 329, 336, 1365, H 352; *him thar*, it is needful for him, he needs, T. ii. 1661; he must, A 4320; *Thurte*, *pt. s.*; *th. him*, he needed, R. 1089, 1324; *you thurste*, you would need, you need, T. iii. 572.
- Tharivaille, the arrival, the landing, HF. 451.
- Tharmes, the arms, armorial bearings, HF. 1411.
- Tharray, the array, A 716.
- Thascry, *for* The ascry, the alarm, T. ii. 611.
- Thassay, the assay, the endeavour, 5. 2.
- Thassege, the siege, T. iv. 1480; the besieging force, T. iv. 62.
- Thassemblee, the assembly, B 403.
- Thassemblinge, the assembling, B 2431.
- That, *rel. pron.* that which, whom, 3. 979; *that of*, from whom, 3. 964; *That oon*, the one, A 4013; *That other*, the other, A 4013; *That*, with reference to whom, G 236; *if that*, if, 3. 969, 971.
- Thaventayle, *for* The aventayle, the mouthpiece of a helmet, T. v. 1558.
- Thavision, *for* The avision, the vision, 3. 285.
- Thavya, the advice, A 3076.
- The, *def. art.* A 2, &c.
- The; *as in* The bet, by so much the better, 3. 668; *The las*, by so much the less, 3. 675.
- The, *for* Thee, *pers. pron.* F 676, &c.
- Théâtre, *s.* theatre, area for a tournament, A 1885.
- Thedom, *s.* success, B 1595.
- Thee, *v.* thrive, prosper, R. 1067; *never mot she thee*, may she never prosper, 5. 569; *mot he never thee*, may he never prosper, T. ii. 670; *lat him never thee*, let him never prosper, B 4622; *thou shalt never thee*, E 1388; *he shal never thee*, G 641; *also moot I thee*, as I may thrive, as I hope to prosper, D 1215, E 1226; *so moot I thee*, D 361; *as mote I thee*, T. i. 341; *so theeck*, *for so thee ich*, as I may thrive, as I hope to prosper, C 947, G 929; *so theeck*, *for so thee ik*, as I hope to prosper, A 3864.
- Theef, *s.* thief, robber, D 1338.
- Theefly, *adv.* like a thief, L. 1781.
- Theffect, *for* The effect, the result, A 1189; the substance, pith, L. 1180, 2403; the matter, contents, 2. 56; the source, D 1451; the moral, B 2148; the sum (of the matter), A 2366.
- Thegle, the eagle, B 3573.
- Their, the air, D 1939.
- Thembassadours, the ambassadors, T. iv. 140, 145.
- Theme, *s.* text, thesis, C 333, 425.
- Themperour, the emperor, 3. 368.
- Then, *conj.* than, L. 1693, 2092.
- Thenens, the incense, A 2777, 2938.
- Thenchauntements, *pl.* the enchantments, A 1944.
- Thenche, *v.* imagine, A 3253.
- Thencheson, *for* The encheson, the reason, cause, T. v. 632.
- Thencrees, the increase, A 275.
- Thende, the end, B 423, 965, 3269.
- Thengendring, the engendring, the process of production, HF. 968.
- Thengyn, the (warlike) engine, HF. 1934.
- Thenke, *v.* think of, 5. 311; *1 pr. a think intend*, E 641; *Thenkestow, think-as thou*, T. iv. 849, 1088; *Thoghte*, *1 pt. a thought*, 3. 448; *Thenke on*, think of, 16. 47.
- Thenne, *adj.* thin, A 4066.
- Thenne, *adv.* then, T. ii. 210.
- Thenne, *adv.* thence, D 1141.
- Thennes, *adv.* thence, i.e. away from that place, T. iv. 695; *thence*, R. 701; *as s.*, the place that, G 66.
- Thennes-forth, *adv.* thenceforth, B 1755.
- Thentencion, the intention, G 1412.
- Thentente, *for* The entente, the design, B 930; the purpose, end, G 1306; the meaning, T. v. 1630.
- Thentree, the entrance, A 1983.
- Thenvvous, *for* The envvous, the spiteful, malicious, 3. 642.
- Theologie, *s.* theology, I 1043.
- Theorik, *s.* theory, theoretical explanation, A. pr. 98.
- Ther, *adv.* there, B 62, 1190, &c.; *where*, T. ii. 618; *when*, B 474; *whither*, at which, B 469; *whereas*, D 1213, G 724; *wherefore*, T. iii. 1437; *wherever*, D 128; *as to which*, T. ii. 588; *wherefore* (I pray that), D 1561.
- Ther-about, *adv.* about it, D 1837; *therein*, G 832; *round it*, A 937.
- Therafter, *adv.* afterwards, 3. 66.
- Ther-agayns, *prep.* against that, I 665; *in reply*, T. ii. 369.
- Ther-as, *Ther as*, there where, where, B 2384; *there*, I 162; *whereas*, D 1177; *where that*, A 34, 172; *when that*, L. 1277; *Ther-as that*, where, 1. 160; *Ther that*, where, F 267.
- Therbe, the herb, HF. 290.

- Ther-bifore**, *adv.* before that time, D 631; beforehand, E 689, 729.
- Ther-biforn**, *adv.* beforehand, A 2034; previously, A 3997.
- Therby**, by it, to it, D 984; into possession of it, F 1115; beside it, R 1184.
- Ther-fore**, *adv.* therefore, A 189; for that purpose, A 809; on that account, L 1863; on that point, E 1141; for it, L 1391.
- Therfro**, therefrom, from it, HF. 895.
- Ther-inne**, therein, in it, B 945, 3573.
- Ther-of**, *adv.* with respect to that, E 644; concerning that, 3. 1132; A 462; from that, 3. 1166; thereby, I 314; of it, 20. 8.
- Ther-on**, *adv.* thereupon, A 160; thereof, F 3.
- Ther-oute**, *adv.* out there, out in the open air, B 3362; outside there, G 1136.
- Therthe**, the earth, R 1423.
- Therto**, *adv.* besides, moreover, D 1251; to it, 2. 100; likewise, R 1262.
- Ther-upon**, *adv.* immediately, A 819.
- Ther-whyles**, whilst, B 5. p 6. 250.
- Therwith**, *adv.* withal, for all that, 3. 954; moreover, F 931; thereupon, 3. 275; at the same time, B 3210.
- Ther-with-al**, thereupon, A 1078; therewith, with it, by means of it, A 566; beside it, besides, R. 226; at once, L 148; therat, L 864.
- Theschaunge**, the exchange, T. iv. 146.
- Theschewing**, the avoiding (of anything), 5. 140.
- Thestat**, the estate, the rank, condition, A 716.
- Thewed**, *pp.*; *vel thewed*, of good disposition, 4. 180.
- Thewes**, *s. pl.* habits, natural qualities, E 409, 1542; good qualities, virtues, G 101; customs, habits, manners, T. ii. 723; morals, HF. 1834.
- Thexcellent**, the excellent, B 150.
- Thexcuse**, thee excuse, D 1611.
- Thexecucion**, the execution, 10. 65.
- Thexperiēce**, the experience, E 2338.
- Thider**, *adv.* thither, A 1263.
- Thider-ward**, *adv.* thither, A 2530.
- Thikke**, *adj.* thick, A 549; stout, plump, A 3973.
- Thikke**, *adv.* thickly, R 1396.
- Thikke-herd**, *adj.* thick-haired, A 2518.
- Thikke-storred**, *adj.* thickly covered with stars, A. ii. 23. 2.
- Thilke**, that, R. 660, &c.; such a, A 182; that same, A 1193; that sort of, I 50; *pl.* those, HF. 173.
- Thimage**, the image, L 1760.
- Thing**, *s.* fact, C 156; property, wealth, R. 206; deed, legal document, A 325; *for anything*, at any cost, A 276; **Thing**, *pl.* things, L. 11, 2140; **Things**, *pl.* things, A 175; matters of business, B 1407; poems, L. 364; pieces of music, F 78; services, prayers, B 1281.
- Thingot**, the ingot, G 1233.
- Thinke**, *v.* seem, T. i. 405; **Thinketh**, *pr. s. impers.* (it) seems, B 1901; *me th.*, it seems to me, A 37, 2207; *how th. you*, how does it seem to you, D 2204; **Thoghte**, *pl. s. impers.* (it) seemed, L. 1697; *me thoughte*, it seemed to me, A 385; *him th.*, it seemed to him, A 682; *us th.*, it seemed to us, A 785; *hir th.*, it seemed to her, D 965, 967.
- Thinne**, *adj.* thin, A 679; poor, feeble, 9. 36; E 1682; scanty, limited, G 741.
- Thirleth**, *pr. s.* pierces, 7. 211; *pp.* A 2710.
- This**, A 175, &c.; *contracted form of this* is, T. ii. 363, iii. 936, v. 151; **This** is, *pronounced this*, 5. 411, 620; A 1091, D 91; **Thise** (*dhiiiz*), *pl.* (monosyllabic), A 701, B 59, &c.
- Tho**, *pl.* those, A 498, 1123, 2351, 3246.
- Tho**, *adv.* then, at that time, A 993, 3329, &c.; still, 3. 1054.
- Thoccident**, the occident, the west, B 3864.
- Thoffice**, the office, the duty, B 2863.
- Thoght**, *s.* anxiety, B 1779, E 80.
- Thoghtful**, *adj.* moody, I 677.
- Tholde**, *pl.* the old, D 857.
- Tholed**, *pp.* suffered, D 1546. A.S. *þolian*.
- Thombe**, *s.* thumb, A 563.
- Thonder**, *s.* thunder, A 492.
- Thonder-dint**, *s.* stroke of lightning, D 276; -*dent*, thunder-clap, A 3807.
- Thonder-leyt**, *s.* thunder-bolt, B i. m 4. 12; lightning, I 839.
- Thonke**, *i. pr. s.* thank, E 380.
- Thonour**, the honour, B 1767, E 1449.
- Thorgh**, *prep.* through, 5. 127, 129.
- Thorient**, the orient, the east, B 3871, 3883.
- Thoriginal**, the original, L. 1558.
- Thorisonte**, the horizon, E 1797, F 1017.
- Thorisoun**, the orison, the prayer, A 2261.
- Thorpes**, *pl.* villages, 5. 350.
- Thorough-passen**, *pr. pl.* penetrate, B 4. m 3. 49.
- Thought**, *s.* anxiety, T. i. 579.
- Thoumbe**, *s.* thumb, A. i. 1. 2.
- Thorough-girt**, *pp.* struck through, T. iv. 627. From M. E. *gurden*, to strike.

- Thral**, *s.* thrall, slave, subject, servant, B 3343, C 183, D 155.  
**Thral**, *adj.* enthralled, A 1552, I 137;  
**Thralle**, *pl.* enthralled, B 2751; **Thral**, *as pl.*, L 1940.  
**Thralldom**, *s.* slavery, B 286, 338.  
**Thralle**, *v.* subject, T. i. 235; subjugate, R. 882.  
**Thraste**, *pt. s.* thrust, T. ii. 1155.  
**Threde**, *v.* thread, R. 99.  
**Threed**, *s.* thread, A 2030; thread (of destiny), T. v. 7.  
**Threpe**, *i pr. pl.* (we) call, assert to be, G 826. A. S. *þreapian*.  
**Threshold**, *s.* threshold, A 3482.  
**Threste**, *v.* thrust, push, A 2612; *pt. pl.* vexed, T. iv. 254.  
**Threte**, *v.* threaten, L. 754.  
**Threting**, *s.* menace, G 698.  
**Thretty**, *adj.* thirty, F 1368.  
**Thridde**, *third*, A 1463, 2271.  
**Thrift**, *s.* success, welfare, T. ii. 847; profit, success, G 739, 1425; *good thrift bad*, prayed for the welfare (of), blessed, T. iii. 1249; *by my thrift*, if I succeed, T. ii. 1483.  
**Thriftleste**, most successful, T. i. 1081; most thriving, T. ii. 737.  
**Thriftily**, *adv.* carefully, A 105; profitably, A 3131; encouragingly, F 1174.  
**Thriftly**, *adj.* profitable (to the buyer), B 138; serviceable, D 238; provident, 7. 197.  
**Thringe**, *v.* press, T. iv. 66; **Throng**, *pt. s.* forced his way, 7. 55; thrust, E 2353.  
**Thriste**, *pt. s.* thrust, T. iii. 1574.  
**Thrittene**, thirteen, D 2259.  
**Thritty**, thirty, E 1421.  
**Throf**, *pt. s.* of **Thryve**.  
**Throng**, *pt. s.* of **Thringe**.  
**Throp**, *s.* thorp, small village, E 199, 208.  
**Throstel**, *s.* throstle, song-thrush, 5. 364.  
**Throte**, *s.* throat, 3. 945.  
**Throte-bolle**, *s.* ball of the throat, 'the protuberance in the throat called Adam's apple,' A 4273.  
**Through-out**, quite through, 11. 3.  
**Throwe**, *s.* short space of time, while, period, B 953, 3326.  
**Throwe**, *ger.* to throw, T. ii. 971; **Threw**, *pt. s.* T. iii. 184; **Threwe**, *pt. pl.* R. 786; **Throwe**, *pp.* thrown, L. 1960; **Throwen**, *pp. cast*, HF. 1325; twisted, turned, T. iv. 1159.  
**Throwes**, *pl.* torments, T. v. 206; throes, T. v. 1201.  
**Thrustel**, *s.* thrush, B 1963.  
**Thrusteth**, *pr. s.* thrusts, years, L. 103.  
**Thrustle-ook**, *s.* male thrush, B 1959.  
**Thrye**, *adv.* thrice, T. ii. 89, 463.  
**Thryes**, *adv.* thrice, A 63, 463.  
**Thryve**, *v.* thrive, prosper, E 172; *ger.* G 1411; *so thr. I*, as I hope to thrive, D 1764; **Throf**, *pt. s.* flourished, B 3 m 4. 5.  
**Thryvinge**, *adj.* vigorous, B 5 m 4. 24 (Lat. *uigens*).  
**Thunwortheist**, the unworthiest, 22. 19.  
**Thurfte**, *pt. s. impers.* (with *yosec*), you would need, you need, T. iii. 572. See **Thar**.  
**Thurgh**, *prep.* through, 1. 27; by means of, A 920.  
**Thurgh-darted**, *pp.* transfixed with a dart, T. i. 325.  
**Thurghfare**, *s.* thoroughfare, A 2847.  
**Thurgh-girt**, *pp.* pierced through, A 1010.  
**Thurghout**, *prep.* throughout, F 46; all through, B 256, 464; quite through, C 655.  
**Thurgh-shoten**, *pp.* shot through, T. i. 325.  
**Thurrok**, *s.* sink, the lowest internal part of a ship's hull, I 363, 715. A. S. *þurroc*.  
**Thurst**, *s.* thirst, B 100.  
**Thursteth**, *pr. s.* thirsts, T. v. 1406; *pt. s. impers.* he was thirsty, B 3229.  
**Thurte**; see **Thar**.  
**Thwitel**, *s.* large knife, whittle, A 3913.  
**Thwyte**, *pr. pl.* whittle, cut up for, HF. 1938; **Thwiten**, *pp.* carved, whittled, R. 933.  
**Tid**, *pp.* of **Tyde**.  
**Tidifs**, *s. pl.* small birds, F 648. Cf. Eng. *titmouse*, *titlark*. See **Tydif**.  
**Tikel**, *adj.* unstable, A 3428.  
**Tikelnease**, *s.* instability, 13. 3.  
**Tikled**, *pt. s.* tickled, D 395.  
**Til** (*before a vowel*), *prep.* to, A 180; *as a Northern word (before a consonant)*, A 4110; **Til and fra**, to and fro (Northern), A 4039. Icel. *tíll*.  
**Til**, *conj.* until, A 1760; *tíl that*, A 1490, F 360.  
**Tilyere**, *s.* tiller, B 5 p. 1. 86.  
**Timber**, *s.* material, T. iii. 530.  
**Timbestere**, *s.* female timbral-player, tambourine-player, R. 769.  
**Timbres**, *s. pl.* timbrels, tambourines, R. 772.  
**Tipet**, *s.* tippet, cape, A 233.  
**Tiptoon**, *pl.* tiptoes, B 4497.  
**Tissew**, *s.* a band, T. ii. 639.  
**Tit**, *pr. s.* betides, T. i. 333. See **Tyde**.

**Titering**, *s.* hesitation, vacillation, T. ii. 1744.

**Titleless**, *adj.* without a title, usurping, H 223.

**To** (tōō), *s.* toe, A 2726; Toon, *pl.* B 4052; Toos, *pl.* B 4370.

**To** (tōō), *prep.* to, A 2; gone to, A 30; (used after its case), G 1449; for, I. 184; as to, as for, L. 2096; him to, for him, 3. 771; to that, until, 4. 239.

**To**, *adv.* too, B 2129; moreover, beside, T. I. 540; overmuch, G 1423; to badde, too evil, very evil, L. 2597.

**To** (1), *intensive prefix*, lit. in twain, asunder. A.S. *tō*, G. *zer*.

**To** (2), *prepositional prefix*, as in To-forn. A.S. *tō*, G. *zu*.

**To-bete**, *v.* beat amain, T. v. 1762; beat severely, G 405.

**To-broke**, *v.* break in pieces; *pr. s.* (it) breaks in pieces, R. 277; breaks asunder, G 907; is violently broken, HF. 779; To-broken, *pp.* broken in pieces, destroyed, 16. 1; To-broke, *pp.* broken in half, D 277; severely bruised, A 4277.

**To-breste**, *v.* burst in twain, T. ii. 608; *pr. s. subj.* may (she) break in twain, T. iv. 1546; may be broken in twain, I. 16; *pr. pl.* break in pieces, A 2611; To-brosten, *pp.* broken in twain, A 2691.

**To-cleve**, *v.* cleave in twain, T. v. 613.

**To-dashte**, *pt. s.* dashed violently about, R. 337; *pp.* much bruised, T. ii. 640.

**To-de**, *s.* toad, I 636.

**To-drawen**, *pr. pl.* allure, B 4. m 3. 46; To-drowen, *pt. pl.* tore in pieces, B 1. p 3. 42; To-drawen, *pp.* distracted, B 1. p 5. 76.

**To-driven**, *pp.* scattered, L. 1280.

**To-forn**, *prep.* before, F 268; god to-forn, in God's sight, T. i. 1049.

**To-forn**, *adv.* in front, beforehand, B 5. p 6. 300.

**To-geder**, *adv.* together, 5. 555; To-gider, B 3222; To-gidre, A 824.

**Toght**, *adj.* taut, D 2267.

**To-go**, *pp.* dispersed, L. 653.

**To-greve**, *v.* grieve excessively, T. i. 1001.

**To-hangen**, *v.* put to death by hanging, HF. 1782.

**To-hepe**, *adv.* (lit. into a heap), together, T. iii. 1764; L. 2009.

**To-hewen**, *pr. pl.* hew in twain, A 2609; *pp.* cut through, T. ii. 638; To-hewe, *pp.* hewn in pieces, B 430.

**Toke**, *2 pt. s.* tookest, 3. 483; *pt. pl.* took, F 1240; received, F 356.

**To-laugh**, *pr. s.* laughs out, laughs excessively, T. ii. 1108. (Short for *to-laugheth*.)

**Told**, -e; see Telle.

**Tollen** (1), *v.* take toll, A 562.

**Tollen** (2), *v.* attract, entice, B 2. p 7. 18.

**Tombesteres**, *s. pl. fem.* dancing girls, lit. female tumblers, C 477. A.S. *tumbian*, to tumble, dance.

**Tomblinge**, *pres. pt. as adj.* fleeting, transitory, B 2. m 3. 21 (Lat. *caducis*).

**To-melte**, *v.* melt utterly, T. iii. 348.

**Tonge**, *s.* tongue, 3. 930; A 265; *dat.* speech, language, 16. 21.

**Tonged**, *pp.* tongued, 3. 927.

**Tonges**, *s. pl.* tongs, I 555.

**Tonne**, *s.* tun, barrel, cask, A 3894.

**Tonne-greet**, *adj.* great as a tun, A 1994.

**Toon**, *Toos*, *pl. of To*, *s.*

**Tooth-ake**, *s.* toothache, R. 1098.

**Top**, *s.* top, A 2915; top (of the mast), main-top, L. 639; tuft of hair, C 255; top (of the head), A 590; crown (of the head), T. iv. 996; Top and tail, beginning and end, HF. 880.

**To-race**, *pr. pl. subj.* tear in pieces, E 572. Here *race* is probably short for *arace*, to tear up.

**Tord**, *s.* piece of dung, B 2120, C 955.

**To-rende**, *pr. pl. subj.* tear in pieces, T. ii. 790; To-rente, *pt. s.* distracted, T. iv. 341; rent asunder, B 3215; tore in pieces, L. 820; To-rent, *pp.* rent in pieces, C 102, E 1012.

**Torets**, *pl.* small rings on the collar of a dog, A 2152. See Turet.

**Tormentinge**, *s.* torture, E 1038.

**Tormentour**, *s.* tormentor, 10. 18; executioner, B 818.

**Tormentrye**, *s.* torture, D 251.

**Tormentyse**, *s.* torment, B 3707.

**Torn**, *s.* turn, C 815.

**Tornen**, *v.* turn, G 1403; return, A 1488.

**Torney**, *s.* tourney, T. iv. 1669.

**To-romblen**, *v.* rumble, crash, L. 1218.

**Tortuos**, *adj.* lit. tortuous, i.e. oblique, applied to the six signs of the zodiac (Capricorn to Gemini), which ascend most rapidly and obliquely; Tortuous, B 302.

**To-scattered**, *pp.* dispersed, D 1969.

**To-shake**, *pp.* shaken to pieces, L. 962; tossed about, L. 1765.

**To-shivered**, *pp.* been destroyed, 5. 493.

**To-shrede**, *pr. pl.* cut into shreds, A 2609.

**To-slithered**, *pp.* slashed with numerous cuts, R. 840.

- To-sterre**, *v.* start asunder, burst, T. ii. 980.
- To-stoupe**, *v.* stoop forwards, D 1560.
- To-swinke**, *pr. pl.* labour greatly, C 519.
- To-tar**, *pt. s.* tore in pieces, rent, B 3801.
- Totelere**, *subst. as adj.* tattling, tale-bearing, L. 353.
- To-tere**, *pr. pl.* rend, tear in pieces, C 474; **To-tar**, *pt. s.* rent, B 3801; **To-tore**, *pp.* G 635; **To-torn**, *pp.* much torn, 5. 110; defaced, T. iv. 358; dishevelled, R. 327.
- Tother**; *the tother* (*for* that other), the other, L. 325 a.
- To-trede**, *v.*; *al to-trede*, trample under foot, I 864.
- Toty**, *adj.* dizzy, A 4253. Spenser has *totty*; F. Q. vii. 7. 39.
- Touchinge**, *s.* touch, I 207.
- Tough**, *adj.* troublesome, pertinacious, in *phr.* *make it tough*, to behave in a troublesome, pertinacious, and forward manner, T. v. 101; *made it tough*, was capitious, 3. 531; behaved pertinaciously, T. iii. 87.
- Toumbling**, *adj.* perishing, B 3. p. 9. 168. See *Tomblinge*.
- Toun**, *s.* town, A 217; farm, B 4138; neighbourhood, R. 446.
- Tour**, *s.* tower, F 176; tower (of London), A 3256; mansion (in astrology), 4. 113. (In B 2096, the sense is that his crest was a miniature tower, with a lily above it.)
- Touret**, *s.* turret, A 1909.
- Tourne**, *v.* turn, T. ii. 688; return, D 988.
- Tourneyinge**, *s.* tournament, R. 1206.
- Tourneyment**, *s.* tournament, B 1906.
- Tourning**, *s.* turning round, R. 761.
- Toute**, *s.* buttocks, backside, A 3812, 3853.
- Toverbyde**, *ger.* to survive, D 1260.
- Towayle**, *s.* towel, cloth, R. 161; Towaille, B 3935, 3943.
- Towne**; *out of t.*, away, T. iii. 570, 577, 1091.
- To-wonde**, *pt. s.* (*with substitution of the weak for the strong form, as in abreyde*), flew in pieces, became broken, 4. 102. The form *tuownd*, flew in pieces, occurs in Sir Ferumbras, 2568.
- To-yere**, *adv.* this year, HF. 84; D 168.
- Trace**, *s.* trace, steps, 14. 3; Traas, procession, L. 285.
- Trace**, *i pr. pl.* go, 5. 54.
- Trad**, *pt. s.* of Trede.
- Tragedien**, *s.* writer of tragedy, B 3. p. 6. 3.
- Traisoun**, *s.* treason, B 4307.
- Traitorye**, treachery, B 781.
- Traitour**, *s.* traitor, HF. 267.
- Translaten**, *ger.* to translate, L. 370; *pp.* changed, dressed afresh, E 385.
- Transmuwe**, *v.* transform, T. iv. 467; *pp.* T. iv. 830.
- Transporten**, *v.* extend, B 1. p. 4. 241.
- Trappe**, *s.* trap, snare, A 145; trap-door, entrance, T. iii. 741.
- Trapped**, *pp.* furnished with trappings, A 2890.
- Trappe-dore**, *s.* trap-door, T. iii. 759.
- Trappures**, *pl.* trappings for horses, A 2499.
- Traunce**, *s.* trance, A 1572; half-conscious state, B 3906; brown study, D 2216.
- Traunce**, *ger.* to tramp about, T. iii. 691.
- Trave**, *s.* wooden frame for holding unruly horses, A 3282. O. F. *trav*, from Lat. acc. *trabem*, beam.
- Travers**, *s.* 'traverse,' a curtain, screen. T. iii. 674; E 1817.
- Trayed**, *pt. s.* betrayed, HF. 390; L. 2480.
- Trays**, *s.* traces, T. i. 222; A 2139. O. F. *trais*, *pl.* of *trait*, a trace. The E. *traces* is a double plural.
- Trayeen**, *ger.* to betray, T. iv. 438.
- Trayteresse**, *s. fem.* traitress, 2. 620, 813.
- Traytour**, *s.* traitor, A 1130; *gen. pl.* of traitors, hence traitorous, C 896.
- Trecherye**, *s.* treachery, trickery, B 4520.
- Trechoures**, *pl.* traitors, R. 197.
- Trede**, *i pr. pl.* tread, A 3022; **Tret**, *pr. s.* treads, D 2002; **Trad**, *pt. s.* trode. B 4368; **Troden**, *pt. pl.* HF. 2153; **Troden**, *pp.* stepped, C 712.
- Trede-foul**, *s.* treader of fowls, B 3135, 4641.
- Tragedie**, *s.* tragedy, sad story, T. v. 1786.
- Tragetour**, *s.* a juggler who used mechanical contrivances, HF. 1277; *pl.* F 1141.
- Trench**, *s.* a hollow walk, alley, F 302. F. *trancher*, to cut.
- Trenchant**, *adj.* cutting, sharp, A 1930.
- Trenden**, *v.* revolve, B 3. m. 11. 4.
- Trentals**, *pl.* (sets of) thirty masses for the dead, D 1717, 1724.
- Tresor**, *s.* treasure, wealth, B 442, C 779.
- Tresorere**, *s.* treasurer, 1. 107; 19. 18.
- Tresorie**, *s.* treasury, HF. 524.
- Trespas**, *s.* wrong, B 2547; transgression, L. 408, 463.
- Trespasours**, *s. pl.* offenders, B 2548.

- Tresse**, *s.* a (three-fold) plait (of hair), R. 779; HF. 230; A 1049.
- Tresse**, *ger.* to dress (my) hair, to plait, R. 599; *pp.* plaited, D 344.
- Tressour**, *s.* head-dress, R. 568. Probably a 'caul,' or net of gold thread.
- Tret**, *pr. s.* of Trede.
- Tretable**, *adj.* tractable, docile, I 658; yielding, L. 411; inelidable, 3. 923; inclined to talk, 3. 533.
- Trete**, *v.* treat, T. iv. 58; treat of, tell, 5. 34; *ger.* to speak, converse, C 64; *pp.* explained, B 5. p 1. 3.
- Tretee**, *s.* treaty, A 1288; discussion, F 1219; agreement, E 1892.
- Tretis**, *s.* treaty, B 233; account, T. ii. 1697; treatise, A. pr. 5; story, B 2147.
- Tretys**, *adj.* well-proportioned, long, A 152; well-fashioned, R. 1016; graceful, R. 932. O. F. *tretis*.
- Trewe**, *adj.* true, A 531; honest, L. 464; *pl.* the faithful, B 456.
- Trewe**, *adv.* correctly, 8. 4.
- Trewe**, *s.* truce, T. iii. 1779, iv. 58; *Trewes*, *pl.* the days of truce, T. v. 401.
- Trewe love**, *s.* true-love (probably a leaf of herb paris or some aromatic confection), A 3692.
- Trewely**, *adv.* truly, certainly, A 481.
- Trewer**, *adv.* truer, 6. 117.
- Trewer**, *adv.* more truly, 3. 927.
- Treweste**, *adj. superl.* truest, F 1539.
- Treye**, *num.* 'tray,' three, C 653.
- Triacle**, *s.* a sovereign remedy, B 479, C 314. O. F. *triacle*.
- Triklad**, *pt. pl.* trickled, B 1864.
- Trille**, *v.* turn, swirl, F 316. Cf. Swed. *trilla*, to turn round.
- Trip**, *s.* small piece, D 1747.
- Trippe**, *v.* dance, A 3328; *ger.* to trip, to move briskly with the feet, F 312.
- Trist**, *s.* trust, T. i. 154, iii. 403.
- Triste**, *s.* trust, station, T. ii. 1534.
- Triste**, *v.* trust, L. 333; *ger.* to trust (to), L. 1885.
- Tristicia**, sadness, I 725.
- Troden**; see Trede.
- Trogh**, *s.* trough, A 3627.
- Trompe**, *s.* trumpet, L. 635.
- Tromped**, *pt. s.* sounded the trumpet, E 1719.
- Trompes**, *pl.* trumpeters, 7. 30; A 2671.
- Tronchoun**, *s.* broken shaft of a spear, A 2615. O. F. *tronchon*.
- Trone**, *s.* throne, A 2529; throne (of God), heaven, C 842.
- Tropik**, *s.* the turning-point, a name for the solstitial points, A. i. 17. 13.
- Tropos**, *s.* a turning; but interpreted by Chaucer to mean 'agaynward,' i. e. backward, A. i. 17. 13.
- Trotteeth**, *pr. s.* trots, i. e. goes, is, E 1538.
- Troublable**, *adj.* disturbing, B 4. m. 2. 12.
- Trouble**, *adj.* tempestuous, turbid, B. i. m. 7. 3; dull, H 279; disturbed, I 537; anxious, E 465; vexed, 6. 133.
- Troubly**, *adj.* cloudy, obscure, B 4. m. 5. 35.
- Trouthe**, *s.* truth, A 46; fidelity, L. 267; troth, promise, A 1610.
- Trowen**, *v.* believe, HF. 699; 1 *pr. s.* throw, believe, imagine, A 155; Trowestow, dost thou think, B. i. p. 3. 24.
- Troyewardes**, to, towards Troy, T. i. 59.
- Trufies**, *s. pl.* trifles, I 715.
- Trumpen**, *v.* blow the trumpet, HF. 1243.
- Trussed**, *pp.* packed, A 681.
- Truwe**, *s.* truce, T. iv. 1312, 1314.
- Tryce**, *v.* pull, drag away, B 3715. Cf. E. *trice up* (nautical term).
- Trye**, *adj.* choice, excellent, B 2046.
- Tryne compas**, the threefold world, containing earth, sea, and heaven, G 45.
- Tubbe**, *s.* tub, A 3621.
- Tuel**, *s.* pipe, slender chimney, HF. 1649. O. F. *tuel*, F. *tuyau*.
- Tukked**, *pp.* tucked, A 621.
- Tulle**, *v.* entice, allure, A 4134.
- Tunge**, *s.* tongue, 1. 128.
- Turet**, *s.* the eye in which the ring of the astrolabe turned, A. i. 2. 1. Cotgrave has 'Touret, the little ring by which a Hawkes lunc or leash is fastened unto the Jesses.' See Toret.
- Turment**, *s.* torment, R. 274.
- Turments**, *ger.* to vex, L. 871.
- Turne**, *ger.* to turn, A 2454; *v.* turn (in a lathe), A 3928; Turnen, *v.* return, L. 2619; *pp.* at an end, 3. 689.
- Turneyinge**, *s.* tournament, A 2557; mock tournament, R. 1407.
- Turtel**, *s.* turtle-dove, A 3706, E 2080.
- Turves**, *s. pl.* turf-plots, patches of turf, L. 204; E 2235.
- Tusked**, provided with tusks, F 1254.
- Tuskes**, *pl.* tusks, T. v. 1238.
- Tuwel**, *s.* hole, D 2148. See Tuel.
- Twelf**, twelve, C 30.
- Twelfmonth**, *s.* twelvemonth, year, A 651, D 909.
- Twelfte**, *adj.* twelfth, 4. 139.
- Tweye**, two, A 704, 792; Twey, B 2203; *tw. and tw.*, in pairs, A 898.
- Tweyfold**, *adj.* double, G 566.
- Tweyne**, twain, 2. 76; 4. 95.

Twiggess, *s. pl.* twigs, HF. 1936.  
 Twichte, *pt. s.* twitched, drew quickly, T. iv. 1185; *Twight, pp.* distraught, (lit. twitched), T. iv. 572; pulled, D 1563. The infin. is *twicchen*.  
 Twinkeling, *s.* twinkling, 4. 222; momentary blinking, E 37.  
 Twinkled, *pt. pl.* twinkled, A 267; *pp.* winked, B 2. p. 3. 79.  
 Twinne, *v.* sever, part, T. iv. 1197; *tw.* from his wit, lose his mind, 7. 102; de-part, B 3195, F 577; *ger.* to separate, B 517; to depart (from), C 430.  
 Twinnings, *s.* separation, T. iv. 1303.  
 Twiste, *s.* (1) twist, tendril, T. iii. 1230; (2) twig, spray, E. 2349.  
 Twiste, *v.* wring, torment, F 566; 1 *pt. s.* tortured, D 494; *pt. s.* wrung, E 2005; *Twiste, pt. s. subj.* would compel, constrain, T. iii. 1769; *Twist, pp.* twisted, HF. 775.  
 Two so riche, twice as rich, L. 2291. Cf. Ten.  
 Twyes, *adv.* twice, A 4348; Twye, A. i. 16. 13.  
 Tyd, *sb.* time, hour, T. ii. 1739; (*usually*) Tyde, R. 1452; season, F 142; Tydes, *pl.* tides, A 401.  
 Tyden, *v.* befall, happen, B 337; *pr. s.* comes (to), (a Northern form) A 4175; *Tit, pr. s.* betides, T. i. 333; *Tid, pp.* happened, T. i. 907.  
 Tydif, *s.* small bird, perhaps the titmouse, L. 154. See *Tidiffa*.  
 Tyme, *s.* time, A 35, 44; *by tyme*, early, betimes, L. 452; *in good tyme*, 3. 370; *Tymes, pl.* hours, 5. 283; moments, R. 380; (*preceded by a number*) *Tyme, gen. pl.* times, T. i. 441.  
 Tyne, *s.* barrel, 12. 9. O. F. *time*.  
 Tyren, *v.* tear, rend, B 3. m. 12. 49; *pr. pl.* pull to pieces, T. i. 787.  
 Tytled, *pp.* dedicated, I 894.

## U.

*Umbra extensa*, or *recta*, the lower part of the 'skale'; *Umbra versa*, the upper part of the same, A. i. 12. 8.  
 Umbreyde, *pt. s.* upbraided, reproached, L. 1671.  
 Unagreeable, *adj.* miserable, B 1. m. 1. 32 (Lat. *ingratus*).  
 Unbityde, *v.* fail to happen, B 5. p. 4. 39.  
 Unbodye, *v.* leave the body, T. v. 1550.  
 Unbokele, *v.* unbuckle, F 555.  
 Unbrent, *pp.* unburnt, B 1658.  
 Unbroyden, *pp.* unbraided, T. iv. 817.

Unbuxumnesse, *s.* unsubmitiveness, 24. 27.  
 Uncoiroumscript, *pp.* boundless, T. v. 1865.  
 Unconning, *adj.* unskilful, 6. 75.  
 Unconninge, *s.* ignorance, B 3066.  
 Unconvenable, *adj.* unsuitable, I 431.  
 Uncouple, *v.* to let loose, B 3692.  
 Uncouth, *adj.* curious, A 2497; strange, HF. 1279 (where the text has *uncouth*, but read *uncouth*).  
 Uncouthly, *adv.* uncommonly, strikingly, R. 584.  
 Uncoovenable, *adj.* unseemly, I 631; unfit (for good), B 4. p. 6. 333.  
 Uncunninge, *adj.* ignorant, B 1. p. 1. 68.  
 Uncourteialy, *adv.* rudely, E 2363.  
 Unde fouled, unde filed, B 2. p. 4. 24.  
 Unde partable, *adj.* inseparable, B 4. p. 3. 62.  
 Undergrowe, *pp.* of short stature, A 156.  
 Undermeles, *pl.* undern-times, perhaps afternoons, D 875. See below.  
 Undern, *s.* B 4412, E 260, 981. A particular time in the morning is here implied, either about 9 a.m., or somewhat later. (Also applied to signify mid-afternoon.)  
 Undernom, *pt. s.* perceived, G 243; Undernome, *pp.* reproved, I 401.  
 Underput, *pp.* subjected, B 1. p. 6. 97.  
 Underpyghte, *pt. s.* stuffed, filled underneath, B 789.  
 Underspore, *v.* thrust (the staff) under, push beneath, A 3465.  
 Understonde, *v.* understand, A 746; *pr. pl.* C 646; Understode, *pt. s. subj.* should understand, T. i. 1035; Understode, *pp.* understood, T. v. 1186.  
 Undertake, *v.* affirm, E 803; *ger.* to conduct an enterprise, A 405; warrant, R. 461; dare say, B 3516.  
 Undevocioun, *s.* lack of devotion, I 723.  
 Undigne, *adj.* unworthy, E 359.  
 Undo, *ger.* to unfold, reveal, 3. 899; *u.* unfasten, T. iii. 741; *pr. s.* opens, A 3727.  
 Undoutous, *adj.* undoubting, B 5. p. 1. 32.  
 Uneschewably, *adv.* inevitably, B 5. p. 3. 135.  
 Uneschuable, *adj.* inevitable, B 5. p. 1. 105.  
 Unethe, *adv.* scarcely; *wel unethe*, scarcely at all, HF. 2041.  
 Unethes, *adv.* with difficulty, T. ii. 566.  
 Unfamous, *adj.* lost to fame, HF. 1146.  
 Unfestlich, *adj.* unfestive, jaded, F 366.  
 Ungiltif, *adj.* guiltless, T. iii. 1018.

**Un-grobbed**, *adj.* not digged round, 9. 14.  
**Unhap**, *s.* ill luck, T. i. 552.  
**Unhappily**, *adv.* unluckily, T. v. 937.  
**Unhardy**, *adj.* cowardly, A 4210.  
**Unhele**, *s.* misfortune, sickness, C 116.  
**Unholson**, *adj.* ailing, weak, T. iv. 330.  
**Universe**; *in universe*, universally, T. iii. 36.  
**Universitee**, *s.* the universal, B 5. p 4. 187.  
**Unkinde**, *adj.* unnatural, B 88; cruel, 5. 434.  
**Unkindely**, *adv.* unnaturally, C 485.  
**Unkindenesse**, *s.* unkindness, B 1057.  
**Unkonning**, *adj.* unskilful, A 2393.  
**Unkorven**, *adj.* uncut, unpruned, 9. 14.  
**Unkouth**, *adj.* strange, T. ii. 151.  
**Unkunninge**, *adj.* ignorant, R. 686.  
**Unlaced**, *pp.* disentangled, B 3. p 12. 166.  
**Unlevesful**, *adj.* not permissible, I 593, 777.  
**Unloven**, *ger.* to cease to love, T. v. 1698.  
**Unlust**, *s.* disinclination, I 680.  
**Unlyklinesse**, *s.* difficulty in pleasing, T. i. 16.  
**Unlykly**, *adj.* displeasing, E 2180.  
**Unmanhod**, *s.* an unmanly act, T. i. 824.  
**Unmerie**, *adj.* sad, HF. 74.  
**Unmighty**, *adj.* unable, T. ii. 858.  
**Unneste**, *imp. s.* leave thy nest, T. iv. 305.  
**Unnethe**, *adv.* scarcely, hardly, with difficulty, A 3121, B 1050, 1816, 3611.  
**Unnethes**, *adv.* scarcely, B 1675, D 2168.  
**Unordred**, *adj.* not belonging to a religious order, I 961.  
**Unparigal**, *adj.* unequal (Lat. *inparem*), B 3. p 1. 13.  
**Unpleyten**, *v.* unplat, explain, unfold, B 2. p 8. 11.  
**Unpurveyed**, *adj.* unprovided, uncared for, B 2. p 1. 22.  
**Unraced**, *adj.* unbroken, untorn, B 4. p 1. 53.  
**Unremoved**, *pp.* unremoved, without (its) being moved, A. ii. 46. 37.  
**Unreste**, *s.* restlessness, D 1104.  
**Unright**, *s.* wrong, T. iv. 550; injury, T. ii. 453.  
**Unrightful**, *adj.* wicked, L. 1771.  
**Unsad**, *adj.* unsettled, E 995.  
**Unsavory**, *adj.* displeasing, I 510.  
**Unscience**, *s.* unreal knowledge, no knowledge, B 5. p 3. 113.  
**Unselinesse**, *s.* unhappiness, B 4. p 4. 38.  
**Unselly**, *adj.* unhappy, B 2. p 4. 8.  
**Unset**, *adj.* unappointed, A 1524.  
**Unsheathe**, 1 *pr. s.* unsheathe, remove, T. iv. 776.

**Unshette**, *pt. s.* unlocked, E 2047.  
**Unshette**, *adj. pt.* not shut, HF. 1953.  
**Unshewed**, *pp.* unconfessed, I 999.  
**Unsittinge**, *adj.* unfit, T. ii. 307.  
**Unskilful**, *adj.* foolish, T. i. 790.  
**Unskilfully**, *adv.* unreasonably, B 1. p 4. 223.  
**Unslacked**, *adj.* unslack, G 806.  
**Unsofte**, *adj.* harsh, E 1824.  
**Unsolempne**, *adj.* uncelebrated, B 1. p 3. 64.  
**Unspeedful**, *adj.* unprofitable, B 5. p 6. 337.  
**Unstaunchable**, *adj.* inexhaustible, B 2. p 7. 126 (Lat. *inexhausta*).  
**Unstaunchd**, *adj.* insatiate, B 2. p 6. 115 (Lat. *inexpletam*).  
**Unstrange**, *adj.* well-known, A. ii. 17. *rubric*.  
**Unswelle**, *v.* become less full, T. iv. 1146.  
**Unswete**, *adj.* bitter, HF. 72.  
**Unthank**, *s.* no thanks, want of thanks, T. v. 699; a curse, A 4081.  
**Unthrif**, *s.* nonsense, T. iv. 431.  
**Unthriftily**, *adv.* poorly, G 893.  
**Unthrifty**, *adj.* profitless, T. iv. 1530.  
**Untold**, *adj.* uncounted, A 3780.  
**Untressed**, *adj.* with hair loose, 5. 268; unarranged, E 379; unplaited, A 1289.  
**Untreteble**, *adj.* inexorable, B 2. p 8. 2.  
**Untrewe**, *adv.* untruly, A 735.  
**Untriste**, *v.* distrust, T. iii. 839.  
**Untyme**; *in untyme*, out of season, I 1051.  
**Unwar**, *adj.* unaware, T. i. 304; unexpected, B 427.  
**Unwar**, *adv.* unexpectedly, unawares, T. i. 549.  
**Unwelde**, *adj.* (unwieldy), too weak to support herself, R. 359; difficult to move, H 55; difficult to control, A 3886.  
**Unwemmed**, *adj.* unspotted, spotless, B 924, G 137, 225.  
**Unwened**, *adj.* unexpected, B 4. p 6. 260.  
**Unwist**, *adj.* unknown, T. ii. 1294; *unwist of*, uninformed of, T. i. 93; unknown by, L. 1653.  
**Unwit**, *s.* folly, 4. 271.  
**Unwot**, *pr. s.* fails to know, B 5. p 6. 177.  
**Unwrye**, *v.* reveal, T. i. 858.  
**Unyolden**, *pp.* without having yielded, A 2642.  
**Up**, *adv.* up; open (outwards, not upwards), A 3801; *as v.* up with, HF. 1021; *up and down*, T. ii. 659; in all directions, A 977; backwards and forwards, A 1052.  
**Up**, *prep.* on, upon, A 2543; *up peril*, on peril, D 2271; *up peyne*, under the



- penalty, D 1587; *up point*, on the point, ready, T. iv. 1153.
- Up-bounde**, *pp.* bound up, T. iii. 517.
- Up-caste**, *pt. s.* cast up, B 906.
- Up-drow**, *pt. s.* drew up, L. 1459.
- Up-enbossed**, *pp.* raised, L. 1200.
- Up-haf**, *pt. s.* uplifted, A 2428.
- Upon**, *prep.* upon, A 131; in, F 925; against, D 1313.
- Upon**, *used adverbially*, upon (him or her), on, D 559, 1382.
- Uppe**, *adv.* up, i. e. left open, F 615.
- Up-plight**, *pp.* plucked up, pulled up, B 3239.
- Upright**, *adv.* i. e. reversed, D 2266; *also*, lying on one's back (mostly of people asleep or dead); A 4194; B 1801.
- Up-rist**, *pr. s.* rises up, L. 1188; A 4249.
- Up-riste**, *s. dat.* up-rising, A 1051.
- Upronne**, *pp.* ascended, F 386.
- Up-so-down**, *adv.* upside down, A 1377, G 625.
- Upsprings**, *v.* rise (as the sun), 4. 14.
- Upsterte**, *pt. s.* upstarted, arose, A 1080, 1299.
- Up-yaf**, *pt. s.* yielded up, gave, A 2427.
- Up-yolden**, *pp.* yielded up, A 3052.
- Usage**, *s.* usage, habit, A 110; *hadde in usage*, was accustomed, B 1696; *was in usage*, B 1717.
- Usaunce**, *s.* custom, R. 683.
- Usaunt**, *pres. pl. as adj.* addicted, I 821; accustomed, A 3940.
- Usen**, *ger.* to accustom, I 245; *v. use*, B 44; *Useth*, *pr. s.* is accustomed, L. 364.
- Us-elve**, *pron.* ourselves, I 349.
- Ushers**, *s. pl.* ushers, F 293.
- Usure**, *s.* usury, B 1681.
- Us-ward**, *to*, towards us, B 2938.
- Utter**, *adj.* outward, G 498.
- Uttereste**, *adj. superl.* supreme, E 787.
- V.
- Vache**, *s.* cow, beast, 13. 22. The reference is to a quadruped that looks *déon* to the earth.
- Valance**, *s.* (possibly) sign of zodiac opposite the mansion of a planet, 4. 145; if so, the reference here is to the sign of Aries.
- Valour**, *s.* worth, R. 957.
- Vane**, *s.* a weather-cock, E 996.
- Vanish**, *i. pr. s.* shrink up, waste away, C 732.
- Variaunce**, *s.* variation, T. iv. 985; *Variance*, difference, I 427.
- Variaunt**, *adj.* varying, G 1175.
- Vassalage**, *s.* prowess, L. 1667.
- Vavassour**, *s.* a sub-vassal, next in dignity to a baron, A 360.
- Veine**, *adj. fem.* vain, R. 447.
- Veluët**, *s.* velvet, R. 1420; *Veluëttes*, *pl.* F 644.
- Venerian**, *adj.* devoted to Venus, D 604.
- Venerye**, *s.* hunting, A 166, 2308.
- Venge**, *v.* revenge, B 2471.
- Vengeresses**, *s. pl.* avengeresses, avenging deities, B 3. m 12. 38.
- Venim**, *s.* venom, poison, R. 1089; *malice*, B 891, C 421; corruption, A 2751; *dye* (Lat. *ueneno*), B 2. m 5. 12.
- Ventusinge**, *s.* cupping (a surgical operation), A 2747.
- Venus**, *venereal* pleasure, D 464.
- Ver**, the spring, T. i. 157.
- Veray**, *adj.* very, true, real, L. 1068.
- Verdegrees**, *s.* verdigrise, G 791.
- Verdit**, *s.* verdict, A 787.
- Vernage**, *s.* a wine of Italy, B 1261.
- Vernicle**, *s.* vernicle, A 685. A copy of the sacred handkerchief on which the impression of the Saviour's face was distinguishable.
- Vernished**, *pt. s.* varnished; hence (jocularly), lined in a lavish way. A 4149.
- Verre**, *s.* glass, T. ii. 867.
- Verray**, *adj.* very, true, A 72, 422; *v. force*, main force, B 337.
- Verrayly**, *adv.* verily, truly, 2. 73.
- Verrayment**, *adv.* verily, B 1903.
- Versifour**, *s.* poet, B 2783.
- Vertu**, *s.* virtue, A 307; quickening power. A 4; power, A 2249; valour, R. 1208; mental faculty, HF. 550; magic influence, F 146, 157; *v. please*, satisfy virtue, be virtuous, E 216.
- Vertuous**, *adj.* virtuous, A 251; full of virtue, D 1113; full of healing power. R. 1097; holy, I 455.
- Verve** (a word used in a charm), A 3485. Perhaps for *veri*, an accursed creature; A. S. *wearg*.
- Vese**, *s.* rush (Lat. *impetus*), A 1982.
- Vessel**, *s.* (collectively), vessels, plate. B 3338.
- Vestiment**, *s.* clothing, F 59.
- Veyne**, *s.* vein, A 3.
- Veyne-blood**, *s.* bleeding at a vein, A 2747.
- Viage**, *s.* voyage, travel, journey, T. ii. 75; expedition, attempt, T. iii. 732.
- Vicaire**, *s.* deputy, deputed ruler, 5. 379; Vicary, a vicar, I 22.
- Victor**, *s. as adj.* of victory, 5. 182.

**Vigile**, *s.* wake, T. v. 305.  
**Vigilyes**, *pl.* vigils, A 377.  
**Viker**, *s.* vicar, D 2008.  
**Vileinous**, *adj.* evil, B 2693.  
**Vileins**, **Vileyns**, *adj.* villainous, L 1824;  
 rude, D 1268; sinful, I 854, 914; evil,  
 wicked, I 556.  
**Vileinly**, *adv.* evilly, I 154; Vilainly,  
 shamefully, R 1498.  
**Vileinye**, *s.* vile conduct, B 2547; great  
 harm, A 4191; despicable language, re-  
 proach, D 34, 53; disgrace, A 942; unfit  
 speech, A 70; servitude, I 143; dis-  
 courtesy, rudeness, C 740; vileness, HF.  
 96; reproach, T. iv. 21; evil-doing, B  
 1681.  
**Vinolent**, *adj.* full of wine, D 467, 1931.  
**Viols**, *s. pl.* vials, phials, G 793.  
**Virelayes**, *s. pl.* ballads with a particular  
 return of rime, F 948; L 423.  
**Viritoot**, *s.* brisk movement, A 3770.  
**Virtrate**, *s.* hag, D 1582.  
**Visage**, *v.* put a face (on it), disguise, E  
 2273.  
**Visitaciouns**, *s. pl.* visits, D 555.  
**Visyte**, *ger.* to visit, A 493, 1194.  
**Vitaille**, *s.* victuals, provisions, A 248, 569.  
**Vitaille**, *v.* provide with victuals, L 1093.  
**Vitailleurs**, *pl.* victualliers, A 4366.  
**Vitremyte**, *s.* (probably) a woman's cap,  
 an effeminate head-dress, B 3562.  
**Voided**, *pp.* removed, F 1195; cleared,  
 emptied, L 2625.  
**Vois**, *s.* voice, R 751. See **Voys**.  
**Volage**, *adj.* giddy, volatile, R 1284;  
 wanton, H 239.  
**Volatyl**, *s.* as *pl.* fowls, B 1262.  
**Voltoir**, *s.* vulture, B 3. m. 12. 46; *pl.* T. i.  
 788.  
**Volupeer**, *s.* night-cap, A 4303; Voluper,  
 woman's cap, A 3241.  
**Vouche**, *v.*; only used with *sauf*, safe;  
 Vouche *sauf*, *v.* to vouch as safe, call  
 safe, vouchsafe, grant, deign, permit,  
 A 812, B 1641, E 2341; 1 *pr.* s. am content,  
 T. iv. 90; 2 *pr.* *pl.* vouchsafe, grant,  
 deign, L 2038; Voucheth *sauf*, *imp. pl.*  
 vouchsafe, E 885, F 1043.  
**Voyde** (voidée), *s.* 'voidee,' a light dessert,  
 with wine and spices, T. iii. 674.  
**Voyden**, *v.* get rid of, expel, A 2751, E  
 910, F 188; *imp.* s. depart from, E 806;  
 Voydeth, *imp. pl.* send away, G 1136.  
**Voys**, *s.* voice, A 688, C 531; rumour,  
 E 629; commendation, E 1592; report,  
 T. iii. 1723.  
**Vulgar**, *adj.* A. ii. 9. 5. The *day vulgar*  
 is the length of the 'artificial' day,

with the durations of morning and  
 evening twilight added to it.  
**Vyce**, *s.* fault, error, T. i. 689; F 101;  
 defect, D 955.

## W.

**Waast**, *s.* waist, B 1890.  
**Waat**, *pr.* s. knows (Northern), A 4086.  
**Wacche**, *s.* sentinel, B 2216.  
**Wachet**, *s.* light blue colour, A 3321,  
 Later E. *watchet*.  
**Waden**, *v.* pass, E 1684; wade (through),  
 D 2084; enter (into), T. ii. 150; go,  
 descend, B 3684.  
**Waf**, *pt.* s. wove, L 2364.  
**Waferes**, *s. pl.* makers of *gaufres* or  
 wafer-cakes, confectioners, C 479.  
**Wages**, *pl.* A 1803; pay, recompense,  
 4. 244.  
**Wagging**, *s.* shaking, T. ii. 1745.  
**Waiten**, *v.* attend on, L 1269; *pr.* s.  
 watches, E 708; *imp.* s. observe, A. ii.  
 5. 18.  
**Wake**, *v.* be awake, lie awake, 18. 27;  
**Waken**, *v.* act. awake, B 1187; *pr.* s.  
 watches, F 819; Wook, 1 *pt.* s. awoke, 5.  
 695; remained awake, B 3809; Waked,  
*pp.* awaked, 3. 294; kept wake, aroused,  
 3. 977.  
**Wake-pleyes**, *pl.* funeral games, A 2960.  
**Waker**, *adj.* vigilant, 5. 358.  
**Waking**, *s.* watching, being awake, 3.  
 611; period of wakefulness, B 22; *pl.*  
 vigils, I 257.  
**Walet**, *s.* wallet, A 686; Walét, A 681.  
**Walked**, (*for* Walketh), *s.* walking; *in*  
*phr.* go walked, *for* go a-walketh, gone  
 a-walking, 3. 387; D 1778.  
**Walken**, *ger.* to walk, roam, A 2309;  
 Welk, 1 *pt.* s. walked, T. ii. 517; *is*  
 walked, is gone, went, A 2368.  
**Walsh-note**, *gen. sing.* walnut's, HF.  
 1281.  
**Walwe**, *ger.* to wallow, roll about, T. i.  
 699; *pr.* *pl.* wallow, tumble, A 4278;  
*pr.* s. tosses, L 1166; rolls about, D 1085;  
*pp.* involved, immersed, 12. 17; Wal-  
 wings, *pres. part.* causing to roll, B 1.  
 m. 7. 4 (Lat. *voluens*).  
**Wanges**, *s. pl.* molar teeth, A 4030.  
**Wang-tooth**, *s.* molar tooth, B 3234.  
**Wanhope**, *s.* despair, A 1249.  
**Wanie**, *v.* wane, A 2078.  
**Wante**, *v.* be wanting, be absent, L 361;  
 fail, be lacking, I 514; *pr.* s. is lacking,  
 H 338.  
**Wantownesse**, *s.* wantonness, B 31;  
 mannerism (of speech), A 264.

- Wantrust**, *s.* distrust, T. i. 794; H 280.  
**War**, *adj.* prudent, discreet, cautious, T. i. 203; aware, A 157, 896, 3604; *was I w.*, I observed, 5. 218, 298; *I was w.*, 3. 445; *ben w.*, beware, T. i. 635; *be w.*, beware, 13. 11; take warning, G 737; *be w. fro*, beware of, L 473; *beth w.*, beware, T. iii. 1180; B 1629, 3281.  
**War him**, let him beware, A 662; *war you*, make way, B 1889.  
**Warde**, *s.* *dat.* (?) keeping; *on w.*, into his keeping, 3. 248; *in our w.*, C 201; *under my w.*, I 880.  
**Wardecors**, *s.* body-guard, D 359.  
**Warderere**, *for* warde rare, look out behind, A 4101.  
**Wardrobe**, *s.* privy, B 1762.  
**Ware**, *adj.* aware, 3. 1030.  
**Ware**, *s.* wares (for sale), merchandise, B 140, 1246.  
**Ware**, *imp. pl.* beware, B 4416.  
**Warente**, *ger.* to warrant, protect, C 338.  
**Wariangles**, *pl.* shrikes, butcher-birds, D 1408.  
**Warien**, *ger.* to curse, T. ii. 1619; 1 *pr. s.* B 372.  
**Warisoun**, *s.* requital, R. 1537.  
**Warishe**, *v.* cure, I 998; recover, be cured, B 2172; *pp.* cured, B 2467.  
**Warishinge**, *s.* cure, B 2205.  
**Warly**, *adv.* warily, carefully, T. iii. 454.  
**Warne**, *v.* reject, refuse, 1. 11; 1 *pr. s.* warn, bid you take heed, B 16, 1184; invite, B 2652; 2 *pr. s. subj.* inform, HF. 893; *pp.* forewarned, L 2658; given notice, B 1578.  
**Warnestore**, *ger.* to fortify, defend, B 2487; to garrison, B 2521; *pp.* provisioned, B i. p. 3. 85.  
**Warnestoring**, *s.* fortifying, B 2525.  
**Warȝoe**, *v.* heal, cure, C 906.  
**Waste**, *adj. pl.* wasted, partially destroyed, A 1331.  
**Wastel-breed**, *s.* cake-bread, bread of the very best quality, A 147.  
**Wastour**, *s.* waster, E 1535.  
**Watering**, *s.* watering-place (for horses), A 826.  
**Wawe**, *s.* wave, B 508, I 363.  
**Waxen**, *pp.* become, T. v. 1014, 1374, 1376.  
**Wayk**, *adj.* weak, L 2428, 2713.  
**Wayken**, *ger.* to grow weak, lessen, T. iv. 1144.  
**Waymenten**, *ger.* to lament, I 230.  
**Waymentinge**, *s.* lamenting, lamentation, A 995, 1921.  
**Wayn**, *s.* car, B 4. m. i. 34.  
**Wayten**, *ger.* to observe, T. i. 190; to watch for, F 1263; to watch, F 444  
*v.* to expect, B 467; *pr. s.* seeks occasion A 1222.  
**Webbe**, *s.* a weaver, A 362.  
**Wedde**, *s. dat.*; to *w.*, as a pledge, in pledge, A 1218, B 1613.  
**Wedde**, *ger.* to wed, T. v. 863.  
**Wedding**, *s.* wedlock, 17. 24.  
**Wede**, *s.* weed, robe, garment, A 1007 B 2107, E 863.  
**Weder**, *s.* weather, D 2253, F 52; storm T. ii. 2, iii. 657.  
**Wedes**, *pl.* weeds, T. i. 946.  
**Weel**, *adv.* well, A 926; well placed luckily situated, B 308.  
**Weeldinge**, *s.* power, control, B 2800.  
**Weep**, *pt. s.* of Wepe.  
**Weeply**, *adj.* tearful, sorrowful, B i. p. 1. 3.  
**Weet**, *s.* wet, A 4107.  
**Weex**, *pt. s.* warped, grew, G 513.  
**Wegge**, *s.* a wedge, A. i. 14. 6.  
**Wehee**, *s.* a whinnying noise, A 4066.  
**Weilawey**, alas! D 216.  
**Wel**, *adv.* well, A 384, B 25; much, L 1386; many, L 11; certainly, L 452; fully, A 29, 49; about (*used with numbers*), A 24; *wel royal*, very royal, F 26; *wel ny*, very nearly, B 3230; *wel the bet*, much better, T. ii. 92; *wel smethe*, scarcely at all, L 33 a; to be *wel*, to be in favour, 3. 845; *wel is him*, it is well for him, T. i. 330; *wel was him*, it was well for him, B 4066; *fel wel*, very well, A 122.  
**Welawey**, *int.* alas! T. iii. 1695.  
**Welde**, *s.* weld, *Ressed Luteola*, 9. 17.  
**Welde**, *s.* power, control, R. 395.  
**Welden**, *ger.* to have control over, to move with ease, D 1947; to control D 271; to wield, L 2000; *Welte*, *pt. s.* B 3200.  
**Weldy**, *adj.* wieldy, active, T. ii. 636.  
**Wels**, *s.* happiness, success, prosperity, well-being, good fortune, A 895, 3101, B 122.  
**Welsful**, *adj.* prosperous, happy, B 2597; blessed, B 451.  
**Welsfulness**, *s.* happiness, B i. p. 3. 35.  
**Welk**, *pt. s.* of Walken.  
**Welked**, *pp. as adj.* withered, C 738 D 277.  
**Welken**, *s.* heaven, sky, HF. 1601; Welkne, 10. 62.  
**Welmeth**, *pr. s.* wells, gushes, R. 1561.  
**Welte**, *pt. s.* wielded, i.e. lorded it over. possessed for use, B 3200.  
**Wel-willy**, *adj.* benevolent, benign, beneficent, T. iii. 1257.

# GLOSSARY TO FRAGMENTS B AND C OF THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

FRAGMENT B = ll. 1706-5810.

FRAGMENT C = ll. 5811-7698.

THE following Glossary (which includes proper names) is separated from the preceding because Fragments B and C of the Romaunt are not by Chaucer.

Fragment B abounds in Northern words and forms. Words in Fragment C have 'C' prefixed to the number of the line.

**A**, *v.* (to) have, 4322.

**Abandon**: *in* *abandon*, fully, without stint, 2342.

**Abawed**, *pp.* amazed, 3646; *Abawid*, 4041.

**Abayashed**, *pp.* cast down, 3370.

**Abey**, *v.* (*for* *Abeye*), suffer (for it), pay (for it), C 6713. See *Abye*.

**Abiding**, *s.* delay, 2222.

**Abit**, *s.* habit, dress, religious dress, 4914.

**Abit**, *Abood*; see *Abyde*.

**Abood**, *s.* delay, C 7697.

**Aboven**, *adv.* in luck, 4352.

**Abraide**, *v.* start up, break forth, 5156;

*Abraid*, 1 *pt.* *s.* awoke, 1806; *Abreyde*, *pt.* *s.* broke out, 3967.

**Abrede**, *adv.* abroad, 2563.

**Absente**, *pr. s. subj.* abstain, refrain, 4911.

**Abstinence-Streynd**, i.e. Constrained

Abstinence (personified), C 6341, 7366.

**Abyde**, *ger.* to await, 4910; *v.* expect, 5329; watch for, 4913; *Abit*, *pr. s.*

*dwells*, 4977, 4989; *stays*, 5012; *Abood*, 1 *pt.* *s.* endured, waited, 3694.

**Abye**, *v.* pay for, C 5888, 5976; *Abyeth*, *pr. s.* C 7642.

**Accord**, 1 *pr. s.* agree to, 2083; *Accorded*, *pt. pl.* agreed, C 5815; *pp.* reconciled,

C 5846.

**A-cold**, *adj.* cold, chilly, 2658.

**Acoye**, *v.* quiet, allay, 3564.

**Acquyte**, *v.* defray the expense, pay for, C 6742.

**Ado** (*for* *at do*), to do, 5080.

**A-fere**, *adv.* on fire, 4073.

**Afered**, *pp.* afraid, 3604.

**Affray**, *s.* terror, 3866; fear, 2034.

**Affrayed**, *pp.* frightened, 3113.

**Afye**, *v.* trust, 3155.

**Afor**, *adv.* formerly, 3952.

**Afir**, *prep.* according to, 2255.

**Afyne**, *adv.* completely, 3690.

**Agast**, *adj.* afraid, C 6106.

**Ageyn-coming**, *s.* returning, 2518.

**Ageyns**, *prep.* in comparison with, 5536.

**Agilte**, *pr. s.* sinned against, offended, C 5833, 6784; *Agiltest*, 2 *pt. s.* C 7572.

**Ag**, *pp.* gone, 2932.

**A-gree**, *adv.* in good part, 4349.

**A-greef**, *adv.* in bad part; *take not agreef*, take it not amiss, C 7573.

**Aken**, *v.* ache, C 6508.

**Al**, *conj.* although, 1754.

**Al-day**, *adv.* continually, 2484.

**Alder**, *adj. gen. pl.* of (us) all, C 6948.

**Alderfirst**, *adv.* first of all, C 7505.

**Alegged**, *pt. pl.* alleviated, 1768. See *Allege*.

**Alleggement**, *s.* alleviation, 1890, 1923.

F f

- Algate**, *adv.* alway, always, 5157, C 7477; at any rate, C 7152.  
**Allege**, *v.* exempt (lit. alleviate), C 6626;  
**Alleggith**, *pr.* s. alleviates, 2588.  
**Allegeaunce**, s. alleviation, 1871.  
**Allowe**, *v.* approve of, value, 5186.  
**Almesse**, s. alms, C 6624.  
**Al-only**, *adv.* alone, C 5819.  
**Alosed**, *pp.* noted, famed, 2354.  
**Al-out**, *adv.* altogether, 2101, 2935.  
**Al-outerly**, *adv.* utterly, C 6302, 7663.  
**Alowe**, *v.* accept, approve of, 5175.  
**Also**, *conj.* as, C 6767.  
**Amende**, *v.* advance, succeed, C 5876.  
**Among**, *adv.* sometimes, 2325, 3241, 3304.  
**Amourettes**, s. pl. sweethearts, 4755.  
**Amyas**, a curious error; for *At Myas*, i. e. at Meaux, 3826. F. text, a *Miaus*.  
**And**, *conj.* if, 2051, 4441.  
**Anger**, s. pain, anguish, 1877; Angres, pl. torments, 2554, 3789.  
**Angerly**, *adv.* cruelly, 3511.  
**Angre**, *per.* to vex, 3526.  
**Angry**, *adj.* cruel, 2628, 3265.  
**Anghisous**, *adj.* anxious, 1755.  
**Anker**, s. an anchoress, a female recluse shut up either in a cell attached to a church, or living under a religious rule in her own house, C 6348.  
**Anon-right**, *adv.* straightway, 1778.  
**Anoy**, s. discomfort, pain, vexation, 1919, 2099, 4404.  
**Anoynt**, *pp.* anointed, 1888.  
**Apai-red**, *pt.* s. injured, C 7522.  
**Apayed**, *pp.* satisfied, 2854, 5631.  
**Aperceyved**, *pt.* s. perceived, C 6312.  
**Aperceyving**, s. perception, C 6318.  
**Apert**, *adj.* open, obvious, C 6621.  
**Apostlis newe**, i. e. the preaching friars, C 6270.  
**Apparence**, s. mere outward appearance, 5550; evidence, C 7660.  
**Apparent**, *adj.* distinct, 2583.  
**Appert**, *adj.* open, C 6150. See **Apert**.  
**Appose**, *v.* oppose, C 6555, 7146. F. text, *oposer*.  
**A-queynt**, *pp.* acquainted, 3080.  
**Aqueyntable**, *adj.* affable, 2213.  
**Arace**, *v.* pull out, 1752.  
**Arblastars**, s. pl. men with crossbows, 4196.  
**Aresóneth**, *pr.* s. reasons with, argues, C 6220.  
**Arest**, s. rest (for a spear), C 7561.  
**Arette**, *v.* impute, 3327.  
**Areyse**, *v.* raise up, 4361; rouse, C 7159.  
**A-rowe**, *adv.* in a row, C 7606.  
**Ascape**, *v.* escape, get out of the difficulty, C 6515.  
**Asker**, s. one who begs, C 6674.  
**A-slope**, *adv.* aside, awry, 4464.  
**Assay**, s. attempt, 3449; quality, temper, 4350.  
**Assayed**, *pp.* tried, proved, 2688.  
**Asseth**, s. sufficiency, 5600.  
**Assolle**, *v.* absolve, C 6364; *pp.* explained, C 6557.  
**Assolling**, s. absolving, C 6412.  
**Assured**, *pp.* secured, 4309.  
**Astat**, s. state, plight, 2416; **Astate**, condition, 4672, C 6856.  
**Astoned**, *pp.* astonished, 3859.  
**A-sundir**, *adv.* diversely, 4477.  
**A-swone**, in a swoon, 1736.  
**At**, *prep.* at the hands of, from, C 6870.  
**At al**, at all points, 5249; *at leeste way* at least, C 5827; *at wordis fewe*, in a few words, briefly, 2129.  
**Attendith**, *pr.* s. attaches itself, appertains, 5309.  
**Attour**, s. array, 3718.  
**Augustins**, s. pl. Austin Friars, C 7461.  
**Aumenere**, s. purse for alms, 2271.  
**Auntre**, *v.* *refl.* venture, 2495.  
**Avale**, *v.* descend, 1803.  
**Avauoned**, *pp.* promoted, C 6951; helped, 3468.  
**Avaunt**, *adv.* in advance, forward, 3929, 4790.  
**Avaunt**, *v.* *refl.* boast, 4788.  
**Avauntage**, s. profit, 5808.  
**Avenaunt**, *adj.* becoming, seemly, 2058; pleasant, 3679; condescending, 4622.  
**Aventure**, s. chance, fortune, fate, 2118, 4376; case, C 7308.  
**Avouterye**, s. adultery, 4954.  
**Avysed**, 1 *pt.* s. *refl.*; **Avysed me**, applied myself, 1807.  
**Awayte**, s. ambush, 4497.  
**Awayted**, *pp.* watched; *awayted with* watched by, 3066.  
**Axe**, *v.* ask, C 6559.  
**Ayeines**, *prep.* against, C 7178.

## B.

- Bachilere**, s. young knight, 2828.  
**Bagge**, s. purse, C 6834.  
**Baillye**, s. custody, jurisdiction, 4217; enclosure, C 7574.  
**Balaunce**, s. suspense, 4667.  
**Balis**, s. pl. troubles, sorrows, 4441.  
**Bane**, s. death, 4491.  
**Baren**, *pt.* pl. bare, C 6243.  
**Baronage**, s. the assembly of barons, C 5812.  
**Bataile**, s. host, C 5849; pl. battalies, C 7348.

**Batayled**, *pp.* battlemented, 4200.  
**Bate**, *s.* strife, 4235.  
**Baud**, *adj.* jolly (lit. bold), 5674.  
**Bayly**, *s.* bailiff, C 6218.  
**Beau-sire**, *s.* fair sir, C 6053.  
**Bede**, *v.* stretch out (lit. proffer), 1710.  
**Bede**, *pt. s. subj.* might pray, C 7374.  
**Bedels**, *s. pl.* officers, C 6812.  
**Begger**, *s.* Beguin, hence, mendicant, C 7282; *Beggars*, *Beguins*, C 7256.  
**Begyne**, *s.* Beguine, C 7368.  
**Bemes**, *s. pl.* trumpets, C 7605.  
**Berafte**, *pt. s. subj.* should deprive, C 6669.  
**Bern**, *s.* barn, 5589.  
**Bessaunt**, *s.* bezant, 5592.  
**Besinesse**, *s.* diligence, 3624.  
**Bestial**, *adj.* stupid, C 6716.  
**Bete**, *pr. s. subj.* cure, 4441.  
**Bialacoil**, i. e. Bial Acoil, Fair Reception, 2984, 2999, 3011.  
**Bigoon**, *adj.*; *we!* bigoon, well off, 5533.  
**Bigyna**, *s. pl.* Béguines, C 6861.  
**Biheest**, *s.* promise, 4446, 4474.  
**Bihote**, *v.* promise, 4446.  
**Bihove**, *s. dat.* behoof, 2964.  
**Bilefte**, *i pt. s.* remained, 3360.  
**Bimene**, *imp. s. refl.* bemoan thyself, 2667.  
**Biset**, *pt. s.* employe, 5262.  
**Bisnet**, *pp.* shut up (in prison), 4488.  
**Bit**, *pr. s.* abides, 5330.  
**Bitought**, *pt. s.* commended, 4438.  
**Bitrashed**, *pp.* betrayed, 3910.  
**Blake**, *adj. pl.* black (monks), *Benedictines*, C 6695.  
**Blende**, *ger.* to blind, to deceive, 3954; *Blent*, *pp.* deceived, C 6652.  
**Blered**, *pp.* bleared, dimmed, deceived, 3912.  
**Blinne**, *v.* desist from, C 6611.  
**Blyve**, *adv.* quickly; *as bl.*, very quickly, 2799.  
**Boden**, *pp.* commanded, 2721.  
**Boece**, *Boethius*, 5661.  
**Book**; *the book*, i. e. the Canon Law, C 6385; *the Bible*, C 6636.  
**[Borders**, *s. pl.* C 6911. *Better reading*; *for burdens.*]  
**Bordillers**, *s. pl.* brothel-keepers, C 7034.  
**Borowe**, *s.* pledge, C 7331.  
**Bosarde**, *s.* buzzard, 4033.  
**Bote**, *s.* remedy, 1760.  
**Botes**, *s. pl.* boots, 2265, C 7262.  
**Botoun**, *s.* bud, 1721, 1761, 2960.  
**Bougerons**, *s. pl.* sodomites, C 7022.  
**Bought**, *pp.*; *a bought*, to have bought, 4322.

**Bountee**, *s.* kindness, 3147; goodness, C 6597.  
**Braide**, *ger.* to bestir itself, wake up, C 7128.  
**Braste**, *ger.* to burst, 3186.  
**Brede**, *s.* breadth; *on br.*, abroad, 3635.  
**Breken**, *v.* disobey, 3478.  
**Brenne**, *v.* burn, 2475.  
**Brenning**, *s.* burning, 2727.  
**Brere**, *s.* briar, C 6191.  
**Brest**, *v.* burst, 4107.  
**Breve**, *adj.* short, 2350.  
**Brimme**, *adj.* cruel, 1836.  
**Brocages**, *s. pl.* contracts, C 6971.  
**Brond**, *s.* fire-brand, 3706.  
**Burdens**, *error for Borders*, C 6911.  
**Burdoun**, *s.* staff, oudgel, 3401.  
**Burnettes**, *s. pl.* dresses made of fine woollen cloth dyed brown, 4756.  
**But-if**, *conj.* unless, 1962.  
**Buxom**, *adj.* obedient, pliant, 4419.  
**By**, *prep.* in, C 6616; beside, C 7032.  
**By and by**, in order, 2345; precisely, 4581.  
**Bye**, *v.* buy, pay for, 2052.  
**Bytinge**, *pres. part.* cutting, C 7420.

C.

**Caas**, *s.* case, plight, 3374; *pl.* cases, C 6759.  
**Caleweys**, *s. pl.* soft, sweet pears (which came from Cailloux in Burgundy), C 7043.  
**Callo**, *v.* recall, 3974.  
**Camelyne**, *s.* camel's-hair stuff, C 7367.  
**Can**, *i pr. s.* (I) know, 4796; *pr. s.* under-stands, C 5872; *Can him no thank*, offers him no thanks, 2112; *Canst*, *2 pr. s.* feelest, 4399.  
**Caribdis**, *Charybdis*, 4713.  
**Carmes**, *s. pl.* Carmelites, White Friars, C 7462.  
**Cas**, *s.* occasion, C 7481.  
**Caste**, *v. refl.* apply himself, 2031; *Cast*, *pr. s.* casts, 4330; *considers*, 5620; *Caste*, *pt. s. refl.* set himself, 1860.  
**Castels** in Spayne, castles in the air, 2573.  
**Casting**, *s.* vomit, C 7288.  
**Catel**, *s.* property, 5376.  
**Cause**; *in cause*, to blame, 4525.  
**Caytif**, *s.* poor wretch, 3554.  
**Chace**, *v.* chase away; *do ch.*, caused to be chased away, C 7534.  
**Chafe**, *v.* irritate, 3685.  
**Chamberere**, *s.* chamber-maid, 4935.  
**Chanoun**, *s.* canon, 3278.

**Chapitre**, *s.* chapter, C 6532.  
**Chapman**, *s.* trader, 5591.  
**Chargid**, *pt.* & instructed, 2145.  
**Chasteleyn**, *s.* castellan, governor of a castle, C 637.  
**Chasteleyne**, *s.* the wife of a chastelain or governor of a castle, 3740.  
**Chasty**, *1 pr. s.* reprove, C 6993.  
**Chere**, *s.* countenance, favour, 3952; appearance, 5486, C 6474; delight, 3805.  
**Cherete**, *s.* fondness, 3516.  
**Chese**, *v.* choose, 4426; *Chese . . . hem to*, *pr. pl.* choose for themselves, C 6130.  
**Chevered**, *pp.* shivered, 1732.  
**Chevisaunce**, *s.* resource, remedy, 3337.  
**Chevis**, *v.* occupy himself (for me), manage (for me), settle my cause, C 6425.  
**Chiche**, *adj.* parsimonious, 5588.  
**Chideresse**, *s.* scold, virago, 4266.  
**Chinche**, *adj.* mean, avaricious, C 5998.  
*Nasalised form of Chiche.*  
**Chinchy**, *adj.* mean, grudging, niggardly, C 6002.  
**Ciergis**, *pl.* wax tapers, C 6248.  
**Clarree**, *s.* a sweet liquor consisting of a mixture of wine, clarified honey and various spices, as pepper and ginger, &c., C 5967, 5971.  
**Clepe**, *v.* call, C 5907.  
**Clipsy**, *adj.* eclipsed, dim, 5349.  
**Clomben**, *pp.* climbed up, C 6933.  
**Cloos**, *adj.* close, discreet, C 6104.  
**Close**, *v.* enclose, 4372.  
**Closer**, *s.* enclosure, 4069.  
**Cloth**, *s.* dress, C 6345.  
**Colour**, *s.* way, manner, C 6282.  
**Come**, *s.* coming, C 7628.  
**Compas**, *s.* circuit, 1842; circumference, 4183; *Compas*, perfection, 3208.  
**Compassen**, *1 pr. pl.* study, observe closely, C 6932.  
**Complisschen**, *v.* accomplish, 2132.  
**Comprende**, *v.* consider, include (in my explanation), C 6633.  
**Compte**, *s.* counting, account, 5026.  
**Comunably**, *adv.* commonly, usually, C 7237.  
**Comunely**, *adv.* publicly, 4801.  
**Comuntee**, *s.* community, common possession, 5209.  
**Concours**, *s.* course, result, 4360.  
**Constablerye**, *s.* a ward of a castle under the command of a constable, 4218.  
**Coninges**, *s. pl.* conies, rabbits, C 7044.  
**Conisaunce**, *s.* understanding, knowledge, 5465, 5559; acquaintance, 4668.

**Conjecte**, *1 pr. pl.* conspire, C 6928.  
**Conne**, *2 pr. s. subj.* mayst be well instructed, 2315.  
**Consequence**, *s.* result, C 6448.  
**Consolacioun**, the 'Consolation of Philosophy,' 5661.  
**Constreynaunce**, *s.* constraint, C 7138.  
**Contene**, *v.* remain, 2641; *refl.* bear himself, 2248; *Conteyne*, *v.* contain (himself), 4923; *Contene*, *pr. pl. refl.* maintain themselves, C 6805.  
**Contrarie**, *s.* perplexity, 4478.  
**Contrarious**, *adj.* hostile, 3354.  
**Controve**, *v.* compose songs, 4249; *gr.* to invent, C 7547.  
**Contune**, *v.* continue, 4354, 5332.  
**Convey**, *gr.* to accompany, 2428.  
**Corage**, *s.* mood, temper, 4928.  
**Cordilleres**, *s. pl.* Franciscans, (so called from wearing a girdle of rope), C 7401.  
**Cornewayle**, Cornouaille in Brittain, 4250.  
**Corumpable**, *adj.* corruptible, 4856.  
**Cos**, *s.* kiss, 3663.  
**Coet**, *s.* coast, place, 3931; quarter, 2177.  
**Cotidian**, *adj.* quotidian, daily; *as s.* a quotidian ague, 2401.  
**Couchen**, *pr. pl.* impose, C 6903.  
**Countesses**, *s. pl.* C 6860.  
**Countours**, *s. pl.* accountants, C 6812.  
**Coupe-gorge**, *s.* Cut-throat, C 7422.  
**Couth**, *pr. known*, 2000; evident, 4213.  
**Coveityse**, *s.* coveting, desire, 4122; covetousness, 5972.  
**Covenable**, *adj.* seemly, fitting, suitable, C 6020, 6752; excellent, C 7181.  
**Covent**, *s.* convent, 4904, C 7380.  
**Coverchief**, *s.* kerchief, head-covering, C 7369.  
**Covert**, *adj.* secret, hidden up, C 6149.  
**Coverture**, *s.* concealment, 2172.  
**Covyne**, *s.* intrigue, secret plan, 3799.  
**Coy**, *adj.* quiet, hidden, 4297.  
**Crece**, *s.* increase, progeny, 4875. (*Portw.* *crece* seems to mean destroyed progeny, i. e. abortion.) See *crease* (= *increase* in the New E. Dict.  
**Croce**, *s.* crozier, C 6470.  
**Crownet**, *s.* coronet, 3203.  
**Gunne**, *v.* shew; *cunne him mannyr*, shew him ill-will, 4559; *1 pr. pl. car*, C 5879; *pr. pl. know* (how), C 017.  
*pr. s. subj.* be able, C 5992.  
**Oure**, *s.* charge, 1962, C 6562; care, 4222; cause of care, 2456; heed, C 7357; *as*, C 6752; jurisdiction, 3540.  
**Ourlous**, *adj.* diligent, zealous, C 656590.

**Customere**, *adj.* accustomed, 4936. *F.* text, *coutumiers*.

**Cut**, *pr. s.* cuts, C 6198.

**D.**

**Dagges**, *s. pl.* loose tags or shreds of cloth, C 7260. (I can find no exact account of the fastening here referred to; I suppose that the *dagges*, or tape-like strips, had button-holes, through which the *knoppes* or buttons passed.)

**Daliaunce**, *a.* talk, 2850.

**Dampning**, *a.* damnation, C 6643.

**Dar**, *pr. s.* dare, 6049.

**Daunce**; *the olde d.*, the old game, 4300.

**Daungere**, *a.* resistance, 1932; reluctance, 2318; power, control, 2051.

**Daungerous**, *adj.* shy, reluctant, backward, 3212; hard to please, 2824; cruel, 3594, 3727.

**Daunte**, *v.* conquer, subdue, 3300.

**Daunting**, *a.* taming, 4032.

**Dawed**, *pt. s. subj.* would dawn, 2633.

**Dawes**, *a. pl.* days, 2838, C 6616.

**Debonairly**, *adv.* graciously, pleasantly, 2382.

**Defaute**, *s.* lack, 5789.

**Defenced**, *pp.* defended, 4310.

**Defensable**, *adj.* helping to defend, 4168.

**Defoule**, *v.* trample down, C 6000.

**Defyle**, *v.* bruise, C 7317.

**Degree**, *s.* rank, C 7214; manner, C 7442.

**Deignous**, *adj.* disdainful, 3593.

**Del**, *a.* deal; Dele, bit, least thing, 5139; *not . . . a del*, not a whit, C 6807, 7433; *never a del*, not at all, C 6036; *every del*, every whit, C 6017.

**Delectacioun**, *s.* delight, 4821.

**Deles** (Northern form), *pr. s.* distributes, 5419.

**Deliciously**, *adv.* daintily, C 6729.

**Deliverly**, *adv.* quickly, 1927, 2283, 3005.

**Delycea**, *s. pl.* pleasures, C 7281.

**Demeigne**, *s.* possession, ownership, 5586;

*Demeyne*, dominion, rule, 3310.

**Demene**, *v.* put up with, 5238.

**Depart**, *v.* divide, 2367, 5279.

**Departing**, *s.* division, 4613.

**Dere**, *v.* injure, destroy, 4336; *pp.* 2100.

**Desert**, *a.* deserving, 4269.

**Desperance**, *s.* desperation, 1872.

**Desporte**, *ger.* to cheer, to divert, 2014.

**Despyt**, *a.* aversion, C 5996.

**Dever**, *a.* endeavour, 5299.

**Deviant**, *adj.* divergent, turned away, 4789.

**Devoid**, *adj.* free, 4312.

**Devoided**, *pp.* removed, 2929.

**Devynne**, *v.* interpret, 3800.

**Devys**, *a.* disposal, 1974; will, 3621; *by devys*, to judge from her appearance (?), 3205. (*F.* text, *et a son via.*)

**Deyned**, *pt. s. subj.*; *him deyned*, it appeared good to him, C 6950.

**Deynous**, *adj.* disdainful, 3728.

**Deyntee**, *s.* value, 2677.

**Diffyne**, *v.* define, 4807.

**Dight**, *v.* prepare, 4240.

**Discomfit**, *pp.* disconcerted, 4067.

**Discordaunce**, *s.* disagreement, 4715, 5208; discordant melody, 4251.

**Discorde**, *ger.* to disagree, 4716.

**Discreven**, *2 pr. pl.* describe, 4803.

**Disdeinous**, *adj.* disdainful, C 7412.

**Disese**, *s.* uneasiness, 5244.

**Disese**, *ger.* to trouble, 3526.

**Disgyssen**, *v.* apparel, 2250; *Disgyse*, *1 pr. s.* disguise, C 6358.

**Dishonest**, *adj.* unfair, unreasonable, 3442; immodest, 4262.

**Disordinat**, *adj.* inordinate, 4816.

**Dispendith**, *pr. pl.* spend, 5681.

**Dispitous**, *adj.* unmerciful, spiteful, C 6162; malicious, froward, 2212, 3457.

**Displeasance**, *s.* displeasure, 3436.

**Disport**, *s.* delight, 3468; happiness, 2894.

**Disrewilly**, *adv.* irregularly, 4900.

**Disseise**, *v.* dispossess, deprive, (*F.* *desaisir*), 2076.

**Disserve**, *v.* deserve, 3093.

**Disseyved**, *pp.* deceived, C 6628.

**Dissolucioun**, *s.* dissoluteness, 4898.

**Distincte**, *v.* distinguish, C 6199.

**Distoned**, *adj.* out of tune, 4248.

**Ditee**, *s.* discourse, 5286, 5652.

**Divyne**, *s.* divinity, C 6488.

**Do**, *v.* cause; *do make*, cause to be made, 2080; *pr. s. subj.* accomplish, C 5869;

*Doand* (Northern), *pres. part.* doing, 2708; *Don*, *pp.* put, placed, C 6564.

**Dole**, *s.* lamentation, mourning, 2956, 4317. *O.F.* *doel*.

**Dolven**, *pp.* buried, 4070.

**Dom**, *s.* dumb, 2220, 2409, 2492.

**Dool**, *s.* grief, 4480.

**Dool**, *s.* portion; *halfen dool*, half portion, halving (it), 2364.

**Doth**, *pr. s.* causes, 2772, 2786, 2790; brings, 5558; gives, 1984.

**Double**, *adj.* twofold, 1756.

**Doubleness**, *a.* double-dealing, duplicity, 2366.

**Doun**, come down, C 5868.

**Dout**, *s.* fear, 2102.

**Doutable**, *adj.* doubtful, 5413; imperilled, unstable, C 6274.



**Doute**, *v.* fear, 2023; 1 *pr.* s. 2108; 2 *pr.* *pl.* 2079.  
**Douting**, *s.* doubt, C 6074.  
**Draught**, *s.* draught, bout, act, 4869. F. text, *Car maint n'i traitroient ja trait*.  
**Drede**, *s.* doubt; *withouten dr.*, without doubt, 2199, 2251, C 6214; **Dread** (personified), 3958, 5861.  
**Drethed**, *s.* sorrow, 4728.  
**Dresse**, *v.* prepare, 1773; *pr.* *s.* *subj.* *refl.* set himself, C 6535.  
**Dreye**, *adj.* dry, 1743.  
**Drough**, *pt.* *s.* drew, 1725.  
**Droune**, *ger.* to be drowned, 4710, 5022.  
**Druary**, *s.* loyal affection, 5064.  
**Drye**, *v.* suffer, undergo, 4390; **endure**, 3105; *ger.* to fulfil, C 7484.  
**Dulle**, 1 *pr.* *s.* become stupefied, 4792.  
**Dure**, *v.* last, endure, C 6841.  
**Duresse**, *s.* severity, 3547, 3570.  
**Dwelling**, *s.* delay, 2440.  
**Dyamaunt**, *s.* adamant, 4385.  
**Dyden**, *pt.* *pl.* died, C 6245.  
**Dyne**, *v.* as *s.* dinner, C 6500.

## E.

**Eche**, *v.* add, 1994; help, aid, 4618.  
**Effect**, *s.* reality, 5486.  
**Eft**, *adv.* again, 1783.  
**Eftsoone**, *adv.* soon afterwards, C 6094; **Eftsoones**, C 6649.  
**Egre**, *adj.* acid, 4179.  
**Eigre**, *adv.* sharply, 5474.  
**Eldre**, *s.* old age, 4885.  
**Elengenesse**, *s.* solitariness; hence, sadness, disquietude, C 7406. F. text, *soussi*.  
**Ellis**, *s.* *pl.* eels, C 7039.  
**Elles**, *adv.* otherwise, in all other respects, 3429.  
**Empressid**, *pp.* pressed, 3691.  
**Empryse**, *s.* undertaking, care, 2147; doings, 3508; enterprise, C 5825; design, 1972; conduct, action, 2186; privilege, 2008; rule, 4905.  
**Enchesoun**, *s.* occasion, 2504, 3982, 4242.  
**Enclyne**, *v.* be subject (to), respect, bow down (to), C 6814.  
**Encombe**, *v.* disturb, 5434; *pr.* *s.* importunes, teases, C 6675; *pr.* *pl.* perplex, 4482; *pp.* annoyed, C 7628.  
**Enfaunce**, *s.* infancy, youth, 4288.  
**Enforce**, *v.* compel, C 6407; *pr.* *pl.* *refl.* endeavour, C 6275; *pp.* augmented, 4499.  
**Engendrure**, *s.* procreation, 4849.  
**Engreveth**, *pr.* *s.* displeases, 3444.

**Enhaunce**, *ger.* to exalt, advance, C 7246.  
**Enlangoured**, *adj.* faded with langour, pale, C 7399.  
**Enlumined**, *pp.* illumined, 5344.  
**Enpryse**, *s.* quickness of movement, 267. See **Empryse**.  
**Enquestes**, *s.* *pl.* legal inquisitions, C 6977.  
**Ensare**, 1 *pr.* *s.* assure, 4890; *pp.* C 7212.  
**Entayle**, *s.* figure, shape, 3711.  
**Entencion**, *s.* attention, 4701; **intent**, C 6258; diligence, 2027; *of e.*, intentionally, 2976; *pl.* meaning, drift, C 7170.  
**Entende**, *v.* pay attention, 2153.  
**Entendement**, *s.* intention, 2188.  
**Entent**, *s.* mind, 2187; purpose, 2488; disposition, 5696; endeavour, 3906; intention, design, C 5811, 5869.  
**Ententif**, *adj.* diligent, careful, 2022; *adv.* 1720.  
**Entermete**, *v.* *refl.* intermeddle, interfere, 2966; 1 *pr.* *s.* *refl.* busy (myself with), C 6971.  
**Entremees**, *s.* *pl.* entremets, dainty meats, C 6841.  
**Entremete**, *v.* interfere, C 6635, 7233; *ger.* C 6503; *ger.* *refl.* C 5946; 1 *pr.* *s.* intermeddle, interfere, C 6498, 6840; *pr.* *s.* C 5921.  
**Enviroun**, *adv.* about, 3203, 4163; round about, 4203.  
**Enviroune**, 1 *pr.* *pl.* go about, C 7017.  
**Equipolences**, *s.* *pl.* equivocations, equivocal expressions, C 7076.  
**Erke**, *adj.* weary, wearied, 4867.  
**Ernes**, *s.* ardour, (of love), 4838.  
**Ernest**, *s.* earnest, pledge, 3680.  
**Ers**, *s.* posteriors (F. *cul*), C 7578.  
**Espleyten**, *v.* perform, execute, C 6174.  
**Espyre**, *s.* spy, 3871.  
**Establisshing**, *s.* decree, C 6369.  
**Estate**, *s.* state of life, position, 4901.  
**Estres**, *s.* *pl.* recesses, inner parts, 3626.  
**Existence**, *s.* reality, 5549, C 7470.  
**Expowne**, *ger.* to expound, C 7172.  
**Eyth**, *adj.* easy, 3955. A.S. *ead*.

## F.

**Fable**, *s.* deceitfulness, C 6602.  
**Fade**, *adj.* pallid, faded, 2399.  
**Fadome**, *s.* *pl.* fathoms, 4159.  
**Failed**, *pp.* as *adj.* wanting, defective, C 7470.  
**Fainte**, *adj.* feigned, C 7405.  
**Fairhede**, *s.* fairness, beauty, 2484.  
**Fallaces**, *s.* *pl.* deceits, C 7077.

**Fallith**, *pr. a. impers.* befalls, 4025; belongs, C 6976.  
**Falsen**, *pr. pl.* deceive, 4833.  
**Fand**, *pt. pl.* found, 2707.  
**Fard**, *imp. a.* paint, 2285.  
**Fardels**, *s. pl.* loads, bundles, 5683.  
**Fare**, *s.* warfare, condition, C 6498.  
**Fare**, *v.* depart, vanish away, C 6045;  
*pr. pl.* go, 5564; journey, 5509; *pp.* gone, 2710.  
**Faute**, *s.* fault, defect, 3837.  
**Fawe**, *adj.* fain, blithe, C 6476.  
**Fay**, *s.* faith, 2155, 5106.  
**Fee**, *s.* property, fief, C 6044.  
**Feers**, *adj.* fierce, 3372.  
**Feeste**, *s.* encouragement, 5061.  
**Fel**, *adj.* cruel, savage, 2211; harsh, 4028;  
 stern, C 7342; *Felle*, *pl.* painful, 3789.  
**Felde-fare**, *s.* field-fare, 5510.  
**Fele**, *adj.* many, 4446, C 6038.  
**Fele**, *v.* perceive (smell), 1844.  
**Feller**, *adj. comp.* crueller, 4103.  
**Felones**, *adj. pl.* evil, wicked, C 6711.  
*His f. iangelinges*, his evil pratings, his  
 injurious talk. Suggested by *F. Maugre  
 les felonesses jangles*; where *felonesses* is  
 a plural adjective; see Godefroy.  
**Feloun**, *adj.* cruel, C 5998.  
**Fere**, *s.* fire, 2471, 5086.  
**Fered**, *pp.* fired, inflamed, 5278.  
**Fetisly**, *adv.* neatly, perfectly, 2267.  
**Fetys**, *adj.* well-made, 2088.  
**Feynte**, *adj.* feigned, 5563.  
**Feyntyse**, *s.* deceit, guile, 2947, 2998, 3492;  
 evasion, 1971.  
**Fiaunce**, *s.* confidence, trust, 5481.  
**Fil**, *pt. s.* fell, condescended, 3437; *Fille*,  
*pt. pl.* found themselves, C 5813.  
**Fit**, *s.* mood, 5197.  
**Flawme**, *s.* flame, 3707.  
**Flawnes**, *s. pl.* flaws; a dish composed  
 of new cheese, eggs, powdered sugar,  
 coloured with saffron and baked in  
 small tins called 'coffins'; C 4042.  
**Flayn**, *pp.* flayed, C7316. *Miswriten slayn*.  
**Flemed**, *pt. s.* exiled, drove into exile,  
 3052, C 6781. A. S. *flēman*.  
**Floytes**, *s. pl.* flutes, 4251.  
**Foles**, *gen.* fool's, 5266.  
**Foly**, *adj.* foolish, 4299, 5085.  
**Fond**, *adj.* foolish, 5367.  
**Fonde**, *v.* attempt, 5858.  
**Foole**, *adj.* foolish, C 7539.  
**Foon**, *pl.* foes, 5552, C 6940.  
**Footte**, *v.* dance formally, 3223.  
**Foot-hoot**, *adv.* instantly, 3827.  
**For**, *prep.* to prevent, 4229; for fear of,  
 2365; on account of, 2190.

**Forboden**, *pp.* forbidden, C 6616.  
**Force**, *s.*; *I yeve no force*, I care not,  
 4602; *af f.*, necessarily, 1796.  
**Fordone**, *pp.* undone, 4339.  
**Fordrive**, *pp.* scattered, 3782.  
**Forewardis**, forwards; *hommes f.*, hence-  
 forward, C 7304.  
**Forfare**, *v.* perish, 5388, 5778.  
**For-ofte**, *adv.* very often, 4876.  
**For-peyned**, *pp.* distressed, 3693.  
**Forsake**, *v.* refuse, 2822; withstand, 1876.  
**Forstere**, *s.* forester, C 5329.  
**Fortened**, *pp.* destroyed, 4875. (Or per-  
 haps 'obstructed'; cf. A. S. *fortyman*, to  
 shut up.) See Crece.  
**Forthenke**, *v.* rue, repent, 3957, 4060.  
**Forthy**, *conj.* because; *not f.*, not on that  
 account, (*perhaps*) nevertheless, 4509.  
**Forwandre**, *pp.* spent with wandering,  
 3336.  
**Forwardis**, *s. pl.* agreements, C 7303.  
**Forwerreyd**, *pp.* utterly defeated, 2564.  
**Forwery**, *adj.* tired out, 3336.  
**For-why**, wherefore, 1743.  
**Forwoundid**, *pp.* sorely wounded, 1830.  
**Foryet**, *v.* forget, 3243; *pr. a.* C 6538.  
**Foryeve**, *ger.* to abandon, give up, 3438.  
**Fraunchyse**, *s.* liberty, 4906; nobility,  
 2007; generosity, 3003; Bounty, 3501;  
 Freedom, C 5865.  
**Frere**, *s.* friar, C 7377; Friar Wolf, C  
 6424.  
**Freres Prechours**, *s. pl.* preaching friars,  
 i. e. the Prechours, or Dominican friars,  
 C 7458.  
**Fret**, *pp.* fretted, adorned, 3204; set, 4705.  
**Fretted**, *pp.* furnished, lit. ornamented,  
 C 7259.  
**Frounce**, *pr. pl.* shew wrinkles, C 7261;  
*Frounced*, *pp.* wrinkled, 3137.  
**Fyne**, *v.* cease, 1797; *pr. pl. subj.* end,  
 depart, 5356.

G.

**Gabbeth**, *pr. s.* speaks falsely, lies, C  
 6700.  
**Gabbing**, *s.* lying, C 7602, 7612.  
**Gadring**, *s.* accumulation, 5782.  
**Garisoun**, *s.* healing, 3248; garrison, 4279.  
**Garnement**, *s.* dress, 2256.  
**Garnisoun**, *s.* fortress, 4204.  
**Gate**, *s.* way, wise, 3332, 5167, 5230 (North-  
 ern).  
**Gentilnesse**, *s.* kindness, 4605; good  
 breeding, 2005; nobility, 5237.  
**Gerner**, *s.* garner, C 5988.  
**Gesse**, *s.* withoute gesse, doubtless, 2817.  
**Geten**, *pp.* gotten, 5701.

Geting, *s.* obtaining, attainment, 3284.  
 Gibbe, Gib (Gilbert), *a* cat, C 6204.  
 Ginne, *s.* warlike engine, 4176.  
 Ginnoth, *pr. s.* begins, 2154.  
 Gisarme, *s.* a weapon bearing a scythe-like blade fixed on a shaft and provided also with a spear-point like a bayonet, C 5978.  
 Giterne, *ger.* to play on the guitar, 3221.  
 Glose, *v.* flatter, 5097; *pp.* explained, C 6890.  
 Gloumbe, *v.* frown, look glum, 4356.  
 Guede, *s.* stingy person, C 6002. (Mis-written *grede*.)  
 Go, *pp.* gone, 2423; empty, C 6834.  
 Gonfanoun, *s.* gonfalon, banner, 2018.  
 Gospel Perdurable, The Everlasting Gospel, C 7102.  
 Graithe, *v.* dress, array, C 7368.  
 Graunt mercy, best thanks, C 7504.  
 Gree, (1) *s.* way (lit. grade); *in no maner gree*, in no kind of way, 5743.  
 Gree, (2) *s.* favour; *alle gree*, with favour, 4574; *take at gree*, accept with a good will, 1069; *in gree*, in good part, 2306.  
 Grete, 1 *pr. s.* weep, lament, 4116 (North-ern).  
 Greves, *s.* pl. thickets, 3019.  
 Groffe, *adv.* face downward, 2561.  
 Groine, *pr. s.* subj. grumble, murmur, C 7049.  
 Gruochen, *pr. pl. subj.* grumble at, be-grudge, C 6465.  
 Gruoching, *s.* refusal, C 6439.  
 Grype, *v.* seize, C 5983.  
 Guerdoning, *s.* reward, 2380, C 5908.  
 Gylar, *s.* beguiler, 5759.  
 Gype, *s.* frock; perhaps a smock-frock (alluding to the numerous gathers in the front of it), C 7262.

## H

Ha, *v.* have, 5569.  
 Hade, 2 *pt. s.* haddest, 2400.  
 Halp, *pt. s.* helped, 1911.  
 Halt, *pr. s. refl.* considers himself, 4901; keeps, C 7032.  
 Hardement, *s.* courage, 1827, 2487, 3392.  
 Harlotes, *s.* pl. rascals, ribalds, C 6068.  
 Harneis, *s.* armour, gear, C 7477.  
 Harneys, *v. refl.* dress, equip thyself, 2647.  
 Hat, *adj.* hot, 2398.  
 Hatter, *adj. comp.* hotter, more hotly, 2475.  
 Haunt, *v.* practise, 4868; *ger.* to haunt, frequent, C 6601; *pr. s.* subj. practise, C 7029.

Haunting, *s.* haunt, abode, C 6081.  
 Hauteyn, *adj.* haughty, C 6201; *fer.* 3739.  
 Havoir, *s.* having, 4720.  
 Haye, *s.* hedge, 2971, 2987.  
 Hele, *v.* conceal, 2858; *ger.* 2522; *pr. pl.* C 6882.  
 Hele, *s.* health, 4721.  
 Hem, *pron.* them, 2218.  
 Hemmes, *s.* pl. phylacteries, C 6912.  
 Hend, *adj.* ready, useful, 3345.  
 Hente, *ger.* to seize, 3364; *pt. s.* 1730, 4022; *pt. pl.* snatched, C 7136; *pp.* plucked, 7644.  
 Herber, *imp. pl.* take up your abode, C 7586; 2 *pt. s.* didst harbour, 5107.  
 Herbergere, *s.* host, entertainer, C 7583; *pl.* 5000.  
 Herberwe, *s.* shelter, lodging, C 6201, 7495.  
 Herberwe, *v.* shelter, lodge, C 6145.  
 Herde, *s.* shepherd, C 6453; *pl.* C 6561.  
 Herle, *pr. pl.* honour, praise, C 6241 A. S. *herian*.  
 Hertly, *adj.* true-hearted, 5433.  
 Het, *pp.* heated, 3709.  
 Heten, *v.* promise, C 6299.  
 Hight, *pr. s.* is named, C 6341; *pp.* promised, 2803.  
 Hoked, *adj.* hooked, furnished with hooks, 1712; barbed, 1749.  
 Hole, *adj.* whole, complete, 5443.  
 Holtes, *s.* pl. plantations, C 6996.  
 Homager, *s.* vassal, 3288.  
 Hoolly, *adv.* wholly, 1970.  
 Hoomly, *adj.* homely, familiar, C 6320.  
 Hoor, *adj.* gray-haired, C 6335; Hore, *adj.* hoary, gray, 3106; *pl.* hoary (a frequent epithet of trees, perhaps with reference to trees of great age), C 6996.  
 Hornpypes, *s.* pl. musical instruments formed of pipes made of horn, 4250.  
 Hostilers, *s.* as *adj. pl.* keeping an inn, C 7033.

Hoteth, *pr. s.* promises, 5422; *pr. pl.* 5444.  
 Housel, *v.* give the Host (to), C 6438.  
 Hulstred, *pp.* concealed, hidden, C 6146.  
 Humanitee, *s.* a human nature, 5655.  
 Hy, *s.* haste; *in hy*, in haste, 2393, 3591.

## I

Ioh, *pron.* I, C 6787.  
 If, *conj.* if (i.e. if the matter be wisely inquired into), 4454.  
 Imped, *pp.* engrafted, 5137.  
 Impes, *s.* pl. grafts, C 6293.  
 Importable, *adj.* insufferable, C 6902.

**In-fere**, *adv.* together, 4827.

**Isse**, *v.* issue, 1992.

J.

**Jangleth**, *pr. s.* prattles, C 7540.

**Jangling**, *a.* prating, chattering, C 5852;

*pl.* idle words, C 6711.

**Jape**, *s.* jest, C 7519; *pl.* tricks, C 6835.

**Jape**, *i pr. s.* mock, scoff at, C 6471.

**Jolily**, *adv.* after a jolly sort, C 7031;  
pleasantly, 2248; nicely, neatly, 2284;  
deservedly, C 7664.

**Joly**, *adj.* fine, gay, C 7248.

**Jolynesse**, *s.* jolliness, joy, 2302.

**Joweles**, *s. pl.* jewels, 2092, 5420.

**Joyne**, *i pr. s.* enjoin, 2355.

**Jupartye**, *s.* jeopardy, 2666.

K.

**Kembe**, *imp. s.* comb, 2284.

**Kenne**, *v.* show, teach, 2476.

**Kepe**, *s.* heed, 3475.

**Kepe**, *v.* keep; *kepe forth*, perpetuate,  
4854; *i pr. s.* care, C 6440; keep, 3476;  
care, wish, C 6083; *pr. pl.* care, C 6093.

**Kernels**, *s. pl.* battlements, 4195. F. text,  
*les creniaus*.

**Kerving**, *pres. pt. as adj.* cutting, 3813.

**Kesse**, *v.* kiss, 2006.

**Kid**, *pp.* made known, 2172; evident, 3132.

**Kirked**, *adj.* crooked (?), 3137.

**Knet**, *pp.* knit, fastened, 4700, 4811; *pp.*  
*pl.* fast bound, 2092.

**Knewe**, *i pt. s. subj.* disclosed, C 6090.

**Knopped**, *pp.* fastened, C 7260. A *knoppe*  
is properly a button; hence *knoppen*, to  
fasten with a button.

L.

**Laas**, *s.* toils, snare, C 6029, 6648; *Lace*,  
cord, string, C 7373; net, 2792; snare,  
5093.

**Laced**, *pp.* entangled, caught, 3178.

**Lakke**, *i pr. pl.* blame, 4804.

**Lambren**, *s. pl.* lambs, C 7013.

**Largesse**, *s.* liberality, 2354; C 5853.

**Las**, *s.* net, 2790. See *Laas*, *Lace*.

**Late**, *ger.* to let, permit, allow, 3145, C  
6676; *v.* let, 5574; *lat. pr. s.* lets remain,  
5493.

**Lauhwith**, *pr. s.* laughs, 2294.

**Lay**, *s.* law, religious belief, C 6749.

**Leaf**, *adj.* willing, 2335.

**Lees**, *s. pl.* lies; *withouten lees*, truly,  
3904, 5728.

**Leful**, *adj.* allowable, permissible, 5195.  
*Lit.* 'leave-ful.'

**Leggen**, *ger.* ease, relieve, 5016. (Short  
for *aleggen*.)

**Lemes**, *s. pl.* rays, 5346.

**Lemman**, *s.* sweetheart, C 6056, 6305.

**Lene**, *v.* lend, 3053, C 7026.

**Lening**; *in lening*, as a loan, 2373.

**Lepand**, *pres. part.* running (with short  
jumps), 1928.

**Lere**, *ger.* to teach, 2143, 2149; *v.* teach,  
5152; learn, 2451, 4808.

**Lered**, *adj.* learned, C 6217.

**Lese**, *v.* lose, C 5915, 5924; *pr. s.* 2149.

**Lesing**, *s.* lie, falsehood, 2174, 4835.

**Let**, *pr. s.* leads (his life), C 6111.

**Lete**, *v.* cease, 2463; leave, C 6457; let  
alone, C 6556; abandon, C 6169; allow,  
permit, 6458; *i pr. s.* leave, C 6354;  
abandon, C 6997; *pp.* let, 1791.

**Lette**, *s.* let, hindrance, 3756.

**Letten**, *v.* hinder, 3590; delay, 3940;  
stop, 1832; cease, 2807; desist, 1832.

**Letting**, *s.* hindrance, C 5931.

**Lettrure**, *s.* literature, writing, C 6751.

**Leve**, *v.* believe, 3303.

**Leve**, *v.* live, 2336.

**Lever**, *adv.* rather, C 6793; *me were leter*,  
I had rather, C 6168.

**Lewd**, *adj.* lay (folk), the ignorant, C  
6217.

**Lewedist**, *adj.* superl. most ignorant,  
4802.

**Leye**, *pt. pl.* lay, lived, C 6572.

**Liohe**, *adv.* alike, equally, 4160.

**Ligging**, *pr. pt.* lying down, 4002.

**Likerous**, *adj.* licentious, 4264.

**Likly**, *adj.* similar, 4852.

**Liase**, *v.* abate, 4128; *ger.* to be eased, to  
feel relief, 3758.

**List**, *s.* pleasure, will, 1957.

**List**, *pr. s.* wishes, C 6139.

**Loigne**, *s.* tether, 3382, C 7030.

**Loke**, *pp.* locked up, 2092.

**Long**; *of long passed*, of old, 3377.

**Longth**, *pr. s.* befits, 2321.

**Loos**, *s.* renown, reputation, 2310, C 6103;  
ill fame, C 7081.

**Lorn**, *pp.* lost, 4327, 4502, 4508, C 5973.

**Loengeours**, *s. pl.* deceivers, 2693.

**Loteby**, *s.* paramour, C 6339.

**Lough**, *pt. s.* laughed, C 7295.

**Loure**, *pr. s. subj.* scowl, C 7049.

**Loute**, *v.* bow, 4384; bow down, C 7336;  
*pr. pl. subj.* bow down, C 6917.

**Lowe**, *ger.* to appraise, i.e. to be valued  
at, 4532.

**Luce**, *s.* pike (fish), C 7039.

**Lyfiode**, *s.* livelihood, 5602, C 6663.  
**Lyken**, *v.* please, 1854, C 6131.  
**Lyte**, *adj.* little, small, 2279, 3557; *adv.* C 7551.  
**Lythe**, *adj.* delicate, 3762.

## M

**Maat**, *adj.* bewildered, overcome, 1739.  
 See **Mate**.  
**Maistryse**, *s.* strength, dominion, 4172.  
**Make**, *per.* to cause, C 5931; *pr. pl.* pro-pound, C 6186.  
**Male**, *s.* bag, wallet, 3263; money-bag, C 6376.  
**Malentent**, *s.* ill-humour, 3438.  
**Mangonel**, *s.* a military engine on the principle of the sling-staff for casting stones, a catapult, C 6279.  
**Mar**, *adj.* greater, 2215; *adv.* more, 1854.  
**Marchandise**, *s.* barter, C 5902.  
**Mare**, *adv.* more, 2709.  
**Marks**, *pl.* marks (coins), C 5986.  
**Marreth**, *pr. s.* disfigures, 4679.  
**Mate**, *adj.* distracted, 5099; downcast, 4671; dispirited, 3167, 3190. See **Maat**.  
**Maugree**, *s.* ill-will, 4399; reproach, 3144; *prep.* in spite of, C 6711; *maugre vous*, in spite of you, C 7645.  
**Mayme**, *v.* maim, C 6620; *pr. s.* wounds, 5317. See **Meygned**.  
**Maysondewe**, *s.* hospital, 5619.  
**Medle**, *v.* interfere, 3788; **Medle**, *v. refl.* meddle; *m. him of*, deal with, C 6030; *to medle*, for meddling, 4545.  
**Meke**, *v.* mollify, 3394; have mercy, 3541; **Meked**, *pt. s. refl.* humbled himself, 3584.  
**Mendience**, *s.* beggary, mendicancy, C 6657, 6707.  
**Mene**, *s.* mean, middle state, C 6527.  
**Mene**, *adj.* middle, mean, 4844.  
**Mene**, *i pr. s.* bemoan, 2596.  
**Menour**, Minorite, Franciscan friar, C 6338.  
**Mes**; *s. at good mes*, at a favourable opportunity, 3462. O. F. *mes*.  
**Mete**, *adj.* meet, fitted, 1799.  
**Mete**, *v.* meet, succeed, 4571.  
**Mevable**, *adj.* moveable, 4736.  
**Meve**, *v.* move, incite, 2327.  
**Mewe**, *s.* coop, cage (a falconry term), 4778.  
**Meygned**, *pp.* hurt, maimed, 3356. See **Mayme**.  
**Meynee**, *s.* household, C 6870, 7156.  
**Meynt**, *pp.* mingled, 1920; **Meynd**, 2296.  
**Mich**, *adj.* many, 2258, 5555.  
**Micher**, *s.* thief, C 6541.

**Miches**, *s. pl.* small loaves of finest wheaten flour, 5585.  
**Mis**, *adj.* amiss, wrong, 3243.  
**Mischeef**, *s.* misfortune, C 6731.  
**Misericorde**, *s.* mercy, 3577.  
**Misseying**, *s.* evil-speaking, 2207.  
**Mister**, *s.* occupation, trade, C 6976; *whatever mister*, of every kind of occupation, C 6332.  
**Mistere**, *s.* need, C 7409.  
**Miswey**, *adv.* astray, 4764.  
**Mixens**, *s. pl.* dunghills, C 6496.  
**Mo**, *adj. pl.* others besides, 3023; *men* (in number), C 5990.  
**Moohel**, *adj.* great, 3117; *to m.*, too much, 3442.  
**Moebie**, *s.* moveable property, C 6045.  
**Moeve**, *v.* move, i. e. prefer, make, C 6045.  
**Moneste**, *i pr. s.* admonish, charge, 357.  
**Monyours**, *s. pl.* coiners, C 6811.  
**Mot**, *pr. s.* must, 3784; *so mote I go*, as i hope to walk about, C 6591.  
**Mowe**, *v.* be able, 2644.  
**Musard**, *s.* muser, dreamer, C 7562; *alngard*, 3256, 4034; *dolt*, C 7562.  
**Muwis**, *s. pl.* bushels, 5590.

## N

**Nathelesse**, nevertheless, C 6195.  
**Ne**, *conj.* unless, 4858.  
**Nede**, *adv.* necessarily, C 7633.  
**Nedely**, *adv.* needs must, C 6117.  
**Neden**, *v.* be necessary, C 5990.  
**Nedes**, *s. pl.* necessities, C 6174.  
**Nedes**, *adv.* of necessity, 1792.  
**Neer**, *adv.* nearer, 1708. See **Nerre**.  
**Neigh it nere**, *v.* approach it more nearly, 2003.  
**Nempned**, *pp.* named, mentioned, C 602.  
**Nere**, were not, were it not for, 2772; were there not, 2778; had it not been for, C 7328.  
**Nerre**, *adj. comp.* nearer, 5101.  
**Neven**, *v.* name, C 5962; recount, C 707.  
**Nil**, *pr. s.* will not, C 5821, 6045.  
**Nomen**, *pt. pl.* took, C 7423; *pp.* taken, 5404.  
**Noncerteyne**, *adj.* uncertain, 5426.  
**Nones**, for the, for the nonce, occasionally, C 7387.  
**Nonne**, *s.* nun, C 6350.  
**Noot**, *i pr. s.* know not, C 6367.  
**Noriture**, *s.* bringing up, C 6728.  
**Norys**, *s.* nurse, 5418.  
**Not**, *i pr. s.* know not, 5191.  
**Note-kernel**, *s.* nut-kernel, C 7117.  
**Noye**, *s.* hurt, 3772.

**Noyen**, *ger.* to vex, 4416.  
**Noyous**, *adj.* harmful, 3230, 4449.  
**Noyse**, *a.* evil report, 3971.  
**Nyce**, *adj.* foolish, silly, 4262, 4877, C 6944.  
**Nyottee**, *a.* foolishness, 5525.  
**Nyghe**, *v.* approach, 1775.

O.

**Obeysahing**, *a.* submission, 3380.  
**Of**, *prep.* out of, owing to, 3981; concerning (Lat. *de*), 4884; off, 5470; (some) of, (part) of, 1993. Or it may mean 'by,' 'on account of.'  
**Offense**, *a.* discomfort, 5677.  
**Of-newe**, *adv.* newly, afresh, 5169.  
**Onlofte**, *prep.* aloft, on high, 5503.  
**Oon**, *adj.* one, 4812; *in oon*, without change, 3779.  
**Ootages**, *a. pl.* hostages, 2064, C 7311.  
**Other-gate**, *adv.* otherwise, 2158.  
**Ought**, *adv.* in any way, C 6096.  
**Otake**, *prep.* except, 4474.  
**Outerly**, *adv.* wholly, utterly, 3489, 3742.  
**Outrage**, *a.* wrong, 2082, 2086; scandalous life, 4927; outrageous deeds, C 6024 (mistranslated).  
**Outrageous**, *adj.* exceeding great, 2602; ill-behaved, 2192.  
**Outelinge**, *v.* fling out, C 5987.  
**Out-take**, *prep.* except, C 5819.  
**Over-al**, *adv.* everywhere, 3050, 3914.  
**Overgo**, *v.* pass away, 3784; *pr. pl.* trample on, C 6821.  
**Overwhelme**, *v.* roll over, 3775.  
**Ow**, *1 pr. a.* ought, 4413.

P.

**Palasyns**, *adj. pl.* belonging to the palace; *ladyes palasyns*, court ladies, C 6862.  
**Papelard**, *a.* hypocrite, deceiver, C 7283.  
**Papelardye**, *a.* hypocrisy, C 6796.  
**Parage**, *a.* parentage, descent, 4759.  
**Par-amour**, with devotion, 2830.  
**Paramour**, *a.* paramour, lover, 5060.  
**Paramours**, *adv.* with a lover's affection, 4657.  
**Parceners**, *a. pl.* partners, C 6952.  
**Parcuere**, *adv.* by heart, 4796.  
**Pardee**, *F. pardieu*, 4433, C 5913.  
**Parfay**, by my faith, C 6058.  
**Part**, *a.* duty, 5032.  
**Parte**, *v.* divide, 5283.  
**Party**, *a.* part; *in party*, partially, 5338.  
**Parvys**, *a.* room over a church-porch, C 7108.

**Pas**; *a pas*, apace, quickly, 3724.  
**Passaunt**, *adj.* surpassing, 3110.  
**Passe**, *v.* penetrate, 1751.  
**Patre**, *v.* recite the paternoster, C 6794.  
**Pay**, *a.* satisfaction, C 5938; liking, taste, 1721; *me to pay*, to my satisfaction, C 6985.  
**Paye**, *ger.* to appease, 3599.  
**Peire**, *v.* damage, C 6103.  
**Peire of bedis**, *a.* rosary, C 7372.  
**Pens**, *a. pl.* pence, C 5987.  
**Pensel**, *a.* a standard, ensign, or banner, (particularly of bachelors-in-arms), *a.* pennonoel, C 6280.  
**Pepir**, *a.* pepper, (metaphorically) mischief, C 6028.  
**Perauntre**, *adv.* peradventure, 5192.  
**Percas**, *adv.* perchance, C 6647.  
**Persaunt**, *adj.* piercing, 2809; sharp, 4179.  
**Pese**, *ger.* to appease, 3397.  
**Pesible**, *adj.* peaceable, gentle, C 7413.  
**Peyne**, *a.* penalty, C 6626; pain, hardness, 2120; *up peyne*, on pain (of death), C 6617.  
**Peynes**, *v. refl.* endeavour, C 7512; *pr. a. refl.* takes pains, C 6014.  
**Piment**, *a.* spiced wine or ale, C 6027.  
**Pitous**, *adj.* excusable, deserving pity, 4734; merciful, C 6161.  
**Plat**, *adv.* flat, flatly, 1734, C 7526.  
**Pleyne**, *v.* lament, complain, 2299, C 6405.  
**Pleynt**, *a.* complaint, C 6012.  
**Plight**, *pt. a.* plucked, 1745.  
**Plongeth**, *pr. a.* plunges, 5472.  
**Plyte**, *a.* affair, C 5827.  
**Poeste**, *a.* power, virtue, 2095.  
**Pole**, *a.* pool, C 5966.  
**Port**, *a.* demeanour, manner, 2038, 2192; *Porte*, 4622.  
**Porte-colys**, *a.* portcullis, 4168.  
**Possed**, *pp.* pushed, tossed, 4479; *pp.* driven, 4625.  
**Potente**, *a.* crutch, C 7417.  
**Pouste**, *a.* power, influence, C 6533, 6957, 7679; dominion, C 6484.  
**Pover**, *a.* poverty, C 6181.  
**Prece**, *ger.* to press, 4198.  
**Predicacioun**, *a.* preaching, 5763.  
**Preise**, *1 pr. a.* value, appraisal, 4830.  
**Prese**, *v.* press; *pr. a.* intrudes, C 7627; *pr. pl.* intrude, C 7629; *imp. a.* endeavour, 2899.  
**Pressure**, *a.* wine-press, 3692.  
**Preve**, *v.* prove, 4170.  
**Preving**, *a.* proof, C 7543.  
**Preyse**, *1 pr. a.* value, esteem, 1983. *F. pris.*

**Prike**, *imp.* a gallop, 2314.  
**Pria**, *s.* esteem, 2310.  
**Privetee**, *s.* secret, 5526, C 6878, 6882.  
**Procuratour**, *s.* a collector of alms for hospitals or sick persons, C 6974.  
**Propre**, *adj.* own, C 6565, 6592.  
**Provable**, *adj.* capable of proof, 5414.  
**Provende**, *s.* allowance, stipend, C 6931.  
**Prow**, *s.* profit, gain, 5806, 1940.  
**Pryme temps**, first beginning, 4534; the spring, 4747.  
**Prys**, *s.* praise, 1972; price, C 5927.  
**Pugnaunt**, *adj.* poignant, keen, 1879.  
**Pullaille**, *s.* poultry, C 7043.  
**Pulle**, *v.* pluck, strip, C 5984; *pr. pl.* flay, strip, C 6820.  
**Puple**, *s.* people, rabblement, C 7159.  
**Purchas**, *s.* acquisition, C 6838.  
**Purchasen**, *ger.* to procure, C 6607.  
**Purpryse**, *s.* park, enclosure, 3987, 4171.  
**Purveaunce**, *s.* provision, C 7326.  
**Purveye**, *ger.* to procure, 3339.  
**Put**, *pr. s.* puts, 3556, 4444, C 5949.  
**Pyne**, *s.* endeavour, 1798; misery, C 6499.  
**Pynen**, *v.* torment, punish, 3511.

## Q.

**Quarels**, *s. pl.* square-headed crossbow-bolts, 1823.  
**Quarteyne**, *adj.* as *s.* quartan fever or ague, 2401.  
**Queme**, *ger.* to please, C 7270.  
**Quenche**, *v.* be quenched, 5324.  
**Quene**, *s.* quean, concubine, C 7032.  
**Querrou**, *s.* quarry-man, hewer of stone, 4149.  
**Quethe**; *I quethe him quyte*, I cry him quit, C 6999.  
**Queynt**, *adj.* elegant, 2251; curious, fanciful, C 6342; strange, 5199; pleased, 3079; shewing satisfaction, 2038.  
**Queyntly**, *adv.* neatly, easily, 4322.  
**Queyntyse**, *s.* elegance, 2250.  
**Quik**, *adj.* alive, 3523, 4070, 5056.  
**Quitly**, *adv.* quite, entirely, C 5843.  
**Quitte**, *pt. s. reflex.*; *quitte him*, acquitted himself. 3069; *pp.* requited, 3146, 6088; made amends for, 2599; rid, 1852.  
**Quook**, *1 pt. s.* quaked, 3163; *pt. pl.* 3966.  
**Qyite**, *pp. as adj.* quit, C 5904; free, C 5910; entire, 2375.  
**Qyite**, *v.* acquit, release, C 6032; fulfil, 5032; *1 pr. s.* C 6412; *imp. s.* 2222, 4392.

## R.

**Racynne**, *s.* root, 4881.  
**Rage**, *s.* rage, spite, 3809; malignity, venom, 1916; madness, 3592; *is r.* mad, 4523.  
**Ramage**, *adj.* wild, 5384. O. F. *ramayr*.  
**Rape**, *s.* haste, 1929.  
**Rape**, *adv.* quickly, C 6516.  
**Rathe**, *adj.* early, C 6650.  
**Ravisable**, *adj.* greedy for prey, C 7011.  
**Ravyne**, *s.* plunder, C 6813.  
**Rebel**, *adj.* rebellious, C 6400.  
**Reoche**; *what reoche me*, what care I 3447.  
**Recreaundyse**, *s.* cowardice, 2107, 4058.  
**Recreaunte**, *s.* coward, 4090.  
**Reoured**, *pp.* recovered, 4920, 5124.  
**Rede**, *s.* good advice, 3859; Reed, C 7328.  
**Rede**, *1 pr. s.* advise, 1932; read, 1819.  
**Reed**, *s.* advice, C 7328; Rede, 3859.  
**Refreyne**, *ger.* to bridle, C 7511.  
**Reft**, *s.* rift, 2661.  
**Refte**, *2 pt. pl.* deprived, 3562.  
**Refuyt**, *s.* refuge, escape, 3840.  
**Rehete**, *v.* cheer, console, C 6509.  
**Reisins**, *s. pl.* fresh grapes, 3659.  
**Relees**, *s.* relief, 2612; release, 4440.  
**Release**, *1 pr. s.* give up, C 6999.  
**Religioun**, *s.* religious order, 2715; monastic life, C 6155.  
**Religious**, *adj.* pious, C 6236; *as a s.* nun, C 6347; *R.* folk, monastics, C 6149.  
**Remued**, *pt. s.* moved, C 7432.  
**Rendre**, *v.* recite, 4800.  
**Reneyed**, *1 pt. s. subj.* should renounce, C 6787.  
**Repeire**, *v.* return, 3573, 4131.  
**Repreef**, *s.* reproach, 4974, C 7240.  
**Reprove**, *s.* reproach, 5261; Reprove, upbraiding, 5525.  
**Requere**, *pr. s. subj.* request, ask, 5215; *pp.* asked, 5277.  
**Rescouis**, *s.* service, endeavour to support, C 6749.  
**Reasonables**, *adj. pl.* reasonable, C 6760.  
**Resoun**, *s.* correct manner, 2151.  
**Reveeth**, *pr. s.* takes away, C 6254; *pt. s.* bereaved, 4351.  
**Reverte**, *v.* bring back, C 7188.  
**Revolutioun**, *s.* revolution, turn (of fortune's wheel), 4366.  
**Reward**, *s.* regard, consideration, 3812.  
**Rewe**, *v.* rue, be sorry, 4060; *if wol we rewe*, I shall be sorry, 5170.  
**Reyne**, *v.* rain down, fall as rain, 1822.  
**Reynes**, Rennes (in Brittany), 3866.

**Ribaned**, *pp.* adorned with lace (of gold), 4752.  
**Ribaud**, *s.* labourer, 5673; *pl.* ribalds, C 7302.  
**Ribaudye**, *s.* ribaldry, 2224; riotous living, 4926.  
**Right**, *adv.* just, exactly, 5347; quite, C 6398, 6411; *right nought*, not at all, 2071.  
**Rimpled**, *adj.* wrinkled, 4495.  
**Riveling**, *pres. part.* puckering, C 7262.  
**Roohet**, *s.* linen garment, 4754.  
**Rode**, *s. dat.* rood, cross, C 6564.  
**Rody**, *adj.* ruddy, 3629.  
**Rougnous**, *adj.* scurvy, rotten, C 6190.  
**Roiking**, *pres. part.* rocking, quivering, trembling, 1906. Cf. *Shak. Lucr.* 262.  
**Ronne**, *pp.* advanced, 4495.  
**Roser**, *s.* rose-bush, 1789, 1826, 1833, 2967.  
**Rought**, 1 *pt.* *s.* reeked, heeded, 1873; 1 *pt.* *s.* *subj.* should not care, C 7061.  
**Rowe**, *adj. pl.* rough, 183.  
**Rude**, *adj. as pl.* *s.* common people, 2268.  
**Ryve**, *v.* pierce, C 7161; be torn, 5393;  
*Ryveth*, *pr. s.* is torn, 5718.

S.

**Sad**, *adj.* serious, staid, composed, 4627; *pl.* grievous, C 6907.  
**Sadnesse**, *s.* sobriety, discretion, 4940.  
**Sailen**, *v.* assail, C 7338.  
**Sakked Freres**, *Freres de Sacco*, Friars of the Sack, C 7462.  
**Salowe**, *adj.* fallow; *but read* falowe, i. e. fallow, C 7392.  
**Salue**, *ger.* to salute, 2218; *pr. s. subj.* 2220.  
**Samons**, *s. pl.* salmon, C 7039.  
**Sat**, *pt.* *s.* *imper.* suited, 3810.  
**Sautere**, *s.* psalter, C 7371.  
**Say**, 1 *pt.* *s.* saw, 1722; *Sawe*, *pt. s. subj.* saw, 1719.  
**Say**, (*for* Assay), *v.* essay, attempt, endeavour, 5162.  
**Saynt**, *adj.* girded, girdled (?), C 7408.  
**Scantilone**, *s.* pattern, C 7064.  
**Scole**, *s.* scholarship, learning, 3274.  
**Score**, *s.* crack (or hole) in a wall, 2660.  
**Scrippe**, *s.* scrip, wallet, C 7405.  
**Secree**, *adj.* secret, 5257.  
**Secree**, *s.* secret, 5260.  
**Secte**, *s.* class, category, 5745; *gem.* of (our) race, 4859.  
**Seden**, *v.* bear seed, fructify, 4344.  
**See**, *pr. s. subj.* see; so god me see, as (I hope) God may protect me, 5693.  
**Seer**, *adj.* sere, dry, 4749.  
**Seignorye**, *s.* dominion, 3213.  
**Seke**, *adj.* sick, 5729, 5733; *pl.* 4829.

**Semblable**, *adj.* similar, C 5911.  
**Semblable**, *adj. as s.* resemblance, one like himself, 4835; *pl.* like (cases), C 6759.  
**Semblant**, *s.* appearance, disguise, C 6202; (his) hypocrisy, C 7449; seeming, 3205, 3957.  
**Sen**, *conj.* since, 1984.  
**Sentence**, *s.* meaning, C 7474; *pl.* opinions, C 5813.  
**Sermoneth**, *pr. s.* sermonizes, preaches, C 6219.  
**Servage**, *s.* servitude, 4382, 5807.  
**Serviable**, *adj.* serviceable, C 6004.  
**Sette**, *v.* fasten (an accusation), 3328; *Set*, *pr. s.* places, 4925, 4957; *pt. pl.* besieged, C 7344; *pp.* established, 2077.  
**Seure**, *adj.* sure, 4304.  
**Sëurere**, *adj. comp.* surer, more secure, C 5958.  
**Seynt Amour**, William St. Amour, C 6781. (He wrote against the friars who advocated the Eternal Gospel.)  
**Shende**, *v.* shame, put to shame, 3116; *ger.* to injure, 2953; *pr. s.* ruins, 4776, 5310; *pp.* disgraced, ruined, 3479, 3933.  
**Shene**, *adj.* fair, 3713.  
**Shere**, *pr. s. subj.* can out, shear, 4325; may shave, C 6196.  
**Shete**, *ger.* to shoot, 1798; *Shet*, *pt. s.* shot, 1727, 1777.  
**Shette**, *ger.* to shut, 4224; *v.* shut up, 2091; *pr. pl.* shut up, 5771; *Shet*, *pp.* shut, 4368.  
**Shewing**, *s.* demeanour, 4041.  
**Shitteth**, *pr. s.* shuts, 4100; *Shit*, *pp.* shut up, 2767.  
**Shoon**, *s. pl.* shoes, 2265.  
**Shrewis**, *s. pl.* knaves, C 6876.  
**Shrift-fader**, *s.* confessor, C 6423.  
**Shryve**, *v.* hear confessions, C 6364.  
**Sigh**, 1 *pt.* *s.* saw, 1822.  
**Sight**, 1 *pt. s.* sighed, 1746.  
**Sikerer**, *adj. comp.* safer, C 7310.  
**Sikerest**, *adj. superl.* securest, C 6147.  
**Sikernessee**, *s.* certainty, 1935, 2365.  
**Sikirly**, *adv.* certainly, C 6906.  
**Similacioun**, *s.* dissimulation, C 7230.  
**Simpleesse**, *s.* Simplicity (the name of an arrow), 1774; simplicity, C 6381.  
**Sire**, *s.* father; *sire ne dame*, neither father nor mother, C 5887.  
**Sith**, *conj.* since, 1964, 4367, C 6266.  
**Sithen**, *adv.* afterwards, 1999, C 7130.  
**Sitte**, *pr. pl. subj.* sit, sit, 2267; *Sittand*, *pres. pt.* (Northern) fitting, 2263; *Sitting*, *pres. pt.* fitting, suitable, 3654; befitting, 2309, 4675.



**Skaffaut**, *s.* scaffold, a shed on wheels with a ridged roof, under cover of which the battering ram was used, 4176.

**Skile**, *s.* reason, 3120, 4543; avail, 1951.

**Slake**, *v.* abate, 3108.

**Sleen**, *ger.* to slay, C 7195; *pr. s.* 2590.

**Sleighe**, *adj.* sly, cunning, C 7257.

**Sleightes**, *s. pl.* missiles, C 7071; tricks, C 6371.

**Slo**, *v.* slay, 3150, 4592; *ger.* 5521; **Sloo**, *v.* 1953, 3523; **Slo**, *pr. s. subj.* 4992, 5643.

**Slomrest**, *2 pr. s.* slumberest, 2567.

**Slowe**, *s.* moth, 4751. *F. taigña.*

**Smete**, *pp.* smitten, 3755.

**Snibbe**, *v.* snub, reproach, 4533.

**Sojourn**, *s.* sojourn, 4282; dwelling, 5150.

**Solempnely**, *adv.* publicly, with due publicity, C 6766.

**Soleyn**, *adj.* sullen, 3806.

**Sophyme**, *s.* sophism, C 7471.

**Sore**, *adv.* closely, strictly, 2055; ardently, 2075.

**Sote**, *adj.* sweet, 4880.

**Both-sawe**, *s.* truth-telling, C 6125, 6130, 7590.

**Sotilly**, *adv.* subtly, 4395.

**Soudiours**, *s. pl.* soldiers, 4234.

**Spanishing**, *s.* expanding, expansion, 3633. *O. F. espanir*, to expand.

**Sparrd**, *pt. s.* locked, fastened, 3220.

**Sparth**, *s.* a battle-ax, C 5978.

**Spered**, *pp. (for sperred)*, fastened, locked (*F. senti la clef*), 2099.

**Sperhauke**, *s.* sparrowhawk, 4033.

**Spille**, *v.* kill, 1953; destroy, 2162; *ger.* to surrender to destruction, 5441; *pt. s.* spoiled, 5136; *pp.* exhausted, 4786.

**Spitel**, *s.* hospital, C 6505.

**Springe**, *pp. pl.* grow, increase, C 5988; *pp.* advanced, C 6954.

**Springoldes**, *s. pl.* catapults, 4191.

**Squared**, *pp.* cut square, 4155.

**Squierly**, *adj.* like a squire, C 7415.

**Squyre**, *s.* square (carpenter's square), C 7064.

**Stant**, *pr. s.* stands, waits, 5004.

**Stark**, *adj.* downright, C 7292.

**Stede**, *s.* place, C 5898.

**Stille** or **loude**, silently or aloud, under all circumstances, C 7532.

**Stinten**, *v.* cease, C 6849; *pp.* stopped, C 6473.

**Stonde forth**, *ger.* to stand out, persist, 3547; **Stont**, *pr. s.* stands, consists, 5581; **Stant**, *pr. s.* waits, 5004.

**Stounde**, *s.* hour, time, 1733; *pl.* hours, 2639.

**Stounde**, *s.*; (probably an error for *wounde*, wound), 4472.

**Stoundemele**, *adj.* momentary, 3784.

**Stoundemele**, *adv.* hourly, from one hour to another, 2304.

**Stoutnesse**, *s.* pride, obstinacy, 1936.

**Streite**, *adj.* close-fitting, 2271.

**Strene**, *s.* strain, breed, 4859. *A. S. strēna.*

**Strepe**, *v.* strip, fleece, C 6818.

**Streynne**, *v.* constrain, compel, C 6406; *pt. s.* urged, C 7631.

**Streyned-Abstinence**, Constrained Abstinence, C 7325.

**Stuffen**, *pr. pl.* provide with defenders, C 6290. *F. text, corrent les murs garnir.*

**Suen**, *v.* pursue, seek, 4953.

**Suffraunce**, *s.* patience, submission, 3492.

**Suspicious**, *adj.* suspect, open to suspicion, C 6110.

**Sustening**, *s.* sustenance, C 6697.

**Swelte**, *2 pr. s. subj.* die, 2480.

**Swete**, *2 pr. s. subj.* sweat, feel heat, 2480.

**Swink**, *s.* toil, labour, C 6596.

**Swinke**, *v.* labour, C 6619; *ger.* to toil, 2151, 5685; *pr. s.* toils, 5675.

**Swinker**, *s.* toiler, C 6857.

**Swinking**, *s.* toiling, C 6703.

**Swoning**, *s.* swooning, swoon, 1737.

**Sy**, *i. e.* if (*F. si*), *i. e.* haphazard, 5741.

**Sythes**, *pl.* times, 2048, 4868; Many *sythe*, often, 2257.

## T.

**Take**, *v.* lay hold, 5351; take arms, 3520; hand over, C 7265; *v. refl.* surrender, 1947; *t. on hem*, apply to themselves, C 6107 (*F. text, sur eux riens n'en prendront*).

*pr. s.* betakes, commits himself, C 6442.

*pp.* taken; *him take*, betaken himself, C 7280; *Tan*, *pp.* C 5894.

**Takel**, *s.* weapon, arrow, 1729, 1863.

**Tale**, *s.* reckoning; *yete I litel tale*, I pay little heed, C 6375.

**Talent**, *s.* good will, inclination, C 6134; fancy, C 7110; longing, 3472; desire, intent, 1716; spirit, disposition, C 7674.

**Tan**, *pp.* taken, C 5894. See **Take**.

**Tapinage**, *s.* hiding; *an tapinage*, sneakingly, C 7363.

**Tatarwages**, *s. pl.* fluttering tatters, C 7259.

**Taylagiers**, *s. pl.* tax-gatherers, C 6811.

**Tecche**, *s.* fault, bad habit, 5166; *pl.* C 6517.

**Teched**, *pt. s.* taught, C 6680.

**Telle**, *v.* account, 5053.

Templers, *s. pl.* Knights-Templars, C 6693.  
 Temprure, *s.* tempering, mixing, 4177.  
 Temps, *s.* time; at *prime temps*, at the first time, at first, 3373.  
 Tene, *s.* ruin, blight, 4750.  
 Tespye, *v.* to espy, 3156.  
 Than, *conj.* than if, 4328.  
 Thank, *s.* thanks, 4584; (F. text, *son gré deservir*); good will, 2698, 2700; *in thank*, with thanks, with good will, 2115, 4577; Thanks, *pl.* thanks, 2036; *thy thanks*, with thy good will, 2463.  
 Thar, *adv.* there, 1853, 1857.  
 Thar, *pr. s. imper.* needs; *you thar*, you need, 3604.  
 Thee, *v.* thrive; *so mote I thee*, as I hope to thrive, 3086, 4811, C 5899.  
 Thempryse (*for* The empryse), the custom, 2286.  
 Ther-geyn, *prep.* against this, C 6555.  
 Thilke, *pron.* that, 2106, C 5980.  
 Thing, *s. pl.* things, property, C 6670.  
 Thinges, *s. pl.* business, doings, C 6037.  
 This, *for* this is, C 6057, 6452.  
 Thought, *s.* the object of thought personified (?), 2473. (But a corrupt reading; read *That soote*, answering to *S'amie* in the F. text.)  
 Threste, *i. pr. s.* thrust, C 6825.  
 Thringe, *ger.* to thrust, C 7419.  
 Thritty, *adj.* thirty, 4211.  
 Throwe, *s.* moment, 1771, 3867.  
 Thrust, *s.* thirst, 4722.  
 Thurgh-sought, *pp.* examined thoroughly, 4948.  
 Til, *prep.* to; *him til*, to him, 4594.  
 Tilier, *s.* tiller, husbandman, 4339.  
 To-beten, *pp.* belaboured, C 6126.  
 Tobeye, to obey, 3534.  
 To-drawe, *pp.* torn in pieces, C 6126.  
 Tofoyn, *prep.* before, 2969; God tofoyn, in the sight of God, C 7198.  
 Token, *pt. pl.* took (i. e. took Christ to witness, appealed to Christ), C 7122. (The translation is entirely wrong; hence the lack of sense.)  
 Tolde, *pp.* (*error for* Told), told, C 6598.  
 To-me-ward, towards me, 3354, 3803.  
 To-moche-Yeving, Giving too much, C 5837.  
 Toon, *the*, the one, 5217; *the toon*, 5559.  
 To-quake, *v.* quake greatly; *al to-quake*, tremble very much, 2527.  
 To-shake, *v.* shake to the foundations, ruin, C 5981.  
 To-shar, *pt. s.* lacerated, cut in twain, 1858.

To-shent, *pp.* undone; *al to-shent*, utterly undone, 1903.  
 Touret, *s.* turret, 4164.  
 Tourn, *s.* turn, 5470.  
 Trace, *v.* walk, go about, C 6745; *pr. pl.* walk, live, 5753.  
 Transmewe, *v.* transmute, be changed, 2526.  
 Trashed, *pp.* betrayed, 3231.  
 Trechour, *s.* traitour, C 7216; cheat, C 6602.  
 Tree, *s.* wood, 1747, 1808, 2408, C 7061.  
 Treget, *s.* trap, snare, C 6312; trickery, guile, C 6267, 6825.  
 Tregetours, *s. pl.* tricksters, C 7587.  
 Tregetrye, *s.* trickery, C 6382; trick, C 6374.  
 Trepegat, *s.* a military engine made of wood, used for hurling large stones and other missiles, a trebuchet, C 6279.  
 Trichour, *adj.* treacherous, 6308.  
 Trist, *v.* trust, 4364; *pp.* 3929.  
 Trouble, *adj.* troubled, 1755.  
 Troubler, *adj. comp.* dimmer, less bright, C 7116.  
 Trowandyse, *s.* knavery, villany, 3954.  
 Trowe, *v.* believe, C 6873.  
 Truaunder, *s.* idling, shirking, C 6721.  
 Truaunderse, *s.* idleness, shirking, C 6664.  
 Truaunder, *s.* idler, loafer, C 6645.  
 Tumble, *v.* cause to tumble, cause to perform athletic feats, C 6836; *ger.* to tumble, 5469.  
 Turves, *s. pl.* sods of turf, C 7062.  
 Twinne, *v.* separate, go apart, 4813; part, 5077; depart, 4367.

U.

Unavyssed, *adj.* heedless, indiscreet, foolish, 4739.  
 Unbond, *pt. s.* released, C 6416; *pp.* unfastened, 4700; opened, 2226.  
 Unclosed, *pp.* untied, unfastened, 4698.  
 Unolosid, *pp.* unenclosed, 3921, 3925.  
 Undirfongith, *pr. s.* undertakes, 5709.  
 Unese, *s.* uneasiness, trouble, 3102; discomfort, 2596.  
 Unhappe, *s.* mishap, ill fortune, 5492.  
 Unhyde, *v.* unfold, reveal, 2168.  
 Unlefulle, *adj.* illicit, 4880.  
 Unnethe, *adv.* scarcely, i. e. it will scarcely be, C 6541; Unnethis, hardly, 5461.  
 Unrelesed, *adj.* unrelieved, 2729.  
 Unsperd, *pp.* unbolted, unbarred, 2656.  
 Unthrift, *s.* wastefulness, 4926.  
 Unwelde, *adj.* impotent, feeble, 4886.

**Up-caste**, *pt. s.* lifted up, C 7129.  
**Updresse**, *v.* set up, prepare, C 7067.  
**Up-right**, *adv.* on thy back, 2501.  
**Urohouns**, *s. pl.* hedgehogs, 3135.  
**Utter**, *adj.* outer, 4208.

## V.

**Vailith**, *pr. s.* avails, 5765.  
**Valour**, *s.* worth, 5236, 5556; value, 5538.  
**Vassalage**, *s.* prowess, courage, C 5871.  
**Vekke**, *s.* old woman, hag, 4286, 4495.  
**Vendable**, *adj.* venal, vendible, saleable, 5804.  
**Verger**, *s.* orchard, 3234, 3618, 3831, 3851.  
**Vermayle**, *adj.* vermilion, scarlet-red, 3645.  
**Vilaynaly**, *adv.* disgracefully, 3994.  
**Vileyn**, *s.* peasant, yokel, churl, 1990;  
 Vilayns, *gen.* churl's, 1992.  
**Vitaille**, *s.* victuals, delicacies, C 7044.  
**Voide**, *v.* drive away, 5164; *pr. s.* removes, 2833, 2845; *imp. s.* remove, clear, 2283; *imp. pl.* put away, 3571.  
**Voluntee**, *s.* will, desire, 5276.  
**Vouche**, *pr. s.* 1 *per.* vouchsafe; For sauf of cherlis I ne vouche, for I do not vouchsafe, among churls, 2002. (Or read to for of.)  
**Vounde**, *pp.* (?) well found, hence, excellent, C 7063.

## W.

**Wacche**, *s.* watching, lying awake, 4132.  
**Wade**, *v.* wade, go about, 5022.  
**Walkyng**, *s.* walking (?), 2682. (Perhaps read *talking*; F. text, *parlers*.)  
**Walowe**, *v.* toss (or roll) about, 2562.  
**Wanhope**, *s.* despair, 4432, 4433, 4708.  
**Wante**, *v.* be lacking, 2530.  
**Ware**, *s.* commodity, C 5926.  
**Warne**, *v.* inform, C 7657; *pt. s.* refused, C 5840; *pp.* refused, denied, 2604, 3426, 5245, C 7502.  
**Wawe**, *s.* wave, 4712.  
**Wayte**, *ger.* to beset (me) with, to plot, 3938.  
**Weder**, *s.* storm, 4336.  
**Weed**, *s.* religious habit, C 6359.  
**Welfaring**, *adj.* well-favoured, C 6866. F. text, *beles*.  
**Wel-Helinge**, *s.* Good-concealment, C 5857.  
**Wene**, *s.* expectation, 2046; *withouten wene*, doubtless, 2415, 2668, 2683, 4596.  
**Wene**, *v.* suppose, 2761; (read *mak'th* [him] *wene*; F. text, *Qu'il se cuide*); *pr.*

*s. subj.* imagine, 5672; Wende, 1 *pt. s.* imagined, 4322.  
**Wening**, *s.* imagination, 2766.  
**Went**, *pp.* departed, turned away, C 6185.  
**[Went, pr. s. turns aside, C 6205.]** Supplied by guess.  
**Were**, *s.* distraction (F. *guerre*), 5690; *withouten were*, without doubt (a characteristic expletive phrase, common in Fragment B), 1776, 2568, 2740, 3351, 3452, 4468, 5485, 5657, 5692.  
**Were**, *v.* wear away, devour, 4732; *ger.* to wear, i. e. to wear away (the shore), 4712; *pr. pl.* C 6215; *pt. pl.* C 6244.  
**Werne**, *v.* deny, refuse, 3443, C 6673; *ger.* 3730. See **Warne**.  
**Werrey**, *v.* war against, oppose, C 6920; *ger.* to make war upon, 3251; *pr. s.* war against, 3699; 1 *pr. pl.* make war, C 7018; Werreyed, *pp.* warred against, 3917.  
**Wery**, *v.* worry, strangle, C 6264.  
**Wethers**, *s. gen.* wether's, sheep's, C 6259.  
**Weyked**, *pp. as adj.* too weak, 4737.  
**Wher**, *conj.* whether, 2617, 5191.  
**Whetted**, *pp.* sharpened, C 6197.  
**Whitsonday**, *s.* Whitsunday, 2278. (C. 'Garlands, Whitsunday, iijd.'; Brand's Pop. Antiq. s. v. Whitsun-ale.  
**Whylom**, *adv.* sometimes, 4355, 5350 formerly, 4123, C 7090.  
**Whyte monkes**, *s. pl.* Cistercians, i. e. Reformed Benedictines, C 6695.  
**Wicked-Tonge** (F. *Malebouche*), C 7424.  
**Wight**, *s.* man, creature, C 5961.  
**Wight**, *adj.* active, 4761.  
**Wilfully**, *adv.* willingly, 4808, C 5941.  
**Willen**, *v.* desire, 2482.  
**William**, W. Saint Amour, C 6763, 6774.  
**Wimple**, *s.* wimple, 3864. A band usually of linen which covered the neck, and was drawn up over the chin, strained up each side of the face, and generally fastened across the forehead; called also barbe, gorget, or chin-cloth.  
**Winde**, *v.* turn about, 1810; escape, 2056.  
**Winke**, *v.* sleep, 4568; 2 *pr. s. subj.* 2348.  
**Wis**, *adv.* verily, C 6433.  
**Wite**, *v.* know, C 6105, 6208, 6939; Wit, *v.* 3145, 5574; Wist, *pt. pl.* knew, C 5864; Wisten, *pt. pl. subj.* knew, C 6087.  
**Wone**, 1 *pr. s.* dwell, C 6143.  
**Woning**, *s.* dwelling-place, C 6082.  
**Woning-places**, *s. pl.* dwelling-places, C 6119.  
**Wonnen**, *pt. pl.* won, C 6252.

Wood, *adj.* mad, 3138, 3776, C 6263; raging, 1921.  
 Wook, 1 *pt. s.* kept awake, 'watched, 1877.  
 Woot, *pr. s.* knows, 5257.  
 Worche, *v.* work, cause, C 6052.  
 Worche, *v.* deal (with what they have to do), C 6037. MS. G. has *worthe*; *Lat ladies worthe* = let ladies alone. The passage is obscure.  
 Worhingies, *s. pl.* doings, C 6585.  
 Worth, *adj.* worthy, C 7104.  
 Wost, 2 *pr. s.* knowest (thou), 4977; Wostow, knowest thou, C 6075, 6373.  
 Woxen, *pp.* grown, C 7140.  
 Wrapped, *pt. s. subj.* should wrap, C 6260.  
 Wrattedh, 1 *pt. s.* made angry, 4108; *pp.* enraged, 3097.  
 Wreke, *pp.* revenged, 3362.  
 Wrenche, *a.* turn, trick, 4292.  
 Wreyng, *a.* betraying, disclosure, 5220.  
 Writ, *pr. s.* writes, C 6585.  
 Wryen, *ger.* to cover, C 6684; *v.* disguise, C 6795; cover up, clothe, C 6819 (F. text, *s'a'fublent*).  
 Wrythe, *v.* twist, 4359.  
 Wurching, *a.* machination, C 6123.  
 Wyte, *a.* blame; *to wyte*, *a.* matter of reproach, 3558.

## Y.

Yaf, *pt. s.* gave, 2339, 4500.  
 Yalt, *pr. s. refl.* betakes himself, 4904.  
 See Yelde.

Yate, *a.* gate, 4230.  
 Yates, *a. pl.* gates (*but mincritten for gates, i. e. ways*), 5722.  
 Y-bake, *pp.* baked, C 7048.  
 Y-do, *pp.* done; *have y-do*, have done! 1941.  
 Yē, *a.* eye, 4264.  
 Yedeat, 2 *pt. s.* wentest, 3227; Yede, *pt. s.* went, 5151; has gone, 2585.  
 Yeft, *s.* gift, granting, 3664.  
 Yelde, *v.* yield, 1933; submit (thymself), C 6283; *imp. s.* yield, 1930.  
 Yerne, *adv.* readily, eagerly, C 6719.  
 Yerning, *a.* affection, C 5951.  
 Yeten, *pp.* poured out, 5702. *Pp.* from A. S. *gēotan*.  
 Yeve, 1 *pr. s.* care, regard, C 6464.  
 Yeving, *a.* giving, C 5907.  
 Y-fere, *adv.* together, in company, 3806.  
 Y-holpe, *pp.* helped, holpen, 5505.  
 Ying, *adj.* young, 2208. A Northern form.  
 Y-let, *pp.* hidden, 5335.  
 Yliche, *adv.* equally, alike, 3630.  
 Yolden, *pp.* requited, 4556. See Yelde.  
 Yore, *adv.* long ago, C 7599.  
 Youth-hede, *a.* youthhood, 4931.  
 Ypocryte, *a.* hypocrite, C 6482.  
 Yre, *a.* anger, 3174. F. text, *ire*.  
 Y-sene, *adj.* visible, C 6806.  
 Yvel, *adv.* ill, 5238.  
 Y-wis, *adv.* certainly, 2788, 5554, 5790; C 5825, 5896, 5915, 6879, 6932, 7400, 7564.

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